

THE PEOPLES JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORAL LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

COUDERSPORT POTTER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 7, 1856

NO. 38

VOL. VIII.

NEW FIRM.

ROBT. J. CHENEY would say to the people of Potter county that he has bought the building owned by Emily K. Spencer, and formerly occupied by D. W. Spencer, and has commenced the mercantile business and has appointed D. W. Spencer, agent. I have adopted the

CASH OR READY-PAY SYSTEM.

Those desiring goods low, please favor me with a call. Grain, and all other kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods at the cash value.

ROBT. J. CHENEY.

D. W. SPENCER desires to express his acknowledgments to his friends and to the public for the patronage he has received in years past, and will endeavor to merit the continued favor of his old and many new friends in his new station.

Coudersport, Sept. 20th, 1855. 18

New Goods AT THE KEYSTONE BLOCK.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and the public generally, that he has resumed the mercantile business. He has purchased an entire NEW STOCK OF DRY GOODS which he is now receiving. Having sold in this community for a series of years, he flatters himself that no has selected a stock of winter dry goods that will suit the taste of his old customers, and such new ones as may give him a call. He cannot undertake to enumerate the articles that make up his assortment, but he has every variety and style of DRESS GOODS, BROAD CLOTHS, HATS & CAPS, YANKEE NOTIONS, &c., that are usually kept in a country store, or likely to suit the fancy of buyers. He also has a full supply of TEAS, COFFEE, RICE, and other Groceries, also Hardware, Crockery, &c., all of which he is anxious to exchange for cash or produce on favorable terms to buyers. Call and see at the store formerly occupied by Miles White.

ARCH. F. JONES
Coudersport, Oct. 18, 1855

Machine Oil.

Mill Owners will always find supply of Oil for machinery at satisfactory prices, and in any quantity, at TYLER'S Drug Store.

NEW SUPPLY OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

A NEW supply of School Books, Paper, Pens, etc., of every kind inquired for in this part of the country, just received and for sale at the JOURNAL BOOK-STORE.

WAGONS & SLEIGHS.

THE subscribers, having rented the wheelwright shop formerly occupied by John Reckhow, respectfully inform the citizens of Potter County and the rest of mankind, that they are prepared to make sleighs of all descriptions on short notice.

NOTICE.

and to build all kinds of wagons according to order.

Repairing neatly and expeditiously done. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

J. SEYMOUR, J. J. THOMPSON.
Coudersport, Jan. 10th, 1856.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber hereby gives notice to the public, that having given Henrietta Nutting his note for forty dollars bearing date Jan. 13, 1855, payable the 1st of June, 1856, and having never received any value therefor, he warns any person from buying the said note with any expectation of his paying it.

MARKSHALL H. NICHOLS.
Sharon, Jan. 3, 1856. 31

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POTTER COUNTY SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA to the Sheriff of Potter County, greeting:

We command you, that you attach Justia Forbes & Ethel Y. Brunson late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our court of Common Pleas to be holden at Coudersport, in and for said county, on the 18th day of February next, there to answer Russell O. Goodrich of a plea of arrumpit, that he be and appear before our court on the said 18th day of February to answer what shall be objected against him, and abide the judgment of the court thereon. And have you seen and there this writ.

Witness, the Hon. ROBERT G. WHITES, President Judge of our said Court at Coudersport, the 5th day of December, A. D. 1855.

THOS. B. TYLER, Prothonotary.

By virtue of the above writ to me directed, I have levied on the following described real estate: Situate in Sharon township, Potter county, State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post, the north-west corner of Simon Decker's lot, thence by the line of said lot south 99 perches to a post corner, thence north fifty degrees west, 106.2 perches to a post, thence north 33.8 perches to a black ash corner,

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Village subscribers, 1.25

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50
Every subsequent insertion, 1.50
Every subsequent insertion, 3 insertions, 3.00
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, .50
1 column, one year, 25.00
1 column, six months, 15.00
Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50
Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$5.00 per annum.

All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher.

COUDERSPORT ACADEMY.

THE Trustees of this Institution take pleasure in announcing to the Public that they have engaged the services of the Rev. J. HENDRICK, as Principal. This gentleman comes to us well recommended as being able, talented, and experienced. He has been engaged in teaching a large share of the time for fifteen years; and from among the large number of his pupils, about 500 have gone out from under his instructions, as teachers in different parts of the country. It will be his object to make our Academy one of the most desirable schools in the country, for those who wish to qualify themselves for teaching or for other responsible stations in life, and also for those who desire to prepare for college.

THE WINTER TERM.

Will commence on Monday, December 3d, 1855. The Academic year will be divided into four Terms, of eleven weeks each term. The Spring Term will commence on Monday, February 25, 1856; the Summer Term will commence on Monday, May 20th, 1856; and the Fall Term on Monday, the 1st day of September, 1856.

TERMS.

Tuition per term of eleven weeks as follows:

Primary studies—Reading, Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, &c., \$2.00
Common English branches—Geography, Orthography, Arithmetic, and Grammar, \$3.00
Higher English Branches—Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, &c., \$4.00
Higher Mathematics—Algebra, Geometry, &c., \$5.00
Latin and Greek Languages, \$5.00
Piano Music, \$2.00
Use of Instrument, \$2.00

Payment strictly in advance.

All scholars who can write legibly, will be required to present an original Composition once in two weeks; and all male scholars to declaim once in two weeks.

Though the Terms of tuition are considerably lower than they have been heretofore, yet it is designed that the instruction shall be thorough in all the branches taught; and those who desire to learn and are willing to study will find it a very profitable school.

SONIESKI ROSS, President.
LEWIS MANN, Treasurer,
G. B. OVERTON, Secretary,
H. J. GIMSTED,
ELI REES.

Board can be obtained in private Families in the village, or rooms can be had in the Academy by applying to the Trustees.

Coudersport, Nov. 22nd, 1855.

General Information.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
President—Franklin Pierce
Vice President—(de facto) Jesse D. Briggs
Secretary of State—Wm. L. Marcy
Secretary of Interior—Robert McClelland
Secretary of Treasury—James Guthrie
Secretary of War—Jefferson Davis
Secretary of Navy—James C. Dobbin
Post Master General—James Campbell
Attorney General—Caleb Cushing
Chief Justice of United States—R. B. Taney

STATE GOVERNMENT.
Governor—James Pollock
Secretary of State—Andrew G. Curtin
Deputy Secretary of State—J. M. Sullivan
Surveyor General—J. Porter Brawley
Auditor General—Ephraim Banks
Treasurer—Eli Shifer
Supreme Court Judges—Eli Lewis, W. B. Lewis, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox, J. B. Black.

County Officers, with Post Office Address.

President Judge, ROBERT G. WHITES, Wellsboro, Tiega Co.
Associate Judges, ORANOR A. LEWIS, Ulysses JOSEPH MANN, Millport.
District Attorney, FRANKLIN W. KNOX, Coudersport.
Sheriff, PIERRE A. STEBBINS, Coudersport.
Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court, THOMAS B. TYLER, Coudersport.
Register and Recorder, ANDREW JACKSON, Coudersport.
County Commissioners, DEICK WHIFFLE, Ulysses Center, HARRISON ROSA, Whites Corners, HENRY NELSON, Wharton.
County Auditors, WILLIAM B. GRAVES, Clara HARRIS LYMAN, Roulette, H. L. SIMONS, Allegany.
Commissioners Clerk, Samuel Havens, Coudersport.
Treasurer, Henry Ellis, Coudersport.
County Surveyor, Z. F. Robinson, Harrison Valley.
Superintendent of Common Schools, J. B. Pridt, Coudersport.

THE Cythara, the Lute of Zion, and Boys and Girls' Singing Book, at the JOURNAL BOOK STORE.

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HOW TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF ELECTIONS.

The Knickerbocker for December, a capital number, by the way, has the following capital Election story:

PRESERVING THE PURITY OF ELECTIONS.

"In the northwest portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all democrats of the regular 'unterrified' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one whig amongst them. There was the proof, a regular straight-out whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their escutcheon was dimmed; there was a whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage (Dutch of course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the 'Vig Dicket'; but their labors were unsuccessful. In the meantime another year rolled round, and the good 'beeples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the 'Vig Dicket'; and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

Escape of McCrea—His Arrival at Detroit.

Col. McCrea, whose escape from a Kansas jail has been a subject of recent congratulation among all the friends of freedom, is in Detroit, where he has been telling the story of his wrongs by invitation of a number of the prominent citizens of that city.

The Detroit Advertiser says:

"Hopeless of obtaining justice at the hands of a court which had already openly defied the law for the purpose of ensuring his conviction, Mr. McCrea effected his escape, intending to join his fellow-citizens in Lawrence, to aid them in the struggle which seemed impending, and then, at a proper time, to surrender himself for trial. But conscious that his safety depended upon his absence from the territory, his friends advised him to abandon his magnanimous intention for the present, and to claim an asylum where the behests of law are paramount to the ruffianism of the mob, and personal rights are not adjudicated upon by drunken bullies. He has arrived in Detroit, on his way to seek his scattered family, and at the request of his friends here, will to-night give a narrative of the simple facts which have led to his banishment from a once peaceful home.

Col. McCrea's Escape from a Kansas Jail.

"Let it be recollected that the circumstances attending Mr. McCrea's escape, precluded his providing himself even with necessary raiment. He was obliged to rely upon the kindness of his countrymen for the means of travel and subsistence, and suffered the want of clothing and food, before reaching a point where he dared ask for aid. He is still but meagerly provided, and the avails of the lecture to-night will accrue to his benefit. He desires first to reach his family, and then, Providence favoring, he will carry the tidings of his mission to the East, and there endeavor to obtain succor of men and arms for the noble men who are doing the battle of freedom in Kansas. It is Mr. McCrea's belief that the danger to the cause is still imminent, and he desires, as speedily as possible, to put the ball in motion that shall decide the question

Col. McCrea's Escape from a Kansas Jail.

"I tell you it was though," said Sam; pulling out a whig ticket, "and may I be clawed up if I aint going to do it again. I am going to vote that, (holding out the ticket), and vote it 'open, too. Ill let you know that I'm an Independent American Citizen, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jemima!"

"So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, 'calm as a summer morning'; and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handing it back toward the independent voter and said:

"'Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket.'

"'Well, put it in the box,' said Sam.

"'Vat you say?' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; 'put him in de box?'

"'Yes-sir-ee, put it in the box! I am a goin' to vote it!'

"'Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot! dat ish a Vig dicket,' said the old Dutchman, shaking his head.

"'Well, I reckon I know it's a whig ticket,' said Sam, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darnation quick, too.'

"'No, no! dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig ticket; we not take 'em any more, said the old judge,' turning to receive 'goot dickets' from some of his German friends.

"Sam went out and cursed till all

Col. McCrea's Escape from a Kansas Jail.

was blue—said he had come thar to vote, and he'd be flambegasted if he wan't goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in, and tendered his ticket, very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam, in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said:

"'I tell you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat it ish nix goot; and dat we not take 'em any more!'

"Sam again retired, cursing all the democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

"'Sam Sdarrett, I tells you vat it ish, if you will vote der Dimergrat dicket, and leef der goenty, we gif you so much monish as dakes you vere you cum vrom.'

"Sam scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said that as he had come thar to vote, and wan't goin' away without votin,' he guessed he'd do it.

"Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"'Yaw, dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergrat dicket!' and dropped it into the box.

"It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

"That is what I call 'preserving the purity of elections.' D. T."

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Mr. PIATT.—The Philadelphia News affirms that this gentleman, just selected by the Democrats of the Pennsylvania Senate as Speaker of that body, is a Know Nothing. This we can hardly believe. That he worked hard for Mr. Cameron last winter, is true; but others not in the same category did the same. A more significant fact, in view of present events, is that he is an Anti-Nebraska man; and if, in addition to this, he shall turn out to be a Know Nothing, and that the Democratic members of the Senate knew it, the party they represent is less strong than it boasts itself to be. A pro-slavery, anti-Know Nothing party would not have chosen such a man as Mr. Piatt—if it could have helped it.

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From the National Era.
THE BEGGAR-BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

A miserably-clad beggar-boy was frozen to death on last Wednesday night, (January 2d.) He was found by a butcher on his way to market, early on Tuesday morning, sitting on the steps at the entrance of the Circle, a public reservation between "the Six Buildings" and Georgetown, on the Pennsylvania Avenue. His little dog was licking his face and hands, manifesting the most intense agony for his dead master.

The friend who told me this, said the boy often came to her kitchen door for alms. She one day asked him his name and residence, and of his parents. He promptly told her his name and residence, which was near the 'Convent in Georgetown; and when she said, "I will some time come out and see your mother," he replied, "You can go, lady, but you will never wish to go but once. I have no father, but John Hengle lives at my mother's."

At other times, when filling his wallet, my friend sought to know something of this boy's home, but he was silent usually; and, from all she could gain from him, she inferred that this home was made wretched by the cruelty of John Hengle and his mother's unkindness; that this boy was a beggar, to supply the wants of this man and his miserable mother.

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Last Wednesday night was intensely cold. The stars shone like diamond sparks. This poor boy had been making his rounds, and was returning late at night, followed by his dog, with an almost empty wallet.

As the beggar-boy came up the Avenue, and passed Willard's Hotel he saw its many guests happy in the warmth and comforts of wealth. He stopped on the pavement, and begged for money, for he dared not go home without the means to buy at least a pint of whiskey, and he had only one cent in his pocket. But it was freezing cold, and those alighting from carriages hurried to the hotel, and those coming out could not be induced to unbutton their coats to get to their pockets, and so the poor boy utterly failed of success.

Sheltered by the Treasury, he ran along, shivering, with Carlo, who, impatient of delay, was always running ahead; but when the boy came round the corner of the President's square, he crossed the Avenue, and, looking up at the windows of the wealthy, he said, "O how cold it is! I have nothing in my pocket, nothing in my bag, and John Hengle will say I have spent all I have begged to day, and will kick me out of doors. O, if I had been born in one of these houses! How bright and warm they look! They have rich, heavy curtains, hanging loose, but not so close but I can see through the chinks. There are two boys and three little girls living in that house, for I have seen them all so nicely and warmly dressed, in cloaks and fur capes, and mittens and gloves on their hands, going out to

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"Yes! my boy," whispered his good Angel. "Heaven is on high, and you will one day reach its mansions of blessedness, where 'the depth of present wretchedness will enhance an eternity of joy. Cheer up, and hasten home! See, Carlo is impatient—his barks, runs on and returns, and barks again."

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The little boy hastened onward, seeking the shelter of the buildings on the north side of the street, until, passing under the protection afforded by the "Six Buildings," he became exposed to the sweeping winds pouring down from the heights of Georgetown and Kalorama. Benumbed and bewildered, he ran forward till he came to the Circle, with its high iron fence, and made for the gateway, to gain the direct path across it, but the iron gate would not move; chilled and despairing, he sat himself down on the stone step. The little dog barked, and, by such eloquence as he could command, prayed his master to get up and go on, but the boy heeded him not.

The Guardian Angel whispered him to rise and hurry homeward—not to go to sleep, on the peril of his life! To all these monitions and promptings, the boy murmured his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

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The Angel could do no more. His influences failed to move the soul of the boy. With earnest scrutiny, he looked in upon the boy, whose thoughts (like figures thrown upon a screen) passed under the inspection of the Angel. Already was the boy among the sunny days of his childhood—birds were singing in the trees, and butterflies of inconceivable beauty were fluttering about from flower to flower; for he was in a beautiful garden, and music filled the air. The Angel knew his boy's hour had come, but there was no murmur in his seraphic soul against God's inscrutable providence. He had witnessed the many miseries of his charge with the intense sympathy of his angelic nature, but he could say, "I can wait! The Judge of all the earth will do right."

To him the future was all unknown, but he well knew the Messenger of the Highest would soon be at his side. And, as the pulse of the boy was fluttering, he listened if, perhaps, some belated citizen would come, speedily, and yet resuscitate the dying child. But no sound was to be heard but the sighing of the winds through the distant forest trees. Carlo became more and more frantic. His yelping bark, short and brief, but full of meaning, would have spurred on the distant traveler; but there was no ear to hear, and poor dog! he did what he could by licking the hands and face of his young master.

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Col. McCrea's Escape from a Kansas Jail.

of liberty or slavery for the people of that territory. Let not his appeal be made in vain."

Mr. PIATT.—The Philadelphia News affirms that this gentleman, just selected by the Democrats of the Pennsylvania Senate as Speaker of that body, is a Know Nothing. This we can hardly believe. That he worked hard for Mr. Cameron last winter, is true; but others not in the same category did the same. A more significant fact, in view of present events, is that he is an Anti-Nebraska man; and if, in addition to this, he shall turn out to be a Know Nothing, and that the Democratic members of the Senate knew it, the party they represent is less strong than it boasts itself to be. A pro-slavery, anti-Know Nothing party would not have chosen such a man as Mr. Piatt—if it could have helped it.