The Potter Journal.

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Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

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ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
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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 in 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.

The following Poem was written by James Hedderwick, a Scotch poet little known in this country. Who that ever lost a brother or sister could read these lines without a falter in the voice and a tear in the eye?

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me, first and early love
Outlives all after-dreams;
But the memor, of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth,
To memory ever clings;
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shaddow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recals the hour,
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb:

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight:
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night.

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan:
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone;

Cold was the cheek, and clear;
The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas Spring;
But if the birds sang on the trees
I did not hear them sing;

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;—
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe:
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low;

And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours;
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life.

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot!

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;—
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface.

Choice Reading.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON BOYS.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves separate chapters in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written. The lives of pious and good, which enrich the catalogues of great publishing houses, resemble a real boy's life about as much as a chichen picked and larded on a spit, and ready for delicious eating, resembles a free fowl in the fields. With some few honorable exceptions, they are impossible boys with increased goodness. Their piety is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy is simply monstrous. And we are soundly sceptical of this whole school of *pate de foie gras* piety. Apples that ripen long before their time are either diseased or worm bitten.

So long as boys are babies, how much they are cherished! But by-and-by the cradle is needed for another. From that time a babe becomes a boy, until he is a young man, he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in nature. They are always in the way. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just where you don't wish them to be.—Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken pox.—They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth-powder with hair oil; pull your laces and collars from their repositories; upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript; tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers, stick everything up with experimental sealing wax, and spoil all your pens in the effort to spoil all your paper.

Poor boys! What are they good for? It is an unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood (as the Israelites reached Canaan) through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical moment. They will tell lies, and after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets.—Would you take a quiet nap! Slam bang go a whole bevy of boys through the house! Has the nervous baby at length, after all manner of singings, trottings, soothings, and maternal bosom opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them: but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves. It is astonishing to see how little it requires to satisfy a boy's nature.

First in the list, I put *strings*. What grown up people find in a thousand forms of business and society, a boy secures in a string! He ties up a door for the exquisite pleasure of untieing it again. He harnesses chairs, ties up his own fingers, halters his neck, coaxes a lesser urchin to become his horse, and drives stage—which, with boys, is the top of human attainment. Strings are wanted for snares, for bows and arrows, for whips, for cat's cradles, for kites, for fishing, and a hundred things more than I recollect. A knife is more exciting than a string, but does not last so long, and is not so various. After a short time it is lost or broken, or has cut the fingers. But a string is the instrument of endless devices, and within the management and ingenuity of a boy. The first article that parents should lay in, on going to the country, is a large ball of twine. The boys must not know it. If they see the whole ball, the charm is broken. It must come forth mysteriously, unexpectedly, and as if there were no more.

For indoors, next, we should place upon the list pencils and white paper. At least one hour in every day will be safely secured by that. A slate and pencil are very good. But some children always aspire to what men do, they account the unused half of a letter and a bit of pencil to be worth twice as much as any slate.

Upon the whole, we think a safe stream of water near by affords the greatest amount of enjoyment among all natural objects. There is wading and washing; there is throwing of stones, and finding of pebbles; there is engineering, of the most laborious kind, by which stone are made to dam up the water, or to change the channel. Besides these things, boys are sensitive to that nameless attraction of beauty which specially hovers about the side of streams; and though they may not recognize the cause, they are persuaded of the fact that they are very happy when there are stones with gurgling water around them, shady trees and succulent undergrowth, moss and water cress, insect, bird and all the population of cool water courses.

But the boys are not always boys. All that is in us is in leaf, is in them in mud. The very yearnings, the musings, yea, the very questions which occupy our later years as serious tasks, are found in the occasional hours of boyhood. We have scarcely heard one moral problem discussed in later life that is not questioned by children. The creation of the world, the origin of evil, divine foreknowledge, human liberty, the immortality of the soul, and various other elements of elaborate systems, belong to childhood. Men trace the connections of truths, and their ethetical applications and relations, but the simple elements of the most recondite truths seem to have gained in them very little by the progress of years. Indeed, all truths whose root and life is in the infinite and like fixed stars, which become no larger under the most powerful telescope than the natural eye. Their distance is too vast to make any appreciable variation in magnitude possible. They are mere points of light.

Boys have their soft and gentle words too. You would suppose by the morning racket that nothing could be more foreign to their nature than romance and vague sadness, such as ideality produces in adults. But boys have hours of great sinking and sadness, when kindness and sadness are peculiarly needful to them.

It is worthy of notice, how soon a little kindness, a little consideration for their boy nature, wins their confidence and caresses. Every boy wants some one older than himself to whom he may go in moods of confidence and yearning. The neglect of the child's wants by grown people, and the treating of children as little rattling, noisy imps, not yet subject to heart throes, because they are so frolicsome in general, is a fertile source of suffering. One of the most common forms of selfishness, is that which refuses to recognize any experience as worthy of attention if it lies in a sphere below our own. Not only ought a man to humble himself as a little child, but also to little children.

A thousand things are blamed in them simply because, measured by our manhood standard, they are unfit, whereas upon the scale of childhood they are congruous and proper. We deny children's requests often upon the scale of our own likings and dislikings. We attempt to govern them by a man's regimen and not by a child's.

And yet badgered, subdued and scolded on the one hand; petted, flattered, and indulged on the other—it is astonishing how many children work their way up to an honest manhood in spite of parents and friends. Human nature has an element of great toughness in it. When we see what men are made of, our wonder is not that so many children are spoiled, but that so many are saved.

The country is appointed of God to be the children's nursery; the city seems to have been made by malign spirits to destroy children in. They are cramped for room, denied exercise, restrained of wholesome liberty of body, or, if it is allowed, at the risk of morals.

Children are half educated who are allowed to be familiar with the scenes and experiences of the open country. For this, if for no other reason, parents might make an effort every year to remove their children from the city into the country. For the best effect it is desirable that they should utterly leave the city behind them. It is absurd to go into the country to find the luxuries of a city. It is to get rid of them that they go. Men are cumbered and hampered by too much convenience in the city. They grow artificial. They lose a relish for natural beauty and the simple occupations of rural life. Our children need a separate and special training in country education. We send them to the Polytechnique for eight months. But for four months we send to God's school in the openness and simplicity of the country. A diploma in this school will be of service to body and mind while life lasts.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.—Some woman, very likely a sensible woman, (now-a-days quite unusual, though we know several hereabouts,) who has arrived at philosophy through the school of experience or by the way of tribulation, has written an excellent letter to the *N. Y. Tribune*, which concludes as follows, and which we commend to our fair readers:

"We can have no conception of the mighty emancipation which a few determined, sensible women can inaugurate in our social system. The time we will save for nobler and higher duties; the wear and tear of intellect we will avoid when dress and dinners are disposed of; the better and purer tastes we will have leisure to cultivate, to say nothing of the solid cash we will put to our husbands' credit, will be abundant recompense for a few petty sacrifices, and an unusual amount of female heroism.

"Resolve from this day forward to take your *own* conscience and common sense for your guide; do nothing because it is fashionable, but simply because it is *right*; in dress and demeanor, in recreation and religion, be your own law and leader, and the yoke of Fashion will be all too light, its burden of follies all too ponderous, to tempt you ever again to its banners. Every American woman is a princess in her own right, and should prove her title by the noble sincerity of her manners, her queenly independence of thought and action, and the loyalty of her devotion to the good and true. Her court should number the men and women whom God has sent as his ministering spirits on earth; and her coronet will shine on the day when He makes up His jewels in Heaven."

FROM KANSAS.

Fraudulent Returns of Sixteen Hundred and Twenty-Four Votes from Johnson County.

[Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

LAWRENCE, K. T., Oct. 15th, 1857.

Of all the bold and unmitigated frauds which have been recorded in Kansas, there has never been one chronicled so unscrupulous, so damnable, so glaringly unjust, so devoid of all the dregs of principal, which usually lingers in ruffianly characters, as the one practised at the Oxford precinct in Johnson county.—Men were sent from this place and Wyandotte, to the different precincts in Johnson county, to bring up the result as soon as the polls were closed. I was in Wyandotte and saw men who did not leave untill the polls were closed, and closed finally in all the precincts in Johnson county. They produced the result, giving the pro-slavery party two hundred and forty-one majosity. On my arrival at this place, corroberative news was in circulation. No one, free state or pro-slavery, doubted for a moment but what this district, which includes Douglas and Johnson counties, had gone overwhelmingly in favor of freedom.

Last night the official returns reached Lecompton, and to the surprise of all but those who were not implicated, a manuscript just *fifty feet long* was unrolled containing *sixteen hundred and twenty-four votes* all from one precinct, known as Oxford on the little Santa Fe.

This neutralizes the entire free state vote, and gives this district, which elects three councilmen and eight representatives, to the pro-slavery party. At this rate they will have a majority in the Legislature. Johnson county polled over eighteen hundred votes, and not one third the inhabitants can be found in the county, to say nothing of those who are entitled to the elective franchise under the six months' proscription. The election was *viva voce*, and nowhere in the territory was over five hundred ballots cast in one day. It is an utter impossibility to write the names in two days for sixteen hundred voters, yet Oxford overdoes it. The truth is this, the polls are closed until the news reached them from Douglas county, in order that it might be determined how many ballots it would require to throw the scale in favor of the pro-slavites, and all the intervening time up to the return of poll books, has been consumed in adding new names to the list.

The fraud is so bare faced, that even Driggs, the editor of the Lecompton *National Democrat*, spoke denunciatory of the proceedings, and declared that Stanton would never permit the cirtificate to be given to any but those elected by legal votes—the free state candidates.—The ruffians were aware that the election could not be carried by fair means, and consequently have resorted to fraud. They knew also that if the free state party succeeded, they could say "Othello's occupation's gone." To them it was the struggle; the intervening space between them and eternity, if once lost, forever lost; and a long score of accounts to settle, which are of such a nature that it might cause some of them to "stand on nothing and look up a rope." The Outrages of '55 have again been enacted; the ballot-boxes have been invaded; the government usurped by pro-slavery demagogues, and their damnable proceedings investigated and sanctioned by the governor and Secretary of the territory. A pitiless minority trying by the aid of U. S. dragoons and a drunken slave-propagating governor, to rule with the iron heel of despotism an overwhelming majority. For three years have the freemen of this territory struggled against oppression, forced upon them by the general government, and for what; because they preferred fredom to slavery. For three years the people of this territory have petitioned and remonstrated for redress of grievances, and for the same length of time have their petitions been slighted, and theis remonstrances spurned with contempt to the fiat of a more contemptable rascal than ever Jeffreys was. Walker is but a political trickster, sent here to revive the vitiated ranks of the pro-slavery party. He has quartered the army of the United States around Lawrence for no other purpose than to convey the idea in the east and south, that Lawrence is "rebellious and insurrectionary," and that the real ruffians belong in the free state party.

Cannon of sufficient size to crumble the citadels of Russia and of more bodily calibre than the governor has mental, are directed upon the city of Lawrence for the purpose of carrying by force what connot be done by fraud and usurpation. The artillery drill booms forth a warlike sound upon the ears of a peaceable community. If the spurious ballots are not cast out, there is but one alternative left—a resort to arms.

The free men of Kansas deserve to be slaves if they permit this wanton outrage to be forced upon them. Government is constituted by the consent of the governed, and the people of Kansas have a right to say whether they will be bond or free.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

ST. LOUIS, Monday, Oct. 26, 1857.

A protest signed by several prominent citizen of Kansas was filed on the 15th inst. against the fraudulent returns from Oxford Precinct, Johnson County; and in reply to it, after a personal examination, Messrs. Walker and Staunton publish a proclamation in the *Herald of Freedom* of the 20th, in which they express a determination to reject the entire vote of Oxford, and to give certificates to the Free State candidates. The proclamation produced intense excitement among the extreme Pro-Slavery men, and threats of vengeance against Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton were made.

On the 19th inst. a protest was made against assembling the the Constitutional Convention by a Mass Convention of the people at Lecompton.

A BOY IN BLOSSOM.—A singular incident has occurred at Ithica, New York. A boy, whose father, Job Northrup, and his mother died some years since, has been sick for six or seven months. He lies perfectly helpless, his limbs are swollen remarkably, and on his legs are several sores. From one of them, on Sunday, Oct. 4th, a stem like that of a toad stool, and about the size of a small pipe stem, sprung up in length about six inches; and upon the top of this stem a formation took place, near the size of a four shilling piece. The edges of the formation were slightly bent over, and the face of it, when examined by a microscope, presented the appearance of a regular passion flower. The formation remained throughout the day, but disappeared the ensuing night.

THE *Geary City* (Kansas) *Era* has three editors, whose names and politics are thus paraded at the head of the leading column of the paper:

EDITORS.

EDWIN H. GRANT, Republican.
JOSEPH THOMPSON, Democrat.
EARL MARBLE, American.

Each editor marks his article with the initial of his surname, and "pitches in" according to the bent of his own mind.

At a recent railroad festitival at Cleveland, in honor of Mr. John Durand, Superintendent of the C. & P. R. R., Mr. G. A. Benedict of the *Herald*, gave the following exquisite conceit:

Our Mothers—The only faithful *lendere* who never misplaced a *switch*.