M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 3. SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1860. NO. 16.

M'Kean County Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

By J. B. OVIATT,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE, S. E. CORNER OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

TERMS: - - - - $1 50 in Advance.

Rates of Advertising.

1 Column one year	$35 00
½ " "	20 00
¼ " "	12 00
1 " six months	20 00
½ " "	12 00
One square of 12 lines or less, 3 insertions,	1 50
Each subsequent insertion,	25
Business Cards, with paper,	5 00

Rule or figure work will be double the above rates. Twelve lines Brevier type, or eight lines nonpareil, is rated a square.

☞ These Terms will be strictly adhered to. ☜

Business Directory.

DENTISTRY.

DR. M. A. SPRAGUE 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. Artificial teeth inserted upon scientific principles, and so as to preserve the natural expression of the face All operations in Dental Surgery done in a skillful manner. 10tf

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. Things Dry Goods Store.

Olean, May 12, 1860. 3-4

OLEAN HOUSE,

A. F. BARD, 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. OSGOOD 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, Elk Co. Pa. May 24, 1860

ELDRED HOTEL,

JOHN WEIR, Proprietor. This house is situated half way between Smethport and Olean. A convenient an commodious hous', attentive and obliging attendants, 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., 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's., ... Ridgway, Pa.
Hon. Thomas Struthers, ... Warren, Pa.
W. S. Brownell, Esq., ... Smethport, Pa.
Hon. A. I. Wilcox, ... Buena Vista, Pa.

CARVER HOUSE,

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

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 hasters 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.

THING & 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, 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. K. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.

HACKNEY HOUSE,

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

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

FARMERS' VALLEY HOTEL,

By T. GOODWIN. This house is situated about five mile from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure parties and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice

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.

EMPORIUM HOUSE,

Shippen, M'Kean Co., Pa. N. L. DYKE, Proprietor A commodious and well-furnished house.. Strangers and travelers will find good accommodations.

PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,

ENOCH B. DOLLER, 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.

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

Cutting Little Robbie's Hair

And so this little flower of ours must be shorn of some of its superfluous beauties. Even roses and geraniums must be pruned sometimes, and these uncut silken rings, with the golden sunshine of three summers entangled in their meshes, must make the acquaintance of scissors at last. Grandpapa says so, and adds that if it is not done shortly the low plum boughs will make another Absalom of Robbie, sometime when the blue-eyed gander is in pursuit.

There is no denying that the curls need trimming; they are too many and too thick, and they make the little head droop uneasily to one side like a half-blown moss rose-bud under the weight of its own moss, and straggle sometimes into the mouth and eyes. Yes, they must be cut, but it seems such a pity! Little curls we have twined around our fingers when all wet from the morning bath; curls that our tears have fallen upon when the baby eyes were shut in sleep—ah! only mothers know how dear such curls are to mother's hearts.

Here are the scissors. Robbie must sit very still, now, while his hair is being cut. Why, sir, why do you smile and look at me so beamingly with your blue eyes? How do you know that I am not going to cut off that saucy head of yours, with these great, sharp, cruel scissors? O, holy faith of childhood!! If we could only trust our God so implicitly as babes do their mothers! "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Be very still, now, while I comb out these threads of shining floss. The mother is the first barber to her boy; no other fingers can perform the sweet office so gently; but when fifteen or twenty years have flown, rougher hands will comb these locks, all bronzed by sun and winds. The white-aproned, clean-handed barber will then arrange them in the latest style of trimming, pomading, perfu—; no, my boy will not be a dandy! by these strong limbs and the sturdy look of those eyes—no.

But to think the down of manhood will gather on the cherry upper lip and on chin and cheek, dimpled as though by the touch of an angel's finger! To think that this round neck, all alabaster, will be choked up with a man's necktie, and these lilp-bud feet will wear high heeled boots, and—. Faugh! I will not think of it. I cannot realize that this fair baby of mine—but three summers out of Paradise, and still smiling in his sleep, remembering what the angels said there—shall ever be so metamorphosed.

And yet the boy's babyhood is rapidly fleeting, and the severing of these ringlets seems like cutting the golden thread that links his infancy to his childhood. Oh, Robbie! I can call you baby little longer. You blue-eyed elf, you are already rebelling against being treated as one. You had rather run, now, after your painted wagon, than lie in your rose-curtained crib, and hear me sing of the baby whose cradle was in the tree-top, and whose nurse was the wind. You will not wear your corals, because grandpapa says they are for babies, not for *men*; you had rather hunt hen's nests than to play bo-peep; and when I hold out my arms to you, as you stand in the doorway, twirling your hat, you turn your head on one side like a half-tamed bird, aperch on one's finger, while your dancing eyes seem to say, "You'll see, you'll see, I'll soon take flight." Pretty soon you'll not believe in the wolf that talked to Red-Riding-Hood, and will lose faith in Santa Clause.

I cannot keep the bud in its sheath; I cannot stay the litle barque that slips so hurriedly down the rapid stream of life. Soon the rill will broaden into a river, and the realm of roses and sunny skies will be passed. And the gold of these ringlets shall be dimmed by time, and the roses perchance drop from those pretty cheeks, and sorrow and sin, it may be, cloud the clear blue heaven of those innocent eyes.

There! I am crying. How grandpa would laugh if he caught me, and say it was because I wanted the curls to stay and make a girl of his boy! See! there are tears glistening in these sunny clusters of hair like dew among the golden-blossomed jessimine vines, and your eyes are looking at me with wide-opened wonder, and your red lip beginning to quiver with ready sympathy. Oh, Robbie! even if the worst should come, and I should have to lay this bright head with its locks under a coffin lid, and see the grass grow between my darling and the bosom he once slept upon, I should still thank God for having crowned my life with the holy blessing of motherhood; for it is such little arms as these around our necks, Robbie, that make us feel strong to do, and to suffer; it's drawing such little heads as these close, *close* to our breasts that keep the hearts of some of us mothers from breaking.

There! that is grandpapa's step upon the stair, and the task is just completed—the little lamb is shorn. Look at this bright heap of glistening silk such as Persian loom ne'er wove into richest fabric. Here is the "golden fleece" for you, such as never the love of Medea sought. You did not know that such a glittering wealth grew on your little head—did you, blue-eyed baby?

No, you must not clutch it with those destructive fingers. Oh—grandpapa is calling you—let him see his little man; but leave me these—the first curls cut from my baby's head. I will put them away, to remind me, in other days, of his sweet lost infancy.

Who is Abd-El-Kader?

The Albany *Evening Journal* says: "Abd-El-Kader, whose exploits are historic, but who, during late years, has been almost lost sight of, is probably about to return to active life, under the guidance of Emperor Napoleon. Abd-El-Kader was the chief who for fifteen years, from 1832 to 1847, maintained a struggle against the French at Algeria. He and his Moors were only overcome at last by an alliance between Luis Philippe and the Emperor of Morocco. Defeated and taken prisoner, he was held captive in France as long as the French Kingdom lasted. Napoleon, after his accession to the Imperial throne, liberated Abd-El-Kader, treated him with kindness, and sent him to the East. It is now announced in the Paris journals, that the Emperor has sent him the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, in recompense for his conduct in favor of the Christians in Syria, and that Abd-El-Kader manifests his gratitude by proffering his services for the suppression of the atrocities in Mount Lebanon, asking only a force of three thousand troops, with which he engages to restore order in a very short time."

Intervention in Syria.

The great Powers of Europe have agreed in the affairs of Syria, for the purpose of putting an end to the civil war which rages there between the Druses and the Christian population. The parties to the intervention are the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, the Prince Regent of Prussia, and the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The plan of intervention has been assented to by the Sultan, with the distinct reservation that all the movements to restore order and maintain peace in Syria, shall be conducted in the name of his government.

According to the articles of agreement, the expeditionary force is to number not more than twelve thousand men. Of this number the Emperor of the French is to furnish one-half, and it is stipulated that he shall despatch his quota without delay. Should a larger force be necessary, the other Powers shall, in a diplomatic way, ariange among themselves which shall, after consulting with the Sultan, furnish the additional aid necessary to restore tranquility in the disturbed districts. The Commander-in-Chief of the expeditionary forces is directed to enter communication with the Extraordinary Communication of the Porte, for the purpose of combining the measures required by the circumstances of the case, and for taking such positions as may be necessary to carry out the object for which the Great Powers have arrived at a common understanding.

We are thus particular in placing before our readers the conditions upon which the leading European Powers have agreed to intervention in Syria, because we believe that the results of that intervention will be the engendering of jealousies which will ultimately lead to a fearful struggle for supremacy in the East. The great battle of Armageddon is yet to be fought, and rejecting as we do all the plausible theories of biblical cities, we have an intellectual conviction that, within our own time, there will be a desicive struggle between the hosts of Christendom and the followers of the false prophet.

THE BEST WEALTH.—The greatest struggle with civilized men in this world is for wealth. This is called the prime good, the one thing needful, the great desideratum of life. So men toil for it; sacrifice ease, comfort health, deceive, cheat, defraud for it; give time, strength, and too often good character for it. The truth is, the estimate put upon wealth is to high. Its value, its good is over-rated. It is not the great good. It is not the pearl of great price. It does not confer peace of mind, nor purity of heart, heartfelt happiness nor contentment, nor home joy nor social blessedness, nor any of the solid and enduring enjoyments. Wealthy homes are not often happier then those of the poor and confortable livers. Poverty is always an evil; but a fair supply of the necessaries and comforts of life is quite as apt to confer real peace, as great wealth. It is not gold nor goods, therefore, that makes men, really wealthy. The best wealth is of the heart, an enlightened mind, a loyal conscience, pure affections. He is wealthiest who has the largest stock of wisdom, virtue and love—whose heart beats with warm sympathies for his fellow men. The generous man who pities the unfortunate the pure man who resists temptation; the loving man who clings closely to his family and friends; the studious man who seeks instruction in all things, are truly wealthy men.

ALLEGED ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.—A new stimulous is likely to be given to American archæology by a discovery alleged to have been recently made some ninety miles northeast of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the Fort Smith (Ark.) *Times*. We condense. The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually toward the river Pecor, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of purest water, that not only sustains rich vegetation, but, perhaps, furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited the present wilderness. The city was perpaps built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced With loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of a dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the delapidated walls are even now thirty five feet high.—There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast, and there are also carvings in bas-relief and fresco work. Appearances justify that these silent ruins could once boast halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hands as those of Thebes and Palmyra. The buildings are all loopholed on each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe, besigned for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such a tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock.

CENTRAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.—The rate of heat is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty five of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is easy to see that at seven thousand two hundred and ninety feet from the surface the heat will reach two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling point of water. At twenty five thousand five hundred feet it will melt lead; at seven miles it will maintain a glowing red heat; at twenty one miles melt gold; at seventy four miles cast iron; at ninety seven miles soften iron, and at one hundred miles from the surface all will be fluid as water—a mass of seething boiling rock in a perpetually molten state, doomed possibly never to be cooled or crystallzed. The heat here will exceed any with which mankind is acquainted; it will exceed the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax is as ice to it. Could we visually observe its effects, our intellect would afford no means of measuring its intensity. Here is the region of perpetual fire, the source of earthquake and volcanic power.—*Rec'ative Science.*

SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

From a letter written by a young lady of Boston and dated Charleston, S. C., May 4th, we make the following extract:

"We have been strongly invited to make visits to the various fine plantations, but have only had time to go to that of Mr. Bull, whose house, called Ashley Hall, is 196 years old, and whose estate consists of some eleven hundred acres. He was very polite, and took us through his fine garden, on the banks of the Ashley river, which runs within ten or fifteen rods of the back of the house. Here great live oaks and magnolias, red cedars and cypresses, tall pine trees and dog-wood—which here grows to the size of an apple tree, and is covered with large white blossoms—are intermingled with the most beautiful flowers, which we can only cultivate in green-houses. We went into the negroes' quarters, consisting of some twenty white-washed cottages, containing generally but one room, but of good size, and on the doorstep of one of them, sat a negress one hundred and twenty-five years old. She looked well, but seemed to have lost whatever sense she originally had, and, as Mr. Bull told us, has for fifty years done nothing but sit in the sun as we found her."

"As we came to the children's quarters, a confused scrumbling took place, and some ten or twelve little negroes vanished under one of the houses, which are raised on posts some three feet from the ground. One of the older ones was cooking the dinner of rice and vegetables in the open air.

"Everywhere, within the high fence, enclosing considerable space, are the cottages belonging to the negroes, and they can sell the produce of their gardens or poultry yards to any one they choose. Nowhere have I seen any indication of that cruel treatment which is charged against slaveholders. On the contrary, they show a degree of indulgence towards the idleness and obstinacy of their servants which our northern fanatics could not intimate with the first joint of their little fingers.

"Not only are the laws severe against the mal-treatment of negroes, but public opinion which has here a chivalric warmth unknown in our cold climate, stands ever on the alert to chastise any instance of cruelty or wrong in any share against those simple beings who by nature, as well as social relations, are so peculiarly dependent upon their care and protection. I always take pains to correct, whenever I have an opportunity, the idea which exists here of the universality of the abolitionism at the North, and assure them that it only flourished in a small body of fanatics, whose corrupt hearts are at once the cause and 'excuse, if there is any, for the sour fermentation of their brains. Not however that people cannot mention politics in social gatherings, or that they ever allow their general opinion of the North to influence their reception of invidduals; they are kind and hospitable to a degree that makes one feel as if acquainted for years with them."

A SERGEANT, with about twenty-five soldiers, had been sent out some miles from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were sent out to graze, when unexpectedly they found that the party were surrounded by about 400 hostile Indians. The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long shooting rifles of his party at first drove off the savages, who, however, soon rallied and were preparing to storm the small party on both sides. The sergeant in taxing his brain for an expedient by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a single dog which had accompanied the party, fastening to his collar a note written with a pencil, informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which was confined with a piece of cloth over the top, fastened it with a string to the dog's tail and started the dog loose, knowing that he would, in his affright, run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Defiance; the note was discovered and read. Straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party. This sergeant justly merits a commission, which we hope, will be awarded him by the President.

A Gen. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, illiterate but strong minded, took a notion once to write Mr. Madison, then President of the United States, on the manner in which he should conduct public affairs. Having prepared the document with as much care, as it is said, Col. P. prepared his speech, the General showed it to Simon Snider, then Governor of that State. Not being used to writing the General, whenever he spoke of himself, used a small "i" instead of a capital one. The Governor pointed out the fact, and careful of the General's feelings, told him that the style of writing had changed since they were boys, and that in writing now-a-days people used capital I's instead of the smaller ones. For a moment the general was nonpussed, but soon he remarked: "That are a fact, Gov'ner, but, ye see, when I writes to a great man like the President, I make my I's as small as possible, because he is a greater man than I am. when I write to you or any other man no better than I am myself, I use common sized ones; and when I writes to common folks not half so good as I am, by thunder I uses I's two inches long, for I wants them to know their distance."

How "weather-wise" are you? We all *like* to be thought "good authority" on the subject, and the following hints may be valuable:—The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning.

The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unnatural hues betoken wind or rain; while the quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

GEN. FOSTER.

We want no better evidence of the alarm prevading the Republican ranks in this State at the prospect that the union of the Democratic party will secure the election of Henry D. Foster, than the attacks made upon that gentleman since the meeting of the Democratic Committee at Cresson. All at once the Republican press has opened its batteries of denunciation and detraction against our candidate for Governor, and Mr. Curtin has been spurred into activity by the alarming progress that General Foster is making in the affections of the people. It is too late, gentlemen Republicans! You cannot stem the tide which is carrying General Foster into the Gubernational chair—and least of all can you stay its progress by the disreputable means you have adopted. If there is a man in the State whose character should shield him from the reckless assaults of politicians, that is Henry D. Foster. His life is unstained by a single act discreditable to a public man. Where he is best known he is regarded with unexampled esteem and affection. We doubt whether there ever was a man in Pennsylvania who attached to him more devoted friends than Mr. Foster. The whole Western country is ringing with his praise. Without once having done an act to court public applause, without using any of the arts of the politician or the the demagogue, he has won substantial regard by his many high and enduring qualities. No man ever dared to accuse him of an ungenerous or a dishonest action. It is well known that his scrupulous honesty and the generosity of his nature has absorbed the earnings of a profession in which he has no superior; and yet, strange to say, the leanness of his purse is the principle accusation which his enemies bring against him. Certain charges have been trumped up, through the instrumentality of John Covode, who, instigated by the enmity which little men feel for great minds, attempted to torture certain testimony taken before the Covode Committee to Gen. Foster's discredit. This testimony amounts to nothing, except so far as it disproves the insinuations that Mr. Foster received aid from Mr. Witte to enable him to carry on the Congressional campaign in 1858 against Covode. If he has been assisted by his political friends we do not see that it would tend to his discredit, considering that he was running against a man who could spend his thousands without depelting his well filled purse.

If the enemies of Mr. Foster expect to injure him before the public they must use heavier artilery than this. His character is too well established to suffer from such assaults. You must use some other weapon than a popgun to kill an eagle. The people have already taken the measure of Gen. Foster, and pronounced it up to the gubernational standard. They are also tolerably familiar with the career of Col. Curtin. They have nave not forgotten his connection with the Pollock administration, and not a few persons have a vivid recollection of some of his operations as Secretary of the Commonwealth. He was nominated by a legislative cabal composed of men who understood their own interests, and who never were known to come out losers at the end of the session. An atmosphere of distrust surrounds him, which all his oratory cannot dispel. His political position is confusing and confounding. Having abandoned the American party, of which he was a prominent leader, he is obliged to swallow Lincoln and the fourteenth plank of the Chicago platform with the best grace that he can. In so doing he he has disgusted and repelled many of his former friends, who are now his opponents. These circumstances have all conspired to weaken him before the people to such a degree that we hazzard nothing in saying that thousands of the Opposition in this State will cast their votes in October next for Henry D. Foster, whose assailants may as well resign themselves to the fact—which every day is making more apparent—that he will be elected Governor of Pennsylvania.—*Harrisburg Union.*

KISSING A BACHELOR.—The Cincinnati Atlas relates the following rich incident:—"We have a friend—a bachelor friend—very fond of the society of the ladies, but extremely modest and diffident withal. A few evenings since he went to make a call upon an acquaintance who had recently taken to himself a wife, young and beautiful, and as a matter of course, overflowing with affection for her husband. Now this lovely wife of a week, like all other young wives, could scarcely survive the brief absence of her husband for the discharge of his business; and always upon his return met him upon the threshold and smothered with kisses. It so happened when our friend called that the husband was absent, but was momentarily expected by the fond and anxious wife. She heard his foot fall upon the step, and supposing it to be her husband, rushed forth to meet him; and he had scarcely laid his hand upon the bell pull, before the door flew open, and his neck was encircled by a pair of white arms, and burning kisses fell thick and fast upon his lips and cheeks—while a full and throbbing breast was strained to his! Here was a trying situation for a diffident man; and our frend came near fainting on the spot; but fortunately the lady discovered her mistake in season to prevent such a melancholly event, and he escaped from the house more dead than alive.—The last we saw of him he was leaning against a tree, fanning himself with his sombrero, in order to recover strength to regain his lodging."

DEADENING WALLS IN CEILING.—Men of ingenuity, lend your ears. There is no greater nuisance in modern houses than that of the transmission of sound through the parti-walls. Any practical inexpensive and efficient means of deadening sound will be a great boon. Solid walls and solid floors transmit sound in the highestdegree. The Metropolitan building act provides that all partitions shall be solid and of a certain thickness in proportion to the height and length. How is the evil to be overcome? "For eight years," writes a studious friend to us, "I have occupied a house in London: and during the whole of this time there have been neighbors having young families. They are musical, and I must confess, labor most industriously at the scales. Morning, noon and night one or the other of the children howls and strums, apparently without making any progress." There is no objection to neighbors children learning to sing—quite the reverse; but it is most objectionable that the walls should so rapidly transmit sounds and render the ladies' efforts so widely known. Some persons always take a corner house so as to be free from such nuisances on one side at least, is there no remedy? The late Mr. Cobbitt had some trouble at Balmoral with certain floors, and remembered in taking down an old palace floor a great many years before, vast quantities of cockle-shells fell out from between the joints. These had been used in plugging. The idea was acted upon. Cockles were dredged and brought, cleaned and dried, and used with a most beneficial effect. The cellular spaces thus produced absorbed sound. Some highly cellular texture may be applied to walls, ceilings and floors, which shall resist fire or ordinary decay, allow of finish, and yet deaden sound. Who is to invent and introduce such materials? They may patent the invention and make a fortune—if they will only abate the existing nuisance, and enable us to have solid parti-walls and fire proof floors, without being compelled to hear what is going on up stairs and in the next house.—*Builder.*

General Walker's Last Movement.

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, in yesterday's *Sun*, contained the announcement that Gen. Walker had landed with his forces at Truxillo, attacked the town, and captured it after a feeble resistance on the part of the government troops. All who read the despatch must have wondered what this last movement of Walker's means. It was already known that he had organized a new expedition to operate in Central America, but it was supposed that he and his followers intended to make their descent upon the Nicaraguan territory. Why he has chosen Honduras as the seat of his last filibuster movement, is a question involved at present in some mystery.

Our own opinion is, that his plan is to effect a revolution in Honduras, where he had some friends, and after establishing his authority there to enter the Nicaraguan territory and attempt the overthrow of the Government Truxillo, where Walker landed, is the principal port of Honduras, on the Atlantic side. Its population numbers some four to five thousand persons, and the harbor is defended by several forts. With such means of defence it is strange that Walker's party met with scarcely any resistance. Either their landing was a complete surprise, or there was treason among the officers in command of the Honduras troops. That Walker will be able to maintain his present movement we do not believe, and it is not improbable that the naval forces of Great Britain, in the quarter, will interfere in behalf of Honduras.

Honduras offers an inviting field for filibuster enterprise. It has an area of nearly 65,000 square miles, and a population unmbering over 300,000. The climate, especially in the interior, is salubrious, and its mineral wealth, comprising gold, silver, lead, copper and some precious stone, is very considerable. Its extensive forests furnish some of the finest timber, such as mahogany and cedar, for export. It also contains fertile valleys, and abounds in cattle wich are slaughtered by the inhabitants for food.

The government of Honduras is Republican. It has a Legislative Chamber and a Senate, the members of which are elected by the people. The two chambers elect the President. There is, so far as we know, no discontent with the government among the people, and they are enjoying a greater degree of comfort than the inhabitants of any others Central American State. We cannot, therefore, believe that General Walker, who has so recklessly disturbed the peace, and whose aim would seem to be plunder, will find many partizans among the Hondurans. Indeed, we hope that he will now meet the fate of a bandit, and never return again to disgrace the country of his birth.

We have heard some prayers which were designed to effect the hearer rather than to reach Heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice. In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who, at his request, prayed for and with him. The minister began in this wise:

"Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he is to the poor and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth—"

"Stop, stop!" said the impatient Randolph, "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF.—The following is from an article by Oliver W. Holmes. If the reader of this paper lives another year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from his present tenement to another, the raw materials even of which are not yet put together. A portion of that body of which is to be, will ripen in the corn of his next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the Southern rice-field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalks and pastures, now unconcious of their doom. The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or speak effectively, must first serve his humble brethren to bleat, to bellow and for all the varied utterance of bristled or feathered barnyard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *ex posco* and not *esse*. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered from Prof. Mapes, for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, and by far the greater part of his body, is nothing at all but water; the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all."