M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 2. SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1859. NO. [illegible]

M'Kean County Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

By J. B. OVIATT,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

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

Rates of Advertising.

1 Column one year	$25 00
½ " "	20 00
¼ " "	15 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

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Business Directory.

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B. F. WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Feed, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c. Store in the Astor House Block, Smethport Pa.

D. B. MATHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries, Flour, Meal, Feed, Pork, Salt, Fish, &c. Store at Eaton's old stand. Terms, Cash. Smethport, Pa.

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WILLIAM WILKIN,
Practical Mechanic, Millwright, Bridge-builder, &c., Port Allegheny, M'Kean county, Pa.

J. L. BROWN,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN, CONVEYANCER and Real Estate Agent; Office, Williamsville, Elk Co., Penn'a.
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Hon. A. I. Wilcox, ... Buena Vista, Pa.

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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.

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 door.

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. E. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

HACKNEY HOUSE,
Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. P. A. BARNUM, 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,
R. 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, M'Kean County Pa. Flour, Meal, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale in large and small quantities.

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

PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,
ENOCH B. DOLLEY, 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.

ASTOR HOUSE,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN Co., Pa.

WM. HASKELL : : : : Proprietor.

The Proprietor having recently purchased and thoroughly refitted the Astor House, flatters himself that he can furnish as good accommodations as any hotel in Western Pennsylvania.

From the Buffalo Express.

MY FIRST GREY HAIR.

Ah! here it is—my first grey hair—
And I have seen its shadows there,
Over a brow furrowed by care.

Where are the thoughts that once I had,
That I should feel so very sad
When this brown head in grey was clad?

Grey hairs! for me ye have no dread;
For, as along life's path I've sped,
Kind providence has gently led.

I paused to ask me which is best,
To have the head in young life dressed,
Or shades betokening sweet, long rest?

Well I know that come they will,
When going downward life's rough hill,
Nearing that river dark and still.

Silent monitors! one by one
Grey hairs softly and gently come,
Whisp'ring, "thy work will soon be done."

Grey hair ye have been called a crown
Of glory—if good seed were sown—
While walking life's paths up and down.

Then come, grey hairs, and be my friends,
Bring wisdom that shall me attend,
'Till this short life shall have an end.

Gracefully them I now would wear;
They fade away in that world where
The good shall youth and beauty share.

M. C. A.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

LEFT US.

Little Florence thou hast left us,
Left this world of sin and care,
But thou changed it for the better
And we hope to meet thee there.

Sweetest Florence we do miss thee,
How we miss thee none can tell,
Thou hast flown and gone to Heaven,
And we trust that all is well.

Little Florence! rests in Heaven,
Rests where sorrow never's known,
Blessed Jesus came and called thee
To thy upper and better home.

So farewell to little Forence,
Earth will not behold thee more,
Fare you well until we meet thee,
On that bright and better shore.

LAFAYETTE. Sept, 1859.

CANNEL CAOL.

The constituents of this coal are carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, potash, some silica, and occasionally a trace of sulphur. When it is subjected to dry distillation, the equilibrium of these elements, is disturbed, and new combinations take place. Hydrogen and oxygen readily vaporize, and from affinity unite, forming compounds, partly with each other, partly with carbon, either singly or in conjunction.—If not interfered with by some other agent, in combining they form water, while the excess of hydrogen takes up carbon according to the temperature, forming olefiant gas, carbureted and bicarbureted hydrogen, while other compounds result from the common action of the other elements on the remaining carbon. The different gases evolved from the still condense to a liquid in the worm, and are subsequently purified in various ways, as they are successively produced under different temperatures.—The first liquid is *naphtha*, a light, volatile, and very inflammable oil, which is used as a vehicle for resins, such as india-rubber, &c., in varnishes; for extracting perfumes from flowers; and which may be converted into benzole, an oil preferable to alkalies for separating fatty oils and grease from wool, silk, &c., since it does not injure the colors, and is free from resinous impurities. In combination with nitric acid, *nitro-benzole* is formed, which can replace the oil of bitter almonds in perfumery. The next appearing is a light oil, now extensively used for illumination, "kerosene," "coal oil," or "carbon oil." It is not explosive, and has the property of preventing decay in wood impregnated with it. On redistillation *creosote* or *carbolic acid* is produced, which prevents decomposition in meat and other organizations.—From *creosote* another fluid is extracted, *carboazotic acid*, which gives a beautiful and permanent straw-yellow color to silks and other fabrics, and has been successfully used as a febrifuge. The third substance produced is a heavy, fatty oil, which, when refined, under the name of lubricating oil, is extensively used for machinery, and which, by the action of cold yields *paraffine*, a beautiful white crystallized substance, which, when subjected to pressure, forms candles superior to sperm. From this heavy oil may also be extracted *anyline*, which, in combination with other agents, gives a blue dye equal to indigo, or a fine red. The coke remaining after these processes, besides its use as fuel, when left long in contact with iron, yields a fine plumbago. The amonia obtained in distillation may be used as a rich fertilizing agent, mixed with plaster, or lime.—*Scientific American.*

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence were entitled spinsters until married. A morose old bachelor at our elbow remarked: "Nowadays they spin street yarn!" We "looked daggers" at him, of course, as every body knows we don't like to hear ill-natured remarks about the ladies.

The brine in which pork and other meats have been pickled is a deadly poison to horses and hogs.

THE GREAT 4TH OF JULY 1860.

The following remarkable memoranda have been lately found in an old Manuscript book of an old gentleman now deceased. It bears date 1801, and is a curious specimen of history, exhibiting every hundred years of the *sixties* to be the most eventful epochs of the world—commencing with the sixtieth year of the Christian era, and showing that all astronomers make their most important calculations by 60: that we have 60 seconds to a minute, 60 minutes to an hour, and 60 times 60 to a circle or year, being 360 degrees or 365 days. And that every hundred years the *sixties* have been the famous years of wars and destruction.

"Between the years 60 and 66, the British Queen Boadica, defeated the Romans. St. Paul was sent in bonds to Rome. Rome was set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began, under Nero, the first persecution against the Christians, and the first Jewish war began.

About the year 160, Antonius Pius defeated the Moors, the Germans and Dacians; and there was a universal pestilence.

In 260, Valerianus, the Roman Emperor, was taken prisoner by Sapor, King of Persia, and flayed alive. A great plague raged throughout the Roman Empire. Earthquakes in Europe, Asia and Africa, attended with three days darkness.

360, the Roman Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavored in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.

460, the Saxons repulsed the Scots and Picts, and established themselves in Kent under Hengist.

560, a terrible plague all over Europe, Asia and Africa.

660, Alexandria in Egypt, is taken by the Saracens or followers of Mahomet; and the grand library burnt by order of Omar, the calif or prince.

760, commencement of the Pope's temporal dominion.

860, the Danes began their ravages in England.

960, Nicepheros Phoeas, who was afterwards Emperor of the East, recovered Candia from the Saracens. The kingdom of Italy was conquered by Otho, and united to Germany. The race of Abbas lose Egypt, being seized by the Fatamites, who built grand Cairo.

1060, the Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens. The conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy.

1160, Henry the Second, King of England takes possession of Ireland.

1260, the Greek Emperors recover Constantinople from the French.

1360, John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins to call in question the doctrines of the Church of Rome about this time, whose followers are called Lollards.

1460, Constantinople taken by the Turks.

1560, the Slave Trade begins among the British merchants.

1660, the plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons. The great fire of London, Continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,200 houses and 900 streets. The prosecutions and executions in Massachusetts for witchcraft, producing the most horrible scenes of bloodshed, terror and madness.

1760, "The Seven years' War," carried on in Germany, by Austria and Prussia, signalized chiefly by the extraordinary campaigns of Frederick the Second, the Great King of Prussia, while he was assailed by the forces of Austria, France, the Empire, Sweeden and Russia. The English annihilated the French power in Canada, whilst the fall of Quebec, (the Gibralter of America,) the Cherokee wars, and the death of King George the Second occurred at the time the war flame was kindling the American Revolution. The Emperor of Russia was deposed, imprisoned and murdered. The Jesuits were expelled from France, Bohemia, Denmark, Spain, Genoa, Venice, Naples, Malta and Parma. About this time Voltaire, Rousseau and Paine; were exciting Europe and America by their extraordinary writings against Christianity.

I now drop the blood stained curtain of the past, and raise the opposite veil of 1860. The mysteries of the future are seen dimly in my glass, the pale-red light scenes increase my doubts and fears.

In 1860, education will be common to all, but what study will be reckoned, the most genteel education will be difficult to explain. The churches will be adorned with all possible splendor and magnificence so as to correspond with the costly dresses and ornaments of those who pay their devotions there. A few beside great and wealthy men will be admitted, on account of the high charges exacted for seats. The women will expand their hoops, become extravagant, study physic, maintain women's rights, and grow insolent—whilst the merchants and money changers will be full of trouble. Wars, wars, wars and rumors of wars will annoy and distress the politicians and rulers of nations—all is confusion and uproar, and I look to the Anniversary of this land, and hope that the 4th of July 1860 will be properly respected. I perceive that which can never be effaced from my memory or clearly described.

From the dawning of the day until midnight, the bells of every city, town and hamlet in America will ring without intermission. The roar of cannon and fire-arms will be incessant, and woe to the commander who will undertake to prevent it. The people will be possessed with Divine fury, and as if by Divine inspiration they will swell with patriotic rage, like persons distracted, and I see them acting as if beside themselves. Their noise and acclamations are terrible; their voices are heard in all the temples; the streets, roads and lanes are resounding, and the mountains and vales are re-echoing the thundering shouts of millions of people of both sexes and ages.

The Anniversary of 1860 will have no historical parallel—the armies of all nations will be terrified. The births on that day will be immortalized and the deaths will be glorified. The state of equality will be complete, and the rulers of this Nation, at the break of day, will dream surprising dreams, and be mournfully troubled with the knowledge of what is to happen. The Chief Magistrate of this Republic will proclaim the crisis approaching, and his voice of distress will be heard throughout the land. The Press will be filled with woes and lementations, and the people will discourse at a great distance, and no such discourses are recorded in history. The haughty politicians will be found weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth. Captives will be set free, and slaves neither fly nor steal, neither will they be scourged. Fiery chariots will convey multitudes of people from city to city. Philanthropists will be employed carrying baskets, filled with wine and fruit, from house to house, but their goodly offices are interrupted by the wildest tumult of the inhabitants.

The waters of America will be in a sea of commotion. The Navy will be covered with fire and smoke, and the watermen will spread their hoarse huzzas. Eagles will be seen hovering about, clapping their wings, and flying from the east to the west—whilst the hawks, the vultures and the owls, will hide themselves in the darkest recesses in the mountains, and dread to meddle with any living creature.

The banners of the Union will wave from every pinnacle, bonfires will blaze at every crossway, and every house be brilliantly illuminated. The Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States will be read on the 4th of July 1860 in every Empire on earth, and after that "the world will know no rest," until the great lessons of Freedom, written with the blood of American Patriots, will be learned by every nation of the globe, and this will infuse a power into the principles of liberty, by which kingdoms will be turned and Empires overturned.—*Exchange.*

THIS IS GLORY.

An English periodical estimates that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported in the year 1830, from the continent of Europe, into one port of England.

The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and all other places where, during the lately proceeding bloody war, the principal battles were fought, were swept alike of the bones of the hero and the horse he rode.

Thus collected from every quarter they were shipped into the port of Hull, and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone grinders, where there are steam engines and powerful machinery for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state.

The principal market for the product thus prepared is Dorchester, in the center of a rich agricultural region, whose farmers use them to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance.

It has been ascertained beyond a doubt by actual experiment on an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce, and it is more than probable that the farmers of Yorkshire and other parts of England owe the rich fertility of their lands, and their daily bread, to the bones of their children, who perished on the continent, in the Crimea, or in India.

Alas, the poor soldier! To convert himself into a target, to be shot at for a shilling a day, and if killed in battle, to have his bones made an article of commerce! It is most horrible to think of!

DESTRUCTION OF THE STEUBEN COUNTY POOR-HOUSE BY FIRE.—*Seven Lives Lost.*—The County Poor-house buildings of Steuben county were three in number, and were located about three-quarters of a mile from the village of Bath.—They comprised one brick and two frame buildings. On Sunday morning, about three o'clock, flames were discovered in one of the frame buildings, and on investigation it proved that the fire originated in the room of Willian Weldy, of Burns, who was sent to the County House on account of insanity. It is supposed that Weldy set fire to the building. In a short time after the discovery of the fire the building was wrapped in flames, which soon communicated to the adjoining frame building, and in a few moments they were both burned to the ground.

So far to relate, six persons were burned to death, and another was so badly burned that at last accounts he was expected every moment to die.—*Utica (N. Y.) Journal, Sept. 1.*

Before you commit suicide take a cold bath. What people term despair is very often dirt.

PAUL JONES.

The Virginia *Index* is publishing a series of interesting sketches, by Mr. Thos. Chase, of Chesterfield, of the Life, Character, and times of Paul Jones. They throw much light on the character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not, a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis. After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at fair gun-shot, with a new and strong frigate like the Serapis, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the Bon Homme Richard, Mr. Chase proceeds:

"The working of the big guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but now was resumed. Of course neither ship could use her guns but on one side, and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrods sometimes hit each other. "Fair play, you d—d Yankee!" an Englishman would exclaim. "Mind your eye, John Bull, or I'll" &c.

"The firing was not rapid, particular on Jones' part, for it could do the ships no hurt except to knock the guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters from each other's decks.—Jones and his men kept a very sharp lookout that Pearson and his men did not sever the ships. Neither of these ships were damaged between wind and water, nor could they now be by any use of the big guns. Both had men in the rigging doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play, Jones had the best of it; for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer, still Pearson would not surrender, insisted that Jones ought to.

Capt. Landais, with the Alliance, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside; but of necessity it hurt Jones as much as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out, "Capt. Landais, let us alone; I can handle him." Both ships were often on fire, and as often the fire extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the rigging, this was one of the safest seafights so far as those on deck were concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across each deck, and the men by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, only by stepping a little aside.

Had the Bon Homme Richard been a new, strong ship, as was the Serapis both might have lain there and burned powder and thrown shot until they were rotted, as to sinking either with the guns of the other. But the Bon Homme Richard was old and rotten, and was leaking badly before Jones made her fast to the Serapis; and thus fast the strain upon her against the other ship and from the explosion of the guns made her leak worse, and it was evident that she must ere long go down.

Some of Jones' men and one of his officers told him she must soon go down, and suggested a surrender. "You never mind that, you shall have a better ship to go home in," said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the Bon Homme Richard was about to sink, she would capsize the Serapis, and both must go down together. It was, therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson—which, for the sake of saving himself and men from a watery grave, would strike first.

But Jones had recourse to the stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on the deck of the Serapis, and clear it. So Jones' men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on his deck. Pearson, supposing they were all killed or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike, was thrown completely off his guard. This was Jones' time. Giving the signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, with his deadly sword, rushed like 'hell hounds' upon the deck of the Serapis, killing everything they could reach, and in a very short time would have killed everything on board; but Captain Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, "Captain Jones, I surrender"—and at the same time taking his sword by the blade, and presenting the handle to Jones, and with the next breath ordered the colors to be taken down.

"This was in the night. On the next evening the Bon Homme Richard went down head foremost. Thus ended the strangest fight on record. Paul Jones took the Serapis, but Captain Pearson sunk the Bon Homme Richard."

A GRAVE WITHOUT A MONUMENT.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, showing some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that great ocean cemetery the king and the clown, and the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all, the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same tramp, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered. Yet that cemetery hath no ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.—*Henry Giles.*

THE TRUE DOCTRINE.

About the most succinct and [illegible] ment in regard to the fire-eater's [illegible] Territories, we found the other day in the columns of the Mobile *Register*. The true doctrine is to regard and treat slaves, as property, and afford them all the protection by law as [illegible] any other species of property is entitled. The theory that is in our opinion untenable, is to discriminate between this and other kinds of property. There is no warrant for the distinction that we can find, in the Constitution or elsewhere. We see no more claim to ask from Congress to make a "slave code" for the Territories, than to make a "horse code," and if Congress were to make forty thousand such codes, there would be neither slaves nor horses in the Territories if the people did not want them there, and if the people did not want them there would be no occasion for any such Congressional code. This is just one of those stubborn facts that are proof against philology, casuistry or logic. The dispute is about nothing, and will come to nothing. Before the Charleston Convention meets, the people of Alabama will find this out. Let the politicians look out for, as Senator Thompson, of Kentucky, says, "It will be dangerous to stand on the opposite platform when the cars are in motion."

Such is the Democratic sentiment at the South. Let us now see what it is at the North. A few days ago the Boston *Journal* said:

"Suppose the Charleston Convention, as is not at all improbable, should declare that all "property" in the Territories should be protected by Congress, will the *Post* condemn Congressional intervention in this form?"

To this the *Post* promptly replied:

"All property in the Territories is already protected by law; hence there is no necessity for any such declaration, any more than there is that your mother's brother is your uncle."

Thus it will be seen that there is no difference in the sentiment of Democrats—whether they are in Mobile or in Boston. True doctrine is the same everywhere.—*Troy Budget.*

PITTSBURGH COAL-OIL.

Mr. Gould, of Rochester, has written a letter on the profits of manufacturing coal-oil, that makes some very remarkable statements, if not too highly colored. Quite a number of these establishments have recently sprung up in the circle of which Pittsburgh is the [illegible] centre. In fact, Mr. G.'s statistics are, to a great extent, drawn from the purported experience of these companies.

For example:—"A Pittsburgh company—the Lucesco Oil-works—have sprung up [illegible] in the last few months, at a cost of $100,000. They employed 150 hands; they can turn out, every 24 hours, 5,000 gallons of crude oil. They assert that each ton of Pennsylvania cannel coal produces from their retorts 40 gallons of a material which once distilling, leaves 20 gallons of a commodity or merchantable article known as crude oil, and this at 30 deg. gravity by the scale of Beaume. This commodity, still further treated by the refiners, yields, from every 100 gallons, about 80 gallons of [illegible] oils, for burning and for lubrication. In profits they expect from each bushel of cannel coal one gallon of crude oil—and costing about five cents, crude oil selling for about 35 cents. We hear of much greater things at greater distances."

Mr. G. also gives the estimated cost, as furnished by two practical manufacturers, the result of which is:—

The daily product of a coal-establishment is set down at [illegible]

The daily cost [illegible]

Daily profits [illegible]

If these enormous profits are not only [illegible] stated, those gentlemen who have invested in this business must soon realize handsome fortunes.—*Scientific American.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.—In the midst of a Bank contest, when Clay, [illegible] and Webster were making the Senate Chamber ring with their denunciations of [illegible] son, and when his administration was on the verge of plunging into a war with [illegible] lippe, the Presbyterian General Assembly was being rent in twain by the New and Old School quarrel. The Rev. Dr. Miller, [illegible] tious leader of the New School party, [illegible] admirer of Jackson, visited the White House to tender spiritual consolation to the [illegible] chieftain. With sympathizing [illegible] he asked, squeezing his hand [illegible] eral, of all the questions [illegible] country, which gives you the most [illegible] The old hero, who had a [illegible] irony in his composition, [illegible] "The quarrels in the Presbyterian Church, Doctor."

COMMANDER on the Mexican [illegible] march of one of the divisions of the army, from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, was heard to curse and swear [illegible] mules. The General, who [illegible] be in uniform, rode up to him [illegible] ordered him to stop his noise.

"And who the devil are you, [illegible]

"I am commander of this division."

"Well, then, commander of this [illegible] am commander of these mules, and I'll [illegible] ler just as much as I d—d please, [illegible]