M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 2. SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1859. NO. 9.

M'Kean County Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

By OVIATT & BARBOR,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

TERMS: - - - - $1 50 in Advance.

Rates of Advertising.

1 Column one year	$35 00
½ " " "	20 00
¼ " " "	12 00
1 " six months	20 00
½ " " "	12 00
One square of 12 lines or less, 3 insertions	1 50
Each subsequent insertion	25
Business Cards, with paper	5 00

☞ These Terms will be strictly adhered to. ☜

Business Directory.

J. L. BROWN,

SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN, CONVEYANCER and Real Estate Agent; Office, Williamsville, Elk Co., Penn'a.

—REFERENCES—

Chapin & Boyle, Esq's., ... Ridgway, Pa.
Hon. Thomas Struthers, ... Warren, Pa.
W. S. Brownell, Esq., ... Smethport, Pa.
Hon. A. I. Wilcox, ... Buena Vista, Pa.

CARVER HOUSE,

JOHN H. HULL Proprietor, corner of Water and Hickory Streets, Warren, Pa. General Stage Office.

B. F. WRIGHT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Family Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Feed, &c., &c. Under E. B. Mason's Store Store, East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

J. C. BACKUS & CO.

General Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c., opposite the Court House, Smethport Pa.

J. C. HOLMES,

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

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. Keating & 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. WRIGHT, Proprietor,—at Kinzua, Warren county Pa. His Table will be supplied with the best the country affords, and he spare no pains in accomodating 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. 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. R. 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.

ASTOR HOUSE,

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

GIDEON IRONS,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Fish Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Store in Eaton's old stand, Smethport Pa. General Patent Medicine Agents.

HACKNEY HOUSE,

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, Japanned 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.

W. S. BROWNELL,

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

A. J. OTTO,

Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries generally, at Farmers Valley, M'Kean Co., Pa. Grain, Lumber, Shingles, &c., taken in exchange for Goods. Patent Medicines for sale.

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. LEONARD 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, M'Kean 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, M'Kean 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 *nin-cat*.

HO! THE GREEN LEAVES OF SPRING.

BY WM. TOOTHE.

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What pleasure to man they bring;
From their lusty roofs the verdure shoots,
'Till the robin is on the wing.
And then from their foliage bowers,
At the sound of the April showers
The soft wood-notes from exultant throats
With babbling brooklets sing.

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What joys upon earth they fling;
To the cottage door, the home of the poor,
What buds of bright hope they bring!
There's a charm in the laughing hours,
That fly from their shady bowers,
And the skies look blue, as their leaves come thro';
And the sun pours down on the Ling.

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
Where the thrushes and linnets swing,
In the bright sunbeam, by the limpid stream,
'Till the hills and the valleys ring.
How they wave in the freshening breeze,
And laugh at the blossoming lees;
From the branches high, near an April sky,
Where the skylark is on the wing.

Ho! the green leaves of spring,
What blessings to man they bring,
The birth of the year and the time of cheer,
When the stars in the orbit sing.
The rivers they roll to the sea,
By the margin of woodlands free;
And the spaces deep amid halcos sweep,
And with sounding harmonies sing.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY CAPRICE.

One cold afternoon in the early part of fall, I Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had just come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats; their increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I turned to follow them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned, in obedience to the touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the travelling bag and shawl, and was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him.—"Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I speak to Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock—I have charge of her." He turned to the person behind him—

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark-blue eye had been scanning me, as I could perceive, through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extending the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," she said, "I thought I should know you in a moment, Cousin Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shant trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?"

"Yes, Miss; it's all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me the two checks for the two trunks, and endued me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure seats in the cars, and I answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me. But where was the use.—Some strange mistake had undoubtedly been made, and I had been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, but how to find the right man with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled though my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do the best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affectionate and friendly ease I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey, Miss Florence."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Does she never tell you as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall talk about it when I get there."

So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin Jennie's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jennie look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jennie," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks charming to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl with a malicious little smile: "but about my dear aunty's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well."

"Well?" said the fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she hadn't been well for years!"

"I mean well for her," I said in some trepidation; "the air of St, Louis (which I have since found is of the misty-moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few minutes, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you have not mentioned the baby!"

I *knew* I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think that my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathise in your raptures," said my fair tormenter, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she cares about him.

"Him!" blessed be her goodness; then he must be a boy!

"Of course, said I blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I won't describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such scruple—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name."

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours?"

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No; one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience when I gave the particulars of my recent journey to Boston. Yet I was ill at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary but impossible to be answered, and a guilty flush stealing over my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep, knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of her cousin, and a married man.—Recollecting, however that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head against my shoulder, and looking into my eyes with a smile. "As you are my cousin," she said. Soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much but sat remorseful until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward, and awakening.—She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said, "for it is very much in the way for me and I am sure it troubles you."

So she removed it, giving me the pretty toy, with its graceful ribbons, and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safe with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth, too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder, and slept again. This time, when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm slightly around that slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or quiet my conscience. I could only gaze down on that beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would spring up and confront me, if she knew that it was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduced it in a hundred scenes which I had never before passed or imagined, as the face of *my wife*. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of my summer sojourns at Newport and Saratoga, might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possible and far-off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before, had I so longed to call anything my own, as that lovely face lying on my heart. No; I could not sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. I—I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she, when the light of expression played over her face, she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful and wonderful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent and charming way, calling me "Cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward so quickly from her lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hand on my arm—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me) while every word, look and smile seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the broken band of my traveling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I lost it, which was twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness which she declared almost equal to her own. Long ago she had given over to my keeping, her elegant little port-monaie, "which she was sure she should lose, as she never could keep anything," and she had ordered me to take out what she wanted for her travelling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which with pious care, she had folded up into the very smallest possible compass, as much gold as the pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit any fingers but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No. — Olive Street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of Cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, so far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances, at least, and when with her, I forgot everything except her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more or less than a cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had by my manner, but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practised upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause her unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection more than the other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her, and leave her sight at once, though the idea of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to begin in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gayety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind, when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered up courage, and followed her in, giving the address found in the port monaie, which fortunately was the right one to the driver.

"Almost home!" she said, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short—"how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered "the time has come when I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening, than to the name by which you addressed me, and that my only claim to either is that of an imposter and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

Thank Heaven I did not read fear and aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated, "what can you mean?"

I told her frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing and concealing nothing; not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few last words of apology—

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I blame and hate myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily attoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke, she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and in a low voice said:

"Do not misunderstand me if I was silent."

The coachman threw open the door and stood waiting. I was obliged to ascend and to assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by a fine looking, black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she was not mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or of anything except that I was in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who, my conscience told me, was the rheumatic aunt I had so belied. Florence, herself, presented me to the lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way, (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of the journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my kindness and consideration, to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially invited me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the light touch of a hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstandingly, as I see you do. I was silent while you so humbly apologised for the noble, generous, honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from any anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth!"

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet Cousin Jennie (*my* Cousin Jennie now) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no longer blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel books, as "Mr. and Mrs. Chester Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stay, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, of my laying down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking to her. Stupid indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake!"

HOW POOR YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.—Young man are you poor and without the means of *splurging* in life, as you launch upon its billows? Is your father poor, and unable to give you an outfit? Be not discouraged on account of all this. Take earnest hold of life, and never regard yourself in any other light than that of being destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the bent of your own mind for labor or a profession. Whatever you resolve upon, do it early; follow it steadily and untiringly; never look backward to what you have encountered, but always forward to what is within your grasp, the world owes every man a comfortable living, and a respectable position in society; means are abundant to every man's success, and men have only to adapt will and action to them.

To repine over a want of money and property, to start out in the world with, and over the want of the props of influential relatives, is unmanly. Let a young man strive to create a fortune rather than seek to inherit one. It is an ignoble spirit that leads a young man to borrow instead of bequeathing means. Go forth into the world, young man, conscious of God within you, and his providence over you, and fight your own way to distinction to honor and to comfort. Pity in your inmost soul, the young man who, without any charge, is unable to support himself, and is whining around, and begging the influence of others, to get into employment! Feel, under all circumstances, that it is more noble, more honorable to eat the crust you have earned than to flourish with coppers inherited. You may lift your head proudly to face and confront the noblest among us, when you are conscious of being the architect of your own fortune. Young man are you poor? Be honest, be virtuous, be industrious; hold up your head, and say by your actions and looks, what the poet has said in these words:

"I scorn the man who boasts his birth,
And boasts his titles and his lands,
Who takes his name and heritage
From out a father's dying hands."

THE CORN GRUB.—The corn crop has several formidable enemies to contend with, and among them is the grub, which sometimes literally destroys whole fields, and frequently damages the crop seriously. One of the best and most judicious remedies—perhaps the very best ever suggested—is the application of salt as soon as the plant makes its appearance above ground, prepared and used in this way. Take one part of common salt and three parts plaster or gypsum, and apply about a table-spoonful around each hill, and it will be found to be a sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with young plants, as it may destroy them. This method has been tried over and over again by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, and when properly applied, has never failed to be perfectly successful. We hope our farmers, who have reason to fear the depredations of the grub this season, will try this mixture, leaving a few alternate rows of corn without the salt, and communicate to us the result.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

PEAS WITH POTATOES.—When planting your potatoes, drop from six to eight peas in each hill, or if in a row, every three or four inches a single pea. In this way a crop may be raised at very small expense. As the peas start early in the season, they will be sufficiently advanced to be out of the way by the time potatoes are large enough to hoe. Peas raised in this way will generally be less liable to suffer from the attack of the "bug" or fly; the crop will be also much purer and free from extraneous matters, which are an injury to the pea, whether designed for market or for domestic use. The large marrowfat pea is perhaps the very best variety that can be selected for this mode of cultivation. It yields well, is highly edible, and commands a remunerative price in the market. When broadcasted it is thought not to be so productive as many of the other varieties. Where the soil is adhesive, it exhibits an incorrigable tendency to produce an exhorbitant quantity of haulm, with few pods and few perfectly developed peas. Planted with potatoes, these habits are prevented.—*Ib.*

GONE TO AFRICA.—The Judson girl, whose elopement from Poultney with the negro Joe, some time since, caused considerable talk, is now in Canada living with him, having again deserted her home and friends. On the occasion of her former elopement her father and brother reclaimed her with great difficulty and took her to Indiana where a divorce was obtained. She went home with them and remained until last week, when she again left, with or without the consent of her parents, and came to Detroit. Crossing the River she found Joe, and they were speedily married for the second time, and are now living in the enjoyment of connubial happiness, Joe having sold his horse and cart, and bought some furniture with the proceeds.