

# M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 3.

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1860.

NO. 13.

## M'Kean County Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
By J. B. OVIATT,  
SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.  
OFFICE, S. E. CORNER OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

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### Rates of Advertising.

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Each subsequent insertion	25
Business Cards	6 00
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These Terms will be strictly adhered to.	

### Business Directory.

**DENTISTRY.**  
Dr. M. A. Smeaton would respectfully announce to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity, that he has fitted up an office, and is prepared to attend to all business in his profession, where he will be prepared to wait on all who choose to give him a call. Office over C. H. Thigpen Dry Goods Store.  
Olean, May 12, 1860.

### A. BLAKE.

DENTIST, would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Olean and surrounding country that he has located himself permanently in Olean, for the practice of his profession, where he will be prepared to wait on all who choose to give him a call. Office over C. H. Thigpen Dry Goods Store.  
Olean, May 12, 1860.

### OLEAN HOUSE.

A. F. Barn, Proprietor, Olean, N. Y. Omnibus runs to and from the New York and Erie Rail Road. Stages for Smethport and Ceres.

### HYDE HOUSE.

S. J. Osmond Proprietor, Ridgway, Pa. This Hotel is new and furnished in modern style, has ample accommodations, and is, in all respects, a First Class Hotel. Ridgway, Pa. May 21, 1860.

### ELDRED HOTEL.

John Wain, Proprietor. This house is situated half way between Smethport and Olean. A convenient, commodious, attentive and obliging attendance, and low prices.  
Eldred, May 17, 1860.

### A. D. HAMLIN.

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

### J. L. BROWN.

SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN, CONVEYANCER and Real Estate Agent. Office, Williamsburg, Pa. References: Chapin & Boyle, Esq's, Ridgway, Pa. Hon. Thomas Strickland, Warren, Pa. W. S. Brownell, Esq., Smethport, Pa. Hon. A. I. Wilcox, Esq., Buena Vista, Pa.

### CARVER HOUSE.

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

### FORES HOUSE.

Fronting the Public Square, Olean, N. Y. JAMES M. MILLER, Proprietor. The Fores 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.

### BYRON D. HAMLIN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. Agent for Messrs. Keane & Co's Land. Attention 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. Wagon, Proprietor, -at Kintona, Warren county Pa. His Table will be supplied with the best of the country affords, and he spurs no pains in accommodating his guests.

### E. BOUGHTON ELDRD.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. Business entrusted to his care for the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over U. K. Sartwell & Brothers Store.

### DR. L. B. WISNER.

Physician and Surgeon, Smethport, Pa. Will attend to all professional calls with promptness. Office in Sartwell Block, second floor.

### TRING & MILLER.

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, comfortable 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 U. K. Sartwell & Brothers Store.

### HACKNEY HOUSE.

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

### E. S. MASON.

Dealer in Stoves, Tin Ware, Japanese 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, Oil, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.

### LARABEE'S HOTEL.

H. 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.

Slippen, M'Kean Co., Pa. N. L. DYKE, Proprietor & Commodious and well-furnished house. Strangers and Travellers 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.

### PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE.

ESSON B. DOTLEY, Proprietor, at Port Allegheny, M'Kean County, Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the Smethport and Allegheny River roads, nine miles east of Smethport.

### ASTOR HOUSE.

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN CO., PA.

WM. HASKELL, Proprietor.

This House is well calculated for the accommodation of the Travelling Public; having recently been repaired and remodelled. Good Bars and Stables. Charges reasonable. Stages for Olean, Slippen and Ridgway.  
Smethport, July 2, 1860.

### OUR BABY.

BY MRS. F. D. PAGE.

Did you ever see our baby?  
Little Tot,  
With her eyes so sparkling bright,  
And her skin so white,  
Lips and cheeks of rosy light.  
Tell you what,  
She is just the sweetest baby  
In the lot.  
And she is our only darling,  
And to me,  
All her little ways are witty;  
And when she sings her little ditty,  
Every word is just as pretty  
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Not another in the city  
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Heavenly Father, spare them, to us  
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### Personal Appearance of the Prince of Wales.

The Tribune's Halifax correspondent gives the following description of the Prince's personal appearance: "He was received upon the steps of the wharf by Rear-Admiral Milne, and led forward to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Lord Mulgrave, near whom he stood during the delivery of the address of the city, and while reading his own reply. Even at this first and hasty view, Ot all who now saw him for the first time, not one but was agreeably impressed. With extreme delicacy and regularity of feature, thorough refinement in expression, and a countenance the natural emanation of which was probably brightened by the excitement of the moment, with unaffected dignity of manner, and a gracefulness of bearing, that showed itself even in the brief passage to the spot assigned for his reception, he needed few other claims to win the most cordial acclamations of his well-wishers. He was dressed in a uniform of a Colonel of the Guards—a scarlet coat, black trousers, and hat with plume. He wore also the broad ribbon of the Garter. Erect and well formed, this costume was greatly in his favor. All persons were struck by the youthfulness of his appearance, for which the knowledge of his precise age seemed not to have prepared them. As he stood listening to the reading of the address, with undisturbed composure, and in easy attitude, he looked as a handsome young Englishman as the most zealous of his provincial well-wishers could have desired to find him. His face is not unlike the Queen's, as we have it represented in portraits and the forehead and chin are still less prominent. His hair is light and his complexion very fair. His eyes are bright and keen. The other features are large, but not ill-formed, and the mouth is peculiarly expressive of mirth. The best likeness I have seen of him is a steel engraving which accompanied a recent number of a London Illustrated paper, the *Nines of the Week*, which is admirably placed. A large wood cut in *Zodiac's Newspaper*, which has reached this place, is also excellent in every detail, excepting that the mouth is too hard and compressed. In general effect, this likeness is very accurate.

### Summer in the Country.

The bright skies, green trees, ripening corn, broad meadows, orchards and gardens, streams and rivers, the ever-varying and ever-beautiful aspects of the country wear their most inviting garb at this season of the year; and those of us who are compelled to dwell in the labyrinth of brickwork, called towns and cities, sigh for the healthy breeze and bright face of Nature. Who amongst us—at this time of the year, at all events—would not willingly exchange all the pleasures of town for a quiet home in the country?

We want wholesome air. Air, says old Fuller, is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore must needs be good. We want light, God's eldest daughter; such a fair, bright light as never shines in town. We want a pleasant prospect, a medley of land and water; something that shall refresh us with its beauty and tranquility. We want a garden where we may rusticate, and sit beneath the shadow of trees; a garden that shall yield us flowers and fruits. We want a home to live in, fit for summer weather, that shall look pleasant, and like a cheerful friend, seem to welcome us when we come home, and that shall be thoroughly comfortable in all its arrangements.

How we long for the pleasant walk in the shady lanes—for the ramble in the wood, where of old we gathered nuts and blackberries for the velvet meadow, where the lounging king is blinking in the sunshine for the path through the cornfields, on the yellow upland for the wide prospect from the hill that stretches away to the sea.

Lord Bacon tells us Lucullus answered Pompey well, who, when he saw his stately galleries and rooms so large and well-lighted in one of his houses, said, "Surely, an excellent place for summer, but how do you do in winter?"

The migration of the swallows has engaged the attention of every observant man, and is one of the many remarkable illustrations of the animal instinct. Winter is unknown to the swallows for they leave the green meadows and the palms of Africa. In this respect we cannot copy their example, and indeed it would be tedious work; and but comparatively few of us can adopt the plan of Lucullus, possess ourselves of separate mansions especially suitable for summer or winter; but, thanks to steam-boats and railways, we can enjoy the fresh air and green fields for a trifle, coming back to their homes, wherever they may be, all the better and brighter for our trip—our frames invigorated by the change of air, and mode of life, and our minds stored with new ideas.

### MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—it was not less than forty—my little home flock was led, in the matter of years, by daughter Minnie—a pretty name! always thought. Minnie was a good child, and being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the later comers, even down to the picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over these years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectionate illusion—those we love are transparent, you know—who love them look through into the heart, and there imagine it is surface-tint of which we are thinking.

This much I know, Minnie was the best most affectionate and wisest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us depend.

"Minnie, I shall want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would say.

"Looking up with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought, Minnie would answer:

"I think five will do, mother; and five it is."

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling from the head of the stairs:

"Minnie! Say, Minnie!"

"What, mother?"

"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"You are tired, mother; let's have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread."

And so it was through the living days, for in all domestic policy, Minnie, though only prime minister, possessed a regal power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to ones manhood. I was largely engaged in active business, received some slight evidence of public confidence, saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening.

One night, when the last candle had been extinguished and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:

"Husband, I feel a little anxious about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what's the matter, is she sick?"

"No, she isn't sick, but—"

"But what, wife?"

"Why, Minnie is—I mean she seems to be well I'm afraid she likes Jimmy Brun."

"Jimmy Brun? She'd better not." And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window.

"Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—a pretty match?"

"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear, but don't take it so much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it."

"Put a stop to it? I guess I will. Jimmy Brun and our Minnie!—I guess I will put a stop to it."

And who was Jimmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits so far as I knew, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise. It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me up through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after-years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind; had faintly in an academy, was a writer, it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had known it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt for the least possible manifestation of sentiment; for those untrifling fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clap the imagery, and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial houses. It springs I think, from the absolute antagonism of fact and fancy—of the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet.

"The Muses frowned upon me," said a German poet, for knowing account books." Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant toward those miserable fellows whose entire stock in trade can be stored in a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down, and preventing the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed by times like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Rarey in fact, I should certainly have broken into plungings even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pussy in the doorway as auditor. But the child, though she blushed very much, moved about from seat to seat, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart-whole yet—"as why should she not be? for Jimmy Brun had never said a word to her which any man might not have said to maiden. So wife and I got easy again.

But what should I see one evening at twilight while sauntering out under the shadows of my own grove of forest oaks not far from the house, but two figures sitting slowly hither and thither among the distant trees? Like a knave as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them. Watched them nervously, glaringly, till I saw Jimmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on her lips, and look lovingly after her as she slipped away.

I was reclining upon the sword by her path. Determined to meet and confront her there, I sat and watched her coming.

Certainly Minnie's face never wore that expression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes were bent upon me from the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and a depth that I never saw before. She passed me, so utterly was she the child absorbed in her own emotions.

"Minnie!" I said, in a tone which startled myself scarcely less than the child.

"Oh!" she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle snake among the grass.

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Till life's close.

### Personal Appearance of the Prince of Wales.

The Tribune's Halifax correspondent gives the following description of the Prince's personal appearance: "He was received upon the steps of the wharf by Rear-Admiral Milne, and led forward to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Lord Mulgrave, near whom he stood during the delivery of the address of the city, and while reading his own reply. Even at this first and hasty view, Ot all who now saw him for the first time, not one but was agreeably impressed. With extreme delicacy and regularity of feature, thorough refinement in expression, and a countenance the natural emanation of which was probably brightened by the excitement of the moment, with unaffected dignity of manner, and a gracefulness of bearing, that showed itself even in the brief passage to the spot assigned for his reception, he needed few other claims to win the most cordial acclamations of his well-wishers. He was dressed in a uniform of a Colonel of the Guards—a scarlet coat, black trousers, and hat with plume. He wore also the broad ribbon of the Garter. Erect and well formed, this costume was greatly in his favor. All persons were struck by the youthfulness of his appearance, for which the knowledge of his precise age seemed not to have prepared them. As he stood listening to the reading of the address, with undisturbed composure, and in easy attitude, he looked as a handsome young Englishman as the most zealous of his provincial well-wishers could have desired to find him. His face is not unlike the Queen's, as we have it represented in portraits and the forehead and chin are still less prominent. His hair is light and his complexion very fair. His eyes are bright and keen. The other features are large, but not ill-formed, and the mouth is peculiarly expressive of mirth. The best likeness I have seen of him is a steel engraving which accompanied a recent number of a London Illustrated paper, the *Nines of the Week*, which is admirably placed. A large wood cut in *Zodiac's Newspaper*, which has reached this