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### Poetry.

#### Guardian Angels.

BY J. L. CARPENTER.  
Guardian angels! do we doubt them?  
Night by night and day by day;  
Could we guide our steps without them,  
Where would wandering fancy stray?  
Every noble thought that's spoken,  
Every smile and every sigh,  
Are they not a sign—a token—  
That some guardian angel's nigh?

Guardian angels, hovering o'er us,  
Keep the soul in mercy pure;  
Had we not bright hope before us,  
Could we this frail world endure?  
Then be sure that ever near us,  
Voices come from forms unseen,  
Breathed by angels sent to cheer us,  
Watching earth and Heaven between.

### Miscellaneous.

#### MILLY GREY.

BY MARY A. DENISON.  
"Oh, ever let the aged be  
As sacred as angels unto thee."

"Ha, ha, ha," cried gay Bell Grosvenor, "see yonder country gawky; as I live, he is beckoning the coachman; now if he gets in there'll be fun, for I do love to plague these green ones; why Milly, how you open your great blue eyes, you ain't frightened, are you? look at her, Annie; ha, ha, just look at her."

"But you are not in earnest Bell," said Milly timidly shrinking back on her seat, "you would not be so inopportune, so—"  
"Our politeness is reserved for the city, dear," broke in Annie; "we consider such fellows as that, nobodies; and if they don't want to be laughed at, why they must take an outside place with the coachman."  
"Then you won't catch me sitting on the same seat with you," exclaimed Milly, with a look of alarm, springing away from her cousins, and encircling herself in a seat opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a merry laugh; "we can have a good time with both—hush! here he comes, oh! Annie, what a fright!"  
The young man unbuckled the coach door himself, for the horses were going up hill, and springing up the steps rather awkwardly, an account of a large portmanteau he held seated himself on a seat near Milly. Bell and Annie exchanged looks and bit their lips.

Milly hugged the back of the coach, blushing crimson with shame for her cousins, and the country green, who wore a very much soiled coat and a shocking cap, over which a light, thin handkerchief was thrown, and fastened under his chin, looked up at them demurely. Once when he could not but notice that the object of their mirth was himself, he suddenly put his hand to his throat as if to untie his uncouth cap strings—i.e., the ends of the handkerchief—but pausing he seemed to change his mind, and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly dear," said Bell, with an arch smile and a side glance at the stranger.  
"You do look pale," chimed in Annie, tossing back her thick curls, and restraining herself no longer, she burst into a rude laugh, for the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell proffering it; "the air in this coach is really overpocketing," and she placed her delicate pocket handkerchief to her face.  
"I thank you," said Milly, with much dignity as she could assume, while her lips trembled, "I do not need it."  
"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell in a low tone, "come Milly, you had better sit between us where we can support you; you haven't quite room enough on that side."

The thoughtless girl started, for a blazing black eye flashed upon her; it was only for a second though, that quick, piercing glance, with fire of fifty outraged dignities concentrated within it.  
"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly with more spirit than they dreamed she possessed, "don't annoy me any more; I

am better pleased with my seat than your rudeness; and the pretty lip trembled again, and the pretty face looked as if it was going to cry.

The young man turned quickly; the hard expression that had gathered about his mouth melted into something akin to a pleased smile, while the two rebuked cousins were very angry, as any one might have seen.

There was no more comment until the coach stopped again, this time to take up a fat old lady with a well-worn bonnet, loaded down with innumerable band-boxes and bundles, most of which she insisted on carrying into the coach with her. Here was plenty of material for the merriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell declared that the bandboxes must have once contained old Mrs. Noah's best bonnet, and Annie persisted that if so, that identical bonnet was now before them.

No sooner was the coach door opened than out sprang the stranger, and taking sundry things from the old lady, deposited them carefully in the inside; all but one about which she seemed very choice; but just as she performed the laborious feat of stepping just within the door down rolled the paper with a crash; something was destroyed. Bell and Annie, enjoyed her real distress at the accident, and burst into another impertinent laugh.

The old lady could not avoid looking toward them, and as her hair was a little awry and her spectacles crooked, she presented a sight appearing to them so ludicrous, that they hid their faces, almost convulsed with laughter.

"Are these your sisters, sir?" she asked mildly, turning to the gentleman.

"I hope not, madam," he answered in low and measured tones, "my sisters respect age, to them grey hairs are too sacred for trilling; he did not wince in the least under the angry glance of the mortified girls, now completely silenced; but Milly had thrown her thick veil down, and was weeping all to herself.

"I am going to the house of Dr. James; do you know him, sir?" asked the old lady after a few moments of silence.

"I should, madam, for he is my father," said the stranger with a smile.

The flushed cheeks of Bell grew instantly pale—her eyes met those of her companion, on whose face a similar reaction had also taken place.

"My son, Professor L——, lectures in Taunton to-night, and as I have seldom the pleasure of listening to him, he is so often away, I thought I would make an effort to visit your father—I am glad he is your father, young man, you do him honor," she continued with a gratified look; "you have his eyes and his forehead—I should know them—the stranger had lifted his cap, taken off his handkerchief, and was wiping the moisture from a magnificent brow, above which the jet black curls hung thick and silky—I shall have the pleasure also of meeting my son at your house, and acquainting him with your politeness towards a strange old woman, who was the subject of some very flattering remarks." She did not glance this time towards the young ladies, if she had she would have pitied them; they sat cowering down completely crest-fallen. It was indeed a pretty kettle of fish they had prepared for themselves. They, too, were going for the express purpose of hearing Professor L——, one of the most brilliant lecturers of the day, and who had almost been bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell Grosvenor, when a guest at her father's in the city; so much so that he had been heard to declare he knew not another woman who appeared to possess so many desirable qualities for a wife. And strangely enough they were going to the very house of the man they had so grossly insulted; for they never could have dreamed the gawky to be the only son of their mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr. James. They knew indeed that he had been for some time expected home from his tour in Europe, but his travel stained attire, and his silence had completely deceived them.

Meantime Milly recovered a little from her trouble; the envious veil was thrown back, the two pointing lips restored to their equanimity, the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for the little wash of tears, rested, or rather danced over the beautiful prospect of fields, and trees, and rose-lined paths; she, innocent heart, had nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly would her cousins have exchanged places with her.

They sat very silent, trembling and almost fainting, till the stage drew up near the broad entrance into the Doctor's grounds; they were still undecided when the coachman said, "the young ladies are to stop here, I believe," and unstrapped the trunk from the huge boot.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrassment stepped back to the door, and with a bright smile at Milly, said, as if nothing unpleasant had transpired, "will you allow me to assist you out, young ladies?" How daintily he conducted her to the ground; but as the others descended there was a chilling reserve in his manner, and a painful confusion in theirs that told how indelible would be the recollection of that unfortunate meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the next day; they could not endure to meet Professor L—— in the presence of

his mother, but they had learned a lesson which they will probably treasure for life—not to judge by externals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with a reverence as holy as though it moved about in golden slippers.

"But I am a portionless orphan, Henry."

"But you are the same Milly Grey that sat in the back seat of the old stage, and nobly resisted the influence of wealth and fashion, when those rude, proud girls would have laughed down the uncouth countryman. From that moment I loved you; and still more when I perceived your delicate attention to my father's friend.—Believe me, Milly, no true man would trust his happiness with one who would insult grey hairs; there is little heart in such a one, however faultless the exterior, and I have such extreme reverence for the aged, that a loathing, impossible for me to express, came over me when I witnessed the behaviour of your cousins; they may be wealthy, highly educated, fascinating, but I would no more wed one of them than I would play with a rattlesnake. There! God bless you, Milly—look up, love, and let me tell you that in my eyes you are worth millions—nay, more than all the world."

Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded, but neither of them has a professor L—— or a Dr. James for a husband. They are, however, very gay and fashionable, if that is any compensation; but Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and devoted a wife and mother as can be found in the wide, wide world.

### How to Play the Piano.

The other evening we were at a party of a friend of ours, and among the lot was a gay Miss, who had just returned from a boarding school, where, after many solicitations and apologies she seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right and then to the left, leaning forward, then backward and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, then her left about two octaves below them. She now puts off the right to a brisk canter upon the treble notes, and her left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued in a like manner. The right turned and repeated its movement, but the left outran it this time, hopped over it and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left, on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for a short space, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as we thought fairly vanquished, but we were in error in what Jack Randolph cautions us—had only fallen back to a stronger position. It had mounted upon two block keys, and commenced the notes of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and proved the doctrine of snake charming beyond dispute. The left rushed toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roar down the bass keys; continued its assaults, sometimes by a zigzag movement, but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proved ineffectual; it came close up to its adversary and expired. Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of a noise the piano made during the conflict. Certainly it is that no one can describe it, and therefore we shall not attempt it. The battle ended, Miss Jane moved as though she would have risen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once.—"One song, my dear Jane," said Mrs. Small, "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing, and which Madame Piggisqueski is so fond of," Miss Jane looked pitifully at her mamma and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Jane; accordingly she squared herself for a song. She brought her hands in to a caput time in fine style and they seemed to be perfectly reconciled to each; then commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and left responding bass very loudly.

The conference had been kept up until we began to desire a change upon the subject, when our ears caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appear to proceed from the lips of Miss Jane; they seem to be composed of dry coughs, a grunt, a hiccup, it appeared to us, as interpreters between the right and left—things had progressed in this way for about fifteen seconds, when we happened to direct our attention to Mr. Ross. His eyes were closed, his head swung gracefully from side to side, a beam of Heavenly complacency resting on his countenance, and his whole man gave irresistible demonstrations that Miss Jane's music had made him feel good all over. Mr. Ross's transported state we see whether we could extract from the performance anything intelligible, when Miss Jane made a fly catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and the same instant she fetched a long dundhill cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grappled at as many more with the left. This came over Ross like a warm bath, and over us like a rack of bamboo briars. Our nerves had not yet recovered until Miss Jane repeated the movement, accompanying it with the squall

of a pinched cat. This threw us into an ague fit, but from respect to the performer, we maintained our position. She now made a third grab with her right, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of any human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction.—She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force—she boxed it, she clawed it, and scraped it. Her neck veins swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eyes glared, her bosom heaved, she screamed, she howled, she yelled, she cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech owl when we took the St. Vitus' dance and rushed out of the room. "Goodness!" said a bystander, "if this be her singing, what must be her crying?"

### How to Get a Wife in India.

The following mode of obtaining a helpmate, appears wonderfully convenient and satisfactory. All the delay and ceremony which precede matrimony amongst us, are avoided by this system:

When a man in a decent rank of life wishes to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla school, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to his eligibility; and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with the school-mistress, upon an appointed evening, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of this intended visit, and its purport; and those who desire to enter into the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on such occasions in the mistress's room. The gentleman who is doing his best to make himself universally agreeable, yet contrives in the course of the evening, to mark his preference to one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favourably received, he tenders his proposals in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the nuptials; her sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserve herself for the next tea party exhibition.

We have known instances where an amorous old gentleman from an out-station presented himself three successive times at these soirees, in hope of obtaining a wife to cheer the solitude of his up-country residence; but all in vain, the young ladies unanimously rejected him with the highest disdain, wondering how such an ugly old fellow could have the impudence to think of a wife! But a very different reception is given to a dashing young sergeant, or smart looking conductor; their slightest attentions are never repulsed, and the announcement of the chosen intended, as Miss Squeers would say, is anticipated with the utmost impatience by many an anxious heart. The wedding speedily follows, the bride's modest tresser being provided from the funds of the establishment, and every girl in the school cheerfully contributing her aid in the manufacture of dresses.

As the Lafayette train was pitching along the other day, at a most terrible rate, it was hailed from a farm house with loud shouts of "Stop, stop!"  
The bell was rung—the whistle screamed—the train was stopped.  
"What's wanted?" asked the conductor.  
"Why," said the man, "me and my old woman wants to go with you."  
"Well," said the conductor, "get aboard—get aboard."  
"But we ain't near ready yet. My old woman has just begun to dress, and wants you to wait."  
There was a perfect explosion, the ladies tittered—the men screamed—the conductor looked blank. "Go ahead!"—The passengers all begged him to wait until the woman dressed; and one gentleman shouted, "come on with your wife, I'll hook her dress," and the train *amused*.  
Who will dare say that women don't claim their rights in this country, where a whole train is stopped to give a woman a chance to put on her "becomings"? Western women against the world! If she had got hold of the conductor she would have made him wait!

### Railroading.

The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, a tumbler or decanter can be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it, no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes out of it.

### To the Voters of the Fifteenth Congressional District.

Gen. IRWIN having been nominated for Congress, in this district, the following Sketch of his Services in Mexico may prove interesting to our readers:

WILLIAM H. IRWIN was appointed a captain in the 11th regiment U. S. Infantry in February, 1847, by James K. Polk, then President of the United States. In the short space of six weeks he recruited a splendid company, 82 strong, and left for the seat of war in March, 1847. Whilst the troops were assembling at New Orleans, Captain Irwin (in the absence of any field officer) commanded the large body of men (800) on board the transport ship "America," and rapidly introduced order and discipline among this confused mass of recruits. He sailed from Brazos Island for Vera Cruz with the troops under Gen. Cadwalader, and marched with that general to relieve Col. McIntosh, who was surrounded by Guerrillas. Captain Irwin commanded the leading company of the rear guard at the engagement at the National Bridge, and brought into camp, under the fire of the enemy, several valuable train-wagons which had been abandoned by the drivers. Such was the steadiness of the men that they crossed the long and dangerous bridge exposed to a flank fire, at the *parade step*, the word, *left, right, left, right*, being given by the officers as if on drill! When the train was about to descend the deep, narrow defile that leads to Plan del Rio, Gen. Cadwalader asked for a company that could be depended on, to hold the heights against a threatened attack of the enemy. Col. Ramsey selected company D, (Irwin's), and this single company guarded these heights until the last of the train had reached the camp.

On the 18th August, 1847, the 11th regiment and two companies of dragoons supported a reconnoitering party under captain Lee, and advanced into the rocks towards Contreras, where it was attacked by the enemy. A general charge was made, and the leading company of the regiment (led by Captain Irwin and Lieuts. McCoy and Scott) was directed to charge a separate body of the enemy, which it did in a most gallant style, killing and capturing several of the Mexicans.

The following is an extract from the official report of Lt. Col. Graham: "Capt. Irwin's Company, (D), by request of Major Hunter, was detached and placed under his command, who pushed it forward most gallantly to attack the extreme right, which attack was led by captain Irwin with great gallantry, and produced the most beneficial effect." In another part of the same report, speaking of the battle of Contreras, Col. Graham says: "Brevet Gen. Smith directed me to reconnoitre the enemy's works, with the assistance of Adj. Daniel S. Lee and Lieut. Harley of my regiment, and also by the advice of Lieuts. Town and Beaugard of the Engineer Corps, I did so, and reported it practicable to attack on the left of Col. Riley's Brigade, (which was the attacking column.) This advice was not acted upon by the commanding officer, and I was directed to follow and support Col. Riley's Brigade during the attack upon the battery. Two companies under command of Major Hunter were detached to disperse a body of lancers and infantry, numbering from 3 to 400, who were pouring a galling fire upon the right flank of the storming column. This small force of 80 men, companies D and H, 11th infantry, under command of Captains Irwin and Guthrie, and Lieuts. McCoy, Harley, McClellan and Scott, gallantly performed this duty, killing a number of both lancers and infantry."

And further on in this report, speaking of the battle of Churubusco, Colonel Graham says: "My command pressed gallantly forward—at the main road we met with Gen. Worth's forces. We moved on this battery in conjunction with Gen. Worth's command, carried the work, and then joined in the general pursuit of the enemy under Gen. Pillow's direction, until we were ordered to halt almost within reach of the enemy's fire from the city."

In the fierce and terrible battle of Molino del Rey, one of the bloodiest on record, where 3200 Americans defeated 10,000 Mexicans strongly entrenched, the 11th infantry, led by Graham, charged the enemy through a tempest of musketry, and the leading company (D) was commanded in person by Captain Irwin. Early in the fight, while the regiment was coming into fire, but distant from the entrenchments 250 or 300 yards, Captain Irwin was struck in the hand by a spent shot, which inflicted a severe wound and has disabled the hand for life. He would not leave his company, but continued to command it until the battle was won and the enemy driven from the field.

For his gallant and meritorious services, Captain Irwin was nominated to be a Brevet Major by James K. Polk, President of the United States, and was confirmed in this honorary title by the Senate of the United States.

Owing to extreme ill health, and the disabling effects of his wound, Captain Irwin was directed by Gen. Scott to return to the United States, and before leaving Mexico he received from Major Gen. Pillow the following complimentary letter:

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 31st, 1847.  
CAPT. IRWIN: You bear with you, on your leave of absence, my best wishes for your speedy recovery from your wound and return to your command. Permit me to express the reluctance with which I witness your separation (though temporarily) from your gallant company, which you have so gloriously led on to glory and victory, in our operations in this valley. No corps in my division has suffered more severely than the 11th Infantry, and none has met with more alacrity every danger which duty required it to face; and I deeply feel and deplore the loss of your brave and intrepid commander, Lieut. Col. Wm. Graham, who fell upon the field he had so gloriously assisted to win, covered over with wounds. While it is my duty, it is no less my pleasure, to pay this tribute to his memory, to which his great worth and gallantry as an officer so richly entitle him.

While parting with you, you will pardon me for trespassing upon your kindness, by thus testifying my high sense of your own valuable services and your company of the gallant sons of the Keystone State. Pennsylvania has just cause to be proud of the distinguished part borne by her sons during the arduous trials and brilliant operations of our army in this valley. She furnishes far more officers for my division than any other State in the Union, and it is but justice to them to say, they covered her name with honor and distinction.

Accept, my dear sir, assurances of my high regard and personal esteem,  
GID. J. PILLOW,  
Maj. Gen. U. S. Army.

Captain Irwin commanded and led his company in two severe skirmishes, the first at the National Bridge, the second near San Augustine, and in THREE PITCHED BATTLES—Contreras, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey.

Such have been the services of WM. H. IRWIN in the tented field, where privation and suffering were the lot of all who had left friends and home to sustain the honor and fame of our country. On the other hand, what claim has James Gamble to your votes? His services to the taxpayers have been performed to his own pecuniary advantage on that fruitful source of corruption, the Public Works, and he is intimately connected with those who seem to possess unlimited control over all the lettings and appointments emanating from the Canal Commissioners. If you desire to strengthen the bonds in which you are now held by those who consume your taxes, vote for him; but if you wish to put your seal of condemnation on the outrages daily perpetrated on the State works, and at the same time show your gratitude to one who served his country in Mexico under the renowned Winfield Scott, VOTE FOR WILLIAM H. IRWIN for Congress.

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