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M'Kean County Democrat.

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By J. B. OVIATT,

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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 skilful 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

A. J. NOURSE.

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

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 WEIS, Proprietor. This house is situated half way between Smethport and Olean. A convenient an commodious house, 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 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. 33-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.

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.

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. 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 miles 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. DOLLEY, Proprietor, at Port Allegany, McKean 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 Stabling Charges reasonable. Stages for Olean, Shippen and Ridgway.

Smethport, July 2, 1860.

FLOUR

FLOUR from new wheat, just received and for sale at FRANK WRIGHT'S.

THE TWO PURSES,

—OR—

CHARITY REWARDED.

Boston, the Athens of America, the Yankee city of notions, most of our readers doubtless know from personal observation, to be thus appropriately named. The first title she well merits in consideration of the liberal encouragement of literature and fine arts; the second too, for the peculiar genius and character of her population, and though we may look upon the backwoodsmen of New England as a real specimen of acknowledged representative of the tribe (if I may so speak,) abroad; and the third title is merited from the fact of the never tiring inventive genius of its inhabitants. Possessing a population of nearly a hundred and twenty thousand, she is free in a great measure, compared with her sister cities in the Union, from the horde of vices and evil customs that prevail at the South and West. The gambler here accomplishes his purpose in secret; there are no public billiard rooms, masquerade balls, or resorts of infamy; though all these evils exist in a greater or lesser degree as in all populated cities, yet so hidden as not to come before the eye of the innocent, or tempt those who do not take the preliminary steps to vice.

Boston, courteous reader, the Yankee city of Massachusetts Bay, shall be the locale of our tale. There is a portion of the town here, as in London, occupied by the more opulent of the inhabitants, in the immediate neighborhood of the Common, as it is called. The vicinity is the aristocratic section of the city. You will not find this spirit of pride or aristocracy to consist of the same ingredients as constitute the grade of society in the old country; there birth alone establishes the claim to distinction, while here the most potent agent, money, is most powerful. Ah, in this boasted free country, gold is the leveler of ranks, forming for itself a kingdom out of the Republic, which it rules with a rod of iron; though in this Yankee city, genius and intellect are far more readily appreciated than in other parts of the State.

It was a cold winter night and the wind whistled shrill through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the wall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose sparkling surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the incrusted ground with brilliant diamonds. As the old South clock struck nine, a young man closely wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of one of the large trees of the park, from which he watched the coming of numerous carriage loads of richly dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses on Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood, accompanied by the thrilling notes of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated this scene—his cloak which until now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, disclosing a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curling hair as dark as the raven's plumage, set off to great advantage his Grecian style of features—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to the whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter?" said he thoughtfully to himself, "to feast my eyes on charms I never can possess? Had fate that I should be so bound to the iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man who has a soul as noble as the rest of them.—We will see," and crossing over to the gay scene he entered the hall. He cast off his over shoes, handed his cloak to a servant, and announced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way among the crowd, he sought a group in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen in loveliness of that brilliant assembly. The bloods of the West End flocked about her seeking for approving glances from her dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, and blushing deeply, dropped a half courtesy, in token of recognition to some one within the room. Her eyes no longer languid; sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved within his, saying:

"Welcome, Ferris, we feared your sailing orders had taken you to sea this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted anchor, without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply."

The titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved, there was no room for complaint.

"Strange familiarity," said a young fellow to another, "what pretensions can he have here?"

"And Miss H—— called him by his given name too," said another, "familiar that—wonder what the old man would say to it?"

"What scene does this painting represent?" inquired a lady friend of Alice A——.

"I think it is an Italian picture," replied the fair girl."

"Spanish I should say," observed he who was first questioned on the appearance of Ferris.

"Evidently Spanish," said another exquisite, "though I regret to differ from Miss H."

"You err," said Ferris, turning to the two gentlemen, "the lady is right. It is an Italian scene, as will be seen by a closer examination of the costumes and figures."

"Pray, do not establish yourself as an umpire in this case," retorted one of those who had pronounced the piece to be a Spanish scene.

"I contend that you are wrong," said the other, seeking some cause for difference, and desiring to show up the pretending lieutenant.

"Pardon me, ladies," said Ferris, taking no notice of the insult of the speakers, "I saw that painting in the studio of Vsola, at Genoa, a few years since, and I know from its author that it represents a street scene in that Italian city, otherwise I should not have spoken."

"Ah, you have a great advantage over us all in having traveled so extensively, Mr. Harvard," said Annie H——, desirous to restore good feeling.

The gay scenes of the evening were on; several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow-brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was lieutenant in the Navy; and depended entirely upon his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and a younger sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father, a self-made man, had been once a successful merchant who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston—but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sank in the grave leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and having entered the navy as a midshipman, had risen to a lieutenancy, by reason of his acquirements and good conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though constrained by reason of his limited means, to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H——, one of the wealthiest citizens of Boston, at a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart the difference in their fortune formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the H. family.

"I must think of her no more," said Ferris to himself, "If I am thus sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parent receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and and unknown."

Harris H. was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his child; and Annie, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pour over his library, living as it were in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions when Ferris was at his house and engaged in conversation with Annie, he had observed the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, and would awaken him to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. H, and in spite of the cold reception from those who generally met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Annie was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her at her request, his experience with different national characters with whom he had met; speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenic effects of different countries. Annie sat near her sweet scented geranium, whose leaves she had been industriously engaged in destroying—Ferris bending close to her ear, said:

"Annie, will you pluck me that rose as a token of affection? for you must know how ardent is mine for you—or stop, dearest, behind it blows the candytuft. You know the mystic language of both; will you choose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing and trembling girl, handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company was drawn to some engaging object.—Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Annie's love, save from her tell-tale eyes.—The flower was placed next his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the inclemency of the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris," can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved, and chilled through by this night air."

Ferris, after a few moments of conversation with the beggar, for his was not the heart to turn away from the suffering of a fellow creature, handing him his purse containing six or seven dollars, urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occasion he was again at her father's house. Mrs. H. Annie's mother, received him as she did most of her most of her visitors, with a somewhat cold and distant welcome. Being a woman of no conversation powers, she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at the house, for he seldom saw him, and when he did so, he could see the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In the dilemma, he was at a loss to pursue; Annie's acknowledgement of affection for him, and now that he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained.—On this occasion, he had taken his leave as usual when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who solicted alms, declaring that he could find no one else to assist him, that the money he had before expended upon him, had been expended for food and rent of a cellar where he lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him he was poor himself, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H., and fortunately found Annie and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further notice of him than an inclination of the head, and a "good evening, sir." He took the chair by Annie's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl. "No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me relative to a connection with R.; I never can love but one," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer; in fact the hint relative to her alliance to another spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. H. sat, and after a few introductory remarks, said:

"You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it may not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect your opinion in this matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. H., and I have found no reason to object to your visits, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind, I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love I ask for her hand."

The old man laid aside his book and removing his spectacles, asked:

"Does the lady sanction this request?"

"She does."

"Have you thought well of your proposal?"

"I have."

"And you ask——"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours," said the old man.

Ferris sprang astonished to his feet, saying: "I hardly know how to receive your kindness, sir; I had looked for different treatment."

"Listen young man," said the father, "do you suppose I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without knowing your character? No, sir, out of Annie's many suitors from the wealthiest and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold and calculating man, perhaps I am so, but I had entrusted me the happiness of this blest child; I have endeavored to discharge that trust faithfully—the dictates of my pride have been counter-balanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first, she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you will receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a good husband. But stop," said the old man, "I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with R—— was only to try your heart, and thicken the plot," said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved, entered. Stepping up to Ferris he solicited charity. Annie recoiled at first at the dejected appearance, and poverty-stricken looks of the beggar, while Ferris asked in astonishment, how he gained admission to the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height and casting off the disguise it had worn, disclosed the person of Annie's father.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest, Charity. And if you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting, here, sir, is your first purse; it contained six dollars when you gave it to the poor beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand;—and here is the second that contained five dollars, which is now also multiplied by thousands. Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to speak, "there's no need of explanation." This was, of course, was all a mystery to Annie—but when explained added still more to her love for her future husband.

Ferris and Annie were soon married and one stately mansion in Beacon street serves for a home for mother, sister, wife and all. Gossip said, (and gossip said true for once,) that old Mr. H. having money enough had not sought to add more to the fortune of his child, by forming for her an alliance with gold, but had sought and found what was far more valuable—true merit.

And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three—but the greatest of these is Charity."

WHAT COTTON HAS DONE.—None can dispute that when the thirteen colonies emerged from the murderous and desolating effects of the desolating effects of the revolutionary war they were bankrupt in everything but honor; without the exportable values, money was scarce and debts remained unpaid. English prohibitory duties resulted in little else than non-intercourse. The country made no progress until the supply of cotton became a large article of export, between the years 1795 and 1812, which introduced wealth. The war of 1812 cut off this resource as an export.—The South joined in the war of 1812 on principle—that is, to protect Northern ships from search and seizure of sailors by British cruisers, while some of the New England States, when it had commenced, opposed the war:—After a contest of three years the States emerged from the struggle in poverty and bankruptcy. Cotton now sold at 18 cents to 25 cents per pound, and was as good for export as so much gold, while the exports of Northern growth, such as breadstuffs were cut off by the English Corn laws.

The exports of Cotton, therefore, not only aided in paying off the obligations of the Revolutionary war, but to a large extent paid off the debt contracted during the last war with Great Britain, amounting to from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000. Not only so, but they contributed to pay off the debts contracted on account of the Mexican war. While cotton has thus sustained so largely the financial resources of the government, it has enriched the Manufacturing and commercial classes of the Northern States, as well as contributed, by its home market for breadstuffs and provisions, to enrich the agricultural free labor of the West.

GRAPHIC.—What order will the reader take on the following? Isn't it boyish? Imagine the chap—a three year old bare-headed, bare-footed;

The other day a boy came tearing round the corner with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper box who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street. "O! Jerusalem, Bill, Bill, Bill—get as many hoys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up street round the corner as fast as your legs will let you, for there's a big large hogsit of fires bursted on the pavement—busted all to thunder.

Charles Y. Mason, a gambler, was hanged three times recently, near Marysville, Cal., and after all escaped from the hands of the mob.

Mary Foster, a blind girl of Bennett's Corners, New York, recently eloped with Mr. Perkins, a cripple.

Bustle is not industry any more than impudence is courage.

There are stone bridges in China three or four miles in length.

A NEW RACE OF MEN.—Prof. Newberry, in his paper, read before the American Scientific Association at Newport, R. I. gave a vivid description of the theological features of the great plateaux sweeping east and west from the Rocky mountains, illustrated by colored drawings. His well browned, fiercely bearded face, gave evidence of the effects of the sun and winds on the vast treeless plains that skirt the Colorado. He incidentally gave a most interesting description of that strange people, the Mequi, whose cities he saw in Mexico, and but a small remnant of whom now exist. They belong to a hitherto unknown race. Prof. Newberry thinks they may be the remains of the Aztecs, who ruled that region on its discovery by the Spaniards. From the characteristics, however, of the melonchólly remnant who now exist, it seems more probable that they are to be referred to the Toltecs, who were displaced by the Aztecs.

Mr. Newberry described them, as a race apparently entirely distinct from any other Indians on this continent. They are smaller, have a distinct conformation of the skull and face, and are peaceful agriculturalists. They weave cloth, work with implements of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar on the mountain table lands which rise eight hundred or one thousand feet above the low land plateaux. They build walls around their town, and their only means of ingress and egress is by ladders, which they draw after them when they enter town. There are seven of these small towns still inhabited by this fast fading race. But their ruins extend over the whole valley of the San Juan—apparent ruins of a race once numbering millions of men—and many of them (the towns) five hundred or one thousand years old.

A BUFFLO HUNT.—The *Nor. Wester*, published in the Red River settlement, says of the last buffalo hunt:

"In the summer buffalo hunt there were 600 men, 600 women, 630 children, 730 horses, 300 oxen and 950 carts. The buffalo first appeared in sight in the neighborhood of Bad Hill, about sixty miles from the boundary line, and in a run in which 220 hunters were engaged. 1,000 buffaloes were shot. The camp then moved southwards by the Sand Hills, until they came within five miles of the Little Souris river, and at this place they killed over 1,000. Here they stayed awhile to dry their meat and manufacture pemican, and while they were thus employed a herd of 250 came by at a trot, running their last race. They were all brought down and converted into pemican. After that, and up to the latest time intelligence came from the camp, three small herds—one of eighty another of thirty and a third of fifteen—were destroyed and consumed on the plains. Buffalo growing scarce, the expedition moved back to Devil's Lake, where the more serious business of buffalo shooting was relieved by a bear, beaver and deer hunt. This sport over—and good sport it was, several grizzly bears and a variety of lesser animals being made to bite the dust—a council was held and a resolution was passed to go to the Couteau de la Prairie to hunt the buffalo, which was still wanting to fill the carts. Mr. Chapin, a gentleman from Philadelphia, and Lieut. Whyte, R. C. R., accompanied the party, and, for young hunters, were unusually successful. Mr. Chapin killed ten buffalo, Lieut. Whyte seven or eight.

"AXING FOR HER."—Colonel Dick Nash tells a rich story about "axing for her," in his earlier days. He was deeply smitten with the daughter of a wealthy old skinflint residing in Alabama. The Colonel, self-confident of success, arrayed himself in his best suit, and proceeded to call on the "patient," for the purpose of obtaining his consent to the consummation he devoutly wished. Matters had all along gone on smoothly. Colonel Nash had every ground to hope for success. Finally a convenient season arrived for him to approach the old fun. Says the Colonel:

"Squire, my business to day, is to ask for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What! you marry my gal?—Look here, young man, leave my premises instanter, and if you ever set foot here again, I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry my daughter indeed! You—"

The Colonel had left. He saw that the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would take a last fond look at the home of his lost idol—when he spied the old man busy, with spade in hand, shovelling up his tracks from the yard and throwing them over the fence! Colonel Nash imagined he was an unwelcome visitor at that house.

An important case was up for trial in a country town, and a large number had assembled at the court house. The floor and the galleries were filled with auditors, breathlessly waiting to hear the opening speeches of the lawyers.—For some reason the attorney of one party was not ready to proceed, and desired a postponement. He knew that no ordinary excuse would avail, that the judge would be inexorable, and that he must go to trial unless some reason for delay could be devised that could not be questioned. Accordingly, rising and approaching the bar with a solemn countenance, he said: "If the court please I came here anxious to try this case—my client is ready, and we feel deeply disappointed that we cannot proceed.—But I have just received a dispatch announcing"—he proceeded in a broken voice—"the death of my mother. Under this painful bereavement, of course, your honor—" Just at this interesting point the shrill voice of an old lady in the gallery broke the silence with "Ichabod—Ichabod! how many times have I whipped you for lying?"

LIBERALITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince appears to have dispensed presents with a liberal hand wherever he has gone. The Petersburg (Va.) *Express* says that the Superintendant of the Richmond and Fredricksburg Railroad, William N. Bragg, Esq., has received a magnificent breastpin from the Prince. The pin represents the British and American colors crossed, and is studded with diamonds. It was conferred upon Mr. Bragg in consideration of his kind attention and excellent management during the recent passage of the Prince to and from Richmond. Capt. Leonard of this city was the recipient of a costly gold pencil. The Prince presented $700 to the servants of the Fifth Avenue Hotel when he left on Monday. He also gave Captain France, of the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, a splendid gold chronometer, and left $300 to be distributed among the crew of that vessel.—[*Life Illustrated.*]

WHAT I BEGIN TO BELIEVE.—"Bubbles," of the California Golden Era, furnishes that paper under the head of "Notes and Cogitations," with the following:

I begin to believe now-a-days money makes the man, and dress the gentleman.

I begin to believe the purse is more potent than the sword and pen together.

I begin to believe that those who sin the most during the week are the most devout upon Sundays.

I begin to believe that honesty is the best policy—to speculate with until you gain everybody's confidence; then line your pockets.

I begin to believe in humbugging the people out of their dollars. It is neither stealing nor begging; and those who are humbugged have themselves to blame.

I begin to believe that man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and the possession of riches.

I begin to believe that the surest remedy for hard times and a tight money market is an extravagant expediture on the part of individuals—to keep the money moving.

I begin to believe that none but knaves are qualified to hold office under the Government with the exception of a few natural born fools and lunatics.

I begin to believe that piano fortes are more necessary in a family than meat and potatoes.

I begin to believe that a boy who doesn't swear, smoke and chew tobacco, may be a very good boy, but is naturally stupid.

I begin to believe that if the devil should die, one half the world would be thrown out of employment.

I begin to believe that he has most credit who makes the most noise in his own behalf, and that when Gabriel comes—not to be behind the times—he, too, will blow his own horn pretty loud.

TELLING THE TRUTH A SCANDAL.—Many persons justify themselve in injuring another's character by pleading that they have told only what was true. They forget that the truth is not at all times to be spoken. Perhaps the one of whom you tell an odious truth has repented in dust and ashes of his fault, and if you keep repeating it, how can you longer pray that God would cast your sins behind his back and remember them no more? Perhaps God has forgiven the sinning one and restored his soul to virtue and peace, and will you act the part of a friend in taunting and tormenting him? Or perhaps the erring one, if not fully pardoned, is longing, sighing and striving after his lost innocence, and will you crush and kill his good desires by robbing him of the motive which rises from self respect and the good respect of others? Will you break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax? Will you lacerate the bleeding sensibilities of those who are mourning over their faults? That you have spoken to the injury of another only what is true, is no justification. You may be a slanderer of the most malignant character, and you are such, unless a pious reason exists for your making known another's faults.

HOME AFFECTIONS.—The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world can never obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home. There is the old tree under which the light hearted boy has swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard in which he soon must be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church whither with joyous troop like himself, had often followed parents to worship, and near the good old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to being pleasant remembrances of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions.—There, perchance, he first saw the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There certain feelings of humanity—and those too among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at ones fireside.

A PRACTICAL JOKER OUTWITTED.—The following story is on the authority of the Newport, Rhode Island, *News*. One of the pioneer captains in steamboat travel was one day, several years ago, at the landing in Berkly, on the Taunton River, waiting to cross to the other side. He went into a shed for the best oars, just as a hen came off her nest, in which she had laid an egg. Being a practical joker, the captain took up the egg, wrote in pencil upon the shell, "Woe to the town of Berkly," and replaced it in the nest. The wonderful egg was soon discovered, and the citizens were filled with consternation. In their extremity they consulted the parson, and showed him the egg. While he examined it, his parishioners ejaculated in whispers, "the Lord wrote it!" The old man rose and exclaimed: "If the Lord wrote that he didn't know how to spell Berkly!" Their eyes were opened, and they recognized the trick of some wag. After a while it was discovered who was the author, and ever afteward the people owed him a grudge.

THE EXCITEMENT OF INTOXICATION.—The love narcotics and intoxicating compounds is so universal, that we may almost count as an instinct. Every nation has a greater or less degree; some in the shape of opium, some of smoke, some in drink, some in snuff, but from the equator to the snow line it exists—a trifling change of dress, according to the climate, but always the same need; always the same desire. Kings have decreed punishment on their own side; priests anathematised on the spiritual; law-makers have sought to pluck out the habit, root and branch from the people; but all to no good—man still goes on smoking chewing, and snuffing, putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains, and finding immense satisfaction in a practice that makes him both an invalid and a madman, and never quits him till it has fairly laid him in the grave.—*Cheshire Journal.*

A SOUTH CAROLINA TOAST.—"Woman—To her virtues we give our love; To her beauty, our admiration; and to her house, we give—way."