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COUDERSPORT POTTER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 14, 1856

NO. 39.

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 24, 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 26th, 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
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 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 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.

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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.

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From the N. Y. Independent.
JOHNNIE.

Work on, brave boy, work on!
 Under the broad blue sky;
 Sweet flowers are springing near thee,
 Bird-songs float round to cheer thee,
 And from above, the All-seeing Eye
 Is ever watching silently.

On a sunny April morning I went out for my usual walk. The air was cool but the sky was bright, and the birds were pouring forth their songs with unusual power and sweetness. At length, after threading several streets, I turned into a green lane where I espied an old acquaintance in an adjoining lot.

"Good morning, Johnnie," I said; "you are bright and early."
 "Yes, ma'am, I am picking dandelions, and if I don't begin pretty early I can't get my basket full before school time. My basket holds a good many," said he lifting it up.
 "Yes, and it is rather slow work to gather dandelions when they are so small; but you will have a nice dinner of them."
 "Oh, I'm picking them to sell," said the little fellow, his eyes sparkling with animation. "Mrs. Harris buys a basket-full every morning, and she says she will take them of me as long as they last. And she pays me six cents a basket!" added he, emphasizing the six as if the word denoted untold treasures.

Of all things I like to see a contented spirit, and my heart warmed toward my little friend more than ever. Some boys would have said with a whining tone, "I don't get but just six cents for them!" But the words had such a full magnificent sound in Johnnie's mouth, that I replied.

"Why, John, you will get to be quite rich one of these days! What will you do with all your money?—You must get something useful with it, and not fritter it away in candy and such like things."
 "Oh, I carry it all to my mother," answered he, with something of reproach in his tone, as if grieved that I should suppose he could do anything else with it.

Noble Johnnie! I had undervalued his generous heart, and I felt my eyes moisten as I thought of the mother's blessedness in such a son. She was poor in what the world calls riches, but the wealthy mother of many a selfish, ungrateful, ungovernable boy might well envy her the treasure of such a son as Johnnie. Industrious, persevering, contented and generous he had shown himself to be, and before we parted, I discovered another admirable trait.

During this conversation I had been leaning on the fence, while he worked near me on the opposite side; and at last he said, giving the dandelions a great squeeze into the basket.

"I guess I'll pick a few more. I don't think Mrs. Harris would find any fault with these, but I'll give her a good snug basket-full anyhow."

O Johnnie, God grant that you may always remain as honest, and though man should not see the deficiency, be careful in all your dealings with your fellow-men to give them a good snug basket-full. Then you will be that invaluable citizen who is honest because it is right, and not from fear of detection.

Thinking it might not do Johnnie any good to praise him, I kept these thoughts to myself, and said.

"I should hardly think you would have time to pick a basket full and carry them to Mrs. Harris, for it is quite a walk there."

"Why you see, Miss C., I get up just as soon as it is light every morning and pick before breakfast, I'm only putting on the finishing stroke now; there was most enough before breakfast. It was pretty cold too this morning before sunrise."

"And you worked all the harder for that," said I, smiling.
 "Yes, ma'am. And now I've got enough, I must run home and wash my hands, and put on a collar, and start off. I go from Mrs. Harris's to school across lots."

So Johnny and I parted. I felt a genuine respect for his honesty, and his love for his mother, which led him to forget all the hardships of his lot in the pleasure of ministering to her necessities. I felt grateful to Johnnie likewise; for, poor and young though he was, this little interview with him had cheered and encouraged me. I was surrounded by natural loveliness; the springing grass, the swelling buds and flowers, and the soft blue sky with its floating drapery of clouds, were all very beautiful to my eye; and the crowing of the cocks, the cooing of the doves, and gushing song of Robin-red-breast, and the sweet sighing of the winds in the tree-tops were all very delightful to my ear; but the moral beauty I had seen shining out in Johnnie's actions, rejoiced my heart more than all the rest; it was beauty of a higher kind.

So I went on my way with a light heart; I could not forbear wishing some of my little friends knew Johnnie. "I wonder," thought I, as I walked along, "if little Tommy Ravel who rises about eight o'clock, and is so ill-natured if there are not hot cakes and coffee ready for him, would not become amiable if he were to get up before sunrise, and take the fresh morning air two hours before breakfast."

I wondered too if Fred Stapleton's whining tone might not be changed to a more agreeable one by some such arrangement; and if he would not feel more grateful for his beautiful and costly playthings, if he were to earn six cents for somebody every day before school-time. I could not tell certainly, but this I know, at present they give him none of the rich pure enjoyment that fills Johnnie's heart when he walks over to Mrs. Harris's with his basket full of dandelions and returns with six cents in his pocket for his mother.

We recommend the subjoined anecdote to the particular study of slaveholding communicants. In what particular is their conduct different from that of the old negro woman? And do not our Northern churches which fellowship slaveholders, take a view of Christianity very much like hers?

"A negro woman, soon after having experienced religion, stole a goose to make merry with her consort from a neighboring plantation. Of course she was whipped, for the good of others as well as of herself. Soon after these circumstances, a communion was to take place in the neighborhood, and Dinah prepared to go. Her mistress remonstrated with her, and mentioned the goose affair as a sufficient reason for her not to offer herself on such a holy occasion; to which she replied, 'Lor, Missus, I aint a wine to turn my back on my breaded Massa, for no old goose!'"

EASY WAY OF PETITIONING.

We have been a little surprised in noticing in the legislative proceedings at Harrisburg, the large number of petitions from Philadelphia for the repeal of the restraining liquor law. Ten, fifteen, twenty or more petitions to this effect have been produced day after day. The number seemed so

large for so many consecutive days, that it looked very much as if the great mass of the community were moving for the repeal of the existing law. But the mystery is at length solved. The liquor dealers, and those who sympathize with them, have discovered an easy way of getting up petitions. It is an easy matter for a liquor dealer to sit behind his bar and put down the names of men present or absent, dead or alive. Lawyers, when they want to designate fictitious persons, generally style them John Doe and Richard Roe. How many John Does and Richard Roes are made to figure conspicuously at Harrisburg, we will not pretend precisely to say. But if half is true that is currently reported in regard to these famous characters, it will be well for the members of the Legislature to look into it. Liquor dealers should remember that their customers sometimes become quite talkative and exceedingly communicative, and let out secrets which they are very sorry for afterwards. It is outrageous and abominable that the class of men whose business is destructive to the morals and the industry of the community, who do nothing to promote the happiness and the well being of society, should be permitted to besiege the halls of legislation with false pretences and fictitious names, for the purpose of perpetuating their means of an indolent, lazy livelihood.

Let these men, who are sending their petitions to Harrisburg for the repeal of the restraining law, distinctly understand that their made of getting signatures has leaked out. Let them also understand that three or five names to a petition will not have the same influence with wise, sober legislators, as fifty bona fide signatures. We call upon our legislators to put the petitions and the remonstrances from this city side by side, and examine them, and see where the names of our business men, our industrious laborers, our thriving mechanics, our professional men, and our honest tax payers, are found. How many of these classes have signed the petitions of the liquor league? Not twenty! They would be ashamed to be seen in such company. Let us have no more signatures of John Doe or Richard Roe; no more of fictitious or dead men. Look at the remonstrances sent to Harrisburg by the friends of temperance. Every name is a bona fide name. They are the names of living men; men known in this community; men on hand whenever they are called for.—Daily Sun.

From the N. Y. Independent.
THE NUNS OF BELGIUM.

Being permitted to look over the private-note-book of a traveler, who saw many things which those who publish books either do not see or do not think worth describing, we learned about many curious things which were new to us, and among them were the nunneries of Belgium. We may often have seen allusions to them, but nothing that particularly attracted our attention and gained our confidence. Our friend is not one who judges of things from superficial observation, and is not blinded by prejudice concerning things new or old. So when he said to us, "Nothing in Europe interested us more than the Institutions of the Sisters of Charity," we at first marveled and then quietly listened to the descriptions he gave, and the reason he had for pronouncing them among the most meritorious as a means of good which the old or new country had invented.

The convents which Joseph II. did not suppress, were mostly swept away by the torrent of the revolution, but the *Beguinaages* were left untouched. They have all the good features of the convent without the evil, and consist of villages, occupied solely by females who have resolved to live unmarried and devote themselves to the care of the sick and the education of orphans. A fund is of course necessary to establish them, but instead of one great building like prisons, convents,

and asylums, there are many, pleasantly located upon streets and squares, inclosed by walls and accessible only through gates. A single house may be occupied by one only, or by several according to the taste and employments of individuals. They style themselves "Sisters of Charity," and those who join them take no vow of celibacy or the consecration of their whole lives to isolation and deeds of charity. They may leave at any time if they do not like it, or if for any reason they prefer to return to the ordinary bustling world.

In the town of Ghent there is a *Beguinaage* containing one thousand women, and in the note-book of our friend it is remarked, that there cannot exist a community of persons more pure in their lives, more self-denying, or more fruitful in good works. Here orphans, or deserted, or poverty-stricken children, are received and educated, and however grievous the sickness or loathsome the disease with which they are afflicted, they have the most faithful and affectionate care, and from those, too, who have been women of wealth and might still be women of fashion. If they remain in the circles in which their birth and education entitle them to move, they must conform in dress and style of living; and yet being few, comparatively, in number, they are isolated from sympathy and congenial companionship universally objects of contempt. They must form criminal marriages or sink into the fathomless abyss of vice, not to see every where pointed at them the finger of scorn.

Associated for a common and benevolent purpose—secluded from the vulgar gaze of those who do not understand them and cannot appreciate them—industrious and frugal, life passes pleasantly—the heart retains its freshness, and the countenance its serenity.

In Belgium there are six thousand *Beguines*, or nuns of this order, and there are also many still in Germany and the Netherlands. They are of course Roman Catholics, and rigid devotees. Those described by our friend were dressed in black with long white veils, and at the hour of vespers all enter the church together, remaining covered during service, but laying aside their veils on leaving the church to return to the cottages in which they live. Needlework and various arts are practiced and taught, and by the avails of these, additions are made to their funds, and they are also often enriched by donations. But there are no monastic vows—no binding of themselves by the rules of any order. They are governed only by the ordinary rules of association whilst they choose to remain members.

But it must be evident that it is a species of communism of which the Catholic nor any other sectarian religion is not a necessary feature. Any number of women with the requisite fund, not only of money but of Christian spirit, might form such an association. The separate buildings are an infinite improvement upon the prison-looking walls of nunneries and asylums, securing to each the companionship of one or many as suits her taste, and securing also a greater amount of every species of physical comfort. The labor is not so great of taking care of the sick or helpless age in cottages as it is in castles, and fresh air would be a constant blessing which is never known where hundreds are confined within the same walls, however spacious those walls may be.

The idea of evil, and evil only, has been so long associated with nunneries, that many will not believe it possible to convert them into an institution for good. Yet it is alarmingly true that Protestant young ladies are turning Catholics in great numbers for the sake of the retreats afforded them among the various sisterhoods; and it is also alarmingly true that suicides are among the calamities recorded upon the pages of every journal in the country, to say nothing of those who resort to the obscurity which vice affords, when

poverty and humiliation overtake them, and there is no refuge from the scorn of the world, which is honorable and secure.

It may be answered that humiliation should be meekly borne and not fled, which is very easy to say for those who have not experienced it; we must take human nature as it is, and not as it should be. The Savior said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and so it is for all who possess it; but calamity and humiliation come most surely upon those who have no strength from Heaven. Afflictions may be sent to lead their thoughts to God, and this should be their effect; but in the first moments of suffering, especially if it be a suffering with which the world has no sympathy, the mind is bewildered, and to find obscurity is the first resolve.

Men may plunge into business, they may travel and are never obliged to think of escorts or proprieties; but to women, especially to Protestant women, there is no refuge—nothing but to sit down and endure. Each suffering woman is alone as far as sympathy and all the heart's necessities are concerned, though she may be in the midst of family and friends. They have other objects of interest, and have not had her experience. She might go forth, a lone Sister of Charity, but how many obstacles would she meet in such a pathway, and how little good could she accomplish, compared with those who are associated, who have congenial companionship, constant employment, and ever before them object of interest.

We saw not long since in a leading Magazine—in the one which has the largest circulation, and therefore must exert the widest influence—a description of this class of females as they exist in Protestant communities. There was a list of opprobrious epithets applied to them which occupied nearly half a column, and which would have disgraced the lowest penny gazette of Billingsgate literature. Yet they were heaped upon those who, as a class, are above reproach, a majority of whom are eminently high-minded, self-sacrificing and noble. In Catholic communities they are subject to no such reproach, because they have a position, a definite mission, and are independent. The ordinary convent is open to so many objections that it can never and should never become a permanent institution among Protestants. But to the *Beguinaage* we do not see a single reasonable exception; and if the rich women, who are endowing colleges and professorships for men, would do something for the helpless, desolate, and woe-stricken of their own sex, crime and vice might be robbed of their victims, and the dark places of our cities be redeemed. How much better to spend the money in prevention, which is devoted to hospitals and asylums for the reception of those whom crime has made dangerous or vice has made helpless! How much better to promote happiness than to assuage misery! How much better to encourage independence, self-reliance and honest industry, than to nourish wasted energies, support premature decrepitude, and solace the despairing. A word to the wise is sufficient, and would it might prove a word in season, like apples of gold "in pictures of silver."

M. M.

LEVEE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2, 1856.
 DEAR READERS: The company last night at the President's House, it is said, was the largest and most brilliant of the season. I went at an early hour, not to "dance attendance" on the smallest pattern of a President, but to see what kind of society and manners are encouraged at the Capital of the chief Republic on the Globe. I went alone, too, that I might be unobscured by the eye of an acquaintance. I went too early by just ten minutes, but these I spent very pleasantly on the north portico, watching the arrival of others who, like myself, had come too early. They came in