

# The Potter Journal.

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

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 45.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY MARCH 6, 1866.

**THE POTTER JOURNAL,**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.**

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Printed on Wednesdays, except that of principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A square is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil type.

1 square, 4 insertions.....	\$1.50
1 square, 8 or 3 insertions.....	.75
Each subsequent insertion less than 13.....	10
1 square, 3 year.....	5.00
10 lines extra, 1 year.....	2.00
Administrator or Executor's Notice.....	20
Special and Editorial Notices.....	50

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**BUSINESS NOTICES.**

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WILLIAMSPORT, Penna. Special attention given to Collection of Dues, Bounty and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments.  
Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons  
E. A. LARSON, No. 325, F. & M. Elected Grand Master, and 65th Grand W. M. of the Grand Lodge, No. 23 of the Grand Division, Grand Lodge, No. 23 of the Grand Division, Grand Lodge, No. 23 of the Grand Division.  
D. C. LARSON, Secy. WM. STEAR, W. M.  
H. A. DRAKE, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, over Manning's Jewelry Store; Residence near by, opposite the office of the Fox & Ross Estate—27-28.

**O. T. ELLISON, M. D.**  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa. Respectfully informs the citizens of this place and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-19

**JOHN S. MANN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Coudersport, Pa. Will attend the several Courts, to wit: General Sessions, District Court, Court of Probate, and all other courts. He has a large number of cases entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

**ARTHUR G. OLIMSTED,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
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**MILLER & McALARNEY,**  
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**P. A. STEBBINS & Co.**  
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**C. H. & E. A. JONES,**  
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-19

**D. E. OLIMSTED,**  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

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**H. J. OLIMSTED,**  
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores, Tin and Sheet Iron, and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**  
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and S-second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Large Stable is kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stage to and from the Railroads.

**Job Printing Office.**  
Having lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and accuracy. Orders as follows.

**WANTED, AGENTS.** \$150 PER MONTH, TO sell the improved Cotton Sewing Machine, with tread, cord, hand, and needle, and embroidered beautifully. Price only \$29. Every Machine is warranted three years. For terms and order call on C. B. BOWERS & CO., Reception rooms No. 255 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Im

**MARBLE WORK**  
Monuments and Tomb-Stones  
of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by  
C. H. BENNICKE,  
Residence: Eulalia, 1 1/2 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-19

**DAN BAKER, BOUNTY AND REAL CLAIM AGENCY**  
Persons procured for Soldiers of the United States who are disabled by wounds received in battle or disease contracted while in the service of the United States, and persons, widows and heirs, of persons who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt 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. Eifers to Home, Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and P. W. Knox, Esq. DAN BAKER,  
Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

**\$1,500 Per Annum!** We want agents everywhere to sell our improved Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The only machines sold to the United States for less than \$29, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., & Escholder. All other cheap machines are inferior and liable to wear and tear, and are liable to rust, fire, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Blockley, Maine Dec. 25, 1865. 16-19.

## THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill  
Lied a village white and still;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of every street.

In that village on the hill  
Never is sound of smithy or mill;  
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,  
The clock to toll the hours  
The marbled floors are always shut;  
You may not enter hall or but;  
All the village lies asleep;  
Never a grain to sow or reap;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
Silent and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer,  
Looks to the other village there,  
And weeping sighs long to go,  
Up to that home from this below;  
Long to sleep by the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And hither, praying, this answer fall—  
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

## Potter County in Past Times.

Half a Century's Labors in the Gospel,  
Including THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF BACK-WOODS  
MISSION WORK, AND EVANGELIZING IN NEW YORK  
AND PENNSYLVANIA.—An Auto-Biography by THOS.  
S. SHEARDOWN, as related, in his 74th year, to a  
Stereographer.—With an Appendix, &c. Published  
by O. N. WORDEN and E. B. CASE.

The volume before us contains much that is of interest to the general reader, particularly if he has longed for any length of time to the Northern Tier of counties in Pennsylvania, or the Southern Tier in New York. Mr. Sheardown was emphatically one of the pioneers in this wild region. His story is told in a simple, honest style, and with no attempt at coloring, that must commend it to the attention of those desiring to compare the present with the past. Many things are great only by comparison. Progress in any department of morals or science is gained by comparing the condition of to-day with that of some past time. We are all prone to think that we have a wild and perhaps a very rude country, that our pleasures are limited and our opportunities for advancement very much restricted. A glance through this volume will show us wherein we have erred, and in what we have improved. Of course the old inhabitants of this, as well as any other country, can see improvements upon the customs and privileges of their youth, but the young have not these comparisons to make and are sometimes dissatisfied. To them we commend especially a careful perusal of this volume. We copy an extract below:

"I had been traveling some in Potter county, when I came to a school-house, if there was school, I would arrange with the scholars, at noon, to run around and give notice to a few of the nearest neighbors, who, with the children, would make up quite a congregation, and I would try and preach to them Jesus and the resurrection. Then I would inquire the route in which there was another school-house, and if it was in my reach before school was dismissed, would get out an evening appointment, then find some somebody with whom I could stay all night.

"Thus pushing round from place to place, I finally crossed the line into Tioga county, and preached in a settlement where I had spoken a few times before. After the meeting was over, a man came up, shook hands with me, and called me by name. I had to look pretty close, for all the light we had through the service was from a few slivers of fat pine, inserted in the jaws of the old fashioned log-house fire-place. He asked me if I would not go home and stay all night with him. I told him I preferred not going any further, if I could stay where I was; but he insisted that I should go with him. I asked him the distance. He said not over a mile. His wife was in company with him, and I concluded that if she could walk that distance through the pitch darkness, I certainly could ride. They were both irreligious. I talked with them, prayed with them, and endeavored to point them again to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I had preached to them in York State. They appeared to be among the very poor, but what they had was as free as water. My horse fairly a great deal worse than myself, but he said nothing, had no fault to find, for he had learned, no doubt, that the mission field was often very scarce of provender.

"In conversation with the man, early in the morning, after having eaten a very light breakfast indeed, we talked about the way to Phoenix Run. He wanted to know how far from Pine Creek; I told him as near as I could guess. 'Well, now,' he said, 'Elder, you are a pretty good back-woodsman, and if you can keep the course through the woods as I will give it to you, you will strike the Run at the foot of Round Mountain.' I thought that there was so many mountains, and round ones too, that it was not a very definite direction. He said it was only eight miles through the woods, but there was no path, not even marked trees, by which I could be guided. He pointed out the direction where the wind was, and said, 'If I kept it so and so, I would no doubt come out right.' I concluded to try it, inasmuch as it was going to shorten, very greatly my travel. Having got perhaps two miles into the deep wilderness, my horse made signs that there was something about; this is all we

not like very well, for he was always afraid of wild animals. While talking to him I heard the brush crack. My horse jumped, and I looked around, but saw nothing. Very soon I heard it crack again, and thought perhaps it might be a panther drawing his heavy carcass along; but, in a little opening to the right I saw a man, and he saw me, and as we approached each other he hailed him by his given name. 'Oliver! what art you doing here, my brother?' He was a young man whom I had baptized, with a number of others, some time before on Pine Creek. I asked him where he was steering to? He said, 'To the creek.' 'Where do you calculate to strike Phoenix Run?' He replied, 'at Round Mountain.' I asked, 'why do you call it Round Mountain?' 'It is so,' he said. 'The people here have names for almost all these mountains.' I asked him if he had ever been through this piece of woods before? He said, 'Yes, once.' I remarked, 'I think you are bearing too much to the right otherwise the wind has changed.' He said he thought he was pretty near right, but would not be sure; and as we kept talking and moving on, he added, 'If we are right, we shall come to a house, pretty soon. I said I had never heard of a house anywhere in that part.

"While we were talking, 'There,' said he, 'I see the break, now in the woods.' We soon came to what back-woods men call a 'slash fence' there might have been, perhaps, an acre, the timber of which had been cut down and left on the ground just as it fell. As we could not get through this slash fence, we consulted which was the best way to get around it, and had just started to work our way, when I saw some children. They must have been playing at hide-and-seek, for those that saw us began to shout and scream, and very soon I saw three or four more little ones crawl out of a very large hollow bass-wood tree that had been cut down but was lying on another timber. I saw at once that they were not all children of one mother.

"While we were talking and amusing ourselves with the children, we arrived pretty near to the house. There did not appear to be a vestige of anything growing, but what had sprung up wild from the bosom of nature. I said to the brother with me, 'Hold on! I want to stop at this house.' I went up to a rude door that was partly open, and knocked, but no answer. I always had one question to ask first, 'when I called at an isolated dwelling, and that was, 'Where is your spring?' I opened the door, and asked the question. 'There were two women in the house; one answered, 'The spring is down by that lean-to; the guard shall tell us that.' I then told them my name, and that I was a Baptist minister; I asked them if they knew the course I should have to take to strike Phoenix Run near the Round Mountain. They told me that I was on a pretty direct course. All this time I was surveying their habitation. I asked them how long they had lived there? They replied, 'Over nine years.' I asked them where they were from? They said they were from York State. I asked them what part of York State, but got no answer. I asked them what county? No answer. What town? All silent. I then concluded that, very probably, they were like several others whom I had met with, in isolated places, who had left York State for a cause. I asked them if they had a Bible? They said, 'No.' A Testament? 'No, sir.' Why not an Almanac? 'No, we have not any books.' I talked to them some in relation to the interests of their souls; they were intelligent, looked tidy in their persons, their garments were clean, and I felt that those females had seen better days. They had but one room. The floor appeared to be made of split chestnut; chamber floor they had none; chairs, and tables, were not there. I saw a small quantity of crockery, more or less broken. They had no chimney; the logs had long been burned out where the fire was to be built, and a very large slab-stone standing edgewise, served for a fire-back. There was some small pieces of venison hanging in little smoke. Blocks, like single-blocks, appeared to be their seats. Their bedsteads (one on either side of the room) were made of split chestnut; they had bored into the logs with a two-inch auger, and inserted cross-pieces, which were put into a hole of the same size, in what might be termed the bed-posts of civilization and those that were on the borders, was, that while we have but two posts on a side, theirs appeared to have three, with the head part some inches higher than the foot. On the cross-pieces appeared to be laid slabs or boards, as could not say what they were. I inquired for their husbands. They said they were out hunting. I would never have them my Bible, but it was the only one I had with me, and it would have been very difficult for me to have made my way home without it.

"My companion left me soon after we arrived on the Run, and I continued my course. I did my horse by myself, I knew he must be very hungry. I was passing a little log cabin, something like seven miles from where I was. She asked me what time of day it was. I said, 'I was somewhat acquainted with the people living in the cabin; they were poor, good looking people, but very poor. I saw amongst the logs lying around the house, some very fresh grass, which I did not see on the mountain, although it was about the middle of May. I thought I would ask the privilege of turning my horse loose there a short time. I inquired of two children if their father and mother were in. One said no, the other said yes. While I was speaking, the good woman came to the door, very glad to see me. I told her that I wanted to let my horse pick a little of that grass, and I would stay ten or fifteen minutes. She asked me what time of day it was. I told her, about eleven o'clock. She said, 'Now, Elder, you must stay and take dinner with us.' I told her she must excuse me, for I must go on, very soon; (and I knew that, if I stopped to eat, I should 'eat the children's bread.'). But she was so importunate, that she thought she would, if I do not stay, she will think that I am on account of their poverty; so I concluded to tarry. She said to two little boys, 'Run down to the creek, and catch some trout.' They were gone but a short time, and returned with a good string of trout. I saw her dress them, nicely, and put them into an old-fashioned frying-pan, and fried them; and, anything of the kind. She baked them in her pan, and put them off her table. 'She said, 'Now, Elder, I cannot give you what I have not got; this is all we

have, catable.' I sat down with her, asked a blessing, and we partook of the fish. It was indeed a 'fish dinner.' She remarked, 'We should not have been so badly off, had it not been that my husband went down the river, and he is detained at tide-water. We expected him back some three weeks ago, and are looking for him every day. You must not be discouraged, and not call again, because we have so little. My heart was deeply moved, and my eyes could not refrain from weeping. We knelt down and prayed, and if ever I felt humbled in view of the many crosses that had been made around my own table, when we were abundantly supplied with the necessaries of life, it was on this occasion. I left that house; I thought a better man than I was when I entered it. Proceeding on my way, I reached my appointment in the evening, seven or eight miles below.

"On another occasion, not many miles from that place, I had an engagement where there were a saw-mill or two, and three log-houses, about eighteen miles to ride, at ten o'clock, A. M. My first object was through a piece of woods, perhaps eight miles. I had not been in the woods long before I heard it thunder. It was evident that it would be a shower of some magnitude, and, from the way it appeared to be coming up, I knew I could not escape. I rode through the whole of it, and the shower was traveling in the same direction that I was. Arrived at my appointment in due time. My congregation, of course, was small, but I had all that were around the establishment. They remarked, 'The shower has been very heavy.' 'I said, 'Yes.' They said, 'You must be very wet, indeed.' 'I am, but I am used to it.' When we were together, I sang and prayed, preparatory to my sermon. After prayer, I saw that, during that part of my service, my congregation was increased by two females, apparently as much drenched with rain as I was. After service, I went into the adjoining room, (it was a double log-house), because there was a little fire there. When I entered, I found those two females standing by the fire. I said to one, 'You had to come through the rain?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Do you sorry that you came to meeting?' She replied, 'No, sir, for I have not heard a sermon until now, since I left York State.' 'How long ago is that?' 'Three years, sir.' 'The other one added, 'Nor I, either; the last sermon I heard was in York State.' 'How long ago, madam?' 'Over five years.' My heart began to grow tender. I was sorry I had not given them more of the bread of life. After conversing with them a short time in relation to the interests of their souls, they remarked, almost simultaneously, 'We heard of this meeting by accident; a man was passing through, and, among other things he told about a meeting being here, and we concluded to come.' I inquired, 'Where did you come from—from what part?' 'From a little new settlement, above, sir.' I said, 'I did not know there was a settlement, anywhere above. One remarked, 'It is about seven miles—seven miles sir.' 'You come down on foot, did you?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and through the thunder storm.' The other said, 'It was very cold here, when we got out to the clearing here, there were thirteen dry trees, burning, on the side of the mountains; they had been struck by lightning.' I said to them, 'You will not return, I suppose, until morning?' One looked me in the face, and the tears brimming upon her eyelids, said, 'We must go back to-night, sir; we have left our babes at home.' That broke my heart, (and why should it not, as long as a parent's heart was beating within my own bosom?) I said to them, 'Why it is now five o'clock; you cannot reach your home before dark, can you?' 'Yes, sir, we shall get home if all is well.'—I can say nothing about it, said the other, 'if we can only get through Wolf's Hole before night sets in.' I parted with them, never to see them again. But such thirst for the waters of life, as was manifested by those friends, ought to put to shame thousands of professing Christians, who live within sight and sound of God's sanctuary, who, if it is not just so pleasant, and just so convenient, appear to opiate their consciences, and make up their minds that they are not called upon to go out to serve God under such unfavorable circumstances?"

This volume can be obtained for \$2 25, postage paid, by addressing O. N. WORDEN, Esq., at Lewisburg, Union Co., Penna. or by applying to E. B. CASE, Troy, Bradford Co., Penna.

"How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence toward God or man! There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

ST. PAUL.—'How do you like the character of St. Paul?' asked a parson of his landlady one day during a conversation about the old Saints and the Apostles.

"Ah! he was a good clever old son, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience's sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder!"

"Some of our Western friends have a talent for the figurative. One of our Tennessee exchanges describes another as 'holding its left hand under the swallow-tail of its constitutional dignity, and extending the white nose-wiper of interrogative paths in its right.'

MONEY'S WORTH.—A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. 'I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man,' was the reply.

What is every one doing at the same time? Ans.—Growing older.

## A Roman Hero.

In the war between Rome and Carthage the consul Regulus was taken captive. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining, and sicken in his loneliness, while in the meantime so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should be neither peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. 'I am no longer a Roman citizen,' he said; 'I am but the barbarian's slave, and the senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls.'

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he loved so well.

The Roman senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first, then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task, 'Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace, and an exchange of prisoners.' He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said that he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and, therefore, he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again, and indeed he believed that his enemy had given him slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made. It was wonderful even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priests came forward and declared that as his oath had been wrsted from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. 'I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the name of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest.'

conceded to him, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward and set in the middle of the room.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken cook from the roof."

This was also done, and at Lorenzo's directions, the cook was placed in the pot and covered over with a board or lid.

"Let the doors now be fastened and the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow, which was also done.

"Now," said he, "every person in the room must rub his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cook will grow."

Accordingly all came forward, and rubbed or pretended to rub against the pot. But no cook grew.

"Let the candles now be lighted," said Lorenzo, when all things were prepared, "let us examine the hands."

This was the important part of his arrangement. For on examination, it was found that one man had not rubbed against the pot. The other hands being black with soot from the pot was a proof of their innocence.

"There," said Lorenzo, pointing to the man with the clean hands, "there is the man who picked your pocket."

The culprit, seeing his detection, at once acknowledged his guilt.

The man who put up a stove-pipe without any proficiency has been found, and a company have secured him for exhibition in the principal cities. He will draw better than the pipe:

Men and hyenas laugh; men, parrots and ravens talk; men and crocodiles cry; men, cats and lambs spit; men, grasshoppers and tobacco-worms chew tobacco.

The first postical valentine ever written is preserved in the British Museum. The author was Charles, Duke of Orleans, 1415. A few imitators, we are sorry to say, still exist.

An honest hack driver was discovered in this city last week. When he dies it is proposed to erect a monument to his memory at Laurel Hill.

"Restaurant" is derived from the Latin words *res* and *tauris*, hence the term—bull's thing.

A matrimonial tie should be a lover's knot.

"Early impressions are the most lasting," the fust kiss and the fust licking cum under this head.

Things that are writ for bread will be apt to taste of the emptings.

Reputashun is a good deal like a bon fire; you have got to keep piling on the shaving. If you don't, the flame will soon subdue.

Good wit is something like good luck—the more soon and unexpected it is, the better.

They tell of a feller out west who kint wear enny stockings—his feet are so big he has to wear sock dollars.

The best education a man receives in this life, he gets just before he dies, and it mostly consists in forgetting what he has learnt before.

The world looks with cold respect upon an act of justice, but heaves up their hats at a display of mercy. Yet the one is the strength of virtue, while the other is most often its greatest weakness.

A mind that has more imaginashun than sense, is like a gosse—furst rate to fly down hill.

I don't think the world has enny civilization to spare, but I think she has more than she can manage well.

Drafting has been commenced in Mexico. Exemption costs four hundred dollars.

The Egyptian Government has only just adopted the use of postage-stamps; they came into use the first of January.

The house in which Byron and his mother resided, in Aberdeen, during a portion of his boyhood, is now used as a printing-office, and a printing-press occupies what was once the poet's bed-room.

When sitting alone by the side of a beautiful woman, one cares little how grasping she is.

The number of people in a city may not necessarily have increased because many of its people have doubled, but it is in a fair way to increase.

We must suppose that men value red noses, judging from the expense they are at to get them.

We make it a reproach to any one that he has 'changed his tune.' 'What sort of a singer would he be who never did so?'

State Elections will be held in New Hampshire on the second Tuesday in March; in Connecticut on the second Monday in April; and in Rhode Island on the first Wednesday in April, of the present year.