

The Potter Journal

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

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POTTER JOURNAL,

Published by H. W. McALABNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the interests of the Republic, the advancement of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best interests of Potter county, giving no regard except that of principle. It will endeavor to do the work of more fully promoting our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates: 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil Types 1 square, 2 or 3 insertions..... 25 00 Each subsequent insertion less than 10..... 10 00 1 square, 1 year..... 5 00 Business Cards, 2 or 3 insertions..... 5 00 Special and Editorial Notices per line..... 5 00 All transient advertisements, such as notices of sales and notices will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

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P. A. STEBBINS & Co. MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 15-29

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MABLE YARD. THE subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter county that he has on hand all kinds of Marble work, as cheap and as good as it can be had any place in the county. MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES of all kinds furnished on short notice. Coudersport, Pa. 1865. C. BUEHNLE.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL. F. GUASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets. Coudersport, Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroad.

Potter Journal Job-Office. HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB TYPE, we are prepared to do all kinds of printing and work with neatness and dispatch. Office as usual.

DAN BAKER. DENISON, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY. Pensions provided for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in the service. Also, all claims promptly answered, and all receipts by mail of a statement of the case of claimant. I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refer to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. DAN BAKER, Janes 64. Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

1865 Philadelphia & Erie Railroad. 1865. THIS great line traverses the Northern and North-West counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

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LEAVE EASTWARD. Erie Mail Train..... 10:12 A. M. Erie Express Train..... 9:47 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD. Erie Mail Train..... 10:12 A. M. Erie Express Train..... 9:47 P. M.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Erie Express trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

An Original Poetical Epistle to his wife.

A correspondent has kindly furnished the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin a copy of a beautiful letter in verse, from the late President John Quincy Adams to his wife, written in Washington nearly sixty years ago, when he was Senator from Massachusetts. The manuscript, says the correspondent, "was given to me 45 years ago by a particular friend of Mrs. Adams; with an understanding that it should not be given to the newspapers. I suppose, after so long an interval, the injunction may be considered as dissolved." We know of few more pleasant society verses than these, they give such a charming picture of the heart and the domestic feelings of the "old man eloquent," when he was still a comparatively young man, that we take great pleasure in printing them:

A WINTER'S DAY AT WASHINGTON. 1807.

Friend of my bosom, wouldst thou know How, far from thee, the days I spend, And how the passing moments flow, To this short, simple tale attend.

When first emergent from the East The sun's first beams on my curtain, Start—from slumber's bliss released— And make the weather's temper certain.

Next, on my closet-shelf, I seek My pocket Homer and my Greek, Again his labored pages to tell How true he paints the scenes of life!

At nine comes Moses to my door, A tidings brings me with ease, But his neighbor calls before And knocks! "Miss Kitty, breakfast, please."

Again he louder knocks and stronger, "Come, my dear, the table is set." Then, with a look of scorn, he says, "Come, Kitty, just as breakfast closes."

Then, fourthly I rally for the day, And, musing politics or rhyme, Take to the quill my pen, To join in colloquy sublime.

Then, with the fathers of the land, I mix in sage deliberation; And lend my feeble voice and hand, With equal ardor to bless the nation.

At home, I find the table spread, And dinner's fragrant steams invite; But first, the two old sisters I tread My morning footsteps I retreat.

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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

"Bless me! who can that be?" said Mother Serle.

"An' a comin' here, as sure as you're alive!" and her curiosity carried her post haste from the pantry to the door stone, and there she stood shielding her eyes from the sun with one floury hand. "Who can it be?" said she again. Floures and farbelows and folderl diddles, pink and blue and voluminous, came streaming energetically up the shade, that led to the Serle farm house. This was the rare avis that had awakened Mother Serle's curiosity. A rare bird indeed for that old fashioned, sequestered country nook.

"Lottie, Lottie," said the bewildered dame, in a loud whisper, to a rosy cheeked maid who, in the scented shade of a clump of syringa bushes near by, sat busily at work hilling strawberries under the grave head and fore paws rested in her lap.

"Lottie, Lottie!"—the girl's bright eyes were uplifted in the direction of the voice. "Look here!" and with a jerk of her head towards the approaching visitor, Mrs. Serle beat a hasty retreat into her pantry again, and with her elbow buried in an outlying lump of dough, peered through the closed blinds, anxious for the development.

"Steel!" The huge creature, at the sound of the soft voice deposited his full length on terra grama. "For pity's sake," said Lottie, a little dismayed, as setting down her bowl hastily, and gathering her apron in one little brown stained hand, she stood up, awaiting the pleasure of the fair unknown.

"Why, Lottie Serle! sipped a die-away voice, "Trying to make believe you don't know me?"

"Seraphina Stubbs! I never imagined it was you!" exclaimed Lottie, advancing with outstretched hand.

"Why not?" asked Seraphina, with a toss of her straw colored ringlets. "You know that I've been visiting in the city these three months. Of course it isn't to be expected that I should come back as old fashioned and dowdy as I went away."

"Of course not," assented Lottie with an amused smile, taking in with a glance the execrating "rig" Miss Seraphina had donned for her ostensible benefit; from the crown of her brimless hat, to the toe of her high heeled boots, that ornamented with a rosette about as large as a full grown head of lettuce, peeped coquetishly from beneath the dainty petticoat all colored and furred.

"Yes, dear, I just got home this morn'g, and as I told ma, says I, 'Ma, I declare I shall fly.' (Airy enough thought Lottie.) 'It's so long since I've seen Lottie Serle. And ma said, says she, 'Well, child, why don't you go right over there? I know she'll be glad to see you,' and so I went, and here I am."

"And Seraphina felt that she had rounded to in a most masterly manner.

"I am always glad to see my friends." A sly little dimple peeped round the corner of Lottie's mouth. "Won't you come into the house?"

"Oh, dear, no! I can't stop. I'll just sit down here a minute and have a little chat. It will seem like old times; and forthwith Seraphina so completely filled up the rustic seat that Lottie was fain to establish herself on the projecting roof of a neighboring elm, and knowing her friend of old; her shrewd little head soon settled the reason of this sudden burst of affection that had torn Seraphina from the bosom of her family, after so long a separation, and sent her over a sandy half mile of road to the farm house, armed thus cap-a-pis.

"And you've been buried in this dismal hole ever since have you?" said the affectionate Seraphina. "What can you find to do with yourself?"

"I guess you would find plenty to do, if you had such a very fine, stylish city boarder as we have to take care of."

"Goodness me!" ejaculated Seraphina, the picture of astonishment. "You don't say so?"

"Now can't I prevail upon you to stay to tea?" asked Lottie drawing her own inferences.

"Good Heavens!" cried Seraphina, in alarming distress, "you don't think I knew anything about it before I started? (Lottie did think just that very thing.) Ten dozen ox teams wouldn't have dragged me here; if I had," continued Seraphina, bent on making an impression.

"Only because that would have been too slow a way," said Lottie to herself, turning Steel's soft ear inside out, and then as a reward of merit, allowing him to hold her hand in his mouth.

"Who is he?" asked Seraphina, recovering a little from the shock.

"How did she know it was a he?" thought Lottie, as she answered, "a Coloman."

"How came he here?" Seraphina pursued.

"How does he spend the time?" was question number three.

"Oh, he is always full of business.—When he isn't smoking his cherished accerschaum, he is generally to be found fishing for trout over in Clark's frog-pond and then he enjoys gleaning so very much. I suppose his tender heart prevents him from hitting what he aims at; but he is famous for killing time."

"What does he look like?" went on the pursuer after knowledge.

"He is tall; he has light hair—it is parted in the middle; also he is the happy owner of a moustache, with waxed ends, that stick menacingly outward like quills of the fretful porcupine." volunteered Lottie, with emphasis and deliberation, and a wicked twinkle in her hazel eyes.

"Lo, how aggravating you are! I only hope he's round somewhere listening to you?" said Seraphina.

"Nonsense!" was uttered indifferently. "He's gone fishing. I saw him starting off an hour ago, with his basket and pole long enough to reach across the pond twice over, rubber boots, an umbrella, and an oil-skin mackintosh over his arm."

"He must be stylish," put forth Seraphina, with a contented sigh.

"Oh, very! He wears three seal rings each one like a plaster in size."

"Oh, dear, I didn't know I was so tired," said Seraphina fanning herself with her apology for a handkerchief. "I don't believe I could get home if I tried. I don't care if I do take off my things a little while and get rested first."

"As she rose to follow Lottie into the house she noticed for the first time the greyhound at her side.

"Ugh!" drawing back a little. "What a great brute. How can you bear him so near you?"

"Near me!" exclaimed Lottie, putting both arms around Steel's neck, and hugging him desperately. "You dear old splendid! don't I love you though?" Steel responded to this outburst by thrusting his great rough tongue into her face, and rolling his soft intelligent eyes wistfully at her, as though longing to answer in words.

"He loves me better than he does his own master already," asserted Lottie, triumphantly.

"Oh, he isn't yours then?"

"No; Mr. Ayers' Seraphina knew that was the city boarder though his name hadn't been mentioned that afternoon.

"Mercy!" said she, "do you hug his dog like that when he's round? 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. He'd be sure to think of that—"

"I love his dog because of him, eh? Well if he did he'd very soon find out his mistake, that's all," said Lottie, saucily.

"Of course I don't expect you to tell the truth about it," winced Seraphina, affectedly.

"Fiddlesticks!" Lottie stood still with a heightened color, and then, turning off her momentary irritation with a laugh, added, "Well, have it your own way, and remember if ever such an extraordinary thing should come to pass, you'd have to read the quotation this way—'Love my dog, love me.' Doggie first, you may be sure of that," and the light laughing tones died away as the two passed into the house.

"Whew!" came a soft whistle from the opposite side of the syringa bushes. "Confounded cool that, anyway!" The owner of the voice raised himself up from the grass into a sitting posture, and rubbed his eyes as trying to awaken from a dream.

"'Love my dog, love me,' is it? Doggie first!—it isn't human nature to stand that! Gad! I don't know how, though, I should object to such a hug as she gave him, even if it was second handed. 'Seal rings like outstretched digits. The little clipper, she raked me fore and aft without mercy—"

"Smoking, fishing, gleaning, dressing, yes even this," twirling the ends of his much abused and dearly prized moustache, she dared to compare to quills of a porcupine. "I think that's what it was she said 'The mink I hang me if I shan't eat her words before the summer's out!' and the various appurtenances of the piscatory art that lay strewn about him were gathered together in a rather excited manner. He hadn't caught any fish, but he had a bite. The fact was Mr. Frank Ayers had fallen asleep under the syringa, and awakened by the voices of two young ladies on the opposite side, and stopped alike by the tenor of the conversation and his own sudden awakening, had overheard all.

Seraphina stayed to supper, and as long after as she possibly could. But contrary to her fond expectations, no conquering hero arrived, and finally she departed for home, where she arrived in high dudgeon and with dew-bespangled skirts, which as she found to her cost the next day, over the wash tub, sounded better when read in poetry, than when fingered to the accompaniment of the scrabbling board.

"Father," at last says Mrs. Serle, a little worried as the twilight settled down, "hadn't you better just take a look round the pond, and see if anything's happened?"

"Poh!" said Farmer Serle, from the open doorway. "The chap's all right—You women folks are never satisfied unless a man's right at you heels all the time. Eh, sis?" and he pulled Lottie's pink car as she sat beside him on the step.

Just at that moment a door overhead slammed, and a quick step strode through the entry.

"I declare, Mr. Ayers," said Mother Serle, as that gentleman made his appearance. "I'm glad you're safe home. I guess you had good luck fishing this afternoon."

"Well, I caught a good deal more than I expected," was the reply, and as Lottie passed him his steaming cup of Bohemian Mr. Ayers' eyes pertinaciously fastened themselves on her.

Lottie flushed up a little, but it was in this way she discovered that Mr. Ayers had very fine eyes.

And Mr. Ayers, when he found himself in the privacy of his own apartment that night, after due deliberation soliloquized thus:

"She is a taking little thing, and if she did cut me up right and left, I deserved it just enough. I guess I'll just turn over a new leaf. It would be worth something to get her good opinion, let alone anything else. And the dog shan't always be first either."

Frank Ayers, rich, good-natured, good-looking, had never wanted datterers even for his faults. Was it to be wondered at, then, if he had become something of a coxcomb, and rather conceited than otherwise? Indeed, it was on account of some wild freak that he was then sojourning in that quiet country nook; for the result of his foolish caprice had been a temporary suspension from college.

Well, the summer months passed by, and the young man studied hard in his pleasant room, that looked over the hills far away; and the fragrant cedar boughs that came tapping gently at his window seemed like friendly voices of encouragement.

"Oh, yes, he would take his degree in the winter, with Steele for his companion, would keep bachelor's hall; and if Miss Lottie would allow him once in a while, the pleasure of a run down to the old farm house, he would be able to pass the remainder of his natural life both profitably and happily—at least so he trusted. He would conclude this, and Lottie, listening and smiling, would assent to everything, and wonder if it was on her account he had dispensed with those odious seal-rings. (She found herself fostering daily a genuine admiration for the silky, amber moustache, that fell now in graceful natural curve over his well formed mouth, while she felt most unaccountably a not get over-able spite against poor Seraphina. But then, as we all know, folks that are good friends take the strangest notions sometimes.)

At last the bright October morning came on which Frank was to bid adieu to the dull old country town. But he seemed loth to go, after all, and when breakfast was over, wandered listlessly round the house, and lounged away a half hour of so under the syringa bushes, which stood now bare and leafless. As he cut his name elaborately on the rustic seat, he wondered why Lottie didn't come to bid him good-by. She certainly knew that he was going, and he had intended all along to tell her, when he left, what he had heard that day under the syringas, and thank her for saying it; for it had spurred him on to be something better; and he hoped that she would always be as good a friend to him; and then it flustered him greatly to decide whether or no he had better ask her if it was the dog first now? And the bachelor establishment, with Steel for sole companion, seemed a very dull and empty picture but when he filled up the void with a rosy cheeked girl's face, with a smiling dimpled mouth and witching hazel eyes, it was just the thing. "That'll be next winter, and I'll do it," said he aloud; and he sauntered down the garden path with Steel at his heels. "It's all right if I don't see her now; I might say something silly, and it will be better to wait till next winter. She will know then what I can do, and it will come soon," and he counted up the months on his finger. "Yes, old boys; we can wait until then, can't we?" But where was Steel?

He looked around him. Right before him stood the summer house; embowered in gorgeous draperies of woodbine, rascal, and yellow and crimson. That was Steel's low white he heard. Parting the trailing clusters, little Lottie was seen, clasping Steel tightly, and hiding her face in his neck.

"Good by, Steele, good by. Nice Steele Oh! I don't want to let you go; but you will take good care of your master, won't you?"

"For your sake, Lottie?"

She looked up, startled at the pleading voice, and feeling that her face might betray her, hid it again in Steele's neck.

But strong hands gently held her own, and conquering herself, she looked down into the face of Frank Ayers with some careless sentence on her tongue. Before she could utter it, Frank said, smiling, with an eager tremble in his words:

"Love my dog, love me? Do you remember that?"

"There you did hear me that day then!" She tried to hide her face, but her hands were not at her disposal, and a coat sleeve wound round her waist prevented her escape.

"But I will be content to have it so, since, surely now, you will treat the master as well as the dog. Won't you bid me good-by just the same way?" entreated Frank, delighted at her confusion. And Lottie, looking swiftly into the beaming face below her, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, flung both her arms round his neck, and actually gave him an energetic hug; then, before he had awakened from the delightful ecstatic delirium caused thereby, presto change! he found himself sitting on the withered grass, gazing on the empty bench before him, for the pretty bird had flown. And up the lace sounded the postman's horn. A most demonstrative hand shaking with Mother Serle, a wave of his hat towards Lottie's window where a tiny square of gossamer was floating on the wind, and he was off.

As long as the faintest flutter of the little kerchief could be seen, Frank kept his head out of the coach window, unwinding of sun or dust, and discoloration of collar bone; and then, when it was entirely lost to view, he shut his eyes upon the common things around him; and fell to work building airy, rose-hued castles for the future.

A Reporter's Experience on the Ice. One of our reporters visited the Union Skating Park on Saturday night, and thus gives the details. After hiring a pair of skates for a moderate fee, a friend assisted him to put them on, encouraged by the presence of a group of young ladies, who watched the young man with evident interest, he, to use his own language, "struck out." What followed will be best told in his own words. He says: A slant to the right with the right foot, a slant to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice and stopped to pick it up. On our feet again—two slants to the right and one to the left, accompanied with the loss of confidence. Another slide with the right foot and we sat down with fearful rapidity, but with very little, if any elegance. What a set-down it was, for we made a dent in the ice no unlike an old-fashioned Connecticut butter-bowl! Just then, one of the ladies remarked: "Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with the hat ain't got his skates on the right place!" Ditto that, etc. Just then a ragged little devil sunk out as he passed us—Hello, old timber legs! and we rose suddenly and put after him. Three slides to the right, two to the left, and away went our legs, off to the east and another to the west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and a picture of a butter dish in the cold—o! how cold—ice. The lady—we knew she was one by the remark she made—again spoke and said—Oh, look, Mary, that slant with the hat on has sat down on his handkerchief to keep him from taking cold!

We rose about as graceful as a saw-horse, when Mary said—"guess it ain't a handkerchief, Jane," and Mary was right. We tried it again. A gliding one way, a glide, and a half the other, when whack went our bump of philoprogenitiveness on the ice, and we saw a million of stars dancing around our eyes, like ballet girls at the Bowry theatre. How the shock went through our system, and up and down our spinal column. Lightening couldn't have corkscrewed it down a greased spring with greater speed and more exhilarating effect. Perhaps we had—kated, in our peculiar style, fifteen feet, when a blundering clap came up behind, when we sat down again, with our tired head pillowed in his lap—and he swearing at us, when it was all his own fault! How cold the ice was there, too! Every place where we made our debut on the ice—oh, how cold it was! Our bear-skin drawers were no protection at all. We tried again, and down came our Roman-Urethan nose on the cold julp material, and the little drops of crimson ran down our shirt bosom and on the cold ice. This was too much for us, so we made for the shore amid the sneers and laughter of the hundreds who had witnessed our mishap. This was our first essay on the ice—need we say, after our dearly bought experience? that it will be our last. Our "season ticket" will be returned to Mr. Miller forthwith, and from this day forward we shall forswear skates and skating.

Jeff. Davis is turning his attention more than ever to the concern of his soul. He has recently been visited by his old spiritual adviser, the pastor of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, who passed an entire day at his prison in religious reading, conversation, and administering to him the sacrament.