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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.

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ASTOR HOUSE,

J. C. [illegible] Proprietor, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. Stages to and from this place stop here. Good accommodations and reasonable prices.

S. B. SARTWELL,

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Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

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LARABEE'S HOTEL,

B. LARABEE, Proprietor.—Allegheny Bridge, M'Kean Co., Pa. This house is situated about nine miles from Smethport on the road to Olean, and will be found a convenient stopping-place.

EMPORIUM HOUSE,

Shippen, M'Kean Co., Pa. LEGRAND COOK, Proprietor. A commodious and well-furnished house. Strangers and travelers will find good accommodations.

FARMERS' VALLEY HOTEL,

By T. GOODWIN. This house is situated about five miles from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure parties and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice.

ELDRED HALF-WAY HOUSE.

NATHAN DENNIS, Proprietor. This house is situated half way between Smethport and Olean. If you want a good dinner this is the place to stop.

GHORDIS CORWIN,

Proprietor of the Grist Mill, at Mechanicsburg, McKean County Pa. Flour, Meal, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale, in large and small quantities.

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PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,

WILLIAM HASKELL Proprietor, at Port Allegany, McKean County Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the Smethport and Allegany River roads, nine miles east of Smethport.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Provisions and Family Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes Hats, Caps, Nails, Yankee Notions, &c., &c. Store in the Astor House. Terms, Cash.

BRADFORD HOUSE,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

Bradford, M'Kean County, Pa.

THE undersigned having purchased the above property, is now prepared to entertain the traveling community and resident boarders on reasonable terms. It will be his constant aim to have his

TABLE WELL SUPPLIED

with the best the country affords.

A Well Ventilated and Capacious Barn and Stable

are connected with the premises, and a careful hostler will always be in waiting.

The undersigned hopes, by prompt attention to the wants of his guests to merit the patronage of the public.

11-tf. MARK HORTH.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the North wind's masonry,
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work,
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in low structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

MARRYING 'EM OVER AGAIN.

—OR—

A JOKER FORESTALLED.

[Dodge, of the Boston Literary Museum, is re-publishing some of Falconridge's side splitting sketches, in which Dodge, the practical joker appears as a prominent character. Here is one which we think will shake the cobwebs out of an asthmatic throat.]

Some time time last summer, says Falconridge, while canvassing the "down east" States, Dodge, (need we particularize what Dodge?—Ossian E. Dodge, of course,) run afoul of a young gentleman quite noted for his off hand practical jokes, and having heard of Dodge, our amateur joker made up his mind that when and where he met the extensively known and thorough-bred wag, there would probably be files about, and somebody's eye-teeth would be cut.

When Dodge appeared in our amateur wit's diggings, he straightway went to work to introduce himself to the unrivalled humorist.

"I understand, sir," said the amateur, "that you are not to be caught napping. I've read and heard a great deal of your practical joking, and though I don't profess to be very smart that way, yet I have made a bet with some of my friends, that in less than six months I will show you a new link or two—I intend to show you the elephant, sir."

"Ah, indeed!" said Dodge. "Well, sir, I'm tolerably coversant with that species of quadruped, having studied animated nature for some time; but I shall always be pleased to learn something new, although I fear, sir, that the critter you mention would hardly, with my experience, come under the head of novelty with me. However, I don't want to damp your enthusiasm so you may figure it up and fetch along your entertainment whenever you feel like it."

The amateur made several small flirts at Dodge during his stay in that neighborhood, but his efforts scarcely amounted to any thing with a "snub" to it, and hence we shall not take any pains to illustrate them.

Time and Dodge passed along, and by casually meeting each other, in other parts of the country, in the vicinity of the city of notions, quite an intimacy sprung up between the two "sawyers," and finally one day, said the amateur joker—

"Mr. Dodge, I'm going to be married."

"Sho! you're joking," said Dodge poking his friend in the side with the but of his high-faluting cane.

"Am I though?" said the other. "Guess not—its all arranged—the old man don't like me—the young lady does, and makes it all right you know. We're going to New York to-morrow evening to be married the next day, and if you have nothing serious to prevent, I wish you to join a small select party of the young lady's friends and mine, and go along."

Nothing would give me more pleasure," said Dodge, "than to accompany you, but really I—I—that is, the notice is somewhat short—the parties, excepting yourself, are strangers to me, and it would be a little kind of awkward; in short, I must decline your invitation,"

"O, no, 'twouldn't do. Dodge you must go—couldn't let you off." So the next day a small party of some four or five ladies and gentlemen met at the Marlboro' Hotel, and a few hours afterwards the coach drove them down to the Providence railway depot, when they soon embarked; and the next morning, just as the sun had begun to peep over the eastern part of creation, the bride and bridegroom and their male and female attendants, with our facetious and self-sacrificing friend, Dodge, who was to act as grand master of the ceremonies, &c., coupled with a young relative of the bridegroom, found themselves at the pier No. 1, North River, New York.

"Now, Mr. Dodge," said the amateur joker. "We are all strangers here in New York, and we put you in command of our affair, to direct our affair, to direct our movements."

Exactly—that's all right," said Dodge, "leave all to me."

"Say, you'll look here!" bawled Dodge to one of the noisy, drawling, pushing, red-faced drivers of the hundred and fifty cabs, coaches, and trunks, usually besetting the steamers, landing their passengers at the New York piers. "You, I mean—we all go to the Irving House—fly around—get the baggage—allow me Miss ———, to assist you to this coach; so—all in—drive off!"

In the course of ten minutes, the bridal party were housed at the Irving, in private parlors, as snug and merry as bees.

Dodge stepped out to get the parson, and arrange the minutiæ of the marriage.

At 11, A. M. the parties were spliced; good humor a few tears and kisses prevailed; and the party under the charge of Dodge, started out to see the lions of Gotham; and thus merrily passed the hours away until the hour of retirement came round, and the parties separated for the night.

"Mr. ———, a—n—but no matter."

"Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Dodge?" said the happy bridegroom, turning back, as Dodge made the broken call.

"Yes, that is—no matter; some other time will answer. Good night, God bless—"

And as if laboring under some undigested trouble, Dodge took a stroll by himself.

Returning about midnight to the Irving with a mysterious looking companion, they took seats in the drawing room, and sent for the landlord. He came, a brief whispering took place, the landlord grinned and finally broke out in something of a laugh and said—

"Well, I don't care, you're all friends—its rather a good joke—it will surprise them some—do as you please, sir."

The landlord disappeaed, a servant came in and intimated that if the gentleman was ready he'd show him up to No.—

Tap, tap, tap, gently went Dodge's knuckles on the door of No.—.

"Who's there?" said a quick voice.

"Me," said Dodge. "Get up quick."

"Is that you, Mr. Dodge?"

"Yes sir. Get up quick!"

"Heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

"Oh, get up, sir, quick. Open the door."

"Is the house on fire? Heaven's sake, what's the matter, Mr. Dodge?"

Then was heard a finer voice, humidly making the same inquiry, and soon the door was opened and the outlines of a gentleman in dishabile thrusting out his nose and nightcap.

"Heavens and earth, Mr. Dodge! do tell me what all this means!"

"Why, sir, but I—I hope you'll pardon me. I—I confess that I was wrong—very wrong; in—a——"

"Well, but sir," said the excited and impatient husband, "what is it all about? Come, let us know the worst."

"The fact is, sir, I couldn't—"

"Well, well!"

"I couldn't go to sleep. I got up determined to ask your pardon—you'll never forgive me, but you—a—"

"Go on, go on with it."

"Mr. Dodge, are we in danger?" said the fine voice of the little bride, her bright eyes and pretty night-cap appearing in the background.

"Awful, too bad, ma'am! I shall never forgive myself."

And here Dodge actually threw up the whites of those big eyes, and sighed twice.

"What danger—how—where?" said the married couple in one breath.

"Tell us all, sir," exclaimed the breath.

"Tell us all, sir," exclaimed the husband.

"Yes, yes, for mercy's sake do!" said the wife.

"Then if I must, I must," said Dodge.—"*You are not man and wife!*"

"What?" said the husband,

"Mr. Dodge?" said the wife.

"Fact—I ought to be hung and quartered—my fault."

"What do you mean sir! You don't pretend———"

"Yes I do; it's a fact, sir!"

"What's a fact, Mr. Dodge?" inquired the alarmed bride.

"Not married—all a sham—my fault."

"O-o-o! I'm—I'm—"

Here the husband as he supposed himself, caught his wife, as she supposed she was, just as she was about to swoon.

"Mr. Dodge this is shabby business, sir," said the supposed husband.

"I know it," said Dodge. "I confess all.—I regret it severely, sir. I could not—a—a—I couldn't sleep, sir. I got up sir determined to make all the———"

"Misery you could, sir," said the suppose married man.

"Not at all, sir; I did it as a joke."

"A joke, sir? it's villainous, sir."

"But I'll repair it sir. I'll run off to the minister's."

"Don't meddle any more, sir. Take yourself off sir, and leave us to ourselves. Go!"

The husband was about to shut the door.

"Go, Mr. Dodge, go—do go and get the minister—do sir."

"Never mind now, it's almost morning, my dear; then we'll arrange the matter without his intervention," said the husband.

But the lady was determined—insisted.—Dodge desired them to dress and come down into the drawing room immediately, as he would have the real parson there, and there should be a *prima facie, bona fide* and veritable wedding.

So he left. The discomfitted votaries of hymen had their other friends aroused—from their drowsy couches, and the amazed and vexed parties assembled in the drawin-room and were soon confronted by Dodge and a new parson, who put them over the ground again in good and substantial shape.

The performance, however, took up the time until daylight began to peep through the windows at the sombre looking wedding party, with Dodge and the parson.

After breakfast the entire party being assembled in the drawing-room, Dodge used his handkerchief about his lips a few times, and with a slight ahem, addressed the wedding party:

"Mr. and Mrs. ———, I've had my joke, and I will not be greedy and enjoy all the fun myself, but share it liberally among you. Mr. ——— threatened some time ago that he would certainly introduce to my special observation a well known quadruped in less than six months. There is yet a short time to carry out his determination, and I beg leave to say that this wedding has afforded me probably the only opportunity I shall ever have to assure Mr. ——— that the joker who intends travelling with me to rise early in the morning, and be loaded with saws, in order to show to my vision a new species of the elephant. I regret, Mrs. ——— the inconvenience and alarm I may have caused you; unnecessarily, perhaps, for the first matrimonial performance was the genuine; the last was merely a bit of my nonsense!"

And with the entire party close upon his heels, the incorrigible joker made his exit.

[illegible] astonishing how toddy promotes independence. An old Philadelphia "brick" lying, a day or two in a spiritual manner, was advised by a friend to economize, as flour was going up. "Let it go up, I can get as high as flour can any day."

Too Proud to Take Advice.

A boy took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old shipmaster, and Harry was at some pains to show him round, partly perhaps to show his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and re-passed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said, "don't fall into the hold, or ye'll never see daylight again." "There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly; "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and I do too." As they came down the ladder and walked away, "I was so provoked with that old salt," said he; "he seemed to think we were know-nothing landsmen, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for his advice, uncle, I was provoked."

"I should be very sorry to take offence at well meant advice," said the uncle. "Did you ever read about the Royal George, Harry?"

"You mean that big ship which foundered one pleasant day in some English harbor, and all on board perished. I know something about it, but tell me more, uncle. How did it happen?"

"It was at Spithead, where the English fleet were at anchor. The Royal George was the flag ship, and Admiral Kemperfelt's blue flag floated from the mizen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea when the first Lieutenant discovered that the watercock was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her in dock for repairs, but keel her over until the damaged part was above water, and repair her there. Keeling a ship, you know, is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men were sent from the Falmouth dockyard to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns run in amidships, which made the ship keel to larboard, so that her starboard side was far up out of water. The workman had got at the mouth of the water-pipe when a lighter, laden with rum, came alongside, and all hands were piped to clear her. Now the port-sills of the larboard side were nearly even with the water before the lighter came alongside, and when the men went down to take in her casks, the ship keeled more than ever; besides, the sea had grown rougher since morning, washing the water into the lower deck ports.

The carpenter saw there was danger. He ran to the second lieutenant, who was officer of the watch, and told him the ship must be righted. The lieutenant, angry that the carpenter should dictate to him, ordered him back to his work. Growing every instant more convinced of the imminent peril of the ship, the man went again to the officer, warning him that all would be lost if the vessel was not righted instantly, but he only got a volley of oaths for his pains. The lieutenant, however, at last ordered the drummer to beat to quarters; but before the drummer had time to lay hold of his drum, the ship keeled over a little and a little more, and the men began to scramble down the hatchway to put the heavy guns back into their proper places. Alas, it was too late. Men may begin their duty too late. Already the water was rushing in; she filled rapidly, settled fast, and almost before help or rescue could be thought of, down went the Royal George, carrying her admiral, officers, men, and many nobles and strangers on board, to the number of a thousand souls, down, down to a watery grave, so awfully sudden, that a few only on the upper deck could save themselves. And thus to perish, on a fair day, in sight of land, surrounded by a fleet of ships, all aggravated the terrible disaster. As an English poet, Cowper, has it:

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock!"

"Awful," said Harry, shuddering, "and to have it owing to the pride of that foolish lieutenant. Too proud to take the carpenter's advice; that was the worst of all. I suppose you told it to me on that account. I thank you, uncle. Oh, that poor lieutenant. His own life, and the lives of a thousand others, staked upon his feeling proud. I am sure it makes the Bible account of pride awfully true; 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

HOW TRUE.

"There is in every human being a craving for home felt pleasures, a desire for daily communion and interchange of affection with some kindred spirit, who feels more interested in our thoughts and feelings than all the world beside, and for this, the wide, wide Universe offers no substitute;" yet how few are fitted, by education, habits, and principles, to enjoy connubial happiness!—and how many do not consider that in choosing a partner for life, rational and durable enjoyment can only be expected, with a person of suitable age, similarity of tastes and abilities; of virtuous principles, and of good understanding. They are captivated with a pretty face, agreeable person, and winning manners, or what is equally common in modern days, with the shining qualities of the purse; tender looks, and tales of first love; (which is often only first folly,) are exchanged; they *fancy* they are in love, and rush into matrimony, like the horse into battle, and find out, when it is too late, that the silken bands of wedlock are iron bands, fastened with arrows of steel, that give the sharpest wound! After a short acquaintance, they become weary of each other. The force of beauty and passion is exhausted, and glittering gold appears like miry clay, but a clog to the enjoyments of those who travel on this perilious road to conjugal felicity.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia to the Louisville Democrat, relates the following:

While an aged and poorly clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart looking young sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him and extended her palm in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his rapacious pocket, and, when he drew it out it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept, saying—

"There, good mother, take this; you may as well have it as the landsharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with four hundred dollars on hand, but as the neighbors told me my old mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, spent it all inside of a week, and then shipped again."

"Oh, good, good sir, you are too kind to an old lady like me. For your sake I will take it. Oh, you remind me of my poor son George, who shipped and was drowned. Oh, George, George White, where are you now?"

"George White!" hurriedly exclaimed the now excited sailor. "Why, that's my name! And you—you are my mother!"

With this he seized her in his arms and caressed her affectionately, while the big tears of joy ran down his bronzed cheek. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene.

A Warning.

A few weeks since, in the course of conversation with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death. We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied—"*Not one!* I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstance of no apparent importance, has led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin."

On Saturday we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson and perjury, he said, were common crimes with many of those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, there are not a few men, who may be seen every day on 'Change," every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.

The faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it and by suffering from that acquaintance.

The Great American Lakes.

BY LIEUT. MAURY.

The great chain of lakes have been estimated to contain 1,1000 cubic miles of fresh water. To give an idea of this vast body of water, after explaining the modes of the careful measurement of the Missisaipi river at Memphis, the lecturer said that the lakes contained more water than the Mississippi discharged into the gulf of Mexico, in 100 years. In other words, were all the waste from the lakes, by evaporation and other causes, to be cut off, and a sluice be opened the side of the Mississippi channel, it would flow for a century in draining these vast inland seas. The lakes themselves contain a surface of 90,000 square miles, and they drain a territory of their water-shed of 50,000 square miles.

From the above figures it may well be imagined that this vast extent of fresh water maintains and subserves most important influences and purposes as pertaining to the climate temperature and hygiene of their vast surrounding or tributary region.

There is a difference, not universally well known, between the effects of a climate, incident to their being salt and fresh. Were the lakes salt water like the Caspian, they would give to the *region* a warmer temperature. The winter, the latitude remaining the same, would be milder, the summer more sultry. This arises simply from the effects of evaporation. Fresh water, according to the observations of Prof. Chapman, at Montreal, evaporates [illegible] than salt, carrying off more heat.

The amount of evaporation of the lakes is thus illustrated:—The cataract of Niagara represents the excess of accretions by rains to the lakes and their water-shed, over the effects of the evaporation. But the observations on the Mississippi indicated that but one sixth or one-seventh that fell upon the water-shed of that river, were discharged by it, leaving the remaining larger share to be accounted for by evaporation. Thus in the lakes the evaporation may be represented at five or six times the amount of water at Niagara, and to produce this evaporation requires the same amount of heat that would suffice to raise the Niagara to *a boiling point*, if such a thing may be imagined; and imagining this we may conceive of what is going on. The loss of this amount of heat, parted with by the lakes, leaves them and their region colder in the winter and summer.

In salt lakes the water enters the winter warmer than does the fresh, from the loss of heat to the latter. And in winter there is a further difference. When fresh water is exposed to a change of temperature, it grows denser until it reaches 30 degrees, or near freezing, when it expands and rises to the surface. With salt water the reverse is true, and the water continuing to grow denser with a lower temperature, sinks and leaves the surface water the warmest. Were the lakes salt water, navigation would continue the entire year round.

Young Men.

Our young men, says an exchange, are a painful study. As they lounge about the street with bold, leering faces, poisoning the air with oaths, or whirl madly along behind lashed horses, or loom up dimly amid the smoky glare of haunts of folly, sin and shame; it is sickening to reflect that with them rests the future of the country, and in them lies its hope. It is no wonder that the hearts of fathers and mothers, and sisters, are filled with dread and grief! no wonder that the perpetual and earnest advice to young men is to go into "ladies society!" The advice is good. There is positive safety for him in the society of a modest, gentle, kindly, sensible girl; there is comparative safety for him in the company of a vain, giggling, trifling girl. The most empty headed and empty hearted of coquettes, is a more harmless companion for him than a cursing, tippling fellow, who thinks all manner of sin and silliness manly, and will travel fast though hell yawns at the end of the road. Yes, our young men's salvation is in the sweet smile and voice, the beautiful accomplishment of some fair creature, attractive in mind and body.

But, your young men dare not go and see a young woman he fancies, and make a friend and companion of her. Because will not all the Mrs. Grundies, meddlers and tattlers generally, think and say it means something and immediately and vigorously set to work to whisper—their suspicions loud enough for the world—including the respective families of the young persons—to hear them? Is not your young man a flirt, a desperate fellow, of whom there is danger, if he is known to visit a dozen young girls at the same time. Is it anybody's business, if he seeks pleasure in the society of the ladies instead of in the streets, or in the drinking saloons. Which is the better way to spend his evenings? Has not this modern propriety something to do with the terrible outlawry and viciousness of our young men? Has not rigid, ghastly etiquette driven them from the parlor to the rum shop, and worse? In days of yore, it was *not a proof* that two young couple were engaged to be married, that they were often together, happy in the interchange of interest and sympathy, and all kindly feeling. And, somehow, there were better boys then than there are now. And better girls, too, for that matter.

RELIGION AT HOME.—"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion begins in the family. That sort only shining abroad is a very suspicious sort. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

[illegible] The management of permanent [illegible] ought to be more studied by our farmers. [illegible] plow too much. By [illegible] keep up the [illegible] many years [illegible] prove in quality. So [illegible] should be used more [illegible] either in morals or [illegible] and never give—we must [illegible] ration of compensation.