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PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contractracted while in the service of the United states; and inquiry promity auswered, and on receipt by the button noise down in ail of a statement of the case of claimant I Alexander's new shirt. will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A.

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Eso.

DAN BAKER,

Claim Agent Conderport Pa. June 8, '64.-1y.

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THE INTELLECTUAL WIFE.

Such a soft pleading little voice it was Madame de Stael never had her mind 'Please, sir, two me one minute, if you please?" -such a pretty, half timid looking woman as owned it sitting there in her crimson the interests of Agriculture, mean value of Potter of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of overshadowing it, like the type of some Principle, it will endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Additional and the best good of Potter of Cathic, county. Owning no guide except that of overshadowing it, like the type of some huge Juggernaut! There was not a in a voice so plainly indicative that her matter, Verdon? It was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that her in a voice so plainly indicative that her matter, Verdon? It was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that her was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that her was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that her was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. While New region, when he entered Dr. Ogilvie's as great an influence on their parents as portaneous combustion, eh? parlor. The furniture was shabby and parents do on their children.

Adventure, the division of the luxuries you cover. Unnuted except that her was nearly twilight of a cold December of the luxuries you cover. While Alexander of the luxuries you cover. While Alexa

Mr. Verdon laid down his book with

ostentatious despair.
"What do you want now, Catharine? 10 00 What do you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, Catharine I shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you want now, and the girl to bring you want now want now, and the girl to bring you wan 17 00 this house, isn't it? No sooner do those appear like Lucy Ogilvie. I wonder what 50 00 noisy children get off to bed than a dozen Ogilvie does when he cuts his nose! ____ 30 00 other disturbances start up to distract

"I am sorry to disturb you, Alec," yet undecided in his mind. **All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken only want to know whether you would same day, when Mr. Verdon ran hurridly he said, growing hot all over, as he of advertisements from a distance, unless they prefer your new shirts made with buttons up his decreters. or studs?"

"Studs and buttons!" groaned Mr. little night key.

"Studs and buttons!" groaned Mr. little night key.

"Catherine! Wife! Chathie!" Verdon, rather melo-dramatically. "Upon my word, Catherine, it seems as if your mind revolves on nothing more important met him on the stairs with gold brown here!'
than a round of the pettiest household curls tucked neatly back of her ears, and As he issued once more from his room concerns."

"Well, I want to make these shirts so that they, il please you." "As if I cared how you make my

shirts?" But you were very much displeased, dear, because I made the collars to your

last set after an old pattern."
"Of course I was! A man don't want to go about looking like Methuselah!" "No, dear, but-

But, my dear Catharine, I am decidedly annoyed to see you sinking into a mere domestic drudge.

"I don't understand you, Alec. Surely, a wife and mother should make it her entrusted to his care, with premptnes and first aim to study the comfort of her hus-

To a certain extent, Mrs. Verdon-ISAAC BENSON. to a certain extent, this may be quite true. But when Mr. Peterson asked attend to all business entrusted to him, with your opinion of slast work, the your opinion of s last work, the Verdon to himself as he stamped des mopolitan, and Talboys keep a French de Stael, and be my own little Cathie other evening, you astonished everybody pairingly about the kitchen. 'And I've cook. What will they think? Cathie, I once more.'

dignant!"
"But, Alec, what time do I get to read?"

"Time! time! you must make time, child! Let the domestic cares be seconrespectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. and nature. Why, I cannot describe to Office on Main st., in building formerly oc- you, my dear, how deeply mortified I was cupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. at Mrs. Leson's conversation, when every one was discussing the new liverary constellations, by your confused silence.-Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, While Mrs. Ogilvie-why, she was posiand charming critical taste.'

Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Mainst., stung at last into something like retalia- frying pan, Polly, and bring lots of kind. of pitcous appeal to his wife. gone from his dress cost."

ations."

"All dressmaker's tattle!" interrupted at home. WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court coffee I drank if I had a wife like Lucy he spoke. House, Condersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Ogilvie!"

Catherine flushed to her very forchead. but she bit her lip in resolute self-control. first. "I want very much to please you,

Mr. Alexander Verdon pulled his go to work by the hardest way.'

"Why—why, my door your annuar."

"Why—why, my door your annuar."

"Give us that toggether t GENTS for the Collection of Clair's moustache in rather a puzzled manner. Give us that tongue, Polly, and a against the United States and State Gov- "Why—why, my dear, you must read all sharp knife—suppose the plaguy thing the new works, to begin with, and keep has got to be skinned. Hal-loo! up with the general newspaper current Pension Bounty and War Claim -and take a critical survey of paintings as the knife slipped, inflicting a disagreeand statues and-and all of that sort of able gash on his hand. He tied it up

"Yes, but, Alec-" "Now, Cathie, I really wish you would wounds received or disease contractracted let me read a little in peace. I get so antly jammed the tongue down among pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained little time to cultivate my mind!" Mrs. the cabbage leaves, 'that's done. But

I say, Cathie!'

the room where Cathie was sitting, in the fire once more. midst of a pile of books, deep in some late of a runaway horse.

Well, Alexander?" Where are my new shirts? I've torn sleeves. the last respectable one of the old set

They aren't finished, dear!' Not finished, Mrs. Verdon! tongue the other night! I should really like to know what I'm to do.' 'He tore his hair in dire perplexity. 'Polly l'

bright eyes sparkling welcome.

'Where's your misress, Polly?'

'And when is she coming back?' de-

'Gone to their Grandma's in Brooklyn,

'And what am I to do for dinner?'

gallery she tould me, down town."

Where are the children?'

'Sure, sir, I don't know.'

Verdon kept.

inward vexation.

disturbed about shirts, I am sure.'

'Sir.'

'What is there in the house for dinner? -and a cabbage, I believe.'

how, you fry fish-and a cabbage is very fancied to be coffee. tion, "and Mr. Ogilvie was there with a ling. I'm afraid this codfish is a little ragged shirt bosom and the lower button tough and dry-confound the creature, wouldn't object to waiting until-ahem how it sticks to the pan! Polly, you set -our cook could prepare a more suitable "As I remarked before, my dear, but the table while I strip off all the nice big repast?" tons and shirts are not primary consider | cabbage leaves these little sprouts are of no use down in the middle. I'll tend "And," went on Catherine, "the dress- to the baker's for an apple ple I guess. maker says that Mrs. Ogilvie has no more I wouldn't have Howard and Talboys cook, for any money. If Cathie was only the intellectual appetite are satisfied.

DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON left arm. "I shouldn't care what kind of one by one, meditatively, into the pot as again to invite company when Cathie was at figures, are you?"

'Sure, sir!' interposed the staring handmaiden, missis always washes them

'Washes 'em?' ejaculated Mr. Verdon. Alic," said she meekly. "Will you tell What,s the use of that when the pot's

Mr. Verdon uttered an agonized howl with his handkerchief and went on with his rather difficult job.

'There!' he exclaimed, as he triumphfor widows or heirs of those who have died Vernon sighed softly to herself as she cut I'm afraid my fish is quite old—doesn't on been killed while in service. All letter of inquiry promity answered, and on receipt by All letters of the button holes down the front of Mr. fry at all favorably. Perhaps I ought to grease the pan!

He took the fish out by the tail and annointed the hissing pan liberally with for a hypothetical desert. Mr. Verdon rushed tumultuously into butter, then set the establishment on the

But just as he was bending over the publication, with his matutinal toilet but fire, his sleeves turned back, and his half completed, and a pair of suspenders countenance dripping with perspiration floating wildly in the air, like the reins there was a sudden sibillation and an upward blaze-the butter had taken ffreso had Mr. Verdon's hair and shirt

Luckily he had presence of mind and see about dinner?

be intellectual, when you are running in flavored ruins of the luckless codfish, of my intellectual nature l' "Alec! Alec, dear, could you attend to and out with perpetual questions about Polly threw the kitchen door wide open

But what is a fellow to do, with his tered, considerably surprised at the state vie-hanged if I don't.' of things before them.

replenished. And I've cut my nose shaving, and no Cathie here to put on a of the girl to bring you down here-I

He preceded his guests up the narrow stairway, blissfully unaware of the ashes Mr. Verdon finished his toilet and went | besprinkled nether garments and sooty down town, with this subject of marvel countenance that gave his friends such

task to keep their countenances.

toilet, muttering to himself: 'What has become of Cathie? I'd give But no wife, aproned household fairy a hundred dollar note if she was only instance, like your wife?'

the small damsel of twelve who was the that instant talking to his friends. "Cathie!' he whispered, holding the only domestic that economical Catherine

loor half ajar, 'Cathie!' But she was too busy descanting on and added: the merits of some Pre-Raphælite artist 'Sure, sir, she's gone to see a picture to pay any attention to her husband's home!

husky summons. 'It's burning, Cathie!' he whispered manded Mr. Verdon, biting his lips with coming into the room and gently twitch-'She said she mightn't be back before

ng her sleeve. 'I smell the cabbage quite plainly l' But Cathie never stirred, nor broke off

in her pretty, enthusiastic chatter. I think I ought to have greased the nside of that pot,' thought Mr. Verdon. Nothing but tongue and cabbage for din-'Here's a pretty fix!' grumbled Mr. ner. And Howard boards at the Cos-

by confessing you had not read it. I was asked Howard and Talboys to dine here say—it's almost three o'clock.' aslamed, Catherine—confounded—in dignant!"

Cathe! Why couldn't I have held my Polly, throwing open the door. Dinner was ready, as Mr. Verdor found to his cost, as he and Talboys fol- entirely convinced now that I have been

lowed Mrs. Verdon and Mr. Howard into an egregious fool.' the dining room, where, upon a greasy Which was so very unprecedented a table cloth, reposed a skinned tongue, declaration for Mr. Alexander Verdon to with one side nesrly calcined, and a hand- make that we think his wife entirely ins-

Cathie, perhaps these gentlemen

Very good, indeed,' said Mr. Talboys. 'Oh, excellent,' chimed in Howard. 'And after all,' resumed Cathie, 'it's

of very little consequence what we eat or laying down her bright erochet work .idea of housekeeping than a kitten. Such suppose we didn't keep a professional drink, as long as the higher cravings of I should be glad to, if I only knew what Mr. Verdon coughed dubiously, and

occupied in cultivating her mind. The gentleman played with their tea-

spoons, and dallied with their forks, but twice through the arithmetic, said Lucy, face discharged of all tell-tale expression, neither of them essayed a cecond mouthful of either tongue, cabbage or coffee.-Mr. Verdon noticed this fact with deep

'You don't eat anything Howard. Oh, I have dined very heartily, I assure days, and it does not grow any easier, as you,' politely responed Mr. Howard.

'Have a little more of the tongue, Talboys.' spasmodically holding on to his plate.

'Howard, I think we have an engagement at four? 'If our charming and intellectual hos-

'Won't you stay for a little ice cream -and-calves' foot jelly? questioned beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly Mr. Verdon, drawing on his imagination sought for.

Mr. Talboys. And Mr. Verdon could daughter, a thousand times, took away not avoid a dim preception that his guests all sense of wearmess. were glad to depart.

When he returned from seeing them off Cathie was sitting in the parlor, cutting It is not every farmer that can afford it.' the leaves of a new volume.

'Oh, Catherine!' he said, half sadly, capable of making one,' said the mother, half angryly, 'why dida,t you go down with a little pardonable maternal pride.

No, but don't interrupt me, Alec. stood there scorohed and dripping, with sure you said yourself that domestic cares this and many other ways, who never subject exhausted.

Alexander Verdon banged the door and

nd announced:

'Please, sir, two gentlemen!'

And Messrs. Howard and Talboys enthrong is inevitable. I'll go and see Ogil.

Girls, help your father: give him a

Holes in my stockings big enough to nished with gold sleeve-buttons, that had ash fire was smouldering in the grate, jump through, and the cologue bottle not blazed into light cinders long ago I while Ogilve himself robed in a faded while Ogilve himself robed in a faded Paul, the Saratoga correspondent of the 'I-I,' he stammered. 'Very stupid dressing gown, sat in an easy chair smok- New York Times:

ed, 'I want to ask you a question.'

'Well I'

roaned poor Ogilve. prefer your new shirts made with buttons up his doorsteps, and entered his own caught a glimpse of himself in the parlo little thing, with no particular tasts for was preceptible the inevitable blue-black domicle by the subtle aid of a convenient mirror, and dodged out to renovate his metaphysics or transcendental theories .- coloring the telltale of a debauche. I

want to live tike this l'

little Cathie like Mrs. Ogilvie. in anothor.'

'Yes, Alec. Leave off trying to become a Madam expect the dear creatures to go?'

The bright color flushed to her temples. tual wife, Allec?

There is a tongue, sir-and a codfish ful of burned cabbage leaves forming a tified in acceding to this new proposition. green island in the center of a mammoth And so the little household fairy came to from superficial scratiny behind a cigar, Bring 'em on, Polly, and I'll cook 'cm platter. There was a half loaf of bread, his hearthstone once more and the shirts as President Lincoln's is behind a joke. myself. You can boil a tongue can't you? a sooty pot of butter and a tall tin coffee and dinners are nearer perfection than ev. When anybody tries to coax, cajole, over-While Mrs. Ogilvid—why, she was positively sparkling in her ready argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high and some a companion to her less the word in the high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. 'Any. and villainous mixture that she fondly like high argument Mr. Verdon, in great tribulation. husband, in the highest sense of the word "Yes," retorted Catherine Verdon, good boiled, with butter. Fetch on the Alexander Verdon looked with eyes can read and talk almost as well as she came with Grant the General listens and can keep house.

Help your Father.

My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold pen, said Farmer Wilbur, as he sat down to figure out somd accounts that were getting behindhand.

you wish written.' Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could

It would be a fine story if I did not news of some splendid victory, proving know something of them after going that behind the cigar, and behind the

laughing.
'Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it will be powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best

I see, since I put on specs.' Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long dull line of two at the press. 'No more, thank you,' returned Talboys, lie idle all the evening, though she was nasmodically holding on to his plate. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who made for rest. had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in as it only can be enjoyed in a country

The clock struck nine before her task 'Thank you, we couldn't possibly said was over, but the hearty Thank you,

It is rather looking up, when a man als and lazy indolence. can have an amanuensis,' said the father. Nor every farmer's daughter that is

Nor every one that would be willing,

What's the use of a woman's trying to singed hair and no coat, over the highly ought to be secondary to the cultivation think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an

cheerful home to rest in when evening And he clapped on his hat and straight comes, and do not worry his life away by

I have been terribly shocked. For one ing a cheap cigar.

'I have been terribly shocked. For one 'Ogilvie,' said Mr. Verdon, after the whole week, my most ardent sympathies preliminary salutations had been exchang- were excited at the sickly, languid appearance of a young lady who had a seat directly opposite me every day at the din-'Your wife is a cultivated woman l' ner table; her form was emaciated, her 'Yes, she's that, and she's nothing else,' skin perfectly transparent, and a deathoaned poor Ogilve. like hue ceemed to pervade the whole 'My wife is not—that is intellect is not atmosphere about her; the eyes shone her forte. She,s a dear, sweet domestic with unnatural brilliancy, and under them Now, would you advise me to make an longed for an introduction, that I might intellectual women of her-a woman for recomend the application of fresh oysters

istance, like your wife?' or a blood-sucker; but failing of an oportwould I advise you to take stychine tunity to secure this privilege, I besought As he issued once more from his room or jump off into the river at high tide lalady friend to suggest these applications. a soft familiar voice sounded on his ear, Man, if you've got a wife like that don't La mo, she exclaimed in utter amaze-She must be down in the kitchen was and his heart gave a great bound of de for pity's sake try to alter her instinct | ment, 'why how verdant you are; don't his thought as he ran down three steps light. Cathie had returned! Yes, she Take her as she is, and be thankful from you know that the lady paints her lower at a time, and presented himself before had returned! and was in the parlor at the bottom of your heart! Sure you don't eyelids?' It was indeed too true,, as I have since ascertained positively. She He looked with a scornful shrug of the for whom my whole soul has yearned in shoulders around the faded, desolate room sympathy for a week, was daubed all over with paint, and most shockingly disfigured My wife shines in society—this is our herself to gratefy a prurient taste to be in the extreme fashion. Looking around And Alexander Verdon took his leave me at the dinner-table to day I saw no fully cured of the ambition to have his less than six ladies disfigured by a daub little Cathie like Mrs. Ogilvie. of blue-black paint on the lower cyclids. 'Cathie,' he said, somewhat sheepishly, The next fashion posibly may require as he once more came to the little table, ladies to wear rings in their noses, It is where she was drowsily cutting the self. bad enough to wear paste diamonds and same leaves, you have consulted my pinchbeck jewelry; but when earth's wishes in one thing will you consult them angels begin to paint about the cyes, wear false busts, and false hair in a bag behind their heads, to what extremes may we

A peculiar kind of grit, not falling But I thought you wanted an intelleed have noted, pet partaking in some degree of all, is illustrated in the character of My dear, I fancied that I did, but I,m Lieutenant General Grant. Without an atom of pretension or rhetoric, with none of the external signs of energy and intrepidity, making no parade of the immovable purpose, iron nerve, and silent into him, his tranquil greatness is hidden game with Grant, the General listens and -smokes. If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign, he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and a blunderer, he blandly lights another cigar; if you praise him as the greatest General living, he placidly returns the puff from his cigar; and if you tell him 'Could I help you, father? said Lucy, he should run for the Presidency, it does not disturb the equanimity with he inhales and exhales the unsubstantial vapor which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what Mr. Verdon, with a lofty flourish of his Mr. Verdon dropped the cabbage leaves began to carve the tongue, vowing never Lucy, he said reflectively. Pretty good kind of man this creature without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the

> est heart to dare among the Generals of the Republic -Atlantic for April. HOW TO BE HEALTHY .- Rise earlybreathe in the bracing air, and exercise yourself in splitting wood, bringing water, shoveling snow, or working a token or

is the best brain to plan and the strong-

Retire to bed in good season. Never spend the whole night in the ball room, or amid exciting scenes. The night was

A mean and miserly disposition-a tess will excuse us? said Howard, bowing his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper detrimental to health. Beware of them. hoggish soul and a morose character, are Be kind, cheerful, social, benevolent. home, where news from the great world Suffer no cloud to linger on your brow,

nor revenge to spring up in your bosom. Follow these simple rules day by day and you will seldom be afflicted with the gout cholic, fever, or the thousand ills which follow in the train of luxury, late hours, morning snoozes, midnight carous-

A Poser.—The Charleston correspondent of the Boston Advertiser mays that a planter was lately overheard scolding a negro for laziness. -"You lazy nigner," said he, "I am losing a whole day's enough to dip his face and arms instan. Dinner !" repeated Cathic, with wide if she were able, said Mr. Wilbur-which labor by you!" "Massa," retorted the taneously in the pail of water that stood open blue eyes. Why, Alec, I thou you last was a sad truth. How many daugh negro, "how many days labor have I lost in the sink and at the moment that he wished me to become intellectual. I'm ters might be of use to their fathers in by you?" The planter considered the