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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.

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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.

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Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARNES, 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.

MR. LOVEJOY'S ADDRESS.

We direct the attention to the subjoined admirable letter of the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, of Boston, to the People of New England. It is a most powerful appeal to the "sober second thought" of that Abolition-ridden portion of our common country, and is truly refreshing in times of trouble and perplexity, growing out of the mad efforts of Black Republican orators and writers, clerical and lay, to sectionalize the Union, and thus destroy the fairest governmental fabric ever offered by human hands. Would that there were many more such true hearted and fearless patriots in New England. This Mr. Lovejoy is a brother of the rabid Republican member of Congress of the same name, of Illinois:

NATIONAL HOTEL, Washington, D. C. November 25th, 1859.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN:—Sojourning a few days in this capital of the nation, I witnessed on the morning of the last Sabbath, a scene which ought to make us all pause for reflection. Governor Wise passed through this city with five hundred men, armed for war; not for war as of old against the scalping and skulking savage; not to repel the invasion of a foreign foe; but for a civil war. It was a state arming to repel an invasion from its sister States, from whom it ought to expect kindly salutations and the most friendly relations. These relations have now reached a crisis where the whole tone and action of the North must be changed, or a separation of the States is inevitable. The South is indeed excited, as well as it may be, but it is also fixed and determined. One side or the other must recede, or a collision, a civil war, streams of blood and wide spread desolation must follow. Shall the work, the lives, the sacrifice of our fathers all have been in vain? Look over this goodly city from one of its many lofty towers. Survey its broad streets, the many homes of happy families from all parts of the land; look upon the solid grandeur of the Capitol, the majestic public buildings, all imposing and still progressive, showing that a mighty nation are here laying the foundations of their greatness.—Abroad, and in every direction, the railroads, the rivers, the cities, the fruitful valleys and teeming prairie, give evidence, such as the world never saw, of the fruit of two hundred years of well directed enterprise. See the thriving happy millions that welcome the morning at the shores of the Atlantic, and keep pace with the sun, till his rays fade away in the western ocean. Is this inheritance nothing? shall it be lost in a day? Let the wonderful, harmonious machinery of the Union, the work of our fathers and of kind Providence—let it once be crushed, and no device, nor art, nor wisdom of man can ever restore it to life and action again. Let the sword once be heard clashing here before the statue of Washington, and our glory has departed. It needs no prophet's voice to foretell that of these goodly buildings not one stone shall be left upon another that shall not be thrown down.

The genius of this spot will cry from the air and from the earth; "Call me no more Washington, but write Ichabod upon these deserted streets, and Ninevah and Babylon upon these columns in ruin." We shall hasten to an untimely end. Now, on whom will this terrible guilt rest? Before Heaven, and from the deepest convictions of my soul, I say on the North—and first and chiefly on the State of Massachusetts. She will have the double name of having rocked the cradle and built the tomb of a great nation. The Medean tragedy of Euripides will be more than eclipsed by the hand of a State that slaughters a nation. You will say that Virginia and the South are unduly excited—that no such crisis impends. I tell you honest men and true, there is peril near—the abyss is opening before us. I cannot see but Virginia is fully justified in preparing for a conflict. Look at the facts; A body of men insignificant in numbers, invade that State furnished, armed and equipped with a thousand spears to be put into the hands of a servile race, to cut the throats of men, women, and children; for this they always do when they rise against their masters; and, what is the most appalling fact of all, those blades were manufactured and sharpened in New England, and paid for, at least in part, *by contributions taken up in the churches.* In that very Tremont Temple, in Boston, where so recently the piety of the Old South Church, (the junior pastor) embraced on the same platform the blasphemy of Ralph Waldo Emerson—in that church a year ago last May, John Brown received a contribution from the hands of Christian men for the purpose of murder and bloodshed, under the thin veil of "Kansas operations." Now, they did not know that he would go to Virginia, but they did know that he was engaged in murder and robbery in Kansas, and it is no worse to murder men in one place than in another.—Then the aiding, abetting, and approbation after the fact, give fearful significance to the contribution which preceded it. The Old South Church in Boston, under its wise and devout senior pastor, has been the central point of conservatism on the subject of slavery in New England; and now its junior pastor joins hands with the most bitter revilers of the Church and the nation, in order to glorify a murderer simply because he commits murder upon the soil of Virginia and in the name of freedom. This same John Brown dragged five men, the heads of families, from their beds and murdered them, as he would dogs by the wayside; and yet one speaker says there are a million hearts with John Brown to-day. Why should not the South be excited? why not arm and be ready for a portion of this million of ready invaders? Then it is notorious that many of the leading papers of the North have but a word or so of mawkish condemnation for the folly of John Brown, while they print whole columns of sneers and sarcasms for Virginia and the South. This state of things cannot last. Now, we of the North commit two great mistakes; we meddle when we ought not and we meddle to the injury of all parties—the slaves, the South, and the North. Some of you will remember that seven years ago I told you some very plain truths on another subject which you repaid in abuse and condemnation; but time, that infallible crucible, has revealed it. I told you that you were sowing seeds for a plentiful harvest of lying and hypocrasy, and now the State of Massachusetts is a laughing stock to the whole nation for having perpetrated, under her own name, and with the seal of the State upon them, the meanest and most coldblooded frauds ever put upon record. They have put poisoned drugs into the cup of the weak, the sick, the dying, and then divided the excessive profits among potential political partisans. The dark ages were stamped with the infamous sale of indulgencies; but deadly drugs, instead of a wholesome beverage, with a high tariff for the exchange of the pure juice of grape for nightshade and hellabore—this dose was never administered by one human being to another till it was done by the Christian hand of Massachusetts, and in order to complete a great moral reform. If this is their John the Baptist, what will his successor be? If this the baptism with water, what will be the melting heart of the fire that is to come? Is not the folly and the guilt of these universal reforms open and manifest, when one of them has culminated in a Burnham and the other in Brown. One can hardly tell which is the most guilty of the two; probably Burnham has killed the most persons—and in a sly underhanded manner—giving no chance for self-defence. Would it not be well to glorify Burnham as a martyr to an "idea?" He has first rate points. No man had ever shown more "game" in his disposition; fettered by no scruples, bound by no law of honor; things sacred and profane are alike to him; he would cheat the communion table as quick as the sick bed; when caught he manfully and heroically throws all the blame upon his subordinates.—Why not blend the martyr and draw the portrait of Brown and Burnham together, and then make Tremont temple echo with the shout, "These glorious minds—how *bright* they shine?"

But back again to the point. We have no business with the subject of slavery. It is out of our border—beyond our jurisdiction—and the states that have it are the only proper authority to deal with it. There is where the fathers placed it, and there the sons should leave it.

Whenever the laws of the moral or physical world are violated a terrible vengeance ensues. The prostration of majestic trees in the forest does not more surely mark the path of the tornado than moral prostration marks the footsteps of abolitionism in the North. Twenty-six years ago I heard Gerrit Smith upon the religious platforms in New York. He appeared the most accomplished Christian gentleman in the whole land. He undertook *the impossible*—to alter what God had fixed, and Omnipitence was too strong for him. It will be too strong for you. The mark of bondage is written upon the brow of the African by the finger of the Omnipotence—engraven there by the experience and practice of four thousand years—and it is in vain that the waves of excitement, which are but for a day, can think to wash out these everlasting lines. Slavery is the Paradise of the black man; he rejoices in clinging to the white man as the ivy to the oak, as ordinary man would welcome the society of angels.

Well he may. His association with white men is the only circumstances known in his history by which he has been raised to a condition above the beasts that perish. On the fertile soil of his own continent, he propagates and rots. Not one path of civilization, not one temple of Christianity, illuminates the darkness of centuries—dark in features, more black in the night which ages have wrapt around him. The ship that brought him to America was a star of a new day. He exchanges the bondage of brutality for the silver cords of civilization and Christian kindness. He exults in the change. His face is radient with joy; and from the lonely cabin and the Christian temple songs of thanksgiving go up to heaven from the lips and hearts of slaves redeemed from African heathenism. There is not an intelligent slave in the South but finds there the happiest condition that his race has found since the curse was written upon the brow of Ham by the finger of God. There he is delivered from the heathenism, the cannibalism, the human sacrifices of his own country, there he is free from the repulsive greeting that awaits him at the North; written of, preached about as an equal, constantly treated as an inferior. At the South the theory and the practice agree. The African is told that he belongs to an inferior race, which is true, and meets his own deepest consciousness, the last court of appeal, as philosophers tell us, for the evidence of what is true; they are told that service and allegiance are the duty of the black man, protection and instruction the obligation of the white man. So perfect is this feeling, so harmonious the social system grown up under it, that when a meteor, a comet appeared in their horizon in the person of John Brown, he fell at once like a star from Heaven, and did not disturb, except by his own murderous arm, the peace of a single family, or the allegiance and fidelity of a single slave.—this one fact ought to speak volumes to those who are clamoring for the freedom of the slave. The instincts of the bondman are wiser than the schemes of theorists. He asks for no intervention—implores no aid.

"To be content is his natural desire"—to be the approved servant of his master accomplishes highest ambition. I speak of the great masses of them. That there are individuals who crave an impossible good—something not to be found in this world—is very likely; but as a body of people, they are as nearly satisfied as the same number anywhere upon the face of the earth. Why should we travel in perpetual pain in their behalf? But you are told that the South are forever getting the best of it in the National Government and the South ought to be put down—negro or no negro, white or black. Now pray look at it, consider for a moment ask the pages of history and they will teach you. For eighty years have we not had the best Government on earth, prospered as nation never prospered before, spread abroad, multiplied, and built cities; subdued the wilderness; conqered the savage; bridged the rivers; made water and earth, and air, and fire, tributary to our wants as no people ever did before? All the time have we not dwelt securely by our own rock or under our own elm? Which of your sons or daughters has been oppressed? which of them has set foot upon a foreign shore and has not found the American name a shield and protection? And yet, of all the long line of sages that have presided over the destinies of the nation—from the Apostle Jefferson to the Patriarch Buchanan—which of them have not New England men in large numbers, and Massachusetts, as a State as a majority, almost uniformly and presistently abused? Has it become a disease; is it chronic; is there no medicine that can reach it? Will this madness drive her to a fatal end; must the nation be plunged down the fatal precipice of civil war? With you Jefferson was a Jacobin and an infidel; Madison at whose death John Quincy Adams said: "A spirit went up to Heaven as pure as the Seraphim which he joined," yet he was commended "to the Island of Elba or a halter;" Jackson was a tyrant and a usurper; Van Buren was full of cunning and deceipt; Tyler was a traitor; Mr. Fillmore sold himself to the South; Mr. Pierce carried war and bloodshed into peaceful Territories; and Mr. Buchanan, whose last pulsation of life will be a wish and a prayer for the welfare of his whole country—he is a border ruffian, and guilty of the blood and crimes of John Brown. Now does history anywhere picture the acts and motives of these men as they are made to appear to you? Have not the very winds and air around you been poisoned by the breath of slander?

If, in a matter so grave and important, material considerations, selfish interests, can have any weight, they are numerous, urgent and pressing. United all these harmonize and assist each other. Your keels have carried the greater part of the one hundred and sixty millions of bales of cotton furnished by the South during the last year. They have drawn supplies of manufactured articles from almost every village in New England. How long will they buy of those who contribute spears for the hands of their slaves? They will not do it, they ought not to do it, and we ought no longer to put their forbearance to the test. And now my friends, that most of you are sincere in what you have done and said on this subject, I have no doubt; but you are mistaken, your zeal is misguided and your sympathy thrown away. The most enormous wrongs have been committed and the most terrible calamities brought upon communities by honest but mistaken men. God punishes men for their frolics no less than for their crimes. The fire kindled by the hand of the maniac burns as furiously as if set by the most artful incendiary. Our country *divided* this *spot*, the central spot of ruin for contending States, have you ever thought how on that day the sun would be veiled in darkness, and the moon would be changed into blood, and the stars would lose their brightness and the earth would seem to tremble under our feet, and the fields would lose all their beauty, and all the ties of nature would be forgotten, and the whole being of every man or woman that has a soul would be absorbed in one convulsive pulsation of anguish? We should no longer have Washington for our father, nor the ground around his grave to be pressed by troops of prilgrim feet.

There is a terror at the grave of a first born, anguish in a house that weeps a parent dead. I remember the touching lamentations of that earnest, ardent and impassioned nature, Edward Burke, when he mourned an only son, the heir of his house and name. You have all heard the wail of the King of Israel, at the death of a rebel son, but no such sorrow is ever felt for the soldier slain in battle, or for kindred gone down to the grave, as the exile feels looking for the last time upon his native home, or the patriot when he sees the soil of his country crimsoned with fraternal blood. May our eyes never weep those tears nor our hearts be rent with that anguish. The decision is with the North. Your country hangs weeping on your neck, and beseeches you by the memories of the past and the hopes of the future to stay the tide of reproach and crimination, and send healing waters along all the channels of social and political life. Save, Oh! God, we beseech Thee, the land Thou hast planted, and this, Thy people, which Thou hast multiplied.

Your obedient servant,

J. C. LOVEJOY.

THE GREAT METEOR OF 1807.

The best authenticated and most intelligible account of the fall of aerolites which has ever been given, is that by Professor Silliman and Mr. Kingsley of the fall which took place in Weston, (now Easton) Conn., on Dec. 14, 1807. We have heard Professor Silliman give this interesting account. As soon as the news of the occurrence reached New Haven, Professor Silliman and Mr. Kingsley proceeded to Weston to collect the facts. They conversed with a large number of eye-witnesses, among whom was Judge Wheeler, of Weston. He was walking near his house at half-past six in the morning, when a sudden flash in the northern sky caused him to look up, and he saw a globe of fire passing behind a dark cloud. While behind the cloud its appearance was distinct like that of the sun seen through a fog, but only half or two-thirds as large. As it emerged from behind the cloud it flashed with a vivid light resembling what is called heat lightning, streamed across the sky with a waving, conical train, and gradually disappeared near the zenith, the whole transit occupying about half a minute. In the clear sky, there was a brisk scintillation about it like a fire-brand carried against the wind. About 30 or 40 seconds after its disappearance three loud and distinct reports, like those of a four-pounder near at hand, were heard; they succeeded each other rapidly and did not occupy above three seconds; then followed a continued rumbling like a cannon-ball rolling over a floor, sometimes louder and sometimes fainter, which continued a few seconds and gradually died away. The passage of the meteor was accompanied by a fall of stones for a distance of nine or ten miles in the line of its course. The largest of these stones fell in a field belonging to Mr. Seeley, within 30 rods of his house. A Mr. Staples lived on a hill at the bottom of which the stone fell.—After the last explosion of the meteor, a noise like a whirlwind passed to the east of his house and over his orchard; at the same instant a streak of light passed over it in a large curve, and seemed to pierce the ground; a shock was felt and a report like that of a heavy body striking the earth. Three or four hours afterwards Mr. Seeley chanced to pass by the place where the body fell and discovered it. It had struck a ridge of rock which it had partly shivered, and glanced down the hill obliquely into the ground to the depth of three feet, leaving a hole five feet in length, and four and-a-half in breadth, and throwing masses of turf and earth to the distnce of 190 feet. The stone was in fragments, none of which exceeded the size of a man's fist, and Professor Silliman thought all the fragments together must have weighed 200 pounds. Another stone fell into soft ground and was not broken; it weighed 35 pounds.—Another fell in the road and penetrated the ground to the depth of two feet; it weighed 25 pounds. The most northerly fall was in the limits of Huntington on the borders of Weston, in the road; a Mr. Burr heard the stone fall, and on searching for it an hour afterward, he found that it had struck a granite rock and was broken in pieces, the largest piece not being bigger than a goose egg, and was still warm. Several other masses fell in different places along the track of the meteor, one weighing 25 pounds, another 11, and aeother 7. In all cases the fall was distinctly heard by persons in the vicinity, and in one case smoke was seen to rise from the place where the mass fell. Professor Silliman collected such of the pieces as he could procure either by gift or purchase, and they are still to be seen in the cabinet of Yale College, New Haven.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: I am desirous of adding a line in reference to Mr. Sickles of New York, and particularly in regard to the universally accepted opinion that he is not spoken to by his fellow members. It is quite true there is very little disposition manifested by any of the representatives to establish intimate relations with Mr. Sickles, but justice to the man himself requires that I should state that he seems to invite no such relations. Every day, about half-past twelve oclock, when debate has begun, he walks in quietly from the side door and takes his seat on one of the sofas on the western side of the house, where, resting his head on his gloved hand, he remains seated, taking no part in the discussions, voting, when called upon, in a low voice. He dresses in exquisite taste, and has cultivated a large pair of brown whiskers. He seems conscious that public opinion is greatly against him, and although his bearing is full of his characteristic ease and coolness, it is singularly retiring and unobtrusive. Sitting in the gallery on Wednesday and Thursday, I noticed several of the leading members of the House going up to him, shaking hands with him, and passing on to their seats. I have not met Mr. Sickles, and, therefore, speak of him simply as an observer.

QUEER TRADES.—Many years ago, when rice was dear in Eastern China, efforts were made to bring it from Luzon, where it was abundant. At Manilla, there was, however, passed a singular law, to the effect that no vessel for China, should be allowed to load with rice unless it brought to Manilla a certain number of cages full of the little "butcher birds," well known to ornithologists. The reason for this most eccentric regulation simply was that the rice in Luzon suffered much from locusts and those locusts were destroyed in great numbers by the butcher birds. A somewhat similar business is carried on between England and New Zealand in sparrows. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars which devastate the crops. The most singular branch of such traffic, is the toad trade. On some of the market gardens near London, as many as five crops are raised in one year, the principal object being however, to raise the finest possible specimens for high prices.—Under such a system of culture, slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them, toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half a dozen is given for full grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, they have also been in use for a long time in an insectiverous way. Who can say but that Shakespeare, who knew everything guessed everything and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

"Ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

How a fellow from Shullsburg, in the mining district, was elected to the State Legislature is related as follows, by the *Milwaukie News:*

The district was close, the Republicans being dangerously numerous, so the Democratic candidate, who was a miner and employed men to work in the bowels of the earth, secured the services of sixty-three staunch Republicans to mine in his shaft on the forenoon of election day, the understanding being that in the afternoon they should be allowed to go to the polls. The sixty-three descended the ladder one hundred and fifty-three feet into the shaft, and were soon busy at work, drilling, cutting, blasting, &c. The candidate and employer, then ascended the ladder, reached the surface, and with the help of two or three friends in the secret, drew the ladder up after him, leaving sixty-three good Republican voters hard at work a hundred feet below, with no means of getting out until the ladder was replaced! Taking two sections of the ladder off to have some new rounds put in! he left for the polls, a mile distant, and when the votes were counted at night, to the surprise of his opponent, he had forty-two majority! An hour later there might have been seen sixty-three able-bodied men, each one bearing a lighted candle, emerging from a certain hole in the ground, like ants from a vial of molasses, profaning fearfully, and vainly seeking for the man who "pulled up that ladder:" but for two days no such man could be feund. Concluding they had been sold in earnest, after a cousultation the miners agreed to charge nothing for their services, drink at their employer's expense, and let the matter drop—but he was elected.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO READ THE PAPERS.—Parents can hardly realize how much information children pick up by the perusal of newspapers. In these long winter evenings, boys and girls of ten to sixteen, should be accustomed to read to each other from good family papers. Thus thousands of little items of general information find lodgment in their minds, which they cannot obtain in any other manner. The branches of learning taught in schools and school books are only the means which enable the children to acquire further knowledge. It is not enough that children are taught to read and to write—their minds must be stored with general information about the everyday affairs of the world—and in no way can they be taught better than by the perusal of newspapers. Thus a taste of reading is formed which will fit them to assume the important duties of citizen and father.

Most every newspaper contains as much reading as a small book, and several hundred facts, relating to agriculture, politics, &c., and all this information is offered for *three cents.* How much more indulgent we are to our stomachs than our brains. How few men hesitate to spend their money to gratify their appetites for meat and drink, while they starve their immortal minds, and that of their children; with the foolish cry. *"can't afford it."*

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to do the right thing; You may not always hit the mark, but you should always aim for it, and with every trial your skill increases. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always, and in all cases, do the right. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones, but they will grow easier and easier, till, finally, doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do wrong will seem an impossibility.

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—Galignani says:—"Dr. Hartung has successfully applied nitric acid to the cure of rheumatism. Lemon juice had already been recommended by Drs. Rees, Darymple, Perkins, and others, but that remedy is much more costly, whereas 20 drams of nitric acid disolved in 250 drams of water, sweetened with from 75 to 100 drams of syrup, may be administered in the course of from 15 to 36 hours, the affected part being wrapped up in wadding, and the patient drinking water with discretion. A complete cure is obtained in the course of from ten to fifteen days.