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VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., MAY 22, 1856.

NO. 1.

Business Cards.

F. W. KNOX, Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter county.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, Attorney & Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.

ISAAC BENSON, Attorney at Law, COUDERSPORT, PA. Office corner of West and Third streets.

L. P. WILLISTON, Attorney at Law, Wallabor', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and McKean Counties.

A. P. CONE, Attorney at Law, Wellborough, Tioga county, Pa., will regularly attend the courts of Potter county. June 3, 1848.

JOHN S. MANN, Attorney & Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted in his care, will receive prompt attention.

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The Cause of President Taylor's Death.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald was riding in the cars a few days since, and reports a conversation which passed between the Hon. Thos. Ewing and some one else. Rather a trespass on private property, we think, but what Ewing said of the death of Gen. Taylor is very interesting, and as it has already been in type, here it is:

"I was at the President's house on the third of July," he said—"Gen. Taylor had just received an invitation to attend the celebration on the following day, and hear a speech by Senator Foote. Though Mr. Foote was a member of the opposition party, he was a gentleman, and the President felt disposed to show him all the respect possible. He did not, however, immediately conclude to accept the invitation.

"Having taken leave, I had not yet reached the street on my return, when a message overtook me to say that the President would attend the celebration, and desired that I should accompany him.

"Seats were assigned us in the shade of the Washington Monument. Foote made a good speech, of reasonable length, and sat down. It was then announced that the ceremony of the presentation of a block by the District of Columbia, would take place immediately, at the opposite side of the Monument. The presentation speech would be made by Walter Jones, on the part of the District, and the reply would be given by Mr. Seaton, in behalf of the Monument Association. The President asked if the speeches would probably be short. As I knew both the speakers to be men of few words and many thoughts, I replied that the exercises would certainly be brief. Accordingly, the President concluded to remain, and we repaired to the other side of the Monument.

"Mr. Jones made a speech, which was brief, and to the point, and sat down. Mr. Seaton then arose and said that he was gratified to be able to announce that Mr. C. had consented to make the speech in reply to Mr. Jones. I at once concluded that we were dead men. I knew the proposed speaker, and was certain that we were doomed to hear a long speech. I endeavored to persuade the President to retire, but he was unwilling to do so. We endured the intense heat for an hour and a half before this speech was done. The President went home weary by the length of the exercises, and suffering from long exposure to the heat. In the evening I heard that he was violently ill. I repaired to the Mansion, and urged the family to call a physician immediately. But the President was unwilling that this should be done. I then induced the family physician to call, as a friend, and request to see Gen. Taylor. But the sick man refused to see him. On the following afternoon I called again, and as the President desired to see me, I was admitted to his room. He was lying on a sofa, apparently destitute of pain, and very cheerful. He desired to hear the news, and I told him of as many agreeable circumstances

as I could. When I left his room, after an hour's conversation, I was quite confident that he would soon be well. I very soon heard, however, that his disease had returned with renewed violence, and that he was suffering with intense agony. I hastened to the telegraph office, to send for his son-in-law, Dr. Wood, a skillful physician of Baltimore. The dispatch could not be sent that night, so that the doctor did not arrive until the next evening—too late to be of any avail. The President failed rapidly, and expired in a short time. I shall ever believe that his death may be traced to the long speech, which was made on the Fourth of July. Such an effect was, of course, not intended by the speaker. This is an instance of murder without malice.

"I immediately handed in my resignation to Mr. Fillmore, to take effect in a few days!"

NEW ENORMITIES IN KANSAS

A scheme has been devised to stop the inquiry into the fraud practised in the Kansas elections, by arresting and taking off to prison the person who appears in behalf of the inhabitants of the territory. The disclosures before the Committee of the House are assuming a shape quite unpleasant to those who are concerned in that usurpation, and Governor Reeder's presence is felt to be exceedingly troublesome. He is acquainted, from the beginning, with the history of the shameful proceedings by which the residents were cheated out of the choice of a legislature of their own, and a mock legislature palmed upon them, as well as with the subsequent fraud in the election of Whitfield to Congress, and his assistance is material to the full and impartial conduct of the investigation. He is therefore to be got out of the way, and this is done under color of a legal prosecution. A charge of some sort is fabricated, a warrant has been taken out, and a deputy marshal sent after him to drag him away from the duty to which he was attending.

If this trick should answer the purpose of the inventors, the investigation will be deprived of the benefit of Governor Reeder's familiar acquaintances with the facts, and Whitfield, the agent of the pro-slavery party, will be left to give it such shape as his ingenuity may suggest. It will probably be impossible to find any person who can fully supply Governor Reeder's place. His title to a seat in Congress, as delegate from Kansas, depends upon the issue of this investigation, and on that account he is, doubtless, better prepared than any other man can be to present all the facts which make for his side of the question, as Whitfield is unquestionably the fittest man to present the other view. It is likely that the people of the territory would employ some other person in Governor Reeder's place, but if he should be one whose talents and knowledge of the facts made it desirable to receive him, he would, also, of course, be summoned before the Grand Jury sitting at Leocompton, and if he disobeyed the summons a deputy marshal would be sent for him, attended by a detachment of United States dragoons, if necessary.

In the meantime there seems to be a conspiracy to put in confinement every person who is likely to take any conspicuous or responsible part in behalf of the people of Kansas, in the investigation which is now proceeding. Judge Leecompton has charged the Grand Jury at Leocompton, the same body before which Reeder was summoned to get him out of the way, that it was their duty to indict for high treason all the members of the new elected government, the executive and other officers, and the members of the legislature assembled under the constitution recently adopted by the people, and the work has been already commenced by the arrest of Governor Robinson. Not a man of them is to be left at large. None of them is to be al-

lowed to take Governor Reeder's place. Mr. Oliver, one of the Committee of the House, sent out to make this investigation, a member from Missouri, favors the plot of removing Governor Reeder. The other members of the committee, it seems, held that Governor Reeder is protected by his privilege as a delegate attending on the committee in the proper functions of his office. Oliver is of opinion that it was Reeder's duty to have obeyed the summons, and to have abandoned the part he was taking in the investigation. There seems to have been a perfect understanding between him and the creatures of the scheme at Leocompton.

Meantime in order to signify to the witnesses on behalf of the people that they must not tell all they know, Mr. Mace, who has testified to the frauds committed in the Kansas elections, has been decoyed from his cabin, shot at, severely wounded, and left as the ruffians who committed the deed supposed, to be devoured by wolves.

We greatly misapprehend the spirit of the American people if they submit quietly to such infamous proceedings, or if they do not hold to a rigid accountability the administration by whom they are instigated and abetted. It is now manifest that the President does not intend that a full investigation of the circumstances, under which the Shannon government in Kansas was begotten, shall be made, or if made, that the result of it shall ever reach Washington; and it would seem that there is no crime too desperate for his partisans to perpetrate in carrying out his wicked purpose.

But, fortunately, the attempts of these miscreants to suppress the proof of their ruffianism is next to the best evidence of their guilt, and the country will require no higher evidence of the base origin of the government President Pierce is trying to impose upon the people of Kansas, than the unprincipled, the criminal efforts making to conceal it.—Eve Post.

From the Examiner. SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS.

Not long since, a good-looking man in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied—"I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die

while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled loud and long, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadows and by the brook.

Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love and cares, and hopes, fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then and as the only strife who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls out Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four.

She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one, two, three, four—ah, she is now a second child—now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! there she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit.—His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," said he, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the confined form before him, he then

said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures.— Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, near all these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty years ago, a happy bride—that here she has passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late.— When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave; I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say, in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

"Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Uduy vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold."

If you wish to know whether anybody is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to draw a truck for you. A man ceases to be a "good fellow" the moment he refuses to do precisely what other people wish him to do. Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. Dr. Johnson.

We should never be vain of any thing we possess; for all vanity is just to folly. They who boast of their attainments, only prove to the world that they are unworthy of them.

It is always better to trust the productions of the pen to the decision of strangers, rather than that of relatives and friends. The former will judge impartially; the latter, partially.

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "du butter of the poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A friend of Cuvier's once took the horns and hoofs of an ox, and approaching the bedside of the great naturalist, and waking him from a sleep, announced himself as the devil, who had come to eat him. Cuvier rubbed his eyes, and glanced at the nondescript from hoof to horns, when he lay down and quietly remarked—"Horns—hoofs—grammivorous—eat grass—can't come it—go away!"

"Sambo, why am I a locomotive balancing like a bed bug?" "I gib-dat up fore you at it!" "Case it runs on sleepers!"