The Potter Journal.

PUBLISHED BY } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { THOS. S. CHASE.

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☞All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR 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 st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

A. P. CONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will regularly attend the Courts of Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean 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. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

C. S. JONES. LEWIS MANN. A. F. JONES.
JONES, MANN & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

COLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

E. R. HARRINGTON,
JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:24

HENRY J. OLMSTED,
(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Selected Poetry.

JOY HATH ITS BURDEN.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

The autumn sky is bright and fair,
Of sapphire blaze and golden light;
Dim, pearly clouds are floating there.
Like angels' dreamy robes of white.
The lofty tree-tops, crowned with gold,
Emit beneath translucent light;
While ruby garlands, climbing bold,
Suspend their gems at arrowy height.

Th' aspiring vines are nodding proud,
Their serpent coils the forest bind;
And grapes in purple clusters crowd,
Th' aroma scattered on the wind.
The forest-birds—a gleesome throng—
All joyous fly from spray to spray;
Descending like a silvery song,
The limpid wave pursues its way.

And scattered o'er the gorgeous wood,
Are autumn's glorious fairy bowers—
With Jewelled Cup, and Cardinal's Hood,
And Asters' white and purple showers:
The Salidago's golden smile,
The deadly Nightshade's gorgeous dye;
While ever round them float the while,
The humming-bird and butterfly.

Th' elixir breath of ambient air,
Inspires and thrills my feelings so,
I scarce can beauty's burden bear—
Pleasure 's akin to woe!
My heart is all with joy o'erpressed,
The load weighs down my spirit so:
I own 'tis not in darkest hours
We feel a load like woe.

Selected Tale.

Chances and Changes.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next express train go out to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to-night, sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough question.

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."

"Why in natur' didn't you get us here sooner? Fourteen hours in Chicager is enough to break a fellow all to smash.—Fourteen hours in Chicager, puffing and blowing! I've been told they keep a regular six-hundred hoss steam power all the while a running to blow themselves up with, and pick the pockets of every traveller to pay the firemen and engineers! Wal, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty that's never been broke, and I guess that will put me through. Why didn't you fire up, old brag—give your old hoss another peck of oats? I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but as we are not clerks of the weather, I hope you will not lay your misfortunes to our account. Snow-drifts and the thermometer sixteen below zero, are enemies we can't readily overcome."

"That's a fact," said the first speaker, with broad emphasis, and a good-natured, forgiving smile. "Fourteen hours in Chicager!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet had aroused every sleeper from elysian dreams into which he might have fallen after his long, tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was turned, every eye was fixed on the man who had broken the silence. He was standing by the stove warming his boots. To have warmed his feet through such a mass of cowhide and sole-leather would have been a fourteen hour's operation. Six feet four or five inches he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased in a fur coat, that looked more like bearing up a world than you will meet ordinarily in half a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy hair black as jet, his whiskers to match, his dark piercing eye, and his jaws eternally moving, with a quid between them, while a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding his seeming impatience, attracted every one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicager, eh?—Wal, I can stand it if the rest can; if twenty dollars won't carry me through, I'll borry of my friends. I've got the things that'll bring 'em."

And he thrust a hand a little less in size than a common spade down into the cavernous depths of a broad-striped, flashy pair of pants, and brought up that great red hand, as full as it could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chicrgers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said an envious looking little man. "You've more than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well I reckon not. I came honestly by it. That's a fact. And there's them living who can remember this child when he went round the prairies trapping prairie hens and the like, to get him a night's lodging, or a pair of shoes, to keep the massasaugers from biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor one night in the timber, to keep out of the ways of the wild varmints; best sleeping in the world, in the crotch of a tree-top! Now, I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived on wild game, when I could ketch it. That's a fact!"

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice near.

"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right. These prairies are wonderful roomy. I thought one spell I would let myself out entirely, but me and mother held a corcus, and decided that she was getting old, and blind like, and it tuk too long, and cost too much to sew up the legs of my trousers, and so I put a stop to it, and concluded that six foot five would do for a fellow that couldn't afford the expensive luxury of a wife to make breeches for him. It was only love for my mother that stopped my growth. If I'd had had an idea of a sewing machine, there's no telling what I might a done."

"You have so many gold pieces in your pocket, you can afford to get your trousers made now. Why don't you and your mother hold another caucus, and see what you can do? If she would let you expand yourself, you might sell out to Barnum, and make a fortune travelling with Tom Thumb, and take the old woman along."

"Stranger," said the rough, great man, and his whole face loomed up with a mingled expression of pain and pride; "stranger, I spoke a word here I didn't mean to; a slighty word, like, about my mother, I would give all the gold in my pocket to bring her back for one hour, to look upon this county as it is now. She had her cabin here when Chicager was nowhere; here she raised her boys—she couldn't give them larnin', but she taught us better things than books can give: to be honest, and useful, and industrious.—She taught us to be faithful and true; to stand by a friend, and be generous to an enemy. It's thirty years, stranger, since we dug her grave by the lake side with our own hands; and with many a tear and sob turned ourselves away from the cabin where we had been raised—the Indians had killed our father long before, and we'd nothing to keep us—and so we went to seek our fortunes. My brother, he took down to St. Louis, and got married down there sou'ers; and I just went where the wind blowed, and when I'd scraped money enough together, I came back and bought a few acres of land around my mother's old cabin, for the place where I'd laid her bones was sacred, like. Wal, in the course of time it turned up right in the middle of Chicager.—I couldn't stand that—I loved my old mother too well to let the omnibuses rattle over her grave, so I come back about fifteen years ago, and quietly moved her away to the buryin' ground; and then I went back to Texas, and wrote to an agent arterward to sell my land. What cost a few hundred to begin on, I sold for over forty thousand—if I'd a kept it till now, 'twould a been worth ten times that—but I got enough for't. I soon turned that forty thousand into eighty thousand, and that into twice as much, and so on, till I don't know nor don't care what I'm worth. I work hard, am the same rough customer; remember every day of my life what my mother taught me; never drink nor fight; wish I didn't swear and chaw; but them's got to be kind o' second natur' like, and the only thing troubles me is my money—havn't got no wife nor children, and I'm going now to hunt up my brother and his folks. If his boys is clever and industrious, and ain't ashamed of my big boots and old fashioned ways, and his gals is young women and not ladies; if they help their mother, and don't put on mor'n two frocks a day, I'd make 'em rich, every one on 'em.

"Now, gentlemen, 'taint often I'm led to tell on myself, after this fashion. But these old places, where I trapped when I was a boy, made me feel like a child agin—and I just feel like tellin' these youngsters here about the changes and chances a feller may meet in life, if he only tries to make the most of himself.

"But, boys," said he, turning to a party of young men, "there's something better than money. Get education. Why, boys, if I had as much larnin' as money, I could be President in 1857 just *e-a-s-y*. Why, I could buy up half the North, and not miss it out of my pile. But get larnin'; don't chaw tobacco; don't take to liquor; don't swear, and mind your mothers—that's the advice of a real live Sucker; and if you mind what I say you may be men (and it aint every feller that wears a goatee and breeches that's a man, by a long ways). Foller out her councils; never do a thing that will make you ashamed to meet her in Heaven. Why, boys, I never done a bad thing but I heard my mother's voice reprovin' me; and I never done a good thing and made a good move, but I've seemed to hear her say, 'that's right, Jack,' and that has been the best of all. Nothin' like a mother, boys—nothin' like a mother."

All this had passed while waiting to wood, just out of Chicago. The great man was swelling with emotions called up from the dark shadows of the past; his big rough frame heaved like a great billow upon the ocean. Tears sprung to his deep set and earnest eyes—they welled up to the brim—and swam round asking to be let fall as tributes to his mother's memory—tributes to the love of the past. But he choked them down, and humming a snatch of an old ballad, he thrust his hands down into his pockets, walked back to the end of the car, pulled the gigantic collar of his shaggy coat up around his ears, buttoned it close, and leaned back against the window in silence.

The cars rattled on. What a mind was there; what a giant intellect, sleeping, buried away from light and usefulness by a rubbish of prejudice, habit, and custom—doing but half work for want of culture.

"A mute inglorious Milton," or rather Webster, going about the world, struggling with his own soul, yet bound by chains of ignorance, which precluded his doing but a moiety of the good it lay in his power to do.

All the way through our long, tedious journey, he had been ever on the watch to do good. He gave up his seat by the fire to an Irish woman and her child, and took one farther back; soon a young girl seated herself by his side; as the night hours wore on, and she nodded wearily, he rose, spread his beautiful leopard skin with its soft, rich lining, on the seat, made a pillow of his carpet-bag, and insisted that she should lie down and sleep

"What will you do? said she, naively.

"Never mind me—I can stand up and sleep, like a buffalo; I'm used to it."

A little boy, pulled up from a sound nap to give place to incomers, was pacified and made quiet by a handful of chestnuts and a glowing bit of candy out of the big man's pocket. When he left the cars for refreshment he brought back his hand full of pies, and distributed them among a weary group. A mother and seven little children, the eldest not twelve years old, whose husband and father left the cars at every stopoing-place, and returned more stupid and beastly each time, scolding the little tired restless ones with thick tongue, and glaring his furious red eyes upon the poor grieved victim of a wife, like a tiger upon its prey, "because she did not keep her young ones still; they would disturb everybody." No bite of refreshment, no exhilirating draught, no rest from that fat, cross baby, came to her all the long night, save when the big man stretched out his great hands and took her baby boy for an hour, and let him play with his splendid watch to keep him quiet.

"I'll give ye a thousand dollars for him," said he, as he handed him back to her arms.

"You may have the whole lot for that," answered the drunken father, with a swine-like grunt.

"It's a bargain," said the big man, "providin' the mother's willin'."

"Indade, sir, it's not the one of them can be had for money," was the quiet yet determined response of the mother's heart.

How kindly he helped her off the cars when, at the break of day, they came to their journey's end.

Thus all night had he been attracting the attention of the waking ones in the cars. But his kindness and rough politeness would soon have been forgotten by the mass of the passengers, had he not stamped it upon our memories with his gold.

"I wonder who he is?"

"Where did he get in?"

"What an interesting character."

"Education would spoil him."

"What rich furs!"

"Did you notice what a splendid watch he carries?"

"He's some great man incog."

Such were a few of the queries that passed from lip to lip. But there came no answer; for he who alone could have answered sat crouched in his fur coat, seeming unconscious of all but his own deep thoughts.

"Chicago!" shouted the brakeman, and in an instant all was confusion, and our hero was lost in the crowd. The next we saw of him was at the baggage stand, looking up a band-box for a sweet-looking country girl who was going to learn the milliner's trade in the city. As we passed to our carriage we discovered him again, holding an old man by the hand, while he grasped the shoulder of the conductor of another train with the other, getting for the deaf, gray-haired sire, the right information as to the route he should take to get to his "darter who lived near Muscatine Iowa."

"God bless him for his good deeds!" was our earnest asperation, as we whirled round the corner. May his shadow never grow less; nor the gold in his pocket diminish, for in his unnumbered charities and mercies dropped so unostentatiously here and there, he is, perhaps, doing more good in his day and generation, than he who donates his thousands to build charitable intitutions, to give honor to his own name.

Oh, how much the world needs great hearts that are able to comprehend little things!—and yet how often it happens that the learned, the wise, and the rich outgrow the every-day wants of humanity, and, feeling within themselves the power to move nightily, pass by the humble duties that would make a thousand hearts leap for joy, and push on, looking for some wrong to right, some great sorrow to be soothed, some giant work to be accomplished; and failing to find the *great work*, live and die incarcerated in their own selfishness, and do nothing at all.

This rough man's nature seemed the nature of the little child. His quick eye saw at a glance; his gaeat heart warmed, and his great hand executed his little work of charity—so small that one would have expected to see them slip between his giant fingers unaccomplished—yet were they done. The recording angel will have a longer column to set down to his account of deeds well done, than all the rest of the passengers on that crowded car, on that long, tedious, stormy night, in January, 1856.

The History of a 'Compromise.'

Seven years ago an elderly gentleman in the White House wrote his name at the bottom of a document which, he blandly assured the nation, would be a panacea for all their political troubles. It was an act to declare hospitality a crime, and the denial of a crust of bread or a cup of water the most cardinal of patriotic virtues.

The prescription failed. Instead of an olive-branch the Fugitive Slave law proved a fire-brand. Instead of promoting peace, it has done othing but foment strife. The quarrel it pretended to "compromise" blazed up more fiercely the moment it was put in the statue book, and has grown hotter and hotter ever since. It has drawn thousands of dollars from the Treasury, while it has hardly returned a dozen runaways. It has exasperated the North, while it has not benefitted the South. It has broken up the parties that sustained it, ruined the presses that advocated it, and crushed the officers that enforced it. It has brought down the grey hairs of its Presidential parent in sorrow to a political grave. It has embroiled us at home, and disgraced us abroad. It has weakened public respect for law, and stimulated popular recourse to riot. The chains around Boston Court-house—the murderous volleys at Christiana—the bloody creek at Wilksbarre—the alarm bell at Syracuse—the cell of Williamson, and now the armed strife of sheriff and marshal in Ohio; these are evidences of the kind of "peace" that has followed Millard Fillmore's "adjustment" of the slavery question.

FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.

Acting Governor Stanton and James L. Orr, M. C., in Lawrence—An attmpt to organize the Democratic party, &c.

LAWRENCE, K. T., May 17, 1857.

The object of Secretary Stanton's recent visit to this city, was to make an attempt to unite the free state men with the pro-slavery men in the organization of the old democratic party. He expresses himself desirous of having the evils of the past forgotten, and to commence anew. If Stanton will forget that such a concern as the bogus legislature ever had an existence, and do all he can to have its acts destroyed, instead of lending himself to the work of enforcing a spurious code, he might make his proposition to the free-state men with better hopes of success. But as it is, he cannot bend the necks of the people to take the yoke forged by the Missouri usurpation.

He must remember that the "democratic measure," known as the Kansas bill, has forced the issue upon the settlers of this territory, and they have arrayed themselves on one side or the other, in favor of freedom or against it. Old party names have become obsolete, and to make Kansas a free or slave state is the only question at issue in this contest, and when disposed of, other questions of public policy will come into the political arena, and parties will organize accordingly: and until that time, it is useless to attempt the organization of democratic or republican parties.

James L. Orr, member of congress from South Carolina, arrived in this city to-day. He has doubtless come to Kansas to assist in laying the ropes for the subjugation of this territory. A year ago South Carolina sent her banditti out here for the purpose of exterminating the free state men, and to decide the question at issue in behalf of slavery. That movement was unsuccessful, and the "chivalry" were compelled to return with their banners trailing in the dust.

At this time, the same state sends one of her most noted and influential politicians, to make Kansas a slave state, by fraud and violence, assisted by the general government. What the banditti failed to do, is to be attempted by Gen. Harney and *four thousand* dragoons.

Mr. Orr says that *nine thousand* names have been returned as voters in this territory, on the census lists to the governor, and that several counties remain to be heard from, in which no attempt has yet been made to take the census. According to these returns, and the thousands of free-state men whose names have not been taken, Kansas must be a *very* populous state or territory.

The governor will apportion the representation in the constitutional convention in accordance with the number of names returned to his office. That is, one delegate to one hundred and fifty voters. At that ratio Lawrenbe district should have one-fourth of the delegation—fifteen members—and not more than one will be allowed from this vicinity, for not one man out of fifty has been taken by the census officials.

In the Shawnee reserve, where there is not three hundred legal voters, and only fifteen hundred claims, these bogus officers have found three thousand "qualified elebtors;" which gives that district twenty delegates, or one-third of the members of the convention.

Yours in haste, ESSEX.

☞Orson Pratt, a Mormon Elder was killed on the 14th ult near Van Buren Ark., by a man named Hector, whose wif Pratt had seduced and was taking to Uta