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M'Kean County Democrat.

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By J. B. OVIATT,

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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.

CARVER HOUSE,

JOHN H. HILL 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. 32-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 Retal 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. 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. 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 halfway 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

The Greatest Duel on Record.

An old Mississippian furnishes the following to the Woodville (Miss.) *Republican*:

The famous duel in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged, in 1828, is still remembered in Natchez. Col. Jim Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in Natchez. He was challenged by a gentleman of Alexandria, La., whose friends, to the number of twenty or more, accompanied him to see fair play, knowing Bowie was a desperate man, and had his own friends about him. All parties went to the field. The combatants took their places in the center, separated from their friends in the rear, far enough not to endanger them with their balls. Behold the battle array thus: Twenty armed Louisianians fifty feet behind their champion and his seconds and surgeon, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeon, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators, and a steam boat in the river rounded to, its deck black with passengers, watching with a deep interest the scene.

The plan of fight was to exchange shots twice with pistol, and to close with knives, Bowie being armed with his own terrible weapon. At the first fire both parties escaped. At the second the Louisianian was too quick and took advantage of Bowie, who waited word.—At this Bowie's second cried "foul play!" and shot the Louisianian dead. The seconds of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into this man!—The surgeons now crossed blades, while with loud battle cries, came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearless conflict, Dirks, pistols and knives were used with fatal effect, until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed and wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but fell covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Masons House before he finally recovered.

VOTE ME OUT OF THE PARTY.—On the 6th inst., the Republican party of Armstrong county convened to elect a county Executive Committee. At that meeting Dr. Burleigh and G. W. Colwell, Esq., members of the Executive Committee of the past year, attempted to defend themselves from the charge of corrupt or unfair dealing in selecting delegates to the State Convention. Finding their defence unheeded, and the meeting becoming disorderly, Mr. Colwell cried out at the top of his voice "vote Dr. Burleigh and me out of the party." This motion was immediately seconded; when the President of the meeting arose and said that "if they wished to leave the party, he did not see anything to hinder them from doing so." This is a specimen of actions of the *harmonious* Opposition.

DEATH OF SENECA THE INDIAN CHIEF.—The Holmes County, Ohio, *Farmer*, publishes a singular scrap of history, from which is condensed the following: Holmes county, in 1816, was the hunting ground of Indians, of whom "Seneca" the chief and tribe of that name, was one. Mr. J. Ammond, now living in Coshocton county, then living about a mile from where Millersburg now is, and near the mile Pond. Seneca became inimical to Ammond but pretended friendship, yet Mr. Ammond's knowledge of the Indian character enabled him to detect this hostility. Seneca told Ammond that there was a bear near Mile Pond, and wanted him to go to help kill it. Mr. Ammond consulted his wife, she begged him not to go, but Mr. A., thinking he ran less risk by going with the Indian than to take the chances of being killed when not on guard, accompanied Seneca, each taking a gun. The pond being narrow, Seneca took one side and Ammond the other. Mr. Ammond kept his eye on Seneca and saw him get behind a tree, and Ammond also got a tree between him and the Indian, leaving his clothes exposed. Seneca aimed, but his gun snaped, and while fixing to prime exposed his head, at which Ammond took deadly aim and put his bullet through it. Then crossing over, Mr. A. stripped some elm bark, with it tied a heavy stone to the Indian's body, and sunk it in the pond. The disappearance of Seneca was an unravelled mystery for forty years, when Mr. Ammond lately divulged the bloody secret to the Auditor of Holmes county.

A COLORED GENTLEMAN WANTS A HOUSE.—A New York morning paper publishes the following advertisement:

"*Wanted to Rent.*—By the Rev. Henry H. Garnet, pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, a colored gentleman, a small genteel house, at a rent of not more than $500. This gentleman has called at fifteen houses having bills on them, and has been invariably assured "not for niggers or colored people." The subscriber desires to know if there is sufficient religion, humanity and courtesy in New York to answer favorably at No. 52 Laurens street."

The fact thus stated affords illustrations of the hypocrisy of the politicians who are continually preaching about negro equality. They are willing that negroes should vote, but they refuse to rent them houses; they are anxious to clasp them as brothers at the polls, but decline to afford them a roof for shelter, even for $500 a year.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The following extract from the records of the Lancaster county (Pa.) court shows how street beggars and vagrants were treated by our fore-fathers. Barbarous as it may appear, there is no doubt but that, if similar punishments were still inflicted upon this class of offenders, "vagabond beggars" would be "few and far between," and the criminal and pauper expenses of the county be materially lessened:

"August, 1739. Dr. William Smith, a vagabond beggar, sentenced to receive 10 lashes in a public place in Lancaster, and conducted from constable to constable, and get ten lashes in the most public place in each township, till he shall reach bounds of the county, at Octoraro, and then dismissed."

A FEW PLAIN QUESTIONS.

A correspondent of the *Christian Observer* asks of the *Evangelist*, and other anti-slavery editors who are in the habit of denouncing slaveholding as a sin, a categorical answer to the following inquires,

1st. In the covenant which God made with Abraham, and his spiritual children, which is understood to be the Gospel covenant: was it *wrong* to provide for the purchase of bondmen or slaves? Genesis, chap. 17; 12 and 13.

2d. Was it *wrong* for the Angel, when meeting Hagar in the wilderness, fleeing from her mistress, who had treated her badly, to send her back into the state of servitude from which she had so happily escaped? Gen. 16; 9.

3d. Was it *wrong* for Moses, acting under a direct commission from God, to authorize the Israelites to purchase bondmen, or slaves, from the heathen, and leave them as an inheritance to their children forever? Levit. 25; 44, 45, 46.

4th. Was it *wrong* for the Saviour, when he healed the Centurion's servant, to commend the faith of the master without reproving him for the sin of slaveholding?

5th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle Paul to send a runaway slave back to his master, Philemon, without a single word of admonition about the sin of slaveholding?

6th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle to speak of masters who had servants under the yoke (of servitude) *as faithful and beloved*, and to state that as a reason *why* their slaves (under the yoke) should render them a cheerful obedience? 1 Tim. 6: 1, 2, 3.

7th. Was it *wrong* for the Apostle in immediate connection with such teaching to *condemn* those who *teach otherwise*, as *ignorant and proud, doting* about questions and strife of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, and perverse disputings? 1 Tim. 6: 4, 5, 6.

8th. Is there anything in the relation of master to his servant to make *that* to be a sin now, which was not a sin in the days of Paul and Moses?

9th. If slaveholding be a *sin*, have not Paul, and Jesus, and Moses, and the Great God himself (I speak it reverently,) given explicit permission for the existence of this sin, without a single word of rebuke?

10th. Is not the "royal law"—*thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself*—as truly and readily obeyed by the master to his slave, as by the employer to those in his service—and is there not as much injustice and oppression exercised over those in servitude at the North as there is over the colored population of the South?

Census of 1860—Questions to be Answered.

On the 1st of June, the work of taking the census commences. It is desirable that it be taken with great accuracy, and to enable the Assistant Marshals who will be engaged in the performances of this duty to have their work well done, it has been suggested that the publication of the questions necessary for all heads of families to answer, would be of great benefit. With this view, we publish the following list which we believe to be correct.

In the first place it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode on the 1st day of June, 1860, was in the family:—

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.
Profession, occupation or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.
Value of real estate owned.
Place of birth, naming the State, Territory or Country.
Married within the year.
Attended school within the year.
Persons over twenty years of age that cannot read or write.
Whether deaf or dumb, blind, insane or idiotic, pauper or convict.
Name of owner, agent or manager of the farm.
Number of improved acres.
Number of unimproved acres.
Cash value of farm.
Value of farming implements and machinery.
Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860, viz: number of horses, mules, and asses, working oxen, milch cows, and other cattle, swine and sheep.
Value of live stock.
Value of animals slaughtered during the year.
Produce during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz: number bushels of Wheat, Rye, Indian Corn, Oats, Beans and Peas, Buckwheat, Barley, Irish Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes; pounds of Wool and pounds of Tobacco.
Value of Ore-land products in dollars.
Gallons of Wine, value of Produce of Market Garden, pounds of Butter, pounds of Cheese, tons of Hay, bushels of Clover-seed, and bushels of Grass-seed, pounds of Hops, pounds of Flax-seed, pounds of Maple sugar, gallons of Molasses, pounds of Honey and Beeswax, value of home-made manufactures.
Name of Corporation, Company or Individual producing articles to the annual value of $500.
Name of business, manufacture or product.
Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.
Raw material used, including fuel, viz: quantities, kinds, values, kind of motive power, machinery structure or resource.
Average number of hands employed, viz:—Male, Female, average monthly cost of Male labor, average monthly cost of Female labor.
Annual product, viz: quantities, kinds, values.
Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory or County, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation or trade, disease or cause of death.

In addition to these, there are a number of other questions, the answers to which can be obtained now even with little trouble. It is hoped that every person who sees this request, will, before the first day of June, make out the answers, and in case of absence, leave it with the family, ready for the officer when he makes his appearance.

By the act of Congress "providing for the taking of the seventh and subsequent Census of the United States, and to fix the number of the members of the House of Representatives," etc., approved May 23d, 1850, provides, section 17, "that the Marshals and their assistants are hereby authorized to transmit through the post office any papers or documents relating to the census, by writing thereon, "official business—census," and subscribing the same, with the addition to his name of Marshal, or Assistant, as the case may be.

That no unnecessary delay may happen to communications addressed to the United States Marshals in reference to taking the census, the press will do a service by the publication of these facts, for the information of post masters throughout the State.

"I Did as the Rest Did."

This tame yielded spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation in life do so and so; are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education—has given them advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several useful matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she "I did as the rest did."

The sinner followed the example of others, puts off repentence, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along thro' life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare and he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

WASHINGTON IRVING'S FIRST LOVE.—When young he became intimately acquainted with a young daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife too slender to maintain that style of luxury to which his daughter has been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, despite his Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whom he was desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered, together with his heart.—Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene, and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave his preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should the daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance on her estate on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there.

The terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It might have the result of hereditary disease, or of the effort to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the young wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. The unfortunate woman is still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks may be heard shrilly along the banks of the river—almost audible, too, at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart but his own knows how much the sad event may have tinged his own life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrance of his disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshiped—and, singular enough, read the burial service for his former rival. To those who were aware of these mournful circumstances, the strange coincidence must have been exceedingly painful.—There are but few portraits or busts of Mr. Irving in existence, as he has, especially of late years, persistently refused to place himself at the disposal of any artist, however celebrated.

IS THE MILLENIUM AT HAND.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming, the noted London preacher, believes that we are upon the eve of the Millenium. In discourses recently delivered in Leeds, he gave interpretations of passages in the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, which are novel if not convincing. We quote from a brief report in an English paper:

He said the year 1867 seemed to end 6,000 years of the world's history, and from the earliest periods onward it had been the almost universal belief that the six days of creation were typical of these 6,000 years and that the seventh day of creation, or the Sabbath was typical of the mellinneal rest of 1,000 years. But he would say that supposing this were so, they were at this moment 140 years short of the 6,000 years. It was a remarkable fact, however, that the ablest chronologists, irrespective of all prophetic theories, had shown that a mistake of upwards of 100 years had been made in calculating the cronology of the world, and that the year 1860 of the Christian era began not from the year 4004 of the world's history, but in the year 4138, and that the year of Christ's birth was five years before that or in 4132. If his premises were just, then they were at that moment within seven years of the exhaustion of the 6,000 years, so that if 1867 was to be the termination of this economy, they had arrived at the Saturday evening of the world's long and dreary week. If this were so it was a magnificent thought that there were some in that assembly who would never die. They were just plunging into days such as they had never before seen; an European war was looming, more dreadful than that through which they had recently passed, and when these things happened it would seem that the sentiments he had uttered were not the dreams of fanaticism, but the words of soberness and truth. He was convinced that England would emerge from the midst of these vials of wrath, she was separated from the great apostacy at the era of the Reformation, and had never again joined her, and he believed there was now more living, vital, evangelical Christianity in this country than there had been for 500 years before. His study of prophecy did not make him a gloomy, a desponding, or a sad man; but whilst God's precepts taught him his duties, His providence lighted up his heart with the sunshine of Heaven, and gave him a hope that brightened more and more to the perfect day.

A Western Politician.

"About a dozen years ago, Governor Y——— and Judge W——— were candidates for Congress, in this district. They were both farsighted, shrewd politicians—the Judge the better lawyer and debater; the Governor by far the more winning in his manners, as the sequel will fully establish. One hot day in July, while they were traveling together on the canvass, they came upon a party of twenty men or more assembled on the road side for the purpose of having a shooting-match. Thinking it a good time and place for presenting their respective claims, the Governor proposed stopping. They halted, and the Governor soon made himself at home. He bought a number of chances in the match, and, being a good marksman, succeeded well, winning quite a quantity of beef, which constituted the prize. The Judge had conscientious scruples as to shooting-matches, and did not participate, but stood by, conversing with the more sober of the crowd, while his friend the Governor was in high glee with his companions over the beef. When the beef was given out to the successful shooters, our Governor ordered his to be divided among some poor widows, who, he ascertained, lived in that vicinity, and then asked the b'hoys if they were not "dry?" Of course they were, and the Governor generously ordered a plentiful supply of the "Oh, be joyful!"

"Here again the Judge had scruples, and did not participate; but had it been otherwise, it would have availed nothing. The Governor was decidedly *the* man at the shooting-match, while the Judge felt himself emphatically in the vocative. Leaving their friends, they proceeded on their way some twelve or fifteen miles, and halted at a camp ground, where the annual camp-meeting was being held. They separated in the crowd, each electioneering with all his might, with old and young, friends and strangers—making hay while the sun shone—for there was indeed a fine opening. Towards night the Judge began to look round for his distinguished opponent, but could find him nowhere.

"He waited patiently till evening services began, and concluded he would go out to the large shed where the people had assembled for meeting, thinking perhaps he might meet his friend. On going out, what was his astonishment to find the gallant Governor, the hero of the shooting-match, in front of the altar, surrounded by ministers and class-leaders, with a hymn book in his hand, head thrown back, singing, as loud as his lungs would permit,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!"

"From that moment," said the Judge, "I gave up all hopes. I tell you—I tell you, sir—a man that's good for a camp-meeting and shooting-match can't be beat for Congress!—It can't be done sir! And so it proved."

The slavery issue of Kentucky—about twenty-five thousand African babies per year.

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along. Give them a cent and how happy they look! They will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them a half a peck of sweet apples and they will all be happy. A third has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him find it, or make him another, how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better.—You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face—say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts.—No! let us rather take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy; the discontented cheerful; the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it.

The Abolitionists are becoming very much dissatisfied with each other the Cincinnati *Gazette* pitches into Bates fiercely. His avowal or sustaining the fugitive slave law will never do. The *Gazette* says: "There is a small Republican clique at Washington who are actively exerting themselves to bring about a union of all Opposition elements upon Bates and Cameron, and that the friends of neither Gov. Chase, Seward or Lincoln are taken into their secret councils." The truth is, the Republican party is fast approaching a dissolution. Greeley already tells them that they are doomed to defeat. Ever since the Harper's Ferry rebellion, Republican stock has been on the decline, and thousands of honest men who were seduced into the ranks of this treasonable organization by appeals to their passions and prejudices, are enrolling themselves with the National Democracy.—*Southern Indianian.*

The Steamer S———, Commanded by Captain S———, exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Capt. S. was blown into the air alighting near a floating bale of cotton, upon which he floated uninjured, but much blackened and muddied. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which the news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, and eager for an item.

"I say, boy! is the S———blowed up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S. killed?"

"No, I am Captain."

"The thunder you are! how high was you blowed?"

"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down.

The editor started on a run for his office, the paper about going to press; and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, wrote as follows:

"The Steamer S———has burst her boiler, we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months."

The next issue apoligized for the above, thus:

"We meant to say the boat was three months old not the Captain; who is of course, worse for what we said in our last paper."

Kansas is a liberal community. Twenty day's residence there entitles a man or woman to apply for a divorce, and twenty minutes suffice, as the song has it, "to set the prisoner free." In nearly less than no time the wicked husband ceases from troubling, and the weary wife is at rest.

We got badly taken in at the Revere House the other day. Walking in one of the halls, we saw a splendid looking fellow coming towards us, but on drawing nearer, we found ourselves before an immense mirror.

A man out west, whose wife had just presented him with twins, for the fourth time, has applied for a divorce on the ground of her having an *over-bearing* disposition.

Brother Aminidab, a still Quaker, on receiving from a "worldly man" a smack in the face, turned the other cheek, to which a similar salute was applied. "Friend," said Aminidab, "Scripture injunction being now satisfied, I will now proceed to administer to thee a little wholesome correction;" and he did.