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By J. B. OVIATT,

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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.

A. N. TAYLOR,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Fish Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes. Smethport, Pa.

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. Thomas Struthers, ... Warren, Pa.
W. S. Brownell, Esq., ... Smethport, Pa.
Hon. A. I. Wilcox, ... Buena Vista, Pa.

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

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 Keatin & 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 accommodating his guests.

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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 door.

DR. L. R. WISNER,
Physician and Surgeon, Smethport, Pa, will attend to all professional calls with promptness. Office in Hartwell 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 &c 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. F Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

HACKNEY HOUSE,
Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARBOUR, 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 Mc. 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. COLLEY, 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.

WANTED,
50 TONS OLD CAST IRON in exchange for work, at the SMETHPORT FURNACE.

THE best 50c Tea in town at the ASTOR HOUSE STORE.

THE SUMMER ANGELS.

'Tis the dark December weather,
Winds are wailing through the sky,
If you listen you will hear them
Singing wild and sighing high.
Now they toss the willow branches
Leaning o'er the window bars,
Then their moan goes softer, fainter,
Up among the silent stars.

'Tis the dark December weather,
All the summer trees are bare;
See! the latest leaves are falling
Torn and ghostly through the air.
You may search the forest over,
You may trace the brooklet's flow,
Not an aster's eye will open,
Not a golden rod will glow.

'Tis the dark December weather,
Cold the tide creeps down the bay;
Seagulls, in their snowy circles,
Beating up the windy way;
Sailing, sailing from the Northland,
Bringing winter on their wings,
They will linger, flashing seaward
Till the time the robin sings.

'Tis the dark December weather,
Wind and wood and waves are sad;
'Tis the dark December weather,
Yet our hearts are blithe and glad.
And within them it is summer,
Radiant summer evermore,
For God's sweetest angels hover,
Radiant eyed about the door.

Love, as tender as the moonlight,
Hope, as rosy as the dawn—
There can come to them no winter
Whom such glory shineth on!
O, the dark December weather
May o'ershadow sea and shore,
In our hearts the blessed angels
Make it summer evermore!

FACTS ABOUT THE BODY.

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine, which is composed of twenty-five small bones, called the vertebræ, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body was supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than 500. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than by comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just within the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is opened and shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermillion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue.—Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are from 70 to 80 beats in a minute a hogshead of blood passes through the heart every hour. In fever the pulsations are accelerated and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile and pancreatic juice and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the wind-pipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygin of the air unites with the blood, and becomes purified; then passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is also perforated with countless prespiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eight ths oall the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

Senator Bigler on the Present Crisis.

The following extract from a patriotic letter written by Senator Bigler to a friend in Philadelphia, have found their way into print:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, '59.

My Dear Sir: * * * You have my thanks for a copy of the proceedings of the great Union meeting held at Jaynes' Hall, on the 7th inst. I have read them through with emotions of delight. How gladly I should have participated in them, but I could not.—Nothing could have been more befitting than the enunciation of such patriotic sentiments in defense of the Constitution and Union, so near the sacred spot where both were formed. It was opening the fire on fanatics and traitors from the right battery, and I hope this assault may be followed up by other Northern communities, until the demon of sectionalism is driven from the land.

You can hardly imagine how the manifestations of sympathy with that wretched man Brown, have wounded and embittered the feelings of Southern men. They are heartily disgusted with such exhibitions of a depraved popular taste, and I think justly so. Brown by the showing of his own party organ, in Kansas, the *Herald of Freedom*, was a man of infamous practices; one who sowed dissensions amongst his neighbors—who counselled disobedience to law, and resistance to its officers; who advised the use of the rifle, the revolver and the bowie knife, rather than the ballot-box in the settlement of political differences; who, more than once, participated in the murder of white men and the larceny of negroes and horses—who in 1857, solemnly pledged himself, with others, to take life just so often as might be necessary to prevent any man holding office under the Lecompton Constitution, in case of its acceptance by Congress; and who, as we all know, afterwards devoted months of his time in collecting together the most brutal implements of warfare with which the slaves, not familiar with fire-arms, were to murder their masters and mistresses, in case he succeeded in raising an insurrection in Virginia, and that he did actually commence the work of blood and carnage at Harper's Ferry; and yet, to the disgrace of the country it must be confessed that when this man, thus steeped in crimes, is brought to justice, men are found in one part of the Union, and many of them to rise up and bewail his fate, and claim him as a martyr to freedom.—Even the pulpit has been desecrated to this work and all this because Brown was making war on an institution common to fifteen of the sovereign States of the Union, which it is admitedly their constitutional right to have and enjoy peaceably. Had Brown's crimes no connection with slavery, who does not know that Phillips and Cheever and Beecher and Wright and Smith would have turned from him with loathing and disgust. But it is said Brown was crazy about slavery. I do not believe that, but if it were so it is no reason why communites should become crazy about Brown.

As to the Helper book to which you refer, I have not read it through; but if the Compendium be a fair reflex of its contents, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the most vicious political work ever issued from the American press, calculated, if not intended to do mischief to our institutions. It is bad enough that men of ability and position in the country should seek to engender strife between the States for partizan ends; but this man Helper, as though instigated by the flesh and the devil, goes deliberately about the work of establishing different classes of citizens within the same State, and advising them to war on each other. He advises the non-slaveholding to spend all intercourse, social and commercial, with his neighbors who hold slaves, and to treat him with disgust and indignity thus begetting jealousy and hate among those who should be friends and poisoning the very source of social fraternity. To what viler end could any man devote himself? Nor will it do for the 67 Republican members of Congress who endorse the compendium of this book, to say that they did so without being aware of its contents. They must come out and discard its doctrines *in toto*, if they would make amend for the mischief done to the peace of the country. But I fear they will not do so, for many of them owe their political prominence to the favor of fanatical Abolitionist.

As I said before, I am delighted with the proceedings of the meeting in your city, but, my dear friend, all the meetings of the kind, that are likely to assemble will not give peace to the country, so long as a great party in the North, like the Republican, seek to gain control of the government by a sectional organization, and by maintaining doctrines and issues in derogation of the rights of the Southern States and offensive to their pride, as co-equal members of the confederacy. Mr. Sewar's "irrepressible conflict," for the mastery, between the free and slave States, must be discarded and denounced; and more so, much of the last Republican platform as rates negro slavery of barbarism as base as Mormonism, must also be abandoned. What would be more offensive than this similitude? An institution common to the South is formally arraigned by a party seeking to gain the government as a barbarism, and, of course, as much a crime as Mormonism, and the people of the United States are asked to endorse that sentiment at the polls—to adjudge that the citizens of fifteen States are criminals; and yet, the representatives of the party in Congress say they have no connection with or symathy for the Abolition party of the North. This is absurd; so long as they maintain such doctrines they must sympathise with the Abolitionists and the Abolitionists with them; and how could they hold any such institution to be a barbarism and a crime and then say they do not intend to assail it everywhere. The truth is, we people of the North must mind our own business. We have no connection with slavery, no duties to perform about it, no rights at stake, no responsibilities to bear, except to do what the Constitution enjoins about the rendition of fugitive slaves.

All that is necessary to take the Constitution as a guide and recognize no issue in conflict with that instrument; this done, and the free States are separated from the slavery question entirely, and peace will be restored to the whole country, except the croaking of a feeble band of disunionists at the South, who are not likely to gain power enough to do harm.

Very truly,
Your ob't. serv't.
WM. BIGLER.

SPEAK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others was universally prevalent, the world would become a perfect paradise. The opposition is the Pandora-box which, when opened, fill every house and every neighborhood with sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a rule, however, when there is occasion for fault finding to do it privately. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but, themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

SELFISHNESS.—What is it? As a disposition and habit of mind, it is a compound of pride, fostering the idea of personal importance, of envy, meanly jealous of others; of rapacity, covetous of gain at the expense of the rights of one's fellows; of cruelty, regardless of the feelings of others; of impiety, defiant of God and all his righteous laws. If you look into the heart of selfishness, you will find it bereft of all warm and generous sympathies; for its every impulse is narrow, and its every aspiration mean. Dissect this repugnant quality of our depraved nature as you choose, and it will be seen how selfishness opposes all laws of right, all claims of good, all persuasive of love, and, so far as it has power, makes its own gratification the supreme motive and chief end of existence. Such is selfishness as a disposition.

A HARD STOMACH.—A Western cuttle dealer who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meet with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life, was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings in the first house he could find. Happily for him, it proved to be the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and what was especially agreeable told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit down, he complied, and without waiting for a second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop, stop," said the good man of the house; "we are in the habit of saying something before we eat."

This hint to wait till the blessing was asked, the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full, he muttered:

"Go ahead, say what you like! you can't turn my stomach now!"

A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing, or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little indefinite attentions," and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" in toto. He had visited her father's wigwam, for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defense the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the defender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be *courted again!*"

There is a beautiful and touching custom observed by the people of France, when a funeral is passing. As the bearers move slowly by, the men raise their hats, and the women bow, in token of respect to the dead. A beautiful custom which should be everywhere observed.

THE CORNERED BEEF BOARDER.

A few years since the capitol of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house—which was a very creditable establishment, by the way—and at which, at the present time, you can make sure of very comfortable and satisfactory accommodations, on reasonable terms. Then, as now, this house was the temporary home of the Solons and Lycurgus of the State, when their legislative duties called them to the capitol.

Mr. F——, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had all sorts of men to deal with, the State representatives being composed of farmers, shipbuilders, land speculators, lumber-merchants, etc.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable oratorical talents, or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact, his notions of private economy, altogether predominated, as the following anecdote will show:

With his constituents, Mr. G—— took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. F. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinners of turkey, of moose meat, and other corresponding accommodations, but really the rate of board was more than he felt able to pay. Accordingly he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

"I should be very happy to accommodate you," said Mr. F., politely; "but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are so large that I could not live if I were to reduce the prices."

"No way at all, in my case?" enquired the representative, ruefully.

"No, I don't see how I can. I have to pay uncommonly high this season, for my turkeys, eggs, &c."

"Now see here," interrupted Mr. G., "I suppose these fixings are worth al you charge for board. I would not complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now why not let them that want to eat turkeys pay for them? For my own part I would as lief eat corn beef every day as not. I wont eat your turkeys, and I don't see why I should pay for them."

"Very well," said the obliging landlord, with an indulgent smile, "if you are willing to confine yourself to corned beef, as far as meals are concerned, and to eat other things accordingly, I suppose I can make some deduction in your case."

The representative was highly gratified. He promised to eat corned beef, and to abstain from various costly dishes which were named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargain was made.

Accordingly everybody who observed Mr. G. at the table from that day were very much astonished at his singular choice of food. Of course the bargain was a secret, confined to the two parties by whom it was made; and the unconscious waiters laid before the representative, temptation after temptation, which he, no doubt, found it hard to resist.

"What shall I help you to, sir?" they would ask him. "Turkey, chicken, venison steak, roasted——"

"Corned beef!" would be the self-denying exclamation of the scrupulous boarder.

Day after day, it was the same. Sometimes they would, through mistake, we may suppose, place before him a choice plate of the forbidden luxuries, which made his heart ache to send them away again, with his modest call for "corned beef."

At length the waiters grew so stupid, or waggish, we suspect, that Mr. G. would have to send away half a dozen appetizing dishes, before they could be made to understand that his unalterable choice was "corned beef."

This state of affairs afforded a great deal of amusement to the waiters, boarders, guests: everybody except Mr. G. himself, who was greviously annoyed. At last human nature could bear it no longer. One day Mr. G. called for his favorite dish three times, and received successively roasted veal, moose steak, and broiled chicken. Glowing and sweating with perplexity and wrathful impatience, he sent away the last named dish with an emphatic request for "corned beef." The waiter, stupid fool! returned with roast turkey.

"You thick-skulled rascal!" cried the furious representative, "can't you understand? I ain't a *turkey* boarder. I'm a *corned-beef* boarder. Do you hear? I'm a *corned-beef boarder*"

The waiter heard, and the table roared, the representative perspired profusely, but he was never afterwards troubled with refusing the dishes he had foresworn. The waiters enjoyed the joke, and the representative the corned beef, in quiet.

Gov. Blacksnake, the "old Indian," died at his residence on the Allegheny Reservation, eight miles from East Randolph, Cattaraugus county, Dec. 26, at the advanced age of 123 years. He was probably, before his death, the oldest Indian living. He was in the French war previous to the Revolution; also in the Revolutionary war, and sided with the Americans. He was a great aid to Washington, acting in the capacity of a runner and bearer of dispatches.

THE NORTHWEST.

Hon. S. S. Cox, of Ohio, in his late speech in Congress, thus alluded to the Northwest:

"When you come to the great Northwest you find one million one hundred and sixty-two thousand voters in her seven States. This is 100,000 more than all the votes in the South, one third of the whole Union, and three times as many as New England. I believe, sir, that more than one half of these votes will be cast in 1860 for the Democratic party, for the rights of the States and the permanence of federal concord. You will find these votes warm in favor of the Union and the Constitution which is the only ligament which holds that Union together. You will find this attachment not merely in our party, but among the very men who voted for my friend [Mr. Corwin] and many of the Republicans upon this floor. Look to the great Northwest, and to its power as it is now, and as it will be. She has a lake and river tonnage of 400,000 tons, and 5000 miles of river and lake coast. She has, and must have ever, the Mississippi river as her outlet. Has she nothing at stake? She will be able to protect herself and the Union besides. In 1860 she will have as many Representatives upon this floor as the whole South will then have, and three members to one from New England. You will find in her a conservative element, which will say to the North, with its extremists, and to the South with its extremists, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further; here shall the waves of disunion be stayed!" You find in the Northwest a conservative element, which, if we have the Cincinnati platform unaltered, will rise up to the support of the Democratic party, as the only safe repository of that constitutional power by which this government is to be carried on."

ENERGY—IN THE RIGHT OR WRONG DIRECTION.—We often hear people wondering what has become of the energy of our great-grandfathers and grand-mothers, and grouping over the degeneracy of the present day. Nonsense! People now-a-days have quite as much of the go-a-head and-never-give-out tendency about them, as ever their ancestors had. If the grumblers in spirit don't believe it, let them stand on one of the Fulton ferryboats as it nears the pier, for instance, and watch the eager, panting crowd swarming over the chains and striving who shall monopolise the dangerous privilege of jumping five or six feet of black muddy water upon a slippery pier, so as to perhaps stand on one seconds of time. Let them see the business men scampering up the narrow streets as if a dozen police officers were at their heels! Are they in a hurry? Not particularly so; it is only their superabundant energy. We should like to hear any of the wigged and shoebuckled gentlemen of the Ante-Revolutionary period going through life at a gallop in this sort of a way!

And as for our women—to be sure they do not spin and weave, and emulate the household industry of their grandmammas—perhaps it would be better if they did—but that is no sign they are lacking in enterprise! Does it require no energy to dance all night and shop all day? no physical endurance to set all the laws of nature at defiance year after year, and season after season. Give Mrs. Martha Washington a visiting list half as long as any New York lady's you choose to mention, and she would have broken down within a week! Not that all this is *right*, but it is none the less a fact.

Now, if all this energy were turned into a proper channel—that is to say, a *sensible* one—we suspect our grumbler would very soon be compelled to abandon his position. In the present state of things the largest percentage seems to be wasted—we have nothing to show for it, no account to render; but no one who has ever noticed the curious, restless spirit of adventure and enterprise that is continually working itself an outlet in ten thousand different directions within our great metropolis, will credit the assertion, that we have less energy than our grandparents had!—*Life Illustrated*.

WELL SAID.—At the great Union meeting in New York, Rev. Dr. Bethune made an eloquent speech, in the course of which he uttered many sentiments which the clergy of this State would do well to adopt and live up to. Alluding to the preachers who have eulogized old murderer Brown, he said:

"When men are praised and honored because they have shown the courage of the bull-dog with the blood-thirstiness of the tiger, it is high time then that men who feel themselves impelled by the belief that the Gospel is peace on earth, and good will towards men should act up to the spirit of that teaching."

Toward the close of his remarks he said:

"But I must say there is no more dangerous man than he who uses his sacred office of the ministry to mislead men, and to carry them away into anarchy and sedition. I am content with the holding no higher position than a minister of Christ, to help men to Heaven when they die, and to keep them in peace when alive. But there is one thing that I never omit, and that is to vote; and when I prepare my ballot, I prepare it with as much care as if my ticket were to elect; and if I retain my reason, which God grant, I will never vote for any man, whig, American, democratic or republican—even if he were my own brother—if he had laid with me in my mother's womb like Esau with Jacob—if I could trace the slightest stain of disunion in his sentiments.

We learn from the Houston Telegraph, that during the late cold weather, there were from fifty to sixty persons frozen to death in Texas, at least forty of whom were under the influence of liquor when frozen. There were also many thousand of hogs, cattle, and sheep frozen to death in that State. Last month was the severest ever known there. Snow fell several inches in depth, and ice formed in the streams. The thermometer was down to 11 degrees.

Men's lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the season, a glow with promise, and the autumn rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Dickens says of a mother, who died with her babe on her bosom:

"Clasping that light apart within her arms she drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round the world."