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### Poetry.

#### The Voice of Spring.

I come, I come; ye have called me long;  
I come o'er mountain with light and song;  
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth;  
By the primrose stems in the shadowy grass;  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.  
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth;  
By the primrose stems in the shadowy grass;  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.  
I have looked over the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;  
The fishes are out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bound o'er the pastures free;  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my steps have been.  
From the streams and the founts I have loosened  
The chain,  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main;  
They are glancing down from the mountain  
brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs;  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of the waves.

#### Our Own Fireside.

I love thee more, my own fireside,  
Than lofty hills of stately pride;  
The smiles I meet there know no change,  
The hearts around it never range;  
All our hopes are garnered there,  
For every joy or every care,  
Thou' fortune frown and good betide;  
Are centered round our own fireside—  
Our own fireside—our own fireside—  
Are centered round our own fireside!  
There, oft, too, solemn dreams will come,  
Of those who shared our cheerful home;  
The young, the good, the loved, the dead,  
Who round our hearth a blessing shed;  
Regrets that wring the heart with pain,  
Bright hopes that bid us smile again,  
Kind looks more dear than sight beside,  
Are centered round our own fireside—  
Our own fireside—our own fireside—  
Are centered round our own fireside!

#### A Select Tale.

##### THE FATE OF JERUSALEM.

BY A. H. M.

###### CHAPTER I.

MIRIAM, thou hast seen this man, calling himself Christ; canst thou tell me maiden, if he worketh miracles as men do say of him?  
Thus spake Ziara, the daughter of Joseph, a counsellor of Aramathea, to her bond woman, as they stood gazing from the house-top on the moonlit towers of Jerusalem, and on the far off, mellowed scenes, where the misty mountain tops wedded the clouds, and where the palm trees were swaying to and fro like spirits in a land of shadows.  
Miriam, I ask thee hast thou seen this Nazarene?  
The bond woman clasped her hands over her bosom, and raising her dark eyes to the face of Ziara, she spoke in a tone so low and musical, that it sounded like some wild, mournful chaunt of her own Grecian Isles; then closed them, and suddenly ceased, as if unwilling to speak, and as the moonlight floated down on her white face and pure neck, she looked like the perfection of a statue's dream.  
Miriam!—and the lady's voice trembled with impatience,—thy tongue is gilded with beautiful language, and thy mind, maiden! hath much store of knowledge; therefore I command thee to tell me of this man! and the bond woman answered—  
While I tarried in Bethany I was a drawer of water for the wife of a Centurion, called Anthony. One evening being wearied, I rested my jars on the ground, and seeing a great multitude of people drawing near, I arose and went forth from the shade to meet them; and I heard men talking of one who was to raise the dead; and a strange desire entered my soul to see this one, who, as some told me, called himself the Son of God.  
The multitude halted at length, before the door of a sepulchre. The great press of people had forced me in the midst, and I stood near the Christ—I saw him!

aye, verily—these sinful eyes did gaze on him, wondering and much amazed. There was no crown—no sceptre of jewels and gold, no purple robes, such as kings wear; but lady! on the placid brow, the serene majesty of a God was sealed.  
But Miriam, tell—  
The sun, continued the maiden, unheeding the interruption—was slowly sinking behind the mountains of Judea, and the sky looked like a transparent ocean, over whose bright billows were floating the flowers of Heaven. Every cloud seemed a jewelled wave, rolling on with glittering surges, and the fragments scattered by the summer winds, looked like golden plumes for some wandering angel's pinion. The earth was brilliant, and the tall trees, and the high mountains were wrapped in glory, and the streams and the fountains laughed in the floating light. The lilies, and rich young buds I fed up their pure petals, to bathe in the splendor of that hour which Heaven lends to earth.  
He, as he stood on a little mound which raised him above the multitude, with that pure sunless face lifted to the skies, and the sunlight mellowed like a halo of glory around, seemed truly as if holding communion with the holy ones who worship around the Eternal throne.  
Oh, lady! couldst thou have seen the deep bright connunings of that countenance—the radiance which glittered there, when lifting his calm, holy eyes to Heaven, he cried, 'Father I thank thee, that thou hast heard me.'  
This was the first sound that had disturbed the still air; and so clear and melodious were the tones which uttered the words, that they floated out to the very out-skirts of that vast multitude. On they pressed—closer and closer—yet trembling and gasping—for there were many who believed not; when, lo! he stretched forth his hands and cried with a loud voice, 'Lazarus come forth,' and then the bosom of the dead man heaved, and the lids of his eyes were raised with wonder, like one awaking from a deep sleep, and he arose and walked forth in our midst!  
Miriam! by all thy hopes of Heaven, by the Temple and by the Prophets! tell me if thy tongue hath said true—  
Lady! wouldst thou hear from the lips of Lazarus of Bethany the truth of what I have told thee? Bethany lieth but fourteen furlongs from Jerusalem!  
God of my Father! how sayest thou?  
From the lips of him who slept with the dead! But tell me, Miriam, how long this man had been buried?  
Four days, lady—  
And was the sepulchre sealed?  
It was sealed!  
Then, exclaimed the counsellor's daughter, if the dead hear his voice, he is indeed the Son of God!

###### CHAPTER II.

The walls of the lady Ziara's tiring room were hung round with the most costly silks from Tarsus; and purple draperies from Tayatra were falling in rich folds around the gilded couches. Curious lamps, brought from Lystra, burned with clear mellow light before immense silver mirrors which were supported on golden pedestals; and so smooth were they, and free from flaws, that they reflected every object in the apartment with double splendor. In the midst of the Mosaic floor was a marble laver, from the centre of which bubbled up a clear fountain, and it fell again so lightly down in the clear, laughing water, that it sounded like the tinkling of a stringed instrument, or the far off tones of silver bells. On a bronze pedestal, by the margin of the laver, was a golden censer, which emitted an incense of all that was sweet or delicious of the eastern gums. It seemed as if this was a spot consecrated by the daily orisons of Ziara, for a lamp of rare and curious workmanship, glittering with gold and precious stones, burned thereon, and the most beautiful and glorious flowers which grew in the gardens of the east, were hanging around it, in festoons of living beauty; and a tablet of pure white marble, on which were inscribed characters in the Hebrew tongue, was supported on the pedestal or altar between the censer and the lamp. Every thing that was rich or rare seemed to be gathered in the lady's chamber. Gold and gems from Neapolis—exquisite paintings from the Ionian isles—ivory wrought most curiously into cups, and stained with the brightest dyes—and jars for water, and ewers for the cleansing of the hands, were carved of ebony, and bound and decorated with silver. And there were white doves, and singing birds that whistled a sweet chorus to the melody of the falling waters. The counsellor's daughter was reclining on a couch before a silver mirror in deep and undisturbed thought. Her embroidered robes were lying neglected by her, and the rich gold chains and bright gems with which the eastern ladies were wont to decorate themselves, were flashing up their brilliance before her, unheeded and unthought of. Her sunny hair, which was yet free from the withes and bands which formed the usual head dress, flowered in rich and glossy waves over her white dimpled shoulders, and looked like a cloud

of brilliance, swelling and rolling around her. Her pure, white tiring robe was scarce more fair than her lovely face; and had it not been for the soft rose-hue which shone on her cheek, and blushed in her full rich lips, it would have been hard to tell whether life, its blight and sin, had ever throbbled within that form of matchless beauty; for, she rested so still and motionless, that Miriam, the bondwoman, who had been standing with her arms folded sadly on her bosom, gazing intently and lovingly on the noble lady's gentle beauty, knelt at her feet, and laid her hand softly and gently on the listless arm of Ziara.  
Ha! how long Miriam hast thou been there? Why dost thou kneel as a slave? Shame on thee, fair maiden! thou art no slave, for of a truth I love thee most kindly!  
I am a slave, dear lady and kind!—aye, verily, a bond slave, and vilely fettered—  
Bitterness is on thy tongue, maiden, or thou wouldst not revile those who have kindly treated thee!  
Nay—nay—dear lady! said the girl impatiently—I meant not that. Life is the master who holdeth me in bondage. This world is a barren spot to me—a wild, barren spot. None to love—parents—brothers—sisters—murmured she, drooping her head on her hand, and speaking rapidly but indistinctly.  
Poor maiden! said Ziara, thou shalt return to thy sunny islands, where the blue waters glimmer forever—and where the sun leapest—where the palms wave their cool shadows over the bright waves, and where the rose and the lily grow by the side of the clear fountain.  
Miriam had raised her head as the lady spoke of the beauties of her native isle; and a glow passed over her white cheeks—such a glow as the sun doth cast on the pale lilies when he blusheth through the roses of Heaven; but it faded away as quickly, and left once more the twilight of sorrow on the stricken maiden's brow; and she pressed her hands closely over her heart, and exclaimed—  
Lady! lady! it is no longer a sunny isle, I tell thee! I would not go there for all the gold which shines on the altars of thy Temple!  
And why not go to the home of thy father's, Miriam?  
There are graves—graves, lady! 'neath the palms, and there is a ruined home, a bloody hearth and a broken altar—armed men rushed down from the mountain like a mighty whirlwind, and roared around our dwelling; and when they passed away they left ruin and graves!  
And did all thy kin fall beneath the slayer's sword?  
All—all lady!—save the stripling Ornez, and myself. We were on the hills with our father's flocks; and when, at night fall we skipped along with the young lambs to the fold, lo! what was there!—ruin—graves—and the darkness of death—I wept not. I could not weep—the fountain of tears was dried at its source by the hot breath of vengeance—the young, glad heart, was seared, and the glow of joy everlastingly stilled, and I am here alone—alone—seared—blasted and broken.  
Not alone, Miriam, said the lady Ziara, wiping the warm tears from her cheeks. I am with thee, and tell thee once again I love thee well. But thy young brother!—dost thou know him not among the living?—tell me of him Miriam, thy fair young brother.  
I will tell thee, lady, if it doth not crush my heart. The ripening beauty of seventeen summers bloomed in his cheeks, and every succeeding sun had lent a ray of light to his dark blue eyes. Graceful as a young palm, and beautiful as the first dawning of summer was Ornez.—Floating in our little vessel over the waves, among our bright islands; gathering in the vintage; on the hill side with our flocks; or around our home, he was still the same joyous, light-hearted boy. Lady! if the murder of our kin seared my heart it broke his, and planted there an evil spirit, for he swore by all that is forbidden, that all men should alike share his fate, and if he could not take the lives of unjust men, he would slay the Priests of the altars. He left me, and then I saw him no more; and my life was as a dark tumultuous vision. I knew not when or where I wandered. And this sleep of madness rested on me days, nights, weeks, ay months; and when I awoke I was lying on a gilded couch, with sweet gums burning around me, and silken draperies and golden fringes were hanging over me; and I heard those around me say I was in the dwelling of Joseph, a rich counsellor of Aramathea. But I cared not, though they whispered I had been brought there in a ship, and sold for a slave. Thou knowest how thy father did let me go didst ask for a serving woman for thy dwelling in Jerusalem, and how I came hither, and did find favor in thy eyes?  
But tell me, Miriam, where is thy brother Ornez?  
Where is he?—he is an outlaw and a robber! Lady, I swear I could have borne all, and kissed the rod of death which swept away all I loved; but, by the God of our altars! it curdled up the

last drop of hope in my heart to know that he, the youngest, the fairest, and the best, should bring such a blight—such a curse on our father's name.  
The daughter of the counsellor arose and put her arms around the poor maiden's neck, and kissed her lips, and wet her cheeks with tears, while she sat as silent and rigid as a figure of marble.  
Miriam! Miriam! speak to me once more! unseal thy crushed heart, and let me enter there and warm it with a sister's love. I will be thy sister, sweet maiden! and cherish thee fondly.  
The girl opened not her lips, but her bosom heaved heavily, and a low, sharp cry, like that uttered by a wounded dove, escaped her lips, and she fell senseless on the bosom of Ziara.

###### CHAPTER III.

The roof of the counsellor's house was built after the manner of the east, having a flat roof, which was flagged with narrow blocks of marble, hewn with much art, and wrought with neat workmanship. Here were marble stands, from which waved the dwarf palms, and climbing along the terrace might be seen vines with dark green leaves and white or red berries. This was a fit time, for it was sun set, and a fit spot for Festia of Samaria to hold converse with the counsellor's daughter; for he had sought her in marriage and she had willingly promised to be his. Sunsets have often been described, and poetry hath found an unceasing theme in the beauty of an evening sky; and however weary we may grow of hearing of the splendor of the sun's decline behind the western hills, our hearts leap forth with a pure and innocent holiness of delight, to greet the brilliance which fadeth so softly and faintly over the shining brow of Heaven, and if there is one feeling of childhood left in our souls, it gushes forth from its deep wellings in the midst of sin and moral gloom, and gleams with as beautiful a glitterance as doth the meteors which shoot from the walls of Eternity, and die on the clouds of Heaven.  
Festia, said the lady Ziara, let not thy mind be so troubled about the contentions of the counsellors; forget them all, and rest thy weary mind in this soothing hour—see, Festia! all things seem to rest—even the weary sentinels, as they lean on their spears, and look forth from the walls of Jerusalem, appear to bless this quiet, soothing light.  
The young counsellor smiled, and looking out on the scene, said,  
Verily thou hast a soothing tongue, sweet maiden! but thou hast not looked beyond the walls of the city at the beautiful scenes which lie there.  
Thou dost not know, Festia, where my eyes have been wandering! for I see green vales and green vines; and many shrubs with summer flowers hanging thereon; and I see a stream which is laughing most cunningly, along through the lilies and rushes, and the inconstant thing whispers a tale of love to every blossom which looketh down on its brightness. I see, too, beyond the valleys, yon high blue mountains which seem to me to be the bulwarks of the world and the supporters of Heaven.  
Festia smiled, and said—Ziara, thou dost mind me of the southern maidens who will take their harps and sing of every beautiful thing. I have seen some of the southern maids, and comely faces have they—luge black eyes and—but—continued he, gazing in the radiant face before him—thy mind me, too, of a mountain which hath a brain of fire and smoke; and thou dost seem as bright to me as those arrows of light which the sun shooteth from the quivers of his glory.  
Look! look! Festia! those purple clouds are rolling up, and waving and shining like a mighty army with spears and banners; and the white clouds do tremble so gently, that they look like plumes floating from the caps of armed men. Oh, tell me, for thou hast seen other lands, is there a fairer than this our land of Judea?  
This is none brighter to me, sweet lady! for thou dost well here.  
He said no more, but casting his eyes down, relapsed into his former moodiness. She approached near him and bowing down her head until her bright curls fanned his cheeks, whispered,  
Why is thy heart troubled? dost doubt my faith? Is thy ear closed against me, Festia?  
Tell me one thing, lady—thou mayst think me mad—but say! dost thou love me?  
Festia, alas! hast thou not yet learned what I am? My love, young counsellor! was given thee for aye. I am not wont to change.  
I did not doubt thy faith, but my heart did yearn to hear thee say that thou dost still love me, for it seemeth as if all else had forsaken me. Hast thou heard, Ziara, of this Nazarine who calleth himself King of the Jews? well—contentions have arisen in our council-chambers concerning him. Herod and Pilate can find no evil in him; but the High Priests and the Scribes, and the Pharisees, call him a blasphemer. They say he stirreth up the people to sedition. Though he hath healed the sick, the maimed, the halt and blind—aye, he hath even raised the dead and

teacheth daily of virtue and repentance, yet do the people clamor madly for his blood. To-day, thy father left the council and would not say aught against him, for he believeth that this Christ is the Son of God.  
And dost thou believe this, Festia?  
Nay, verily, maiden! I believe that he is a great Prophet, and one sent by God; but would our Messiah have come to his chosen people in a beggar's garb?  
Thus hath it been foretold!  
Thou hast heard of him; what sayest thou, lady?  
I believe, said Ziara, raising her beautiful face to the skies—I believe that he is the Messiah and the Son of God!  
I cast no evil on thee, Ziara, for this; but will tell thee, that all my kin revile me, because I will not join the cry for his blood. And my father doth swear he will cast me from my inheritance; and my mother and brothers do mock at me, if I give not my judgment against him.  
Festia, heed them not—heed not their anger—nor make thy conscience lie. My Father's lands are broad, and his flocks and herds cover many hills. All men speak of the wealth of Joseph of Aramathea; and the one who wins his child shall be even as a king in riches. But tell me more of this great Prophet as thou dost call him; though in truth he be the Son of God.  
On the morrow, Ziara, He will die on an accursed cross. Dost thou see yon gloomy, rocky hill, which rises like a frowning giant against the sky—well—this mount the Priests call the "Place of Skulls," or Golgotha—there, in company with two vile robbers, will this pure and holy Prophet suffer death.  
Miriam, the bond woman, who had been standing in the shadow of a palm a few short moments, unseen by them, walked rapidly forward and cried,  
Festia, of Samaria! I charge thee, tell me what country the malefactor is of!  
In sooth, good maiden, I know not—but I know that the twain on the morrow die.  
Oh, didst thou not hear, kind sir! that one, the youngest, was called Ornez, that he was of the Southern islands, and—  
They, bond woman, hath been dealing in unlawful arts, said the young counsellor to Ziara—for now, I bethink myself of it—I did hear this from the lips of the poor robber, though none other heard the talk.  
Then, said Miriam—the last blow will be given. On the morrow the last of my kin is to die, and on the morrow this heart will be crushed and cold and still. Lady, dost thou see yon star—look well and tell me, if links of brightness are not weaving—weaving—from heaven to earth—that star is to be my home on the morrow's eve.  
She lifted her hands to her brow, and pressed it long and closely, and continued,  
I know not why, gentle lady, but the wandering and dizziness which fell on me once, steal over me at times, and I utter empty words—forgive my wayward humor.  
Miriam, said the kind voice of Ziara, thy heart dwelleth too much on the sorrow of other days. Come near me, Miriam, and let me place a sister's kiss once more on thy lips.  
The bond woman wept. When the emotion passed away, she murmured—Even as thy father Moses did strike the rock in the wilderness, and it sent forth cool waters, so thy love hath opened the hard sealed fountains of my heart.

She rose and glided past them as noiselessly as a spirit. There was a gloom on the spirit of both, and when they parted, there was a sad foreboding of ill on their souls, and Festia of Samaria clasped Ziara to his bosom as if the parting was forever.

###### CHAPTER IV.

There was a trampling of many feet, and a sound of great multitudes rose up from Jerusalem; and the people were rushing forth from the gates of the city like an ocean torrent towards Golgotha. There was a sound of many voices and the appalling malediction of "Let his blood be on our heads and the heads of our children," pierced the skies. There was a sound of many voices, and men thirsted for the life of the Son of God—of Him who came to redeem and save lost creation.  
The counsellor's daughter was alone in her chamber. All her household had gone forth with the multitude, even Miriam had left her couch ere the sunlight dawned on a troubled world, and gone up to the Mount—and her father, and Festia of Samaria had also gone thither. She sat alone, and as the yells of a furious crowd would sometimes be wafted past her dwelling, a shudder passed over her, and she would bury her face in the pillows of her couch—pale, trembling and afraid—then arise and kneel before her altar, and pray incoherent petitions—some according to the Laws of the Old dispensation, and some addressed to Him who had raised the dead—then arising from her devoutness would walk rapidly to and fro, wondering what evil had visited her. She left her chamber, and ascended to the house-top, and looked forth on the thousands who were marching up to Golgotha. She saw the preparations for death, and could look

no more, but turned away, sick with terror, and sat 'neath the shadow of a palm, whose broad green leaves hung listlessly and unmoved in the summer air; but still those furious yells told her of what was passing beyond the city, and she pressed her hands closely over her ears, and bowed her head on her breast.  
It was about the sixth hour, when Ziara was aroused from her stupor of fear by a sound like the crushing of worlds. She started up, almost frantic with dismay; but darkness covered the world and the sky, save when flashes of angry light shot athwart the gloom profound, and revealed the temple like a mighty giant, falling, with its pillars and arches and spires and altars, to the earth. Darkness again reigned, for the gleams of light darted back afrighted and confounded to the gloomy skies—but finding no resting place there, shot again athwart the reeling earth—and the maiden saw the firm mountains nodding like drunken men, and huge rocks were torn from their places in which creation had planted them. Then there were sounds along the sky like moaning and sorrowful weeping, and shadowy forms glided past, and gibbering ghosts were peering their fleshless faces and hollow eyes in the awful scene, and the dead, who had slumbered for ages arose and walked the earth. She could look no longer, but raised her arms aloft with one wild cry, rushed down from the house top to the court, from thence into the street, and would have run whithersoever her maddened and affrighted heart led her, but a strong arm encircled her; she looked not, she saw not, but felt insensible on the breast of Festia of Samaria.

When she awoke from her swoon, her bond woman was bending over her, but her face was so white and unearthly pale, that Ziara shrank back, shivering.  
Go, oh, go from me! Festia they have come again with their pale faces!—Father, Festia, save me!  
Lady! said the low musical voice of Miriam, fear not, it is thy slave—  
Ha! Miriam! oh, Miriam! put thine arms around me and hold me fast, or my heart will throb until it breaks! Such a—the dead walking and earth shaking, the very sun, oh Miriam! I tell thee—  
She could not continue, for fear had so stricken her, that nature shrunk from the conflict, and she once more lost consciousness.

Miriam threw her arms around her insensible form, and uttered a wild cry of sorrow, and kissed her pale lips most fondly, then arose and kneeling before the altar, bowed her head to the cold floor, and when Joseph of Aramathea visited his daughter's couch, he found the dead bond woman kneeling, rigid and cold, before his daughter's place of prayer; and the good man raised her tenderly, and placed her on a couch, and so placid and happy was the smile on her lip and brow, that the Counsellor felt an assurance that her soul was dwelling with the holy angels of Heaven.  
Many days and weeks had passed to eternity, and in that space of time, desolation seemed to have made her home in Jerusalem. Not that ruin immediately fell upon the proud city; but there was a gloom, a dread of impending ruin, which seemed to quail the stoutest heart. The counsellor of Aramathea, and Festia, with the lady Ziara, whose mind had not yet recovered the shock of the awful scenes she witnessed, left Jerusalem, and took up their abode in Tarsus, where they were continually hearing of the mysterious resurrection of Him who was crucified—of his ascension to the glorious inheritance of Heaven; and the household of Joseph of Aramathea were shunned by the rulers and the great and mighty counsellors, because they were the professed disciples of Him whom they scorned. Festia of Samaria received the counsellor's daughter in marriage, and they lived according to the rules of the new Revelations, practicing virtue and good deeds—humble, charitable, and given to good works. They heeded not the persecution which raged against the followers of Christ, and the good Joseph of Aramathea, who had given the Saviour of the world a tomb, was blessed abundantly in every desire his heart framed; for the prayer of the righteous man returneth on his head with much joy.

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