

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. IX. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., NOV. 20, 1856.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

NO. 27.

## 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,  
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June 3, 1848.

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## SELECT POETRY.

### MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

The shadow of the ancient church  
Is sleeping on her grave,  
Gaily the bird sings among the boughs  
That slowly o'er her wave.

Sing on, sing on, thou merry bird;  
Thy notes a sweet memory bring;  
And though I cannot choose but weep,  
I love to hear thee sing.

The summer sun unclouded shines  
Afar off in the west;  
Its golden light sleeps tranquilly  
Here, where the dead have rest.

And hark! a dreamy sound, that breathes  
Deep quiet o'er the scene,  
Is floating from yon verdant hills  
That guard the village green.

methinks it is as if that sound  
Were earth's last powerful sigh,  
As if the music of the bird  
Were joyous hope's reply.

All happy sighs and sounds arise  
Where my loved sister lies;  
Below, how greenly waves the grass!  
Above, how pure the skies!

Dear sister! in thy grave I strow  
These wild flowers, ere we part;  
Soon will they fade upon the ground,  
But never from my heart.

For I shall see them far away  
In grove or tangled brake;  
And oh, shall I not love them there—  
Not bless them for your sake!

From the National Era.  
**FASHIONABLE FOOTPRINTS.**  
BY MRS. BELL SMITH.

Part VIII.  
The Ocean House was in a state of sensation. An event, not yet announced, seemed to effect the atmosphere. Gentlemen for the moment neglected the ladies, and, collected in groups, discussed in an under-tone, matters with which the talkers alone seemed acquainted. Has my reader ever observed how an important event, like a storm, appeared to brood in silence over things, only disturbed by mysterious whispers, which fit by like flying outposts before the heavy-laden thunder bursts with stunning force upon us? Such was the feeling which pressed one in the very air.

"What's on hand?" asked Rousell Smith, of a flying Miss, as he sauntered down the hall.

"Oh, nothing—but young Pounce is missing this morning, and his mother is nearly frantic."

"Laus Deus!" responded Mr. Flintburn. "Is there any hope that the dear youth will remain in that (to us) delightful state?"

"Can't say—don't know. Ask his mother."

True it was. Twelve by the clock had struck, and the hopeful made no appearance to claim the accustomed meal. The anxious mother sent time and again to his room in the colony, but the locked door gave no response to the frequent appeals. A key was found at last, the door unlocked, but to the vacant room presented only the unmistakable evidences of not having been occupied the previous night. The frightened mother came herself to inspect, and, followed by her husband,

with a host of sympathizing and curious friends, male and female, invaded the sanctity of the hitherto exclusive bachelor's room. He was not in his room; he might—he must—he is some one of the others. The dear boy had never yet remained out without consent. He must be ill—dead, perhaps—and away dashed the poor mother and her troop, in a round of personal inspection.

The colony, composed of single gentlemen, was invaded—nay, taken. No party was had—no negotiations indulged in. If the quick knocks were not immediately responded to, the door was dashed open, and the astounding intimate put to the question. Some of the surprises were astounding—some of the discoveries shocking. Captain Wattle was caught without a wig, shaving himself in an ascension robe so tattered and torn that he might have been sold for rags. He considered himself sold, and began dressing in the most frantic manner. Captain Waters, who never heard knocks of any sort, unless upon his sconce, was found contemplating a by no means handsome pedicel extremity, over which he flourished a razor. Count—they caught putting some cotton pads on his much admired person; while, in the very next room, Dandy—was surprised in the act of sewing buttons on a certain garment, not considered polite to mention. He sat at it in tailor style, pushing the needle with the heel of his boot; and in his hurry, at the strange intrusion, seized an umbrella, hoisted it, and from beneath its umbrageous shelter answered at random. We will not follow the afflicted mother—suffice it to say, that amid curses, screams, and banging doors, she satisfied herself that "dear Augustus" was indeed gone, and was carried to her apartments in strong hysterics.

Some two hours after, a letter was handed Mrs. Pounce, bearing decided marks of Augustus's peculiar writing. I have preserved this gem, as a specimen of Nature's handiwork, worthy of admiration. The date no one could decipher, but the body of the intelligence was quite legible, and ran in this wise:

"DEAR MA, Young Anson and me went this mornin' to see the duellist hard it and tolled him it was over when they saw us and maid us go long for fear wede blow we are going to New York and the governor better send us some skada. Your affectionate son  
"Augustus Pounce."

There was packing in hot haste, and in two hours the Pounce family was en route for New York, where an efficient police would be called upon, to hunt, seize, and restore the propigal son. The unreadable scrawl was a mystery, but the youth's whereabouts appeared evident.

Juliet and Margaret were together upon the roof, looking out on the bay, over which a dark storm was gathering. The dead calm that pervaded the scene was made impressive by the heavy black clouds, which, raising like "tower-crowned giants striding fast," seemed to possess within themselves the power of locomotion, and with dark mutterings of wrath appeared to be rushing on to some fearful work of destruction. The wings of the storm-fiend were gilded with glory by the setting sun. To the right and left, far out, spread the gold, blue, and crimson tints, changed, faded, or brightened, as the storm swept on; while in the centre the pitchy darkness was made more fearful by the lightning, which burst out in broad sheets, and seemed to fire the very air. Far out to sea, a ship with storm-sails spread felt the coming winds, and dashed madly through the swelling waves; while the huge New York steamer, with giant arm rising and falling in its work, could be seen, through the darkening hour, proudly sweeping into the bay. Little Juliet crept closer to Margaret's side, as the proud girl stood erect, with her beautiful, full lips firmly pressed, and eyes flashing, as if in the war of elements she realized her nature; and found her

A servant handed her a letter. It was marked "in haste," and, as Albert had been absent during the day, she hastily broke the seal, and read. The communication was from Mr. O'Halloran, and we will follow the quick eye down the page, as she reads. It runs thus:

DEAR MADAM, I have lost hours in endeavoring to explain my connection with the sad events of this morning, and express my feelings at the consequences. Your brother requested me, as his last wish, to give you the accompanying. He died like a brave, true-hearted gentleman, as he was. I would not have left him, even dead, but saw the officers approaching, and knew all further aid was vain. I feel the impossibility of adding anything to that which your love has ever appreciated.

Yours, with respect,  
VICTOR O'HALLORAN.

The packet contained a letter from Albert, written at midnight, in anticipation of a duel; and from all Margaret gathered the fearful intelligence that such a rencontre had taken place, and her brother left dead upon the field.

"You are ill, my dear friend," exclaimed Juliet, as Margaret, after silently reading the note, crushed it in her hand, and stood mute for a moment, pale and lifeless as a statue.

Margaret returned no answer; she did not seem to hear. There was a change in the expression of her eyes, that said more than words, as she turned hastily from Juliet, and descended to her room, and sent for John, her brother's servant. He came—a small, close-knit, round-headed Englishman.

"John, bring my brother's phaeton; and drive me to where you left him early this morning."

"Now, Miss Margaret?"

"Yes, immediately."

"Does Miss Margaret know that it is storming?"

"Do as I request. I know."

The quick servant, accustomed to unquestioned obedience, hastened away. In a few minutes the phaeton was at the door; and Margaret, throwing a cloak about her, seated her self beside the driver. Few loungers noticed the singular departure; and those few accounted it another eccentric act of the beautiful Miss Pincekoy. The rain in large drops began to fall, as the thoroughbred horse hastened gallantly away. He was reputed the fastest trotter in America; and although never used upon the race-course, was in fine training, under the superintendence of John. The delicate and beautiful carriage, so exquisitely wrought that one felt as if he had been caught up and held by magic in the easy support of twigs and spider webs, rolled along, pulled by the swift trotter—the route for miles along the hard, smooth beach, running for a short distance only through a piece of wood, then turning again upon the sands, until it terminated in a retired spot, known as the Cove.

Margaret gathered the cloak close about her, as the wind dashed the rain; the heavy thunder seemed rolling upon the huge waves, so increasing was it, and her spirit would have revelled in the tumult, but that her soul was dark, for upon the heart the loved brother lay dead. Gone, gone forever. Oh! the bitterness of such moments!

What sin is there which may not be washed out by a suffering such as this! The loved brother, more than brother—the father to the little one, who, bright-eyed and trusting for so many years, had looked up to his smiles, and listened to his kind voice, now gone, and she alone in the world. The sad walk to the grave would be followed by one mourner. Back came the sunny childhood; the troubles of later years, as trifling seemed they now—the long years of unchanging love and devotion back came they, to be wept over, now, that he, the best, was gone. Died in the arms of strangers, he, whose brave, gentle spirit should have been clasped to the heart of mother or sister. Oh! my brother,

with thee sank forever from the earth my soul's dearest light, with the brave heart throbbled out life's brightest hopes.

It was quite dark when Margaret reached the designated spot, and with some difficulty found poor Albert. Indeed, John almost stumbled over the prostrate form which a vivid flash of lightning revealed to Margaret's eyes. In the drenching rain, blinded by lightning, and almost stunned by the thunder of the fearful storm, the brave girl bent over her brother's form, and sought, oh, so earnestly, for some evidence of lingering animation.

"Oh—he is gone, he is dead!" she exclaimed, passionately, as she lifted his head from the ground.

"He's warm yet, Miss Margaret, and, indeed, I think I feel his heart beat."

It might be imagination, but Margaret believed she felt a throb—so faint, though, it seemed like the last dim ray of departing day, when one rather feels than sees the light.

"Quick, John—help me, he may live!"—and the two placed the brother in the carriage. You are the stronger, John—hold him gently in your arms. I will drive."

Margaret, though schooled from early childhood to driving Albert's horses, found this attempt hazardous in the extreme. The wind blew in a perfect tempest—the dark night was made yet more blind by the vivid flashes of lightning, which followed one after another, so continuously, at times, it seemed as if the very night were in a blaze. Unmindful of the risk, and only anxious to get her brother to shelter and assistance, she drove furiously towards the town. The storm seemed in pity to abate—the lightning glared only at intervals—and each roll of the thunder came like the cannon of retreating hosts, fiercely battling as they fled. Still the rain fell, or rather was furiously driven by wind along the beach; and in the brief glance, Margaret saw a world of angry waters tossing their snowy crests, frequently plunging round her carriage, and flinging their spray over her. She bent her head to Albert, expecting each moment to be swallowed up; and as she did, her ear caught a deep groan, which seemed to feel its way into her heart.

"My poor brother," she whispered, "we will die together." But the noble horse struggled on—now plunging girth deep in the waves, and again flinging the water from his strong quick feet. The danger was past, the town gained, where sister and brother were lifted into the house by the astounded inmates.

For many, many days, the sufferer lay between life and death; but thanks to an iron constitution and careful nursing, he at last became convalescent. Strange to say, his physicians found two wounds—one of a ball, that had entered his shoulder; the other, which had barely grazed his head. How this could occur, under the circumstances, is difficult to say; but it was evidence conclusive of unfair conduct. The convalescence was long and tedious; the season wore away; the first swift couriers of winter chased the fashionable birds from their summer resort; and when Albert was again able to leave his room, the Ocean House was quite deserted.

A BUNDLE OF ELOPMENTS.—The Buffalo Express gives the following chapter on domestic difficulties: Mrs. King, near Kingston, was recently taken sick, and her husband seizing

the opportunity to elope with a handsome servant girl, named Martin. On their arrival in Albany, Miss Martin eloped with a young man named Cornelius, taking Mr. King's money, King, being penitent, returned home, and found that his wife had eloped with a dry goods clerk, named Jeffers, with all the moveable articles in the house. Whereupon King started off in pursuit, considering himself a deeply injured man.

A Slave girl in Boston—Hearing Before Judge Herrick—The Girl Set at Liberty.

A brief and unusual excitement was created in and about the Court House about noon to-day, from the fact that upon a complaint made by Robert Morris, Esq., a writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Herrick, and placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Merrill, directing him to bring with him before the Court, a colored girl named Mary Ann Miranda, who, it was alleged, was restrained of her liberty. The writ also commanded the Sheriff to summon one John W. Smith, who resided at No. 7 Seaver place, to appear and show why the said Mary should not be discharged.

It was stated that the girl in question was indentured to Mr. Smith some four years since, by her master at the South, and that during that period she had resided in Smith's family.

The girl states that she is now thirteen years old, and that about four years ago she left Amville (she could not name the State) in company with Mrs. Smith, with whom she came to this city. She also states that she was sent here by her master to take charge of an infant child; that her master died about two years since, since which time no remittances have been received for the support of that child; that the relatives or family of her deceased master, have once sent for her to return, but that Mrs. Smith refused to allow her to go.

The girl in answer to interrogatories from the Court, stated that she had not before left Mrs. Smith because she would not let her go, but that she did not wish to live with her any longer, but on the contrary was desirous of leaving her.

Mr. Smith did not appear before the Court in answer to the summons, and the Court at once ordered the discharge of the respondent, and decreed that she was at liberty to go where she pleased.—Boston Journal of Saturday.

SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lift a bucket of water from the Mississippi at New Orleans and ask yourself the question, "From whence it came?" and the answer may be: From the sandy deserts of New Mexico, from the pine hills of Carolina, from the cotton fields of Georgia, from the British possessions north of 49th degree of north Latitude separated by a thin ridge of ice-covered rocks from streams that flow into the Arctic Ocean, or from bowers of orange or magnolia, that perfume the cane fields of Louisiana, from the frozen lakes that gem the bosom of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or from the sunny plains of Alabama and Tennessee, from the lake-bound peninsula of Michigan, from the hill sides of waving grain in Pennsylvania and New York, from the tobacco fields of Virginia and Maryland.

It may be part of those mighty volumes that roll their never tiring waves through Iowa and Missouri, through Illinois and Ohio, through Kentucky and Arkansas, Mississippi and Texas. It is a part of the ten thousand little rills that come hymning their way from that mountain range wherein arise the Columbia and Colorado of the West, or of those from whence the Delaware and Susquehanna hasten away to meet the rising sun. In the spur of the Allegheny it has saluted the springs of the Kanawha and the Saluda; and far beyond the Black Hills it has locked arms with the mighty Saskatchewan as he hurried on his cheerless journey to Hudson's Bay. The springs of the Conewango listen to the roar of Niagara, and the fountains of the Platte overlook the craters of the extinct Volcanoes of Utah. It has fertilized a country greater than the empire of Alexander, and has carried a richer commerce than all the rivers tributary to imperial Rome.—Louisville Journal.