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Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARBOR, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.

E. S. MASON,
Dealer in Stoves, Tin Ware, Jappaned Ware, &c., west side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa. Custom work done to order on the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner.

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LARABEE'S HOTEL,
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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.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
WILLIAM STREETER Proprietor, Norwich, M'Kean Co., Pa. Good accommodations can be had there at all times.

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.

LOOK on the map of the United States, and then look into the old stand of Ford & Smith and you will find Ed. Mason's Tin Shop all on the *up-cat*.

From the New York Mercury.

SMILES AND TEARS.

BY C. B. SELLS.

The tear that dims the sparkling eye
May flow from grief or joy—
'Tis nature's pure, heart-easing tie,
Bright angels' wings to buoy
The soul above strong passion's spell,
Like gentle "dew of Heaven,"
It soothes the throbbing heart full well,
Ere lightning flash had riven.

The smile that sits upon the face,
As harbinger of joy,
May traitorous have its wonted place,
When but a wanton toy—
The mocking, fiendish guise of scorn,
The hypocritic leer,
Or base coquetry's gilded thorn—
Avaunt! ye shade the tear!

But when smiles with tears combine,
As Sol's rays span the gentle shower,
A nuptial wreath of love they twine
Around the soul's immortal bower.
The stoic may not doubt the heart,
Thus crowned with beauty's chastening glow;
For Truth and Purity impart
The sweets of Paradise below.

To Young Men Starting in Life.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is—that he knows nothing. The earlier and the more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better. A home-bred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a very sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is but of little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex nor envied by the other; he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable till he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendations, or introduction will give him this, or ought to give him this; he must do something to be recognised as somebody.

There is plenty of room for *men* in the world but there is no room for idlers. Society is not very particular what a man does, so long as he does something useful to prove himself to be a man; but it will not take the matter on trust.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help—a wish to depend, to lean on somebody, and enjoy the fruits of other people's industry. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman, with a pocket full of money, a box full of scrip, a trunk full of mortgages, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them from one thousand to ten thousand pounds, with which they may commence business, and go on swimmingly. Perhaps he will take a different turn and send them to college, from which they will emerge into ecclesiastical popularity, and rise up to a fat bishopric or deanery, at least.

One of the most painful sights in the world is that of a young man with a strong constitution and a presentable figure, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help. There are positions in which the most independent spirit may gracefully accept assistance; may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to seek help from others, is positive proof that he has been unfortunately trained, and that an indolent bias exists in his character. Let us not be misunderstood; we would not inculcate the pride of personal independence, which in its sensitiveness repels the good offices of friends—what we condemn in a young man is, the habit of dependence which makes him anxious to accept as a favor those things which he might acquire by his own industrial exertions. A man who willingly receives assistance, especially if he has applied for it, invariably sells himself to his benefactor, unless his patron happens to be a man of sense, who is giving absolutely necessary assistance to one whom he knows to be both sensitive and honorable.

When a young man has ascertained the fact that he knows nothing, and that the world cares nothing about him; that his success in life must depend on his own exertions, and that he must look to himself, and not to others for assistance, he is in a fair position for beginning life.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let this, then, be understood at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule, in all the world, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

It is the rule also that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conversation and enjoyment. So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, work on; and in that process gain strength and symmetry, nerve and knowledge, that when success, bravely and patiently acquired, shall be yours, it shall find you prepared to receive and to keep it. The development of all your mental and moral qualities in the brave battle of life will amply reward you for the struggle. It will help to make a man of you; and give you not only self respect but the respect of your fellows and the public.

A Survivor of Fulton's First Steamboat Crew.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce has obtained from Capt. McKinney, of Deer Island, one of the Islands in the Bay of Fundy, and who was one of Fulton's crew when that inventor tried his first steamer, the Clermont, the following interesting account of that craft and her first trip to Albany in 1807. The captain is said to be a man every way worthy of credence.

"Capt. McKinney says the boat was not one hundred and forty feet long. She was flat-bottomed like a skiff, sides straight like a scow, stem like a skiff. She was painted lead color. The Clermont drew 12 inches of water, and the rudder went below the bottom of the boat. To the rudder post two pieces of wood were fastened. These projected some four or five feet, and a bolt extended across them to prevent the rudder from going down lower than it ought. In addition, the rudder was so arranged for shoal water that it could be lifted to the surface if necessary. Her wheels extended below the bottom of the boat.

A fly wheel was attached to the paddle wheel, having a rim four inches wide, which Mr. Jackson, the engineer, told Capt. McKinney was to make the paddle wheel pass the centre without a jerk.' 'There was a big hub' continued Capt. McKinney, 'just inside the boat, into which the shaft fitted. It could be unshipped with a crowbar, and the revolution of one of the wheels stopped when they wanted to turn the boat around. There were two rows of fire bricks which the boiler rested upon. These bricks were imported from England, and cost six cents each. The boiler was of copper, top arched; the bottom curved upward. The boiler fed itself.'"

The Captain's description of the machinery will be both amusing and instructive to those who have watched the progress of this branch of mechanics. His own language, used in describing the apparatus for applying water to the boiler, will give a far more graphic idea than we could hope to convey.

"A grind stone was suspended from its center by a wire inside the boiler. A lead pipe ran from the boiler to the water. The top of the grind stone was level with the water in the boiler; as the water boiled away, the stone would fall; as the boiler was filled up, the stone would rise. Machinery, working like a pump handle, connected this grind-stone with the cock of the water pipe outside of the boiler. As the grind-stone fell, it would open the cock wider and the reverse, &c., &c."

Capt. McKinney says that when the Clermont started on her trip to Albany, she left New York, according to his recollection, about 9 o'clock in the morning, and went up as far as the Livingston Manor the first day. There she remained all night, and received passengers—some of the Livingston family. The next morning she proceeded on her journey, and arrived at Albany late in the afternoon. All the way up the river the steamboat attracted great attention. People thronged the banks or pulled out into the stream, to have a closer look at this new monster. The Clermont made about six knots an hour. On this first trip the crew consisted of only half a dozen men, while those whom Capt. McKinney took to be passengers, might number twenty-five or thirty persons. At Albany he says that Fulton went ashore, telling him to let no one come, and the boat was pushed a plank's length from the shore. But the engineer disobeyed as soon as Fulton was out of sight, and admitted people at a York shilling a head. They came on board so fast that in five minutes they took twelve dollars. So many came at last that they were obliged to turn the tide in the opposite direction, and order them "all ashore." Fulton's Captain, says our hero, was named Hunt, and on the passage down was bribed (so Madame Rumor said) by the sloop owners, to run the experimental steamboat ashore. In accomplishing the wish of the skippers one of the wheels was broken and the Clermont was navigated to New York with one wheel.

MUCK—ITS VALUE. An unscintific farmer is apt to think that the color of the soil is an index of its fertility, and that a black soil must be rich. All other things being equal, a black soil is preferable, as it absorbs more heat, and retains it longer. But many black soils are worthless, until they are exposed to the atmosphere and decomposed. Thus muck is like peat, a species of vegetable that grows; and a farmer may as well plant among the green leaves, as in muck, until it is rotted. To effect this, the ground should be well drained, the surface dug up and placed in heaps, with lime intermixed to neutralize the resinous matter in it—the sun thus let in on the subsoil to warm it; and when the heaps are well rotted, they should be spread over the surface again, and a soil will thus be formed that will produce for ages. There is a species of soil, sometimes called muck, that is productive without rotting; but it is not muck. It is Calcareous marl. And every farmer should know how to distinguish between the two. Marl is the very best of manure—unrotted muck is worthless. —*Ohio Farmer.*

The Dr. Says he won't Die.

We heard this on a door step. A blue-eyed child said it—a bright, glad-faced, beautiful child. She smiled as she spoke. Her little hands came together in glad clasp. There was a look of heaven in the sweet expression that told of more than one joyful heart in that house.

"The doctor says he won't die." Was it the babe? the tender, lisping babe? If so, we saw a vision of the cradle, and the watcher who had sat wearily beside it all through the night. But in each cheek there was the crimson touch of hope, and in either dim eye a tear upspringing from the deep fount of joy. That was the mother. In what other face on earth could blend that mingling of awe—of joy—of tenderness? And the babe—his lips were parted and moist—and the color of the rose bud faintly struggling out of its green sheath had crept over their delicate outlines. The darling hands no longer lay in rigid rest, the glazing of disease had fallen from the blue orbs—and he had smiled his farewell to the angels who had come to carry him to their children's playground, where blossoms never fade—if it had been the master's will.

"The doctor says he won't die!"

Oh! what a throb in the mother's heart when these words were spoken. She will press him again to her mother's breast—watch him in his fitful sleep—hold his little hands in her bosom—make the white robe—*but not for his coffin!* Did ever footsteps sound so gentle as those of the kind physician as he moves softly from the room? Was ever a mother so blessed before? Did God ever seem so great—so good?

"The doctor says he won't die!"

It might have been the father—the strong man. He came home feverish—said his head felt strangely; he could eat no supper. He pushed the babe from his knee—he was not wont to do so. The wife looked on wondering, and when she smoothed the pillow on the lounge, felt an unnatural heat. The morning come; he said he must go to work, but his hand trembled—his limbs refused to do their office, the coat was not taken from the wall that day; his cane stood in the corner—a carriage before the gate. Dawn after dawn whitened the heavens and the earth, there was no change. The wife slept not, her love watched and waited, and cried yearningly to God for his life. But there are glad tidings; rejoice as you trembled, sweet wife!

"The doctor says he won't die!"

Perhaps we did not hear aright. It may be the child exclaimed:

"The doctor says she won't die!"

If it was the mother! She upon whose hands, whose feet, whose heart, whose every faculty a little word depended for its sunshine, almost for its continuance, doubly dear the gentle assurance of the good doctor.

Did you ever feel a silence more oppressive and ominous than reigns in the household when "mother,s sick?" The babe mourns at his play, the children look about absently in a hopeless kind of way, the very furniture seems mutely asking where she is whose care it has so long known. Every footstep echoes hollowly, every heart smiles involutary, and seems asking of itself if it had done that which the sight of a green grave would condemn. There are prayers going up all over the house, the husband comes in hurriedly, asks no questions, answers no queries, but goes stealthily to the darkened chamber, and there, perhaps, when heart and hope almost desert him, he hears the blessed words:

"The doctor says she wont die!"

He looks just as grave when he goes down; he tells the news gravely to the children, but seems brighter as he leaves the house. There is not a man he calls his enemy; he smiles as he enters the store; there is a blessedness within his bosom such as he never felt before, and strangers say when they leave him:

"There is something unusually pleasing about that man." So there is! They are right there. That vision of a grave has gone, and flowers are springing up in its stead. He does not shiver when he passes the window where the coffins stand, "The doctor says she won't die!" and he has faith.

Thus light spring up in darkness, and after the sorrow of night, joy cometh.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a pair of bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND.

Just as the century drew to a close, various circumstances occurred to produce a change in men's minds. It was a universally diffused belief that the world would come to an end when a thousand years from the Savior's birth were expired. The year 999 was therefore looked upon as the last any one would see. And if ever signs of approaching dissolution were shown in heaven and earth, and the people of this century might be pardoned for believing that they were made visible to them. Even the breaking up of the morals and the wide deluge of sin which overspread all lands, might be taken that mankind were deemed unfit to occupy the earth any more.

In addition to these appalling symptoms, famines were renewed from year to year in still increasing intensity, and brought the plague and pestilence in their train. The land was left untilled, the houses unrepaired, the right unvindicated; for who could take the useless trouble of ploughing or building, or quarrelling about property, when so few months were to put an end to all terrestrial interests? Yet even for the few remaining days, the multitudes must be fed. Robbers frequented every road, entered even into walled towns; and there was no authority left to protect the weak, or bring the wrong-doer to punishment. Corn and cattle were at length exhausted, and in most of the continent frightful extremities were endured; and when endurance could go no further, the last desperate expedient was resorted to, the human flesh was commonly consumed.—One man went so far as to expose it for sale in a populous market town. The horror of this open confession of their deeds was so great that the man was burned, but more for the publicity of his conduct than for his inherent guilt. Even when food might have been had, the vitiated taste made bravado of its depravation, and women and children were killed and roasted in the madness of the universal fear.

Meantime, gentler natures were driven to the wildest excess of fanaticism to find a retreat from the impending judgment. Kings and Emperors begged at monastery doors to be admitted brethren of the order. Henry of Germany, and Robert of France were saints according to the notions of the time, and even now deserve the respect of mankind for the simplicity and benevolence of their characters. Henry, the emperor, succeeded in being admitted, as a monk, and swore obedience on the hands of the gentle abbot, who had failed from turning *him* from his purpose.

"Sire," said he, at last, "since you are under my orders, and have sworn to obey me, I command you to go forth and fulfil the duties of the State to which God has called you. Go forth a monk to the Abbey or St. Vanne, but emperor of the west."

Robert of France, the son of Hugh Capet, placed himself, robed and crowned, among the choristers of St. Denis, and led the musicians in singing psalms of his own composition.—Lower men were satisfied with sacrificing the marks of their knightly and seignorial rank, and placed baldricks and swords on the altars, and before images of saints. Some manumitted their serfs, and bestowed large sums upon charitable trusts, commencing their deposition with words implying the approaching end of all. Crowds of common people would sleep nowhere but in the porches, and other holy buildings; and as the day of doom drew nearer and nearer, greater efforts were made to appease the wrath of heaven. Peace was proclaimed between all classes of men. From Wednesday night till Monday evening of each week there was to be no violence, or enmity, or war in all the land. It was to be a truce of God.

And now came the dreadful or hoped for year. The awful Thousand had commenced, and held their breath to watch what would be the result of the arrival.

"And he laid hold of the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be filled, and after that he must be loosed a little while."—Rev. xx., 2, 3.

With this text all the pulpits in Christendom had been ringing for a whole generation. And not the pulpits only, but the reflection-halls of convents, and the cottages of the starving peasantry. Into the castle, also, of the noble we have seen it perpetrated, and the most abject terror pervaded the superstitious, while despair, as in shipwrecked vessels, displayed itself amid the masses of the population in rioting and insubordination. The spirit of evil for a little season was to be let loose upon a sinful world; and when the observer looked around at the real condition of the people of all parts of Europe—at the ignorance and degradation of the multitude, the cruelty of the lords and the un-Christian ambition and unrestrained passions of the clergy—it must have puzzled him how to imagine a worse state of things, even when the chain was loosened from "that old serpent," and the world placed unresistingly in his folds. Yet as if men's minds had now reached the lowest point, there was a perpetual rise from this date. When the first day of the thousand and first year shone upon the world, it seemed that in all the nations the torpor of the past was to be thrown off. There were strivings everywhere after a new order of things.

The first joy of deliverance from expected destruction impelled all classes of society in a more honorable and useful path than they had ever hitherto trod.—*White's Eighteen Christian Centuries.*

SORROWFUL.—The Gettsburg, (Pa.) Compiler gives an account of the loss of a little boy, four years of age, a son of Mrs. Oysler, of Cumberland county. He strayed from home and the whole neighborhood started out in search, scouring the surrounding mountain through the day, and displaying lighted torches after night. After two days and nights the little fellow was discovered nearly nine miles from his home. The little dog, which had been the child's playmate, and which had accompanied him in his long and faithful journey, was found nestled in the child's bosom, with his head reclining upon his cold and lifeless form. The faithful dog had tramped quite a path around the lifeless body of the sleeping innocent, thus betraying the affection which it had for the youth, and its fond caresses had licked back the hair upon the child's forehead.

UNSETTLED QUESTIONS IN [illegible]TURE.—Long as this useful [illegible] cultivated there are some [illegible] ment not fully settled. As [illegible] subject of the potatoe rot it is [illegible] observe each year whether [illegible] ble to the disease mature their [illegible] cording to the writer's [illegible] some of the most delicate [illegible] one year, and then fail to [illegible] this matter be noted and [illegible] coming year.

Then, as to the use of manures. [illegible] persons think that on new land [illegible] whatever is needed; that the [illegible] without it. Others hold that [illegible] the addition of manure. Some [illegible] rotted manure, others, fresh long [illegible] manure say, some, others, barn-yard [illegible]—Hen-manure is the best of all, say [illegible] people; not equal to guano, say others. [illegible] are all mistaken, shouts a new [illegible] ashes, plaster and lime mixed, is the [illegible] ultra of manures. And the [illegible] mends meadow-muck mixed with [illegible] plaster. Now it takes a multitude of facts to establish a principle, and it is to be hoped that farmers and gardeners will keep on experimenting yearly, until they arrive at conclusions which cannot be shaken.

Then, as to the time of planting. It is generally maintained, now, that early planting is best, but there are facts and opinions on the other side.

As to the size of potatoes for seed, and whether they should be cut or uncut, planters are not fully agreed. A few still hold that a thick paring containing an eye, is all that is necessary, but the number of such is annually diminishing. Many say that the smallest potatoes are as good for seed as the largest. A great majority, we believe, prefer medium sized potatoes. Let these several opinions be subjected annually to the test of experiment.

TRUSTING TO PROVIDENCE. One of those stiff-necked, puritanical missionaries, who sometimes wander away "down South" and take sly chances of endeavoring to enlighten the benighted darkies of that region, was riding along one Sunday morning in the neighborhood of a wealthy planter's negro quarters, when to his horror he spied Cudjo hoeing a small potatoe patch. Stopping his horse at the fence, he addressed him thus:

"My poor unfortunate colored brother, is it possible your cruel master compels you to labor on the Lord's holy day?"

"Oh, no, Massa Stranger; my massa's good man; he gib nigger fair chance, gib him gardin fur hisself. Dis all mine!" looking around with importance upon his little property.

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the other, rolling up his eyes. "The ignorance of Egyptian bondage! Has he never taught you the sinfulness of working on the Sabbath?"

"Well, you see, Massa Stranger, I nebber know 'fore 'twas sin fur nigger [illegible] 'taters Sunday," said Cudjo, [illegible] head.

"A great sin, my colored brother; how can you expect the Lord to bless you if you thus break his commandments?"

"What nigger gwine to do for 'taters, den?" asked Cudjo, somewhat puzzled.

"Trust to Providence, my unfortunate friend."

"Dar! dar! you done made mistake dat time, Massa Stranger. Dat Providence is de laziest nigger on dis plantation. He don't [illegible] his own 'tater patch. Yah! yah! yah! Providence, eh!"

The missionary rode off in disgust, the more promptly, perhaps, that just then he espied some gentlemen coming down the road who he did not care to have see him tampering with the negro.

WHALE HUNT IN ORKNEY—CAPTURE OF SEVENTY WHALES.—On the night of the 5th ult., about ten o'clock, when very dark, with a pour down of rain, the villagers of St. Mary's Holm were surprised by a strange [illegible] noise in Holm Sound, the like of which was never heard before. Nothing daunted, however, the villagers turned out to a man, [illegible] ing some ten boats got afloat, four men on an average to each boat, and found a *flock of* "[illegible] tle noses," that had lost their reckoning, [illegible] ing off steam quite near the village.

Battle was given immediately, [illegible] short but hot pursuit and some [illegible] the whole flock of seventy whales [illegible] ed a little east of the village, [illegible] rocks, everything pitch dark [illegible]. The carnage, the yelling, and [illegible] in the middle of that [illegible] night may be imagined, but [illegible] scythe blades, and a few [illegible] the village, and any other lethal weapon that could do the slightest execution. It is a wonder that no accident happened, [illegible] to fight from the boats, [illegible] on the slippery rocks with [illegible] them. The whales are large [illegible] and in fine condition. They will [illegible] fetch some £300 to the [illegible].—*John O'Groat's Journal.*

Teacher.—Boy at the [illegible]
Boy.—A-d m-i-t-t-a-n-c-e, [illegible]
Teacher.—Give the definition.
Boy.—Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half price.