

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

T. S. CHASE,

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

EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1857.

NO. 44.

## Business Cards.

**F. W. KN**  
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,  
Wellsb., Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the  
Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties.

**A. P. CONE,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Wellsb., Tioga Co., 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 M'Kean counties. All  
business entrusted in his care, will receive  
prompt attention.  
Office on Main-street, opposite the Court  
House, Coudersport, Pa.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**  
**Benjamin F. Glassmire**  
PROPRIETOR  
Corner of Main and Second streets, Cou-  
dersport, Potter Co., Pa. 44.

**R. W. BENTON,**  
Suburban and Coachman,  
Raymond P. O. (Allegheny Tp.) Potter Co. Pa  
will attend to all business in that line with  
care and dispatch. [1833-47.]

**W. K. KING,**  
Suburban, Draftsman, and  
Coachman,  
Southport, Keok Co., Pa.  
Will attend to business for non-residents and  
holders, upon reasonable terms. Reference  
given if required.  
P. S. Maps of any part of the County  
to order.

**E. R. HARRINGTON,**  
engaged a Window in Schomaker  
& Jackson's Store, will carry on the  
WATCH AND JEWELRY BUSINESS  
there. Watches and Jewelry carefully re-  
paired, in the best style, and on the shortest  
notice. All work warranted.  
Coudersport, Oct. 29, 1855.—[1854]

**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, Station-  
ery, 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.

**O. T. FULLISON, M. D.,**  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citi-  
zens of Coudersport and vicinity that he  
will be found regularly at his office, over the  
Drug Store of Smith & Jones, ready to attend  
to all calls in his profession. Nov. 20—1856

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

**A. H. Butterworth**  
Will furnish the People with fresh Bees  
and Honey, on Tuesdays and Fridays  
during the season. Cash will be paid for bees  
killed at all times.  
Coudersport, July 17, 1856.

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

**DAVID B. BROWN,**  
Foundryman and Dealer in Ploughs. Up-  
per end of Main street, Coudersport Pa.,

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

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

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

## THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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ention, should be addressed (post paid) to the

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## Selected Poetry

LOVE FELL OUT: THE LAMB FELL IN.

BY W. E. FABER.

I told my love one summer day  
How beautiful the sunshine lay  
Upon the bosom of the sea;  
And added: "Thus my love for thee  
Spreads over every thought of mine,  
And makes its memory divine."

I told of Petrarch—known to fame;  
Linked with the peerless Laura's name;  
How Tasso, though a prison slave,  
Could sit on Elysia's shore;  
And added: "Let me like him be  
Thy known name, by loving thee."

Then, as we strolled the sheep at play  
In fields, we seened by the day,  
I told her in an answer word  
Not wide as I should have heard:  
And she she said: "O Willie, look—  
The specked lamb's fed in the brook."

Oh! Love fell out when Lamb fell in;  
I left the charming fields of Lynn;  
The maiden with the flaxen locks  
Laid beside the rill and locks;  
And vowed when next my love was told  
An sort of deep should be in fold.

In a country chamber of a neat  
country dwelling, sat a drooping in-  
valid, reclining feebly, almost helplessly,  
in a large easy chair. The beauti-  
ful hectic on the otherwise pallid  
cheek, proclaimed the victim of con-  
sumption. On a low ottoman at her  
feet, was seated a young girl of ten  
summers. They were sisters. The  
elder had been not only a sister, but  
also a mother to the younger, who re-  
tained no recollection of the tender  
parent in whose arms her infancy was  
cradled. Yet had she scarcely missed  
a mother's care, so faithfully had that  
elder sister performed to her a moth-  
er's part.

But now she too was smitten down,  
and well did Ellen Hastings know that  
they soon must part; for her sister  
Clara had not concealed from her the  
certainty of the painful separation  
which must take place. She had of-  
ten spoken to Ellen of her own depart-  
ure, as calmly as she would of an an-  
ticipated journey. In this way the  
fair young girl had become familiar  
with the idea, and thoughts of death,  
invested with such terror, had been  
robbed of half their gloom, when she  
saw how calmly, trustingly and confi-  
dently her sister could enter the dark  
valley. If this calmness was ever in  
danger of being ruffled, it was when  
Clara thought of her darling Ellen,  
who clung to her lovingly, as the ten-  
der vine clings to the firm support  
about which it twines.

shade of anxiety, as her thoughts were  
busy with the coming separation.—  
The countenance of Ellen expressed  
inter a affection and sorrowful appre-  
hension. At last the silence was bro-  
ken by Clara, who spoke as if all that  
had been passing in the mind of each  
had found utterance in words, and she  
was but continuing the subject or  
which they had been communing.

"Dear Ellen, I want you then to re-  
member two things," she said.  
How much was expressed by that  
simple *then!* To Ellen it spoke of  
the time when the separation so de-  
ad-ed, should actually have taken place,  
and she would no longer be sheltered  
and blest by the tender, watchful love  
that had cared for her from the hour  
when the cold sods fell heavily upon  
the coffin of her mother.

For a brief moment the poor girl  
hid her face in her sister's lap, and a  
convulsive sob, half repressed, broke  
from her. But soon she raised her  
head, and tried to say calmly—

"What is it, dear sister, that you  
wish me to remember?"

"Two things, my love. And yet  
both can be comprised in four short  
words, so that you can always re-  
member them. I want you to prom-  
ise me that you will ever strive, both  
to be good and to do good. O only four  
words—Be good! Do good! At  
could I know that what they expres-  
sion would be embodied in your future  
life, how calmly and hopefully could I  
leave you, for I should be sure that  
you would never stray into any  
evil's path of sin or error. Will  
you try to remember these four short  
words, and practice the two maxims  
comprised in them?"

"I will, dear sister," replied Ellen.  
"I know I can strive to be good, but  
how can a little girl like me do good?"

"In many ways, my love, if with  
sweet humility and truthful earnest-  
ness you strive to do it. I will tell  
you of one way. Ever cherish in your  
heart true and right sentiments, and  
when a proper occasion occurs for giv-  
ing utterance to such sentiments, never  
shrink from doing so. In this way  
you will always exert a happy influ-  
ence upon those with whom you asso-  
ciate. Perhaps at another time I may  
tell you of other ways in which even  
a little girl may do good."

But that other time never came.—  
A violent fit of coughing was induced  
by the exertion of speaking. After  
it was over, the invalid was convey-  
ed, exhausted, to her couch, from which  
she never rose again. It was the last  
time Ellen was seen alive with her sis-  
ter. One older and more experi-  
enced now, constantly took the place  
which she had so frequently occupied  
as nurse. After this, every attempt  
to converse distressed the fast failing  
invalid, and those proved to be her  
dying words, her parting council to  
the sister she had so fondly cherished.  
As such, they made a deep and indeli-  
ble impression upon Ellen, who had  
always listened to her sister as to an  
oracle of wisdom, and who now treas-  
ured in the depths of her heart these  
her last words.

Ellen felt very sad and lonely after  
the death and burial of her sister.—  
She took it so much to heart, that she  
grew thin and pale, and looked only  
like the shadow of her former self.—  
Her father watched this state of things  
with much anxiety; for Ellen was now  
the only treasure left him, and he was  
disposed to guard her with the tender-  
est care. He resolved to change the  
scene, and divert her thoughts from  
the deep grief which was preying up-  
on both mind and body, by sending  
her to spend a few weeks at the house  
of a friend, who had a large family  
of children, some younger and some  
older than Ellen. Mr. Hastings felt  
sure that the society which his daughter  
would find there, would soon dissipate  
the address which oppressed the mind  
of the bereaved girl.

At first Ellen felt little disposed to  
join in the mirth and gaiety which al-  
ways reigns where such a group of  
children, buoyant with health and hap-  
piness, are collected. But she was  
naturally of a sociable and lively dis-  
position, and though her mirthfulness  
was tempered and subdued by the re-  
membrance of her recent affliction,  
she was soon ready to join cheerfully,  
and with a keen relish, in the occupa-  
tions and amusements of her young  
companions.

Ellen soon made friends with all,  
not excepting Arthur and Lucy Dun-  
ning, who like herself were guests at  
the hospitable mansion of Mr. Her-  
bert. Arthur Dunning possessed a  
fine flow of spirits and a ready inven-  
tion, which added much to the enjoy-  
ments of the juvenile circle of which  
he was for the time being a member.  
If a new feature added zest to an old  
and almost worn out form of recrea-  
tion, Arthur was usually the inventor  
of it. Or if a ready rally of wit, threw  
the circle into a convulsive fit of laugh-  
ter, he was the author of it. But it  
must also be confessed that he was  
sometimes reckless and mischievous.

In a time, he greatly provoked the  
enjoyment of his companions, he, at  
the times, greatly jarred it by the  
mischievous tricks, which he delighted  
to play upon them. At last, the ob-  
servation was frequently made that  
Arthur Dunning would be a first rate  
fellow, if he was not so full of his  
tricks.

One day, when Ellen entered the  
nursery, she found it occupied only by  
little Mary Herbert, who was very  
busy in erecting what he considered  
very imposing edifice with the materi-  
als furnished by a box of building  
blocks. She was putting the finish-  
ing touch on the work when Ellen en-  
tered. Mary turned round, and see-  
ing who it was, she exclaimed triumph-  
antly: "There, Ellen, isn't that first  
rate?"

"It is very well done," said Ellen.  
"What is it?—a church?"

"A church!—no!" said Mary, al-  
most indignantly. "Don't you see it  
is a great factory? It looks almost  
just like those Sarah and I saw last  
week, when father took us to O.—  
I will go and ask Sarah if it don't,  
Where is she? do you know?"

"She was in the garden when I  
came in."  
"I will go and ask her to come here.  
Will you stay here till I come back,  
and see what she says to it?"

Ellen good humoredly promised to  
comply with this request.

Scarcely had Mary left the room  
when Arthur entered it. As soon as  
he saw the pile of blocks which Mary  
had denominated a factory, he turned  
to Ellen, and said,  
"Who did that?"

"Little Mary did it, she calls it a  
factory."

"A factory! ha! I will just tumble  
it over and see what Mary will say  
when she gets back."  
Arthur advanced towards the mini-  
ature factory to execute his intention.  
But Ellen sprang towards him, and  
before his foot had touched it, laid her  
hand on his arm, saying earnestly and  
pleadingly,  
"Arthur, I wouldn't do it."

Arthur arrested by the earnestness  
of her manner, stopped short, and  
looking her in the face, said,  
"Why not, Ellen?"

For a moment, Ellen hesitated what  
reply to make. But as she stood  
there, uncertain what answer to give  
to this inter-rogation, a scene was sud-  
denly presented to her mind, which  
almost dimmed her eyes with tears.  
She was not in the nursery at Mr.  
Herbert's but she was in that sacred  
well-remembered chamber, seated on  
a low ottoman by the side of her sis-  
ter. She heard her say, "Ever cher-  
ish in your own heart true and right  
sentiments, and when a proper occa-  
sion occurs for giving utterance to  
such sentiments, never shrink from  
doing so." The scene faded, and the  
reality was once more before her.—

Arthur Dunning was by her side, and  
he had asked her why he should not  
overturn the playhouse reared by Mar-  
y Herbert. Was not this a proper  
occasion for uttering the true and  
right sentiments she felt in relation to  
such deeds? surely it must be so, and  
she would not hesitate, though per-  
haps the high-spirited and reckless  
Arthur would only laugh at her. The  
tender recollection which had been  
called up, probably added persuasiv-  
ness to her manner, as with her hand  
still resting upon Arthur's arm, she  
replied,

"Oh because Mary thinks so much  
of it, and of showing it to Sarah. It  
will make her very unhappy if it is  
knocked down before Sarah sees it;  
and you know it is always a sad thing  
to make others unhappy. It is so  
much better to try to make them  
happy."

Arthur looked earnestly at Ellen;  
but he did not laugh at her, as she al-  
most feared he would. On the con-  
trary, he said in a subdued voice;  
"I know you are right Ellen: I will  
not knock it down."

Ellen's words and manner made a  
much deeper impression than she was  
aware of. After this, when Arthur  
was about to perpetrate any mischiev-  
ous trick, it seemed to him as if a  
gentle hand was laid on his arm, and  
a soft persuasive voice said, "Arthur,  
I wouldn't do it," and he could not  
do it. The consequence was, his young  
companions soon began to wonder how  
it happened that Arthur had so sud-  
denly abandoned all his late tricks,  
and become so agreeable a companion.  
But no one, not even Ellen, guessed  
the cause. She was too modest to  
attribute an energy so potent to the  
few words she had spoken in the  
nursery.

Six years passed away, and Ellen  
Hastings was no longer a child; for  
she had bloomed into womanhood,  
having reached the golden age of the  
novelist, sweet sixteen. But during  
these winged years, which in their  
flight had borne her so rapidly to this  
point, she had never forgotten her  
beloved sister Clara or her parting  
councils. To be good and to do  
good had been her constant aim.—  
Such an aim could not fail to give a  
moral elevation and dignity to her  
whole character, which greatly en-  
hanced those natural charms with  
which she had been endowed in no  
stinted measure.

When Ellen was sixteen, it so  
chanced that she spent a few days with  
a friend who resided in a city where  
was located a flourishing college.—  
One evening, during this visit, she was  
introduced to a small and select circle  
of intimate friends, among whom were  
two or three of the college students.  
One of these was no other than her old  
playmate at Mr. Herbert's, Arthur  
Dunning. But Ellen did not recog-  
nize him. They had not met since  
that time, and as that meeting had  
made no particular impression upon  
her mind, it was almost forgotten.—  
When introduced to Mr. Dunning, no  
suspicion of ever having met him be-  
fore crossed her mind.

Not so, however, with Arthur Dun-  
ning. The impression made upon his  
mind had been far deeper, and there-  
fore not so easily effaced by the lapse  
of years. As soon as Ellen was intro-  
duced to him as Miss Hastings, he was  
struck with something familiar in the  
glance which met his, and in the tones  
of the voice which fell on his ear.—  
They seemed to have a strange con-  
nection with some scene of the past,  
though all was dim and indistinct.—  
He could not recall where he had met  
that glance and heard those tones.

For half an hour after this introduc-  
tion, Arthur Dunning puzzled and  
wondered himself by chasing this phan-  
tom of the past. Sometimes it would  
almost assume a tangible shape and  
he would think he was about to seize  
it, when it would elude his mental  
grasp, seeming as airy and intangible  
as ever.

intimacy, addressed her as "Ellen,  
my dear." In a moment the misty  
veil was removed from the mind of  
Arthur Dunning, and he mentally ex-  
claimed,

"I have it, I have it now; it is Ellen  
Hastings!" and internally the whole  
scene in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's  
came up before him. It is the very  
same. I was sure that her countenance,  
an thro tone of her voice were strange-  
ly familiar, and equally sure that they  
were connected with some cherished  
recollection of the past. Ah! that first  
night at Mr. Herbert's—how well do  
I recollect it! Ellen Hastings, was  
my good angel then."

Towards the close of the evening,  
Arthur contrived to get by the side  
of Ellen, and also to draw her into a  
free and animated conversation. He  
was about to call to her mind their  
former acquaintance, when the attention  
of both was arrested by the conversa-  
tion of the other members of the little  
group.

Certain college regulations which  
were regarded by many of the students  
as very unreasonable, oppressive and  
arbitrary, had occasioned a dissatisfaction  
so general, that a plan was forming  
and being openly discussed, to resist  
them. The disaffected students  
imagined they were so strong in num-  
bers and influence, that if they com-  
bined in this movement, they should  
overawe the college officers, and com-  
pel them to modify the odious regula-  
tions. In this way they thought to  
escape the disgrace usually resulting  
from rebellion against college laws.

The plan had been boldly discussed  
by a portion of students for some time,  
and those present did not hesitate to  
bring it forward and combat its feasi-  
bility, in the select circle there-gather-  
ed, Arthur Dunning, who was natur-  
ally somewhat impatient of restraint had  
been inclined to sympathize with the  
disaffected party, and had serious  
thoughts of joining them, should their  
plan be carried into execution.

The subject was discussed with  
much animation and earnestness by  
those present, and a variety of opinions  
were expressed in relation to it. After  
listening to the rest for some time, Ar-  
thur suddenly turned to Ellen, and  
said,

"What do you think of this measure,  
Miss Hastings? Would you advise us  
to join the party who are about to  
adopt it?"

"I wouldn't do it," replied Ellen  
earnestly, though her cheeks were in-  
stantly after suffused with blushes, as  
she thought how frankly she had ex-  
pressed her opinion to an entire stran-  
ger.

The words touched an electric chord  
in the mind of Arthur Dunning.—"I  
wouldn't do it." He was instantly  
transported by them back to childhood's  
days. Once more he was in the nur-  
sery at Mr. Herbert's. The hand of  
the speaker was laid pleadingly, ar-  
restingly on his arm. He could hardly  
persuade himself that he did not feel  
its gentle pressure. At last he roused  
himself from his musings sufficiently  
to recollect that the silence which fol-  
lowed Miss Hastings' last words might  
seem to her long and strange. Almost  
mechanically he enquired, "Why not?"

Ellen hesitated. Was she called  
upon to express to Mr. Dunning, stran-  
ger as he was, the sentiments she held  
on such subjects? Then again the  
words of her dying sister were brought  
to her mind. She was sure these sen-  
timents were just and right. Why  
should she hesitate to utter them, when  
called upon to do so? She replied—

"I cannot approve of resistance to  
rightful authority. I know there are  
young men who under certain cir-  
cumstances, regard this course as man-  
ly. But to me it seems exactly the con-  
trary. No course is so truly manly in a  
young man, as that of yielding grace-  
fully and unhesitatingly to the author-  
ity of those who by virtue of their of-  
fice have a right to claim obedience  
from him. If the regulations seem  
somewhat arbitrary, the manliness and  
self-command which yields obedience  
becomes only the more evident."