T. S. CHASE,)

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

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COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., DFC. 4, 1856.

NO. 29.

¿ EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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IT R. HARRINGON, having h Jo giged he window in Schoolar et a Jackson Corote, wine, rry on the WA CH A TO JE TERY JEST ESS the e. Marches and Jewe r. carefully repaned, in he bast savie, and on he shories poace. 22 An work wat mie d. Conders, or., Oct. 20 1000, -- 124.

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OHIGENUL POETUY. basiness entrusted in his care, will receive

For the People's Journal.

LINES TO GOVERNOR GEARY. BY RICHARD REALP.

Now by my manhood I have doubts Of all this pomp and pride of war; This roaring onse of empty shouts, That in rks thee, Savernor. Now as God live h I m sick Of all your a c-ake smiles and grins; And to the still more each subtle trick Of your vile harlequins, 14

By Heaven I do begin to fear That thou loo has a donb dire; vor ho d's: thy in nhood ha f as d ar As spoils of power and place. I cannot a teton thee, as yet, One brave deed, worthy of the time; One whis er of thme heart's regret, For an diese years of erras.

Wha care I for the tale you sail? Your shood a tespeech, your courtly smile? When wrong as hideous as heli, Goes unrebuked the while? What! his hou nough build a talk O'er ad our par yrden of bood? No using for he fields who s. k,

Unwh , ped of hee, and God? The kingly sout that dare be arne-This deres, and up and to k with Fate; Cama as ite.v'n's bending arch of blue,-Tho' all the fires of hate Lear flercely rou d his royal path: While Ho or's pure seronity

Aud the wri hing longues of wrath-

I read no. hese in thee. Wake, herefore, to thy work! and when The headlounds loosed upon our track, D re-pursed with she blood of men-Thy s rong rm huries, bac .: When c inging to the eternal Right, Thine figh, heroic deeds siand out Sar ir: en on he g'oom of ni ht-

there shall be no more doubt, LAWRENCE, E. T., Nov. 1, 1856.

A Domenie Sketch. JISTAKES OF PARENTS;

NATURE STRONGER THAN AUTHORITY.

A good start is nall the race, and a proper occupation is the guarantee of ucess, and Sappiness. There are few persons was mave not falcat enough of some soit i**o c**ara à respectable living . it it were property directed. Many a boy is set ap at his a profes ion-who

"Neaher wit no! worth,

Action nor ut erance, nor the power of speech o stir men's blood;" and it e consequence is, he is an infliction on the public, and he is calt off tostarve and be forgotten. Still the unfortunate boy could have shod horses, attended machinery, or built houses trade whose tastes are wholly lite ary and scientific. Phrenology gives parents the advantage of knowing to what business their children are best adapt ed before they have wasted their best life, in finding out that they have mistaken their vocations, and must begin der on to the grave. The following. which we copy from an exchange, will

illustrate this subject;

farmer-an austere, precise man, whidid everything by established rule, who could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been ther; that if he even wished his boy to reached by their great grandfamer He had three of ildren-two hoys and suing the very course to prevent such

It was a cold winter's day. Samuel interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeregaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest son, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No. sir." returned the boy, in a hesitating tone.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it !" uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Sumuel hung down his head; and ooked troubled. "Why hav'nt you done it ?" con-

inued the father. "I can't do it," tremblingly returned the boy.

"Can't do it! And why not ? Look at Jerry there, with his state and arithmetic. He had cyphered further than you long before he was your age."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no it terest to me.".

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?".

" It is a work on philosophy, sir." "A work on fiddlesticks! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away can work out those roots. Do you understand me ??...

Samuel made no reply, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip tremoled. and his eyes moistened, for he was noh ppy. His father had been harsh ed her as he took the cake and thanktoward, him, and he felt that it was led her.

for you?

"No, Jerry." returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look; "that not succeed!

Samuel worked very and, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the shortly afterwards left the room, and subject before him. The roots and the boy resumed his work. squares, the bases, hypothenuses, and At the end of the week, the various did he become perplexed a d bother- a curious combination.

The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician-he never yet came across the problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could "give the old geometrician ahard tussle." - He seemed not to comprehend that different successfully, if he could not make ac- minds were made with different capacceptable sermons or speeches; or he lities, and what one mind grasped with could have herde sheep and cattle, case, another of equal power would however ill qualified he might have, fail to comprehend. Hence, because been to feed the flock of God. Anoth- | Jeremiah progressed rapidly with his er is compelled to pursue a mechanical mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conseed-time, or apprenticeship season of versed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his wind, but he had his own standard of again with no better success, or bian- the power of all minds, and he pertinaclously addered to it. There was another thing Mr. Win-

throp could not see, and that was that lad gazed for a moment upon the mass was got up before."

Mr. Solomon Winthrop, a plain old | Samuel was continually pondering apon-such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, eibecome a mathematician, he was puragirl. There was Jeremiah, sevenice: a result. Instead of endeavoring to years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, make the study interesting to the child, he was making it ob oxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel was in the kitchen reading a book : so | had not worked out the sum. His father was augry, and obliged the boyto go without his dinner, at the same mish was in the opposite corner, en- time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child

Pon Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried. At length his mindseemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parent, and took another turn, and the grief marks fest his face. There, was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so ting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he not for more pastione that he whittled, for he was tashioning some curious affair from those pieces of wood. He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he rad male himself, and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar tashion of his own.

Halt the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered the chamber. She had her apron gathered upon her hand, and after closing the door soltly behind ter, she approached the spot where her brother

"Here, Sammy-see, I have brought from your arithmetic again until you you something to eat. I know you must be lungry."

As slie spoke, she open d her apron and took out four cakes, and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kiss

"Oh, what a pretty thing that is you "Sam," said Jerry, as soon as the are making!" uttered Fanny, as she old man had gone, "I will do that sum gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Wou't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister, returned the would be deceiving father. I will try boy, with a smile; but as soon as I to do the sum, though I fear I shall get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and

perpendiculars, though comparatively materials that had been subjected to simple in themselves, were to him a Sammy's jack k ife and pincers had mingled mass of incomprehensible assumed form and comliness, and they things, and the more he tried the more | were jointed and grooved together in

The embryo philosopher set the machine-for it looked much like a machine-upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed open it. His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of sat isfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he yet stood and gazed upon the caild of his labors, the door of the chamber opened and his father entered.

"What! are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he surned pale

"Ha! what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curi ous construction on the floor. This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making playhouses and fly-pous. I'll see whether you'll attend to your lessous or not. There!"

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object, of his displeasure . The boy uttered a quick cry, and sprung forward, but too late, the curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was gone. The of ruins, and then, covering his face with his bands, he burst into tears.

"Ain't you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop; "a great boy like you to spend your time on such chaptraps, and then cry about it because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerty shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanations, and without a word he lett his chamber, but for long days afterwards he was sad and down-hearted.

"Samuel." said Mr. Winthrop, one. have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice .-Jerry and I can get along on the farm, have given up all hope of ever making a surveyor out of you, and if you. had a farm you would not know how. that he was not very cold; and get- to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as a surveyor, and I have already made dragged forth some long strips of woods arrangements for having him sworn, and commenced whittling. It was and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in neighboring town, and he carried on quitean extensive business; and nore over, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on a large machine shor, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed-a good supply of clothes having been provided, and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with his father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destina-

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. work and gone home, and found the of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some of them were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ. Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one. Jeremiah had been free almost two years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop after the tea things had been cleared away; "that is a fine factory they have erected in your town."

"Yes," replied Mr. Young; there are three of them, and they are doing a heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories. Now, if my boy Sam is as good a workman as they say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel, and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about these patent Winthrop looms? They tell me they go ahead of anything that ever

"You must ask your son about that," returned Mr. Young. "That's some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What? My son? Some of Sam—"

The old man stopped short, and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son-his idle son-was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the may ufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean !" he at length asked.

" It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine," returned Samuel, with day after the spring had opened, "I a look of conscious pride. "I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have lately been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right and I think the best thing you can do in two adjoining States. Don't you is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I remember that clap-trap that you crushed with your foot six years

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent on the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course I have made alteration and, improvement, and there is room for improvement yet."

"And that was what you were studyng when you used to fumble about my loom so much," said Mrs. Win-

"You are right, mother. Even then had conceived the idea I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems,". uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair, and took the youth by: the band.

"Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used toward you; I have been blind, and now I see how I misunderstood you. While I thought you idle and careless, you were solving One evening, after Samuel Winthrop a philosophical problem that I could had been with his new master six never have comprehended. Forgive. months, the latter came into the shop | me Samuel, I meant well enough, but after all the journeymen had quit lacked judgment and discrinination."

Of course the old man had long been youth busily engaged in filing a piece forgiven of his harshness, and his mind of iron. There was quite a number was open to a new lesson in human ature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities; man's mind cannot be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First seek to understand the natural Young ascertained what the young abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day. could kardly reckon in simple addition; and Colburn, the arithmetician, could not write out a commonplace address. Mozart was a genius in music, and perhaps could have become a good weaver; but the music of the loom would have been more pleasant to the ear of Cartwright than to his. and more profitable to the world.

> Curtous Wolf Trar The Hartford Times of Saturday says :- A very ingenious and apparently effectual contrivance for catching and killing wolves, foxes, &c., has been invented by Frederick Reuthe, of this city, a workman at Colt's pistol factory. It is small and compact, being hardly ten inches long, and it works with much strength and precision. Two steel iron case, are provided with four barbed points, upon which the bait is fixed. The little thing is completed by two small steel tubes or pistol barrels running lengthwise with the case on either sidepuland, provided with cones for percussion caps.

When the animal seizes the meat, he pulls out the two prongs upon which it is fastened, and in doing so opens them by a powerful spring, thus forcing his jaws wide apart, and holding them firmly by the cruel, barbed points, while at the same instant both barrels are simultaneously discharged down his throat. It finishes him completely, // Even without the pistol-shots not welf could get away with those barbed points in his jaws. An experiment tried on a dog succeeded admiraply, The inventor goes, to Canada With his trapito well it in that wolfswarming region.