

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 19, 1856.

NO. 5.

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.
Office—in the Temperance Block, up stairs, Main-street.

ISAAC BENSON
Attorney at Law,
Coudersport, Pa.
Office corner of West and Third-streets.

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

A. P. CONE,
Attorney at Law,
Wellbrough, 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.
Office on Main-street, opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
Daniel F. Glassmire
PROPRIETOR.
Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 44.

W. K. KING,
Surveyor, Draftsman, and
Carpenter,
Smithport, McKean Co., Pa.,
Will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required.
P. S. Maps of any part of the County made to order. 7-33

H. J. OLMSTED,
Surveyor and Draftsman,
At the office of J. S. Mann, Coudersport, Pa.

ABRAM YOUNG,
Watch-maker and Jeweler.
All work warranted. A stock of Watches and Jewelry on hand for sale. Call at the store of Smith & Jones, Coudersport, Pa.

BENJAMIN RENNELS,
Blacksmith,
All work in his line, done to order and with dispatch. On West street, below Third, Coudersport, Pa.

SMITH & JONES,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Stationery, Drugs & Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy articles, &c. Main Street, Coudersport Pa.

JONES, MANN, & JONES,
General Grocery and Provision Dealers—Also in Dry Goods, Hardware, Boots and Shoes; and whatever men want to buy. Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Coudersport, Pa.

J. W. SMITH,
Dealer in Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

M. W. MANN,
Dealer in Books & Stationery, Music, and Magazines. Main-st., opposite N. W. corner of the public square, Coudersport, Pa.

AMOS FRENCH,
Physician & Surgeon. East side Main-st., above 4th st., Coudersport, Pa.

DAVID B. BROWN,
Foundryman and Dealer in Ploughs. Upper end of Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

JACKSON & SCHOOMAKER,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, and Ready-made Clothing. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
Samuel M. Mills, Proprietor. On the Wellbrough road, seven miles North of Coudersport.

R. J. CHENEY,
Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Ready-made Clothing. North of the public square, Coudersport, Pa.

A. E. GOODSELL,
GUNSMITH, Coudersport, Pa. Fire Arms manufactured and repaired at his shop, on short notice.
March 3, 1848.

J. W. HARDING,
Fashable Tailor. All work entrusted to his care will be done with neatness, comfort, and durability. Shop over Lewis Mann's.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms—in Advance
One copy per annum, \$1.00
Village subscribers, 1.25

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50
" " " " 3 insertions, 1.50
" " " " every subsequent insertion, .25
Rule and figure work per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00
Every subsequent insertion, .50
1 column, one year, 25.00
" " " " 15.00
" " " " 11.00
1 column, six months, 15.00
" " " " 9.00
Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50
Marriage notices 1.00
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 Publishers.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor Willie! How his heart yearned towards little Johnny, who lived just across the street.—Willie had no brothers nor sisters, as most children have. There was no one in his father's large house but Pa and Ma, and aunt Kate, and Mary the seamstress, and Jane the chambermaid, and Dinah the cook. Willie was always afraid of Dinah because she was so black and looked so wild when she spoke. And once when Willie happened down in the kitchen just to see what Dinah and Jane could be doing all the long day, the naughty black woman stamped her foot, looked fiercely at him, and told him to go "right up stairs." Willie ran out screaming at the top of his voice, and though Dinah called him and told him that she was only in fun that she had a whole pocket full of candy for him, and that she would tell him nice stories about little boys no bigger than he, and yet could see and hear, and speak, and act, and were just like Willie, only the skin was black, and the whites of their eyes were much larger than Willie's. Yes, though Dinah told him all this, Willie could not be persuaded to stop; but ran up stairs as fast as ever he could, and stopped not till he reached his mother's room and threw himself into her arms. It was many moments before Willie could master his feelings enough to tell what had happened and when he had finished telling his mother, she only laughed and said—

"Why you cunning little creature Dinah would not have hurt you for the world; but you must not go down again, she don't want you in the way déar." But Willie wondered if he could have been in her way when he just peeped, in his little head at the door to see what she was doing, and he thought she must have been engaged in some very wicked employment to be unwilling that he should just look at her a moment.

"Why, Willie, she makes all these nice cakes that you like so well; and the nice hot biscuits and muffins that we have for tea, and cooks all the meat that the butcher brings—she does all such things. Willie, now isn't she a good woman?" But Willie could not come to the same conclusion. So he said nothing, but made up his mind that negroes were the worst folks in the world, and that every one whether black or white, who did such work as Dinah, was very cross and naughty. At least, Willie was never found in the kitchen after that day when he was sent unceremoniously up stairs.

All day was a long time to Willie. He had playthings—a hobby-horse big enough for him to ride on, a village box full of soldiers, equipped for war, with cannons, guns, bayonets, and various kinds of musical instruments, and a drummer to beat the time.—There were also tents for them to go into at night, and there were several soldiers on horseback, who being much too large to go into any of the tents, was compelled to lie down with their horses on the bare ground—

which in this case happened to be the floor of the nursery, or mama's table.

Yes; and there were houses, of all kinds, from the little white cottage to the large brick mansion with a high toop and windows down to the floor and a large court-yard like Willie's father's house. There were trees and shrubs of different kinds, and there was a card on the outside of the cover of the box, showing how to place them so that Willie could arrange them very prettily—a little village, with parks full of trees and flowers, with soldiers parading in them.

He had a music-box that would play a number of tunes; but Willie generally tuned it to "Yankee Doodle," when his soldiers were marching. He thought that it sounded much better on such occasions than "Sweet Home," or "The last Rose of Summer," or any of the rest, and I think so too! Don't you, my dear little reader.

Willie had a fine dog, too; a large black Newfoundland dog, with a bright brass collar on his neck, and a long chain to lead him by, and a pair of beautiful doves, so tame they could fly to his shoulder and eat out of his hand, all the while cooing and chirping—this, Willie called singing. I never could tell you about all of Willie's toys—he had so many, tops, balls, wooden dogs, and horses and cats, marbles, and little boxes with images in them, that could move like real people by turning a crank. All these toys, and more had Willie; for as I told you before, he was the only little boy in the house, and he was the pet. Pa, and Ma, and aunt Kate all indulged him. They could not get too many nice things for him. Nothing was too good for Willie.

But Willie was not spoiled by all this. Still he was not contented, not satisfied, no more than many a little boy who saw him, and wished for toys like his, and thought if he had them he would be perfectly happy.—You may wonder at this—what more could a little boy want? I will tell you. Willie had a heart. Yes, a big generous heart, full of love for everybody and everything that he saw.—He soon wearied of his toys, and he went through the house from room to room, wishing for something—if it were only night that he might go to sleep and forget all about the long day. He wanted a companion, one of his own age, one to whom he could tell his childish wishes, plans and thoughts. One whom he could love, and with whom he could sympathize. Such an one he had found in Johnny the little boy across the street. He had never spoke to him; but he had often stood and watched him through the window, and though they had never exchanged words each knew by a glance that he was loved by the other.

It was a warm, beautiful day, and Willie wished very much to go down on the sunny side-walk and play with Johnny, who was often to be seen out at play of a bright morning. But this could not be. And why? Johnny was a vulgar child; or in other words his parents were poor.

"Anything but that, dear," Mrs. Lawson would say, as Willie for the twentieth time said, "Please Ma let me go—only once. I love Johnny so much, and his Pa, and Ma are not vulgar, if their house isn't so nice as ours, and they don't dress so nice as we.—I'm sure they must be good, for Johnny is always so happy, and his mother looks so sweet when she says, "Come in now, Johnny!" I know Johnny must love her or he would not run in so quick, when she calls him, and he would not kiss her so much.—Please, Ma, let me go."

"No, no, Willie; but I'll tell you what you may do. You may go with me and see Clarence Lovejoy. He's got lots of playthings, a velocipede and everything nice—and they live in a splendid large house, larger than ours. Come, dear, and let me curl your pretty black hair; don't worry any more about that child across the street, you know Ma un-

derstands what is best for you. I don't know anything about his family. I dare say his father is a carpenter or something of that sort."

"But Ma; can't a carpenter be as good as a—"

"Hark, Willie; there is Mrs. Lovejoy now. I declare. Ring the bell for Jane to come and help me dress. I remember I was to go with dear Lucy to call on the Bowens. Now let me roll this curl over my finger. How ashamed I should have been if Mrs. Lovejoy had seen you in the street playing. I never should have got over it. How beautiful your hair looks, dear, and how very red your cheeks are. Kiss Ma!"

"But my hair ain't half so pretty as Johnny's. It makes me think of the sun and the light."

"How bright the sun shines. Run Willie, and draw the curtains." Willie ran to the window. "Oh! here's Johnny, look quick!"

"Where, dear," said Mrs. Lawson, as she walked slowly towards the window.

"There, see him Ma; don't he laugh pretty. He's looking right at me. He wants me to come out."

"What the one with long curls. Surely they do look like the sun. What blue eyes, and how pale he is. Poor people generally are. He is rather pretty. He hasn't the low look that I expected to see. But isn't an associate or my Willie?"

"Jane, take good care of Willie. Keep him in the nursery, and don't let him go out."

As the rich silks rustled down the stairs and the large hall door closed—slowly, Willie was taken into the nursery. His large, dark eyes glistened as he turned away from the window, because—he could see Johnny no more that day; and his Ma was gone. But Jane heard not his little cough, nor did she know that he slept on the floor, instead of playing with his toys until he started wildly in his sleep; for she was reading. "Jane, take me to Ma; put me in Ma's bed, for—I'm—sick! Oh! my head. Where's Ma?—Don't let me see Clarence. He wants to strike me. Oh don't. But Johnny—oh! what pretty flowers—all for me. I feel Johnny's little hand—dear Ma—"

"Good gracious! What can he be dreaming. I want to know dreadfully whether he marries her. I wish Mrs. Lawson would come home. But what'll she say to me? Come Willie, I'll carry you to bed. How wild he looks."

"Oh, doctor! What can it be? Do run up and see him quick. Dearest, do look at Ma—don't be afraid love, its only Ma—see he tries to strike, Doctor! Is it the croup! Do give him something quick. Oh! he'll die! he'll die! Why did I go out; fool that I was. I thought he wasn't well, Oh, he cannot die!"

"Calm yourself, my dear woman, and I will see what can be done. His head is very much swollen and very hot. He has been exposed to a draught of air!" Oh no no; has he Jane?" "No, indeed, ma'am. The nursery was warm all that time, and he never went out once."

"I think it is the brain-fever—but you need sleep. Do try and compose yourself, and get some rest, or you will not be fit to take care of the child."

"Oh no, no, never till my Willie's better. I shall die myself. Oh, he doesn't know his Ma."

"I have a case of croup, just across the street," said doctor Bay to Mrs. Williams, the nurse.

"What, not at Mrs. Hall's?"

"The same."

"Is it possible; which child is it?"

"The youngest."

"Not Johnny?"

"I think that is his name."

"When was he taken?"

"Last night I believe."

"Poor Johnny, poor woman—how does she stand it?"

"Like an angel—though grieved al-

most to distraction, she contrived herself in a manner almost astonishing—and quieted the other children, telling them to look to their Heavenly Father, that what he does is for the best, and that they do wrong to murmur against His Divine will. If he sees fit to take our little darling to himself, it is only to transplant it to a brighter and more genial soil, where it may bud, blossom, and bring forth fruit forever. No blight nor mildew to mar its fair petals. Not my will but thine, oh God, be done."

"Dear good woman. But won't he get well?"

"I think it doubtful; croup is a stubborn foe to manage."

"But how is Willie?"

"Well; I can't say that I think him any better. He is easier. He always had an uncommonly active brain, what will his poor mother do?"

"Dear Ma, raise me up. I'm a good deal better than I was. I want to go out and play in the bright sun. How bright it shines. But I'm tired now. Kiss me, dear Pa Ma, and aunt Kate, and Jane, and Himah, and all. Oh, the sweet music—can't you hear it? What makes you cry when you know I'm so happy? Dear Ma, I see the beautiful angles. Oh, so many—all so happy. And the sun shines so warm and bright. Don't try to keep me Ma; I must go. Our Saviour is waiting for me. Give all my little things to Johnny. You'll come soon, Ma, won't you?"

Little Willie was—dead!

A long train of carriages followed the lifeless body of the child. Mourners, too, were there, dressed in their dark habiliments. His little body was put in a costly vault in Greenwood. And who could see that mother as she paced the floor, every moment bursting into a fresh paroxysm of grief as she remembered the little sayings of her darling; her only jewel and loss to her (as she thought) forever, without sincerely sympathizing with her, and almost murmuring against that Being who had robbed her of that she held so dear. Oh, sad indeed was that house; but sadder that heart into which the cheering light of Divine revelation had not yet been diffused.

No one noticed the three rusty-looking carriages that stopped just across the street, and carried away the remains of little Johnny, and the few that followed him to his last resting place. Mourners they were, it is true; but they mourned not as those who have no hope.

And as the spirits of little Willie and Johnny, freed from their earthly bodies, ascend to the Being who gave them life, and as they rest on the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," they meet not as those meet in his life; but "to part no more." There "the rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."—*Christian Ambassador.*

NELLIE.

TRAVEL.

Arrests are being thickly made in Kansas of the Free-State Officers, and Members of the Legislature, upon the charge of Treason! The Democratic Administration at Washington stimulates these arrests, and has lent a part of the United States Army, to help execute the writs: What is Treason? The Constitution defines it to be, the actual levying of war against the United States, or adhering to their enemies, and giving them aid and comfort. Is the adoption by the actual citizens of a Territory of a State Constitution, at war against the United States? Is the election of State officers under that Constitution an adhering to the enemies of the United States? Is the sitting of the Legislature elected under that Constitution an act of aid and comfort to the republic?

Why what ineffable impudence is this? One of the painful evidences of the subjugation of the Northern virtue and manhood to Slavery, is the audacity which exists in Missouri, to

hold Kansas men to answer this charge of Treason, and the encouragement given it by Democratic politicians, in and out of office. No charge ever made, by knives upon innocent men, was half as preposterous as this: hold one of Treason. There is Treason though, and there are Traitors. There is Treason to Liberty, and Slavery impels it—and there are Traitors to Republican Freedom; and Douglas and Peirce are at their head—*Lab. Jour.*

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome; when the thieves much to their astonishment found that he owned only the small amount of a sixpence. 'The devil's in his tailow,' said one, 'to fight thus for sixpence. Why, if he'd had shilling we'd have killed us all!'"

"Not bad.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Burlington, Vt., relates the following:

"I am reminded—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage driver told me yesterday. 'We were passing an old farm house with an untidy yard and dilapidated out-buildings, when he said:

"A Boston man got off a pretty cute speech to the owner of that place yesterday."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, he called at the house to buy some cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want it, as they was so full of 'skippers.' So he made an excuse and was going away, when the farmer said to him:

"Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

"The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the maggots squirming, and said:

"Well, I don't know; let 'em be a day or two and you can drive 'em right down!"

It seems to me the answer was somewhat "pottient on the occasion."

Set a value on the smallest morsel of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds.

Whether you work or, do it in earnest; but never be unemployed a moment.

When you meet with neglect, let it arouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything pertaining to a monarchy that he wears a crown on his hat!

A blowing machine has just patented. It is got up on the principle of a newly-elected alderman, will doubtless succeed.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

One of the most splendid sketches it has ever been our fortune to possess is that by Croly, who in one of his works, thus describes the fall of Jerusalem:

The fall of four illustrious and happy cities was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman policy; and the first hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and manifested our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was a grain of sand to the tempest which drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shames and yices in the air, visions starting up from our short and troublesome sleep; lunacy in its hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigor; the fury of the elements, let loose upon unsheltered heads—we had every terror and evil that can befall human nature, pestilence, &c.

hold Kansas men to answer this charge of Treason, and the encouragement given it by Democratic politicians, in and out of office. No charge ever made, by knives upon innocent men, was half as preposterous as this: hold one of Treason. There is Treason though, and there are Traitors. There is Treason to Liberty, and Slavery impels it—and there are Traitors to Republican Freedom; and Douglas and Peirce are at their head—*Lab. Jour.*

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome; when the thieves much to their astonishment found that he owned only the small amount of a sixpence. 'The devil's in his tailow,' said one, 'to fight thus for sixpence. Why, if he'd had shilling we'd have killed us all!'"

"Not bad.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Burlington, Vt., relates the following:

"I am reminded—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage driver told me yesterday. 'We were passing an old farm house with an untidy yard and dilapidated out-buildings, when he said:

"A Boston man got off a pretty cute speech to the owner of that place yesterday."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Why, he called at the house to buy some cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want it, as they was so full of 'skippers.' So he made an excuse and was going away, when the farmer said to him:

"Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?"

"The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the maggots squirming, and said:

"Well, I don't know; let 'em be a day or two and you can drive 'em right down!"

It seems to me the answer was somewhat "pottient on the occasion."

Set a value on the smallest morsel of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of diamonds.

Whether you work or, do it in earnest; but never be unemployed a moment.

When you meet with neglect, let it arouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything pertaining to a monarchy that he wears a crown on his hat!

A blowing machine has just patented. It is got up on the principle of a newly-elected alderman, will doubtless succeed.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

One of the most splendid sketches it has ever been our fortune to possess is that by Croly, who in one of his works, thus describes the fall of Jerusalem:

The fall of four illustrious and happy cities was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman policy; and the first hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and manifested our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was a grain of sand to the tempest which drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shames and yices in the air, visions starting up from our short and troublesome sleep; lunacy in its hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigor; the fury of the elements, let loose upon unsheltered heads—we had every terror and evil that can befall human nature, pestilence, &c.