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Business Directory.

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Surveyor, Draftsman Conveyancer, and Real Estate Agent. Smethport, M'Kean county, Pa.

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.

—REFERENCES—

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

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

J. C. BACKUS & CO.

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

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 floor.

N. S. BUTLER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpeting, Ready Made Clothing, and General Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Wall and Window Paper, Looking Glasses &c. At Olean, N. Y.

BENNETT HOUSE,

Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. D. R. BENNETT, Proprietor—opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well-furnished house.

JOHN C. BACKUS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over O. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

HACKNEY HOUSE,

Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. BARBOR, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.

E. S. MASON,

Dealer in Stoves, Tin Ware, Japanned Ware, &c., west side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa. Custom work done to order on the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner.

W. S. BROWNELL,

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

A. J. OTTO,

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

LARABEE'S HOTEL,

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. N. L. DYKE, 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.

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

SOMEBODY'S SON.

BY TWILIGHT.

Somebody's son was out last night,
Cruising about the town;
And, if I mistake not, he was *tight*,
"Tight as a Derby clown."

I know he's considered a moral youth,
Above suspicion; but that
Is no reason why, to tell the truth,
He hadn't "a brick in his hat."

Daylight morality often takes
Strange fancies into its head,
And "plays the devil;" or "jumps up snakes,"
When the *public eye* is in bed.

"*My* son can't dance," Somebody said,
"For never a lesson took he"—
But he danced last night while you were in bed,
And "Twilight" was there to see.

You may call it *dancing*, or not, as you feel,
Though for half an hour or more,
He danced, or "jigged" a "tangle-foot-reel,"
In front of my office door.

"*My* son can't sing," Somebody swears,
But he sung last night, I know,
As hellish a song, as a demon dares
To sing in the regions below!

"*My* son don't imbibe," Somebody thinks,
Well, may be he don't; but then,
That he *acts* very much like one who drinks,
Can be proved by a hundred men.

Yet *something* was tight, yes, *drunk*, last night,
So drunk it could scarcely crawl;
Perhaps 'twas the rim of a crownless hat,
That I found on my garden wall.

So for fear I am wrong and Somebody's right,
My hasty words I recall,
And say that the *thing* I saw last night
Was *nobody's* son—that's all.

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take an initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing there is a dozen girls inside, and to know or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them in one's pocket, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening; but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over.

There comes, at last; the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous; and unimpressible, and independent, as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with him, then comes the pinch, and the boy that has the most pluck makes to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking up his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home a foot apart, feeling as awkard as two goslins. As soon as she is safe within her own doors he struts home, and really thinks he has been, and gone, and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of Caroline and calico, and he wakes in the morning and finds the doors of life open to him, and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

HINTS TO PARENTS.—"If you practice severity, speak harshly, frequently punish in anger, you will find your children will imbibe your spirit and manner. But if you are wise, and treat your little ones with tenderness, you will fix the image of love in their minds, and they will love you and each other, and in their conversation will imitate that which they have heard from the tenderest friends that children have on earth." Childhood is the sowing season, and although the fruit may not be developed until late at night, it is very rarely that good seed fails to produce a bountiful harvest.

The following is a funeral sermon lately preached in Ohio, by a Buckeye clergyman:

"I have been begged, importuned, and entreated to preach this sermon, but I don't want to do it. I never did like the man; I never knew nothing good of him. He had horses, and he run them; he had cocks and he fit them. I have heard he was occasionally good at fires. The bearers will please remove the body and sign the following hymn:

"Believing we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."

Young man, do you believe in a future state?

"I do; and I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy is ready."

"Go to——young man, you are incorrigible. Go to——."

Go two? if it wasn't for the law agin bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who would suppose, Deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a man just starting in life.

A SPECIMEN OF AN AFRICAN RULER.

A correspondent of the Boston *Post*, writing from Badagry, West Africa, under the date of September 27th, gives the following characteristics of an influential gentleman of Africa:

"Dahomey is governed probably by the most tyrannical monarch in the whole world. His word is law, and whoever thwarts him loses his head without the least ceremony, but I must say that it is the least governed country that I have seen in Africa. He is king of the most powerful and warlike people on this continent, and is continually engaged in hostilities against the smaller and weaker tribes, to obtain prisoners, many of whom are sold as slaves and large numbers are offered as sacrifices upon the death of any favorite of his majesty.—While I was at Whydah he offered up 360 victims at the funeral ceremonies of one of his chiefs. At the death of King Guzo, who died last November, 800 captives were killed, besides 200 of his favorite wives. Since then the number of victims killed by this bloodthirsty wretch for his father, is 2,400. Previous to my going to Whydah, the King had sent his messenger with his cane, commanding all people, both black and white, who were trading in his country to appear at Dahomey, to attend the grand custom of the late King his father. As I was not in Waydath at the time, the message was sent to me saying that he had been successful in his expeditions, and had taken three thousand prisoners, whose blood would be used to wash the graves of his ancesters. Whenever the King's name is mentioned, all within hearing fall down and kiss the earth, and cover themselves with dust.—They would not deliver the message to me until I stood up and took off my hat. You have to take the cane in your hand during the delivery of the message, when you are supposed to be in direct communication with the King; the messengers all the time are prostrate on the ground. Three men are always sent, one to watch the others, and see the message is delivered as received. This is always the case when any message is sent to the next world, to see that the way is not lost.

"The present King's title is Roernee, which means the lion, at whose name both men and beast flee. About three months ago the fetish told the King that the people of a certain village were the means of the late King's death. He consequently attacked them and killed every soul—six hundred in number—not sparing one. So much for this wholesale butchery."

A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

We print in another column an extract from a Natchez paper, describing the circumstances attending the sale of fifty-six slaves, which were disposed of at auction in Mississippi, on account of the Rev. Dr. Potts, pastor of the University place Presbyterian church in this city. It seems that the reverend Doctor held fifty-six slaves as security for the principal and interest of a mortgage, and that they were sold at auction to satisfy his claim. This is a fair business transaction, and probably Dr. Potts was so horrified at the idea of having anything to do with slaves that he, like many other Northern theoretical abolitionists who come into possession of that kind of property in some unexpected way, sold his niggers at the earliest possible opportunity. Our Southern cotemporary blames Dr. Potts for selling negroes in 1854, and preaching an abolition sermon in 1859; but it must be remembered that, like most anti-slavery people, he had already made all the money he could out of the business, and was therefore at liberty to relieve his mind on the subject. Probably Beecher, Cheever, and all the other abolition parsons, would do the same thing if they were placed in the position of Dr. Potts. He lends money on interest—that is his worldly business—with nigger securities; he preaches abolition sermons—that is his way of keeping square with the other world. The Doctor is paid for his sermons, and must suit the tasts of his congregation, being, like Saint Paul, "All things to all men," white, black and yellow, North and South. We do not suppose that either the Southern or Northern press, religious and secular, will view the apparent contraction between Dr. Potts' principles and his practice from the broad philanthropic stand-point which we have assumed, but we should like to hear from the *Tribune* and the *Independent* on the subject.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Salmasius was perhaps the most learned man in the 17th century. He had not only read books, but libraries; and yet when he came to die, it was his bitter exclamation, "Oh, I have lost a world of time! Had I but one year longer, it should be spent in reading David's Psalms and Paul's epistles."

FIX THE DAY.—At a concert in Wisconsin, at the conclusion of the song, "there's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed:

"Mister, couldn't you fix the date? That it what we want—just give us the date, Mister."

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

THE SHOEMAKERS, STRIKE AND THE MANUFACTURERS' STRIKE.

The shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts, have held a meeting at Haverhill, and resolved to "strike"—in other words, not to listen to the complaints of the labor "strikers" or yield to their demands. So that capital can strike as well as labor.

This movement is now assuming formidable dimensions, and there is no saying what will be its extent hereafter, or where it will stop. A mass meeting is to be held here to-morrow evening to sympathize with the strikers, and raise subscriptions to enable them to hold out against the capitalists who refuse to pay them wages by which they can keep body and soul together. Meetings on this free labor question have been held in Philadelphia, and even in Indiana, and the movement will extend to every Northern State, and to other trades besides shoemaking. It will also affect commerce and every description of business. Nor does it make any difference what the manufactures say and think, or whether the demands of the strikers are just or reasonable. When men's passions are roused, and their vital interests at the same time at stake, they are not likely to reason accurately or come to logical conclusions. Pandora's box has been opened by the anti-slavery party of the North, and a host of ills have been let loose upon the community; but it is not so easy to shut them up again in their prison or to remedy the consequences.—Let us see what may be done.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial observer, that the falling off in the shoe trade which has led to low wages and strikes, originated in the withdrawal of the Southern custom from New England, and that such withdrawal was the direct effect of the anti-slavery crusade against the South, of which New England is the head-quarters. As long as it was confined to mere agitation it was endured by the South, though without indignation and disgust. But when it came to blows, and John Brown, with his insurgent gang of traitors, aided and assisted by funds from the very men in Massachusetts who were directly or indirectly deriving a subsistence from the South, invaded Virginia for the purpose of creating a servile insurrection, and abolishing by force and arms the institution of the South, the affair assumed a very different aspect. Nor was this the worst feature of it. The endorsement of the invasion by great public meetings in the principal cities, including Boston, without one word of dissent, and the ringing of bells and other marks of reverence and respect, if not of hero-worship, which signalized the day of his execution, in the towns of New England, were sufficient to rouse even a less spirited people than our brethren of the South into an attitude of defiance and reprisals. To crown all, the infamous book of Hinton Rowan Helper, which suggest massacre of the white population of the South as the short way to end disputes about slavery, was endorsed by the leading men of New England and the North, including W. H. Seward and sixty-eight members of Congress. If the Southern people did not resent this they would be meaner than the worm that turns upon the foot that treads it. They did resent it by withdrawing their business, and the consequence unfortunately is that the innocent suffer with the guilty.

Now there is just one way of redressing the innocent and punishing the guilty, and that is by the constitutional weapon of the ballot box. Let every man vote against the party which has brought such evil upon the North until it is crushed out, and the South is satisfied that the people of New England do not sympathize with their enemies, persecutors and slanderers. Thus will harmony be restored, and the friendly relations and business intercourse which existed in former times will be established once more, and there will be no need of strikes, for the increase of business will compel the manufacturers to pay more satisfactory wages to their hands.

We trust that the election in New Hampshire, which is to come off on Tuesday next, will be the turning point towards reason, and that it will result in a glorious defeat of the republicans—the beginning of a revolution at the polls which will extend to Connecticut, Rhode Island and the other States of New England, and generally throughout the North, till there is nothing left of republicanism but the disagreeable odor arising from its extinction, like that of a candle blown out by the wind.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Sunbury and Erie Road.—Its importance to the State and Commerce of Philadelphia.

Before the City of New York had set herself in communication by canals and Railroads with the Lakes, not She, but Philadelphia was the Queen of Commerce, and this fact speaks volumes. It refutes the assertion that the geographical situation of the port of New York is more favorable for foreign commerce than that of Philadelphia, for in the time of turnpikes, when the two rival ports were on equal terms in regard to the means and facilities of land transport, Philadelphia controlled the import and distributing trade, which she could not have done had New York possessed superior advantages. These the latter city acquired only with the Erie canal, and the railroads built afterwards, bringing her in connection with the Lakes. We could not follow her example in building canals, the formation of the soil of Pennsylvania not admitting of this, but a railroad we could have built, and had this been done simultaneously with the New York roads to the Lakes, Philadelphia would have recovered what she has lost by this time. To have a convenient harbor is not enough to attract foreign trade. Superior communications with the interior, and the certainty of finding, at all times, ready return cargoes, is the consideration with foreign shippers. We must first seize our share of the grain and other produce of the Lake regions, before we can hope to enjoy our share of foreign commerce, and this the Sunbury and Erie road will do. It is the iron arm stretched out by Philadelphia beyond the Lake ports controlled by New York, which will snatch away a large portion of the Lake trade before it reaches the narrows of Lake Ontario.

When in 1825 the Erie canal from Albany to Buffalo was completed, Buffalo was what Erie is at present—an insignificant town. It had a population of scarcely 2,500, which however trebled in less than five years after the opening of the canal. Albany, which at that time had existed more than a century and a quarter, had a population of only 12,000 which doubled in the same short period. The canal and the N. Y. Central railroad constructed later, did for the western portion of New York what the Sunbury and Erie road is destined to do for the North-west of Pennsylvania. West of Albany, New York State was a wilderness in 1825. Now the whole area is covered with farms, villages and cities. Buffalo has 80,000 inhabitants. Albany 70,000; Troy 50,000; Rochester 50,000, Syracuse 35,000, and numerous other cities have from 20,000 to 30,000.

All around the Lakes large centres of commerce have developed themselves with surprising rapidity, and now the Lake trade is estimated at no less than $600,000,000, which is about double the value of the entire export trade of the United States, and when it is considered that this trade grew, in the short space of fifteen years, from $65,000,000 in 1831 to its present extent, an idea may be formed of its future.

It is from this trade that the palaces of New York have been built. It is this trade which pours the riches of the Northwest one of the world's granaries, into her lap, in search of which European vessels sail from our shores, and this has created New York commercial supremacy. But forty-five years ago, Philadelphia controlled the reign commerce of this country, but we remained behind in the construction of direct improved communications with the lakes, and where are we now?

The tonnage of the vessels that cleared the port of New York last year was 1,476,279.—The tonnage of Philadelphia 125,657. The value of American and foreign produce exported from New York, was $117,539,825
Of her imports, 229,181,349

Total, $346,720,174
Of Philadelphia the domestic and foreign exports amounted to $5,375,220
Her imports to 14,520,331

Total, $19,895,557

To what extent New York imports for Philadelphia may be imagined from the following fact, which we find in the last Board of Trade report. The value of the single article of dry goods imported last year into Philadelphia was $21,650,000

Of these were entered into our own port, 3,835,570

Entered into New York, $21,815,130

Large as our distribution trade is, owing to the advantages of our geographical situation, our foreign trade declines, for the reasons assigned, and New York reaps the best benefits of both our commerce and industry. She imports goods for us from abroad, and transports our iron, coal and timber, and our manufactures to the Northwest as return freight for the grain of that region. She monopolizes by this means one-half of the entire export and import trade of the United States, and our share of it is but one-thirtieth. Such are the results of her superior connections with the Lakes and the Northwest, and the backwardness of Pennsylvania in this respect. The errors of the past must be repaired promptly and speedily. It is a duty of self-preservation.—New York has nothing of her own to offer to the Northwest. She exchanges with her in foreign and Pennsylvania products. We ought to assume our legitimate position, and this we can do only by means of the Sunbury and Erie road.

Whatever the mistakes and delinquencies of former Legislatures have been, in connection with this road, and however severe a condemnation the manner deserves in which the State canals were transferred to the Sunbury and Erie Company, we cannot now allow the completion of a line in which a thousand Pennsylvania interests center, upon which the prosperity and future of our State depend, in so large a measure, to be indefinitely deferred. The people of Pennsylvania cannot, for the above and other equally cogent reasons, permit, in the present critical condition of the Company, a foreclosure of the mortgage, held by the State, to take place, for a public sale of this road might transfer it to the hands of New York speculators, and an enterprise which involves the dearest Pennsylvania interests would thus be at the mercy of a rival State, which has every reason to be jealous, and would certainly shrink from no means whatever, to defeat the objects for which the Sunbury and Erie line was projected. The sacrifice which the State Legislature have made in transferring the Canals to the Company for the completion of that road, must not now be thrown as an obstacle in the way of its completion.—*Pennsylvanian.*

CURIOSITIES AT DENVER CITY.—A card, or pack of cards, that is not marked.

A child between the ages of seven and twenty-one that does not go everywhere and always wear his belt and navy shooter.

A handsome woman over the age of thirteen summers that marshals less than ten or twenty beaux.

A mountain man who has not ten or twelve "gulch claims" for sale, and which he "knows will not average over $5 to the pan."

CURTIN'S POLITICAL LIFE.—The political life of the Republican candidate is summed up as follows: He was Chairman of the Whig State Central committee in 1854, stumped the State in company with Pollock, *and sold out the Whig party to the Know Nothings.*

A NEW-YORK BELLE.—Fanny Fern gives this pen-and-ink miniature portrait of one of the fascinating and fashionable butterflies that flutter about the luxurious drawing-rooms of the methropolis:

"She is very pettite, holds her head on one side, and peeps out of her eyes squirrel fashion. She approaches you with a hop-skip-and-jump, which she imagines immensely fascinating, and giggles out a silly laugh, which she fancies is musical. When company is in the parlor she runs across the room, stopping in the middle of it, with her finger in her lip (a favorite attitude) as if she were trying to remember something; then she tosses back her head, smiles deprecatingly at herself, scuttles back to an ottoman, with the hand her bracelet is upon uppermost on her lap, and relapses into a pretty little reverie. Delicious, small lamb. How interesting it is. One feels like tying a blue ribbon around its neck and—strangling it."

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SCOLD.—A girl six years of age, screamed out to her little brother: "Bob, you good-for-nothing scamp, come right into the house this minut, or I'll whip you till the skin comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend, Angelina's childish reply was a good commentary upon this matter of speaking to children:

"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him just as you did me this morning; that's all."

BALM FOR BROKEN HEARTS.—A correspondent writing from Natick, Mass., mentions two suits for breach of promise pending in the court there. One of the plaintiffs is the eldest daughter of the methodist clergyman, and sues a wealthy grain dealer, of Boston, for $10,000 damages. The prosecutor in the other case is a citizen of the Granite State, and brings his action against a lady, now the wife of a prominent citizen of Natick. He assesses his damages at $5,000. This pair of breeches is creating quite an interest in the town.

BILLIARDS PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.—The Bucyrus (Ohio) *Journal* thus speaks of the game of billiards:

Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper with twenty cents, or as is most commonly the case in this country telling him to just mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at an expense of about $5,000. Blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it.

Virginia is not to be caught in the trap of a southern disunion convention, as proposed by South Carolina. The Senate rejected the proposition some days ago, and the House of delegates, on Thursday, confirmed the rejection by a vote of *forty-two* for and *ninety* against sending Commissioners to the Convention. Virginia contributed too much to the establishment of the Union to be ready to pull it to pieces the first time the machinery works a little awry!

JUDGE SHANNON IN BERKS COUNTY.—The gallant Democracy of Old Berks held a ratification meeting in the Court House, at Reading, on Thursday evening, which was presided over by that vetran Democrat, Gen. George M. Keim. It was addressed by Judge Shannon, of Pittsburgh, Geo. Sanderson, esq., of Lancaster, Isaac Hugus, esq., of Somerset, Samuel Tate, esq., of Bedford, and the Hon. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia. One of the Reading papers speaks of it in the following terms. It says:—We have never witnessed a more enthusiastic assembly. The soul-stirring eloquence of Judge Shannon brought tears to the eyes of the old vetrans composing the meeting. Berks county will give her old fashioned majority for General Foster in October."

The death of Mr. Boker, the wealthy wine merchant, whose daughter a few years since married his coachman, John Dean, naturally revives a little chat in reference to that romantic affair. The impression seems now to prevail that, so far as her own happiness is concerned, Miss Boker did not, after all, make so poor a match. Her husband, soon after the marriage, was appointed to a clerkship in the custom, which he still holds, and the duties of which he discharges creditably to himself, and with fidelity to the government. He is a modest, unassuming man, has a quiet but comfortable home in Williamsburg, is perfectly irreproachable in his habits and association, minds his own business, and is a faithful and affectionate husband. He avoids notoriety of every sort, and pursues the way of an upright, sterling man and good citizen. Wherin is the family of John Dean inferior to that of the late Mr. Boker?

SALE OF VOTE.—A novel case of bribery has been decided by the Supreme Court of Vermont. The facts are as follows: A man went to one of his neighbors belonging to the opposition party in politics, who was owing him, and offered to discharge a debt of $100, if he would use his influence to have him elected town representative, and he should be so elected. The bargain was carried out, the vote was thrown, and decided the election. The court held that the contract was illegal, and the agreement to discharge the debt invalid.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* says that a tannery firm there has been putting the numerous alligators which swim lazily about the bayous and swamps of Louisiana in the sun to a useful purpose. They have been making their hides into leather, and a capital article it is said to be. Quite a number of the citizens were wearing shoes made of it, and spoke of it in high terms.

Patience is a virtue. When your wife wants a new shawl, suffer her to wait for it.