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Business Directory.

FOBES HOUSE,

Fronting the Public Square, Olean, N. Y. JAMES M. MILLER, Proprietor. The Fobes House is entirely new and built of brick, and is furnished in modern style. The proprietor flatters himself that his accommodations are not surpassed by any hotel in Western New York. Carriages run to and from the New York and Erie Rail Road. 38-tf.

BYRON D. HAMLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa., Agent for Messrs. Kesting & Co's Lands. Attends especially to the Collection of Claims; Examination of Land Titles; Payment of Taxes, and all business relating to Real Estate. Office in Hamlin Block.

GREEN'S HOTEL.

D. A. WATONY, Proprietor,—at Kinzua, Warren county Pa. His Table will be supplied with the best the country affords, and he spares no pains in accommodating his guests.

H. GOLD ROGERS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, will attend to the collection of claims and accounts in the Counties of Potter, M'Kean, Elk, Jefferson, and Clearfield. P. O. Address, Smethport, M'Kean county, Pa.

E. BOUGHTON ELDRED,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. Business entrusted to his care for the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk will be promptly attended to. Office in the Court House, second floor.

DR. L. B. WISNER,

Physician and Surgeon, Smethport, Pa., will attend to all professional calls with promptness. Office in Sartwell Block, second floor.

N. S. BUTLER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpeting, Ready Made Clothing, and General Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wall and Window Paper, Looking Glasses &c. At Olean, N. Y.

BENNETT HOUSE,

Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. D. R. BENNETT, Proprietor—opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well furnished house.

JOHN C. BACKUS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over C. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

DAD IS GROWING OLD, JOHN!

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Ah! Dad is growing old, John,
His eyes are growing dim,
And years are on his shoulders laid,
A heavy load for him.
But you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John,
At cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled from his brow;
Yet never heard we him complain,
Whate'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy strength came, John,
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him;
But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ships that shear the main.

Now we must lead the van, John,
Through weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and doze
And tilt his easy chair,
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old days of British times,
Of Grandad and the War.

I heard you speak of Ma'am, John,
'Tis gospel what you say;
That caring for the like of us,
Has turned her head so gray!
Yet, John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red, John,
Her cheeks were round and fair,
And like a ripened peach it swelled
Against her wavy hair;
Her step fell lightly as the leaf
From off the summer tree,
And all day busy at the wheel
She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John,
That wielded well the rod
Whene'er, with wilful step, our feet
The path forbidden trod;
But to the heaven of her eye
We never looked in vain,
And evermore our yielding cry
Brought down the tears like rain.

But that is long agone, John,
And we are what we are,
And little heed we, day by day,
Her fading cheek and hair,
Ah, when bence'a her fai[illegible]

room, and, casting his eye over the company, he singled out the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbibed just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted:

"Mr. Sheriff, open the court and call to order!"

A general titter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the 'court' gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing else than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across to join his friends in a drink, but before his return some cold-blooded wag had whispered in the ear of our fogy the cause of "delay in the proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly bawled the judge, "bring Joe into court on a supenar"—the judge had his own way of pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride, who stood in the foreground and hung her head in deep confusion, he added: "I s'pose you are the plaintiff. Well don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected by this here court."

This was the saddest blunder of them all.—The judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a correction in the shape of forty drops of the critter, which he instantly applied.

In a few minutes all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived full of joy. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. He evidently felt every inch a judge.

"J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor; "J-J-o-e B-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-you anything to say w-w-why s-s-sentence—"

"Stop, stop, stop, Judge, shouted the sheriff from the back part of the room.—"You are not going to hang the man, but to marry him."

A VISIT TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

The Rev. Theodore Clapp, formerly of New Orleans, in his interesting autobiography, gives quite an extended account of his conversations with Carlyle. Mr. Bancroft was the American Ambassador at the English Court at the time of Mr. Clapp's visit abroad, and was very attentive in introducing him to the most celebrated scholars and authors of Great Britain.

Mr. Clapp was especially desirous to become personally acquainted with Thomas Carlyle. He was informed that it would be impossible to obtain an introduction except at one of the historian's evening levees, because he spent every morning in his study and received no visitors until after dinner. These levees are always crowded, and afford no opportunities for extended conversation. Here was a dilemma, and as Carlyle had called our countrymen a nation of bores, Dr. Clapp concluded to assume the character and impudence which the term designates.

Nine o'clock the next morning found the American divine at the door of the "Great Censor of the Age," with the letters from distinguished men on both sides of the Atlantic. A lady with a very intelligent appearance, received the visitor. "I have called, this morning," he said, "to see Mr. Carlyle; is he at home?" She replied, "Mr. Carlyle has just entered his study, and *no gentleman* can see him this morning. If the Queen of England should now call here and request an interview, it would not be granted." The Doctor asked if she would oblige him by taking a written message to his study. An affirmative answer was given, when he wrote with a pencil the following words:

"Dear Sir: No *gentleman*, but a *man*, is at your door—a Unitarian, a Yankee, a democrat, and a radical, all the way from the banks of the Mississippi; a careful reader and a great admirer of Mr. Carlyle—and begs the favor of a short interview, which must be granted now, or never this side the grave."

The letters of introduction were sent with this unique note. Directly the invitation came, "Walk up, sir; I shall be happy to see you." We copy Dr. Clapp's account of this interview:

I was received in the most kind and uncer[illegible] imonious manner. The topics on which we [illegible] have not

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FOTUNE.

The New-York correspondent of the Boston Journal tells the following story:

In one of the largest and most elegant stores not far from the City Hall, was one of the most celebrated, successful and rich firms that could have been found a few months ago. The store was an immense one, and though the head of the firm was regarded as a smart business man, he was so overbearing and harsh that there were few persons who could be long in his society. One day a gentleman called on the senior partner of the house to get him to consent to a settlement with a poor fellow who had been crushed in the panic, and could not pay more than fifty cents on the dollar. He was received gruffly and recommended to go into the office and read the sign over the desk. He walked in and read a sign, which in large characters informed all parties that "the day of compromises is over," and the visiting merchant was told that that was the rule of the house, and all their debtors were required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

No one who owed that firm had any right to expect that any settlement would be made short of dollar for dollar, and the "pound of flesh," and all that, was "nominated in the bond." The gentleman attempted to reason with the firm in regard to the special case before them, but all in vain, and to the intimation that neither of the partners were yet dead, and before the day of their sepulture they might seek of their own creditors what they now denied, the chief of the firm gave a loud chuckling laugh at the ridiculousness of the idea that he could fail, or that the great firm of ——— should ever ask a pecuniary favor of any one. A few months only passed away and down came the great house with a crash that jarred all New-York. The failure was a bad one, a very bad one. Immense debts, both in Europe and America, hung over it, and one of the partners, who at the time the New-York merchant asked mercy for a poor debtor, could have sold his interest in the firm for $50,000, has received nothing, and the prospect is that that is all the dividend from the estate that he will finally get. The ungrateful servant of the Bible who grabbed his debtor by the throat and said "pay me what thou owest," has more than one anti-type in New-York.

THE BEAVER.—At a recent meeting of the Canadian Institute, the interesting fact was stated that this animal, once so highly prized, and so much hunted for its fur, even to the extinction of its species throughout the greater part of its original domain, has again made its appearance in many places in Canada, and is rapidly increasing. In the north part of Toronto borough, they have become very numerous. Quite a number are to be found within three hours' ride of Toronto, and they are also frequently found in the Nottawasaga river and in the neighborhood of Angus. One gentleman stated that in Vespra, thousands of acres of land are flooded every Spring, when immense [illegible] trees cut by the animal are to be found. It is quite probable that they will become still more numerous, since the fur of the beaver is now replaced by other skins, and the hunting of that animal is no longer a remunerative occupation, the value of the skins per pound having depreciated more than one half.

The history of the Beaver is an interesting one. From 1785 to 1800, hundreds of thousands of skins were annually exported from this continent; but from the latter date the animal gradually disappeared, until it was met with only in the least accessible waters of the Northwest. That the species would become entirely extinct at no distant day, has been the general belief. Hence their re-appearance in Canada is a matter of considerable interest.

Trial Trip of the first Locomotive.

Major Horatio Allen, the engineer of the New York and Erie Railroad, in a speech during the recent festival occasion of the first trip made by a locomotive on this continent. "When was it? Who was it? It was in the year 1828, on the banks of the Lackawaxen at the commencement of the railroad connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive. The circumstances which led to my being alone on the engine were these: The road had been built in the summer; the structure was of hemlock timber, and the rails of large dimensions, notched on caps placed far apart. The timber had crea[illegible] from exposure to the sun. [illegible] hundred feet of straight lin[illegible] the Lackawaxen creek [illegible] thirty feet high, with [illegible] and fifty-five to four hundred [illegible] impression was very general, that [illegible] monster would either break down the [illegible] it would leave the track at the [illegible]