VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., OCT. 16, 1856.

NO. 22

#### Business Cards.

F. W. KNOX. Attorney at Law,

Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter county. ARTHUR G. OLMSTED.

Attorned & Counselor at Law, Condersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and Office in the Temperance Block, up stairs,

## ISAAC BENSON

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

L. P. WILLISTON. Attorney at Law, Wellsborn', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Course in Potter and M'Kain Counties.

> A. P. CONE. Attorney at Law.

Wellsborough, Tioga county, Pa. will regular ly attend the courts of Potter county, June 3, 1848.

#### JOHN S. MANN. Attorney & Counselor at Law.

Condersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean counties. All bunness entrusted in his care, will receive prompt affection.

Office on Main-streat, opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa,

### COUDERSPORT HOTEL. Daniel F. Glassmire

PROPRIETOR. Corner of Main and Second streets, Con dersport, Potter Co., Pa.

#### W. K. KING, Surveyor, Draftgman, and Convenancer,

Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., Will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon re uon ible terms. References given if required. P. S. Maps of any part of the County made

H. J. OLMSTED, Aurucyor and Braftsman, At the office of J. S. Mann, Condersport, Pa

## ABRAM YOUNG. Match=maker and Nemeler.

All work warranted. A stock of Watches and fewery on hand and for sale. Call at the store of Smith & Jones, Condersport, Pa.

## BENJAMIN RENNELS.

BLACKSHITH. All work in his line, done to order and with d spatch. On West street, below Tand Condersport, Pa.

SMITH & JONES. Deglers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Statione 19, Druge & Madiemes, Paints, Oils, Fancy acie.es, &c. Main Street, Condersport Pa,

## JONES. MANN. & JONES Gaueral Grocery and Provision Declers-

A to in Dry Goods. Hardware, Boots and Shijes, and whatever men want to buy, Main Siree: Condersport l'a. D. E. OLMSTED

#### Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing. Groceries, Crockery, &c. Condersport, l'a.

J. W. SMITH, Dealer in Stoves, and manufacture 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, Condersport, Pa.

## AMOS FRENCH,

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

## DAVID B. BROWN,

Foundryman and Dealer in Ploughs, Up-per end of Main street, Caudersport Pa.,

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

# R. J. CHENEY,

Merchant Pailor, and Dealer in Readymade Clothing. North of the public square, Coudersport, Pa.

## A. B. GOODSELL, GUNSMITH, Condersport, Pa. Fire Arms manufactured and repaired at his shap, on

short notice. March 3, 1848. J. W. HARDING,

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

ALLEGANY HOUSE, SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor. On the Wellsville road, seven miles North of Condersport, Pa.

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LP All letters on business, to secure at ennon, should be addressed (post paid) to the undersigned. T. S. CHASE, Publisher.

### The Campaign Prize Boem.

The following song from among one hundred and fifty sent in to the N. Y Evening Post, in answer to its proposition offering \$100 for the best Republican song, was awarded the prize by the committee:

FREMONT AND VICTORY.

THY CHARLES S. WEYMAY. AIR .- "Suoni La Tromba." Men of the North, who remember The deeds of your sires ever glorious,

Join in our pæan victorious, The pran of Liberty! Hark! on the gales of November, Millions of voices are ringing, Glorious the songs they are singing, Fremont and Victory!

Hurrah! Join the great chorus they're singing, Fremont and Victory!

Come from your forest-clad mountains, Come from the fields of your tillage, Come forth from city and village, Join the great host of the free! As fron their cavernous monutains Roll the deep floods to the ocean,

Join the great army in motion, Marching to victory! Hurrah! Echo from ecenn to ocean,

Framont and Victory ! The tumult of battle is raging Where bleeding Kansas is waging Warfare with Slavery! Struggling with foes who surround her, Lo! she implores you to stay her! Will you to Slavery betray her 1 Never-she shall be free !

flurrah! Swear that you'll never betray her; Kansas shall yot be free!

March! we have sworn to support her: The prayers of the right cous shall speed us A chief never conquered shall lead us-Frement shall lead the free! Then, from the fields red with slaughter, Slavery's hordes shall be driven, Freedom to Kausas be given, Fremont shall make her free!

Harrah! To Freedom Kansas be given,

Fremont shall make her free!

Men of the North who remember The deeds of your sires ever glorious. Join in our pæan victorious, The pean of Liberty! Hark! on the gales of November Millions of voices are ringing,

Glorious the songs they are singing,

Fromont and victory!

Hurrah! Fremont and Victory!

#### From the Pittsburg Journal and Visiter. THE WRONGS OF KANSAS.

What a chapter will that be in his-

tory, which shall recite the wrongs suffered by the pioneer settlers of Kansas! But the story will never be told. The cases of individual suffering are too numerous for record, and they will he known only to the victims themselves or their relatives. Some of these instances, however, have found their way to the light, and they reveal a state of things in that scourged land which no right-hearted man can contemplate without indignation,

Yet we have men here in the North, who, for political reasons, profess to discredit these accounts, and attempt to convince the people that they are manufactured for political effect. We have a case in point before us. Mr. strong Fremont. (They came strong cession ! Mon from the work-shops, years produces a vast growth—two to scene—altogether.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. Henry L. Pennock, formerly a respec- Democrats.) Fremont would carry table merchant of Waynesburg, Greene County, and well known in this city, moved with his family to Kansas some months ago. On the 14th inst. he returned to his former residence, and of neighbors. But the Waynesburg Messenger, the Buchanan organ of that place, reported that the rumors of violence and outrage in Kansas were false, and gave Mr. P. as authority for the statement. We have received the Waynesburg Eagle of Saturday, in which we find a letter from Mr. Pennock, and we make room fer an ex-

> tract. It was written in reply to the Messenger: I left my home to visit Pennsylvania, on the 11th day of August, at which time things appeared to be quiet. The August, and from one of my daughters, informed me that her three brothers had been compelled to leave home of Pro-Slavery men, roaming about the country and threatening to drive out all the abolitionists—the name given by them to all who do not agree with Slave State. I have received several Poatch? Wasn't it some? other letters from the females of my family, and one from my son, in all of which they advise me not to attempt to return home until the excitement cools down, as is their opinion I couldnot be permitted to reach them by way

of the river in safety. These, gentlemen, are a part of the facts in my case. There are many others I could mention if time would permit. Under these circumstances, my conciousness endued, which you will mind is ill at rest, and I know that my | find at large in Childe Harold's works. family are not at present, nor have they My mind, these last few days, has for sometime, been in the enjoyment of perfectly contented minds,

# Most respectfully yours, HENRY L. PENNOCK.

The same paper contains a letter written in Kansas, on the 10th Sept., by a daughter of Mr. Pennock, to her friends in Greene county. She writes if drowning's an easy death, -or hanglike a brave woman, and what she says ling, -or razors, -or dog-bettons has the stamp of truth. She says:

On the day the Free-State mentwere expelled from Leavenworth, your friend here will be no counting upon conse-Haleman Golden, was driven out of the quences. place; if he did not go they were to hang " Bob" Roberts, stopped on their road to Lawrence. Haleman joined them and they all started off in high spirits. that three dead bodies had been found nized as Haleman Golden! This is only report, but from the different directions, in which we hear it, and all the same way, leads us to believe it is too-true. They had no arms of any description. Whoever shot them, did it for the purpose of robbing, as I know they had money and watches. This is a poor victory. The Pro-Slavery papers will blaze about the "victories won," and half are just as I have told you of these three. Give them ten to one and they will fight. A delightful sport for them to meet a lone man. him as long as life lasts, and when they have murdered him-coolly rob him of his money, and leave his dead body to the mercy of the hungry wolves. Such things have been done, and will be done again. No wonder the Free State party have at last taken up arms against them. I have three brothers, perhaps four, fighting for their rights, and I hope and pray they may do their work well. \* \* There is no one at home but us women, and we are not afraid of any one but cowards; brave men do not stoop to acts of villiany. We have no men to do anything for us; we have to haul water, get

wood, &c. The crop takes care of itself. One of our neighbors, Dr. Trower, had to leave home or suffer death; he had a good crop; he has been gone three weeks, and now, there is not one ear of corn in the fields, or one stack of wheat left. He is a poor man. How many hundreds have suffered the same thing! To see hard labor thus destroyed, is too much to endure. What will become of them this winter? All the Free State men near us had to leave their homes, and families. The Pro-Slavery party have stolen all their horses; they will not let any Free State folks have provisions from Leavenworth and if they did we have no one, or no way to go for it.

Good news! One of our neighbors

just left here. Haleman is not dead He was left for dead, but recovered enough to reach Lawrence. He is now able to talk a little. I hope he course had a sad story to tell his old | may get entirely well to revenge the

> From the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal. THE OCCASION OF THE SEVENTEENTH.

BEING A PRIVATE EPISTLE TO THE POST. DEAR COUSIN :- It's over now. The flags are hauled in, the cords are taken down, the wagons have gone back to their sheds, the horses to their oats, the ox to his owner, the ass to his master's crib, and the dust is settled down again in the gutters, and on the pavement. It's all over; and now that it is all over, and time has been to allow first letter I received from home on of a cooling of feelings since the show my arrival in Pennsylvania, dated 21st of the Seventeenth, what do you think of it? Handsome, now, between you and me, private, a the light of the Fifto seek a place of safety, from the bands teen Hundred, what do you think of it? Wasn't it pun'kins-several acres of 'em? Wasn't it a whole team, and the cross dog under the wagon? them in endeavoring to make Kansas a Was nt it a good many potatoes to the

I tell you it made me feel louesome. There's no use of making bones of it it did make me feel lonesome. I ex. perienced a realizing sense of the words of the poet when he employs an observation on the subject of the neculiar quality of that solitude enjoyed among the many with no kindred taken very much the Childe Harold turn. Have you an extra copy of Hervey's Meditations, or Fox's Book of Martyrs, or the Bloody Buoy, or anything else which you could lend to soothe lacerated feelings? I wonder I must do something certain, - something sure and of a fatal tendency, or

him. He left, and went to the Fort. Hundred as upon something invinci-I had reckoned upon the Fifteen After staying there three or four days. Hundred as upon sometimes in the he came to our house to stay until the ble. Fifteen Hundred's a great great excitement should "cool down," amount of population. It's a strong On the next morning Mr. Bishop and family that counts eight members and family that counts eight members and the heads-ten altogether. Ten goes. into Fifteen Hundred- ten into fif-On the Saturday following, news came | teen once and five to carry; into fifty, five times-One Hundred and Fifty on Stranger Cteek, and one was recog- | Families. That's quite a village of families-of large families. But when it comes to adding a cypher,-"nothing,' you might call it, and nothing it is "over the left," but at the right it's high in the figures of the multiplication table,-when it comes to adding a cypher, it counts ten to one-Fifteen Hundred Families to One Hundred and Fifty. I'll thank you for a glass of water. Fifteen Hundred Families of the size of John Rogers's! traveling peacefully along, to torture A whole family in the procession of the Seventeenth to every single man, child and maiden in the turn out of lived long enough to have their tastes the Tenth!

Sir, the extremity of the times calls for corresponding action. We must anything else. Between the two change our tactics. The style of stake | meats, they are like to prefer Mule to. reared for John Rogers won't do; we must try another. We are in for | achs trained into more dutiful service. our platform, I suppose, but I am | They strain at a gate, probably, as the afraid we made a blunder in the ma- maxim has it, and if they don't swalterial. Buck-eye's brittle-it won't low the saw-mill they do the planks of stand. The Fifteen Thousand's its turning out, at any rate. Young against it. The Fifteen Thousand ain't partial to horse chestnut. In the choice between horses they evidently wholesome dishes, and according to the taste of the times. We may mourn over the depravity of the national appetite, but crape is no correctiongrief is no tonic. If folks like grasshopper they'll swallow grasshopper; and we can't help it. I have observed generally remarked upon.

Did you observe how largely bone

men from farms, men from the mar- most families; and when we recollect ket house, draymen, wagoners, printers,-all were there, horses, boilers, shirts, looms, printing-presses, carts, mules, and so on, for six miles through the programme of Fifteen Hundred | will shake a set of fingers at thumb's Families. John Rogers! Now the length from their noses, toward you question naturally suggests itself, are this fall, to infinitely more telling efwe-you and I and the Post and such feet. Don't make monkeys of the like-are we the Democratic party? Are we the party of the people-the hard-fisted, the muscle-men, the sweat- affords a temporing effect to mournful ers, the type of men generally whom | feelings. It soothes wounds. It staves James Buchavan loves from his soul, off the craving after dog buttons. One or are we not? There certainly was feels content, in view of it, to live a a strong indication of gristle in the little longer. But my sheet is filled. ranks on the painful occasion consid- I may take occasion again to indulge ered. Confidentially we must admit further in the solemn reflections growit. As an organ you are permitted to ling out of the Procession. Till then, indulge in variations—that is allowable in organs, but confidentially we may as well drop the extras, and face the music in the plain. In view of the fact, hain't we been pulling the silkstocking idea a leetle too high above the knee? Hain't we been kid-gloving rather tight? Between us and manufacturer out there must at least be prudent to insist that the workmen insult with their fists. Let me tell their proprietor-a wealth which makes him master of the man under whose headship he operates. You can't keep a brother down who has a sound back-bone to lift him erect, and it's downright charge of imbecility in brain and body-a charge that Pittsburghers are very apt to shake five fingers under a nose for-to utter the insinuation. It may answer for niggers, perhaps, but white men commonly experience a billious attack at such innuendoes which is very likely to prove contagious-being communicable through the "fives." By the by, harping upon that string, don't it seem erates so exclusively and so cordially with the First Families of Virginia, the cotton lords of Mississippi, and the Gentlemen of Honor of South Carolina, while "from our souls we love the laboring men" in Pennsylvanià: that we are fellows in council and brothers in war with Upper Ten under the line, who sing to the words of Greasy mechanics, filthy operatives and small-fisted farmers,"-the Man who loves the laboring men, our me that. ."

Did you observe how many young men were in the Procession? I'm afraid of the young men. I regret that we are under the necessity of having young men. Young men havn't properly educated, and are just as apt to enjoy a palate for grasshoppers as Mulatto. Old eaters have their stommen look more to digestion. They have a sharper regard for wholesome. They can't see the propriety of throwprefer Woolly. The reflection's pain ing aside a white loaf of wheat bread, ful, but it ain't to be choked off. Mule | and taking to corn-dodgers, because soup and grasshopper pie seem to be old Tom Tinker down street does. Tom sticks to corn because corn was the staple, in the days of the Rebellion, and he cultivated a habit for it then which wheat won't satisfy. I tell you I'm afraid of the young men. Four years ago, I don't know but that I laughed at them myself, but seventhat this season has been unusually teeners then are independent voters abundant in grasshoppers. It is very now. It's bad policy for an organ to make monkeys of young men. Between me and you and the Post, it is. All the folks from Greene county are and sinew was represented in the Pro- We are a John Rogers people. Four

the number of families to the acre in this State, the result would make a considerable procession. The boys that you shook your quill at in '52, young men.

I long to write more fully. Writing believe me yours cordially.

Justis Denigos.

#### From the Indianapolis Journal of the 26th. A SIGHT FOR BUCHANITES.

We saw a scene in the Union Depot yesterday morning, that we think, prencised a more powerful Fromont sermon than all the eloquence of the the Post' I think so. Why, for every | stump or the Senate has yet produced. Seated along the wall, on a bench, was have been a score of operatives. It's a family of thirteen, the father, mother, melancholly, but it's true. It wouldn't and eleven children, weary, dirty, destitute and wretched beyond all parallel in this prosperous city. At one were compelled into the muster, as | end was a well grown boy of sixtoon, some of our unwary ones have done. without a shirt, his skin blue with the Some of those houest fellows might | cold, exposed, except where scanty take it into their heads to resent the garments of thin and coarse linen covered it. He had been sick, and was wrapped in a coarse coverlet. Near you that skill and industry are the cap- him sat a young woman, a sister, with ital which constitute the wealth of her husband. She was bare-headed and hardly decently covered with rage that had not touched water, apparently, since they were made. A pale and pany baby lay in her arms. Three or four little boys sat next, wan-looking creatures, as white as their little wool hats, except where the dirt gave an appearance of health to the flesh. They were ragged and shivering

with cold, but they didn't speak nor

cry; so utterly unlike the cheerfulness and vivacity of boys were their silence and quietude, that it made one's heart ache to see them. One of them once passed his hand caressingly over the face of the little baby which lay in its mother's lap, but there was no smile nor glimmer of affection in his pale face. The mother was bare-headed. unwashed, and pale, as were all the a trifle at odds against Democratic family. She, like her daughter, nurspretension, that our party up here op- ed a little, sickly child that lay noiseless, but staring with at the crowd of pitying spectators. A son, dressed, or rather undressed, like all the rest, sat in the middle, shivering with a chill. He writhed from side to side, and grouned sometimes, but never spoke. The father, a man of apparently forty-five years, had wrapped a small quilt about his shoulders, and either under the cheering influence of so much greater warmth than the rest enjoyed, or because he felt it incumbent on him as the head of the family, was the only one that spoke while we were within hearing. common candidate? Prithee, solve He had been driven from Kansas, he said, by the Buchanan men, as so many other poor settlers have been, and robbed of every dollar he had in the world. His cattle had been stolen by Buford's thieves, and he expelled from the Territory because he would not take arms against the "traitor Lane," as the Sentinel calls him. He moved from near Lexington, Ky., and his name was Ritchie. They had no property, no money, no provisions, no medicines, though several of them were sick, almost no clothes. So forlorn and wretched a family we never saw, and they were made so by the infamous scoundrels whom the Administration hired as "Kansas militia," to execute the Kansas laws. They were one of the productions of Democratic policy.

The spectators contributed liberally to help them on their road to Lexington. Mr. David Hays, of the city police, exerted himself most efficiently on their behalf, and raised some ten or twelve dollars. Nearly overy man or boy who approached, left some contribution for them. We saw sturdy railroad engineers and firemen emptying their pocket books, news boys gathering their coppers into a convenient heap, kind-hearted citizens unrolling bills. Every body seemed touched by their silent, uncomplaining distress. Now and then we could liear men saying: "There is something for an old liner to look at !" One little gentleman of the Buchanan stripe paraded up and down the depot with an indignant strut, grumbling and cursing bitterly, as he would hear some sturdy Frementer say, "Come up here, and see what your party in Kansas have done." It was quite