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Business Directory.

A. D. HAMILIN, Surveyor, Draftsman, Conveyancer, and Real Estate Agent. B. F. WRIGHT, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries...

LADY FRANKLIN. BY ELIZABETH H. WATSON. Fold thy hands, thy work is over! O'er thy waning eyes we'll tear, Let thy poor heart be soothed...

ANYTHING HERE FOR D. B. BY LEINAD. Tom and I had just come up from breakfast. It had been a sorry one, and we were discontented and vexed. Threats of renewal had been made for months...

A GRATEFUL TRIFLE. In the July which preceded his execution in November, Madame de Boufflers, residing in the Faubourg Saint Germain, had left her bedroom window open on account of the heat...

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON. "Will you please learn me my verse, mother, and then kiss me and bid me good night?" said little Roger...

BYRON D. HAMILIN, Attorney at Law. J. B. OVIATT, Proprietor. FARMERS VALLEY HOTEL. ASTOR HOUSE, SMETHPORT, M'KEAN CO., PA. Wm. HASKELL, Proprietor.

MORNING.—It has been truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a sinner or sailor in his moment of difficulty is his mother." She clings to his memory, and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardness of a roving life...

As near as I can now remember—all this happened some four years ago—the first one I opened ran thus: "MY DEAR MISS.—(Miss is some mistake here)—Your inquiry in yesterday's Herald, (ah, I see a mere slip of the pen—Miss for Messrs.)—was seen, and awakened in my heart (visions of—dollars a week in advance, fire and lightning extra) sensations such as it had not known for years..."

It was a sort of a mischievous glance that she threw at me, as she passed the perch on the high counter stool, with the pile of letters at my side; but she stopped not, and walking over to the pigeon-hole where letters were delivered, she asked the very same question I had asked ten minutes before—"Anything here for D. B.?"

The Marchale rang the bell; the footman brought a handsome repast and retired, wondering that their mistress should eat a second supper, which appeared likely to be a hearty one. As to Mademoiselle Justine, having received permission to pass the evening elsewhere, she did not make her appearance at all.

Doctors.—In the olden times what a reverence was associated with the name of Dr. A Doctor was a man who by education and practice acquired a reputation which made him an object of universal respect. He had a solemn air, a retiring modesty, a dignified air—Solon like aspect and demeanor. When he visited the domestic of our fathers, how suddenly was the unbridled liberty of juvenile speech hushed into silence...