

# The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 16.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY JULY 6, 1864.

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**POTTER JOURNAL**  
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**M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.**  
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

\* Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freeing our Country.

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**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons.  
**EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M.**  
STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.  
C. H. WARRINER, W. M.  
A. SIDNEY LYMAN, Sec'y.

**JOHN S. MANN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

**ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted in his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

**ISAAC BENSON**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st. near the Allegheny Bridge.

**F. W. KNOX,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

**O. T. ELLISON,**  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

**C. S. & E. A. JONES,**  
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

**D. B. OLMSTED,**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

**COLLINS SMITH,**  
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Provision, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1862.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**  
F. GLASSBURN, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.  
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

**MARK GILLON,**  
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intricate to him in the latest and best styles.—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

**OLMSTED & KELLY,**  
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON, WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

**SPRING MILLS ACADEMY,**  
SPRING MILLS, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.  
ELIAS HORTON, Jr., Principal  
Mrs. ADA WALKER HORTON, Preceptress  
Miss NELLIE WALKER, Assistant  
Miss GERALDINE WOOD, Teacher of Music  
The Fall Term commences August 26.  
The Winter Term commences December 9.  
The Spring Term commences March 25.  
 tuition from Three to Five Dollars.  
Board \$1.50 per week.  
Furnished rooms for self-boarding at low prices.  
For further information address the Principal or the undersigned.  
WM. COBB,  
President Board of Trustees.

**MANHATTAN HOTEL,**  
NEW YORK.  
THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.  
Board & Rooms \$1.50 per day.  
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.  
Feb. 18th, 1863.

**The Rochester Straw-Cutter**  
OLMSTED & KELLY, Coudersport, have the exclusive agency for this celebrated machine, in this county. It is convenient, durable, and cheap.  
Dec. 1, 1860—12

**HOME.**  
Two birds within one nest;  
Two hearts within one breast!  
Two souls within one fair,  
Firm league of love and prayer,  
Together bound for aye, together blest  
An ear that waits to catch  
A hand upon the latch  
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;  
A world of care without;  
A world of strife shut out;  
A world of love shut in.

**The Constitution and the Guerriere.**  
The Guerriere was lying to. The Constitution was bearing down the enemy under her topsails—every man was at his respective station and all on board were eager for the contest—when the Guerriere commenced at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars. Lieutenant Morris immediately left his station on the gun deck to report the same to the commodore, and request permission to return fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.  
"Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun deck?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, keep so, but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."  
In a few minutes, Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broad side, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.  
"Mr. Morris," reiterated the Commodore, still gazing intently on the British frigate, "are you ready for action on the gun deck?"  
"Yes, sir; and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Some of our bravest seamen are already killed and wounded."  
"Keep cool, Mr. Morris, keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."  
The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few minutes the vessels neared each other to within pistol-shot distance, and Mr. Morris was sent for on the quarter-deck.  
"Are you ready for action, Mr. Morris?" again demanded the Commodore.  
"We are all ready, sir; and the men are uttering horrid imprecations, because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."  
"Fire, then, in God's name!" shouted the Commodore in a voice of thunder. It is added that he wore at the time a pair of mauve trousers; and he accompanied this shout cheering order with so tremendous a stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were split open from the knee to the waistband.  
The conduct of Daeres, before and after the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Massachusetts, at present a respectable shipmaster out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerriere a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the Constitution was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with the American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Captain Daeres that he was an American born citizen who had been unjustly detained on board a British frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties assigned him; and that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen; he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.  
The English Captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings—that he did not wish Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit to render assistance, if necessary, for the surgeon. Reed left the spar deck after the Guerriere had completed preparation. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun—much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted the surrender of the enemy without resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and who was observed with a significant shake of the head—"that Yankee knows what he's about."  
A few moments passed away, and the Constitution poured into her a tremendous broadside. Every gun was double shot and well pointed, and the effect on the enemy can hardly be conceived.  
Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperious but harmless Yankees immedi-

ately gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying, and sixteen poor mutilated fellows were tumbled into the cockpit from the effects of the first broadside. Daeres fought as long as there was a spar standing or a gun that could be brought to bear on the enemy, but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed or wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the Guerriere, which a few hours ago was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water, an unsightly, unmanageable mass; when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud ensign of his country, the gallant Briton began to think he had got into an ugly scrape from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose a feeble resistance to his more formidable foe.  
Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the Guerriere. When he arrived alongside, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck.  
Daeres was extremely reluctant to make this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness that would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.  
"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he.  
"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American lieutenant.  
"Not precisely," returned Daeres, "but I do not know that it would be worth while to fight any longer."  
"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and resume the engagement."  
"Why, I am pretty much hors du combat already," said Daeres; "I have hardly men enough to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."  
"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you a prisoner of war or an open enemy? I have no time for further parley."  
"I believe there is now no alternative. If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure—but—I—must—surrender myself a prisoner of war."

**An Honest Deacon.**  
Deacon N. was an honest old codger, a kind neighbor, and a good christian, he living in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but lacking in the deacon would get exceedingly "mellow," and almost every Sunday, at dinner, he would indulge in his favorite cider brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew in the broad aisle near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village Squire's. One Sunday morning the minister told his flock that he would preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them, and he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if he happened to be too severe. The afternoon turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question, "where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N., his face red from the frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson and in a trembling and piping voice said, "Here I am."  
Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard, and closed by warning them to forsake at once their evil habits, if they would flee from the wrath to come. Then the Deacon made a bow and seated himself.  
"And now," asked the preacher in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?"  
A pause but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon one and that man, but the most glances seemed directed to the Squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was aimed, or where it should be aimed, and rising once more, he leaned over his pew to the Squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him:—"Come, Squire, why don't you stand up? I did when the minister called on me."  
A northern English rector used to think it not polite to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began, "When the wicked man—" "Stop, Sir!" called out the clerk, "he ain't come yet."

Say, what is right and let others say what they please. You are responsible for only one tongue—even if you are a married man.  
**Making Fun of People.**  
Once when traveling on a stage coach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.  
All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.  
So it seemed to me; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the road side, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.  
The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable, for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.  
This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.  
At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her and said:  
"My dear girl, you are now young and healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, alone in the world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."  
The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.  
"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.  
"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.  
The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

**ROMANCES OF THE NEEDLE.**—The *Christian Intelligencer* thus discourses about the exploits of the needle.  
What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! It began in Paradise, and was the earliest fruit of the fall. Amid the odors of flowers, and by the side of meandering streams and under the shade of the dark green foliage, the covering forms of the guilty progenitors of our race bowed in anguish and shame, as they took their first lessons in the art which has ever since been the mark of servitude or sorrow. And yet the curse has not been without its blessing.  
The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needle work of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold, she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework."  
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**TEN FRIENDS.**—"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.  
"Good friends why you've ten," replied his master.  
"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."  
"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.  
Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.  
"Count thumbs and all," added the master.  
"I have—there are ten," said the lad.  
"Then never say that you have not ten friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

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**A Traitor's Peace.**  
**WORKINGMEN!** The politicians who cry out for "Peace," and "the Union as it was" tell us that it is a very easy thing to settle the troubles between the North and the South. Read the following conditions on which the *Richmond Enquirer* of the 18th of October last, proposes to settle and have "peace":—"Save on our own terms, we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather than yield one iota of them, they are:  
"Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.  
"Withdrawal of Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate ground, including Kentucky and Missouri.  
"Withdrawal of Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide, by a free vote, whether she will remain in the old Union, or ask admission into the Confederacy.  
"Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the Navy as it stood at the time of Secession, or to pay for the same.  
"Yielding up all pretensions on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old territories which lies west of the Confederate States.  
"An equitable settlement, on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights, of all accounts of the Public Debt and Public Lands and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.  
"These provisions, we apprehend, comprise the minimum of what we must require before we lay down our arms. That this is to say, the North must yield all; we nothing. The whole pretension of that country to prevent by force the separation of the States must be abandoned, which will be equivalent to an avowal that our enemies were wrong from the first; and, of course, as they waged a causeless and wicked war upon us, they ought, in strict justice, to be required, according to usage in such cases, to reimburse to us the whole of our expenses and losses in the course of that war."  
These are the terms of peace, and the *Enquirer* says further—  
"As surely as we completely ruin their armies—and without that there is no peace nor truce at all—so surely shall we make them pay our war debt though we wring it out of their hearts."

**BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.**—From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters, and the appearance of the Dead Sea is taken:—"Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from the north to the south, and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea; I put to test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and was quickly convinced there was no exaggeration in what I had heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel they flew upwards; the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, and for the horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water; which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible."

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his book was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat tail. But the merchant was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.  
"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you promptly and honestly, haven't I?"  
"Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I make no complaint."  
"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."  
"That's so," replied the merchant.  
And the customer turned to depart.  
"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant, "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."  
They tell a good story of a paymaster in the army, an Indiana man, who was an admirer of Gen. McClellan. He unfortunately happened within our lines with a million of dollars to pay our troops, just as the 7 days' fight before Richmond commenced. He was obliged to remain during the whole time. A friend inquired how he got off unharmed. "O," said he admiringly, "I stuck to little Mac, and came out all right." He was perfectly safe when was with the General and staff.  
New Orleans witnessed on the 11th inst. a public celebration of Emancipation. Thousands, both of blacks and whites, joined in the commemoration; and the loyal Governor of the State added the latter of his presence. Certainly the world does more.

A German infidel, at his death, passing by all his associates, selected, as his executor, a Christian, with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, thus giving the highest possible testimony to the principles of Christianity, by the confidence he reposed in it.  
There is no natural connection between great wealth and happiness; but great poverty and misery are nearly related. Though wealth won't warrant welfare, want won't withstand woe.  
The transportation train of the Army of the Potomac would make a line of wagons sixty two and a half miles in length, according to General Meade.  
No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.  
A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.  
Who spends more than he should shall not have it to spend when he should.  
The danger being past, God is too often forgotten.  
For what thou canst do thyself thyly not on another.

**Meinher von Dunck** attended at court in New York to get excused from the jury box. "I can't unshand goof Englese," quoth Meinher. "What did he say?" asked the judge. "I can't unshand goof Englese," repeated the Dutchman. "Take your seat," cried the judge, "take your seat. That's no excuse; you need not be alarmed as you are not likely to fear any."  
"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "would you set a rat-trap for a bear or make fools of yourselves trying to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? I know you would not. Then how can you be guilty of convicting my client of manslaughter for taking the life of a woman?" The prisoner was acquitted.  
Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live."  
"What an obstinate man!" said the second; "if my life is spared, I will."

At a public meeting in a country town, an eloquent advocate of popular education thus delivered himself:  
"Mr. President, I rise to get up, and am not backward in coming forward in the cause of education; I should have been as ignorant as you are, Mr. President."  
Finn, the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden ware in front of a man's store, whereupon the man cried out—"You came near kicking the bucket, this time, Mr. Finn." "Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little pale!"  
"It's all stuff," as the lady said to her husband, who was complaining of dyspepsia after a public dinner.  
Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the poor man's poetry; and the rich man has no better.

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The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needle work of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold, she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework."  
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**TEN FRIENDS.**—"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.  
"Good friends why you've ten," replied his master.  
"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."  
"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.  
Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.  
"Count thumbs and all," added the master.  
"I have—there are ten," said the lad.  
"Then never say that you have not ten friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

**BIRDS ARE THE POOR MAN'S MUSIC.**—flow-ers the poor man's poetry; and the rich man has no better.  
There can never be Peace as long as there is a General Wrangel.

**Making Fun of People.**  
Once when traveling on a stage coach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.  
All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.  
So it seemed to me; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the road side, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.  
The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable, for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.  
This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.  
At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her and said:  
"My dear girl, you are now young and healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, alone in the world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."  
The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.  
"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.  
"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.  
The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

**ROMANCES OF THE NEEDLE.**—The *Christian Intelligencer* thus discourses about the exploits of the needle.  
What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! It began in Paradise, and was the earliest fruit of the fall. Amid the odors of flowers, and by the side of meandering streams and under the shade of the dark green foliage, the covering forms of the guilty progenitors of our race bowed in anguish and shame, as they took their first lessons in the art which has ever since been the mark of servitude or sorrow. And yet the curse has not been without its blessing.  
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