The Potter Journal.

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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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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

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

SOLLIN 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

Original Poetry.

For the Potter Journal.

THE PRINTER.

A printer stands at a stand,
Sticking the type in a stick,
And at every false move of his hand
Wishing the nicking to Nick.

He is thinking, while e'er he sets,
Of the many duns he has done,
And all the returns that he gets
Can be told by the little word none.

He is thinking of time that he's spent
In praying that those who prey
Upon the poor printer's work,
Will soon have something to pay.

He is thinking of what he has heard
That the rappers unceasingly rap,
That for leaving the printer unpaid
They are never allowed to nap.

He is thinking of what he has seen
Of the end of those who end
Without paying the printer up clean—
It is always a high suspend.

Then all ye delinquents take heed;
And I'll lay that this simple lay
Will show the very great need
That you have the printer to pay.

HOWARD.

For the Potter Journal.

WASHING-DAY.

I've shared in many a washing-day,
With its heavy work to do,
But I never drove the cat away,
With an aggravated shoe.

My husband never was in the way, *
There was always plenty of room,
For him to while the time away,
In making a shoe, or a broom.

I've seen the clothes-line slip a knot,
And down it went in the dirt,
But I only hurried away and got,
Some water to rinse the shirt;

And never felt it a grieveous wrong,
To wash the dirty clothes—
A half a day can never be long,
If we even spend it pease. †

She who would scold, and fret, and whine,
On a rainy washing-day,
Would fret, and scold at another time
And her Lord would be in the way.

I know a girl can whistle and sing,
Till the sun is low in the sky,
Has her wood, and her water to bring,
With never a frown in her eye.

There is pleasure in all the work we do,
If we cheerily feel the while,
When its got to be done by me or you,
Let us shove it away with a smile.

Dec. 2d, 1857.

* *Perhaps* you are a maiden.—ED

† We do not understand this.—ED.

Communication.

For the Potter Journal.

President's Message.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL: Mr. Buchanan has presented his Kansas policy to the public a second time, and nothing is left for that public but approve or condemn. Resting secure in his position, he seems equally indifferent about the approbation and condemnation of the north, whilst at the same time he exhibits extraordinary anxiety to satisfy the most extravagant exactions of his southern allies. Like his predecessor, he is inclined to serve but one section of the Union. Determined not to be outdone, he enters into this service with a zeal, and an ingenuity of purpose, which if exercised in the promotion of a nobler cause would transmit his fame untarnished to a grateful posterity.

It is equally incumbent upon the Chief Executive to set his face against favoritism, and not to know, in the discharge of his official duties, a section but the whole Union—not to bend to the solicitation of a faction, but the prayer of a nation. In a country where education and political information are widely diffused, rulers with a last lease of authority should feel that they, even cannot with impunity trample on the dearest rights of a free people.

All who have studiously watched the Kansas programme, will agree with me—that under Franklin Pierce's Administration the boldest tricks, as well as the most shallow subterfuges were concocted to cheat the people. In his annual message President Buchanan has illustrated his intention to pursue a similar policy.

The immoderate laudation of the principles of popular sovereignty, and the recommendation to deprive the people of Kansas of the privilege of voting on the entire constitution, by which they are to be governed is a sort of consistency rarely exhibited.

The President finds no provision in the Kansas Nebraska act authorizing the convention to submit any portion of the constitution to the people "except that which relates to the domestic institution of slavery." I would ask if there is anything in that act *prohibiting* the submission of the whole constitution? Mark the sophistry. He says "This will be rendered clear by a simple reference to its language." It was "not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, *but* to leave the *people* thereof *perfectly free* to form and regulate their domestic institutions in *their own way*." Instead of meaning what the President says it does the express language construed properly implies exactly the reverse. If slavery constituted the sum total of domestic institutions, Mr. Buchanan's inference would be correct. But I apprehend his definition will not be acquiesced in by a discriminating public. The northern States, England, France, Germany, in fact every portion of the globe where negro slavery is proscribed are entirely destitute of domestic institutions in the President's estimation.

Slavery is truly a *peculiar* institution.

The term domestic institutions is used in the Kansas Nebraska act in the plural form, and evidently embraces more relations than exist between master and slave. I will admit the force of Mr. Buchanan's logic a moment, that negro slavery does constitute all the domestic institutions of a state. The Kansas Nebraska Act "leaves the people perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions [i e negro slavery] in their own way. Does the President propose to give the people of Kansas the full benefit of his own interpretation? Now it is generally understood that seven-tenths of all the legal voters of Kansas are opposed to slavery in every form, and only want an opportunity to record their verdict at the ballot-box. The unkindest cut is reserved for the last. To block up every avenue of escape and refute what he avers to be a "clear" inference from the language of the organic act. He says "should the constitution without slavery be adopted, the right of property in slaves now in the Territory is reserved. These slaves ware brought into the Territory under the Constitution of the United States, and are now the property of their masters. This point has at length been decided by the highest judicial tribunal of the country."

Not content with perverting the plain language of the organic act, the President brings to his aid, a mercenary decision emanating in a corrupt court and by a process of special pleading as unwarrantable as it is ingenious, successfully diverts from the application to Kansas, the great principle of self government.

No one conversant with the superior tactics of southern statesmen, and the arrogant demands of an Oligarchy composed of three hundred thousand slave holders, will be supprised to see a man possessed of no more stamina than James Buchanan first waver and finally submit to every exaction. If the organic act contains provisions in any wise antagonistic to the principle of popular sovereignty Mr. Buchanan should have recommended the removal of those obstacles by congressional amendments, and not held them up as insurmountable barriers. Who can doubt the ability of Congress to remedy this defeat and enable in a constitutional way the people of Kansas to vote on the whole constitution? Mr. Buchanan went into the Presidential contest in 1856 and made the principle of self government [which implies a right to frame just such a constitution, and just such laws as they deem best adapted to their wants] the issue. On this issue he triumphed and on it we had reason to expect he would base his Kansas policy. Throughout the campaign under the supervision of Wm. F. Packer & Co., handbills were circulated, on which was inscribed in large capitals: "Buchanan Breckenridge and Free Kansas." It was a stupendious humbug and "made a good run" as Barnum would express it. It is in vain we look for an impartial administration of the general government. A democratic administration is inseperably connected with slavery as mortality is with the human organism or spots with a leopard. And strange as it may appear this indissoluble relation has never been discovered by thousands who are voting with the democratic party and honestly lament the rapid encroachments of the slave power. If Kansas is free it will be so in spite of the administration. We ask the democratic party outside of the cabinet to verify and make good their pledges, and we ask them to help remove the complicated fetters of unauthorized legislation which weighs so heavily on the long abused people of Kansas. * *

Selected Miscellany.

From the National Era.

ON THE SIDEWALK.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

"None but thou and I shall know
Whose the doom and whose the woe—
None but thou and I shall share
In the secret printed here—
It shall be a secret still,
Though all look on it at will.
And the eye shall read in vain,
What the heart cannot explain."

On the sidewalk, night and morning,
Ceaseless tread of eager feet—
Pleasure, passion, pain and madness,
Stalking up and down the street.
How the golden stars were burning,
Throbbing, glowing, in the sky;
How the earth lay calm and holy,
Underneath the summer sky,
As we walked among the walkers—
Slowly, sadly—you and I.

But the stars serene and shining,
And the moonlight, always cold,
And the countless crowds, pursuing
Wisdom, glory, wine, or gold—
Drew no meaning, read no token,
Felt no mighty, mystic power,
From the words we lightly uttered,
In that unforgotten hour—
Lightly spoken, lightly spoken—
Woe is me, the heavy heart!
Woe is me, the dreary phantom
That may never more depart.
O the sudden, silent anguish,
Drinking up the springs of life!
O the terrible concealing
Outward sign of inward strife!
Bootless, fruitless, vain outreaching
For the light too early gone.
Shadowy memories of the past,
Only, left to live upon.

You will go your way in life,
I shall calmly walk in mine,
Of that hour of strange communing
All my years shall give no sign.
While I wander in the darkness,
Be the way or short or long,
All the guards of my heart's portals
Shall be sunshine, smiles and song.
Fear you not, I have a balsam
For the burning in my brain;
This is joy beyond all sorrow—
We are one—by common pain.
Did you feel my heart was breaking?
Did I read your soul aright?
Did we know it was forever?
But we only said "Good night!"

Life is short, and Love eternal.
This the golden garland be
For the bitter, brimming chalice
Poured alike to you and me.
Bravely gird thy robes about thee,
Bravely take thy staff in hand,
Bravely travel, onward, upward,
To the undiscovered land.
Heave no sigh in vain regretting
For the days that might have been;
This should be thy soul's ensnaring,
He must run who wills to win.
When the sun of life spheres westward,
And the lengthening shadows fall,
Looking back on all our pathway,
We will bless the Lord for all.

Women's Rights---A Correct View.

Much is said and written now-a-days about women's rights. What then are her rights? She has a right to a good education. This it is not only just, but expedient to give her. Man defrauds himself when he withholds it. For is not woman to be his constant companion? Would he choose that his companion should be destitute of ideas? Surely not. The conversation of an educated woman is a perpetual feast. If the first pleasure of life is action, the second certainly is talk. And there is often almost as much pleasure in talking about things as in doing them. A man wants in a wife not only a companion, but a counsellor. No one mind ever saw all the sides of all subjects, nor even all sides of one subject.—And the wisest suggestions not unfrequently come from the least informed.—The Pythoness, the Sybils of old, were women, because women were always supposed to enjoy a nearer access to the fountain of wisdom than man.

Women have a right to good husbands, because most of them mean to do the thing that is nearly right. When they marry they have a right to expect that their husbands shall be men and not mere wrecks of debauchery and dissipation. Oh, it is one of the cruelest of wrongs, for a pure and innocent girl to throw herself away upon a broken down victim of licentiousness, who is more fit for a hospital than to preside over a family, the candidate for premature decay and early death. The mind and moral nature are generally as much a wreck as the body. The freshness of life is all worn off, and the gayety of innocence is forever gone. The life of such a man is cold and hard, destitute of sentiment and enthusiasm. Woman is cruelly wronged when she has accepted such a companion.

Woman has a right to the society of her husband. Home should be his sanctuary, and he ought to find his highest happiness there. If he does not there is something wrong. He has promised to be the husband—that is the house-band—the band that keeps the household together. His presence there is necessary to keep all right. If he wanders away heedlessly something is apt to go wrong. His authority is often wanted to maintain order, to arrange business, to superintend labor. His absences ought to be as few and unfrequent as possible. Woman has a right to this, and her rights are grossly violated when her husband is often and unnecessarily away.

Lastly, women have a right to the earnings of their husbands for the support of their families. We never pass a drinking saloon, from the low groggery to the ponderous hotel, without saying to ourselves here, after all, is the most outrageous violation of woman's rights. We sometimes get a glimpse of the interior of these apartments, and whom do we see there? Husbands and fathers, who subsist upon their daily wages, spending one half or perhaps all their earnings in liquid poison, to ruin their health, spoil their temper, corrupt their morals, and make themselves odious and loathsome vagabonds, while their wives are at home earning, by the slender gains of their needle, the pittance which rescues their mutual offspring from starvation! Oh! this is too bad to be seen and suffered in a Christian country.

This outrage upon women's rights cries loudest of all to heaven, and if there were a particle of true chivalry in these degenerate days, this is the first abuse in the social economy which should be abated. Tell me not of the barbarism of the Malays and Fejee Islanders, who roast their enemies and pick their bones.—Their enemies expect it, and would do the like in return. But here the black-hearted cruelty is inflicted by a friend—the one who ought to be the nearest and tenderest of all! Our boasted civilization and christianity of the nineteenth century—what are they.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Home without a Daughter.

"A home without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like the roses in Sharon."

Well may the daughter of a household be compared to the apple-blossoms, spring songs, and the roses of Sharon. When she is there, the eye and the ear of those who love her are satisfied, when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasure she was wont to dispense.

Boys may not lack affection, but they may lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the paradise of home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a house is like a young and vigorous sapling—the daughter is like a fragile vine. Their natures are different—their constitutions, temperament, tastes, habits, are different. We may not love Cæsar less, if we love Rome more.

We knew a home which once rejoiced in the sunny smiles and musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely child—womanly beyond her years,

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope.
Of sweet and quiet joy."

The child never breathed who evinced a more affectionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for her parents than did she. Instead of waiting for their commands, she anticipated them—instead of hingering until they made known their wishes, she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that house until she awoke—the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her; her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the future was she the subject. "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. Fearful! It is maddening! It is a truth that is linked with despair.

Suddenly like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from heaven for the child, saying, The Lord has need of her. She meekly bowed her head, breathed out her little life, and at midnight, "went forth to meet the Bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the last day of the last month, was hallowed by her death. She went and came back no more!

Years have worn away since then, but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete—there is no daughter there! The form that once was here, reposes amid the congenial charms of nature and art; they have made the place of her rest beautiful. If the grass grows rank upon her grave, it is because it is wet with tears.

Of a truth, "A home without a girl in it, is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms and a spring without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon."

Things Wise and Otherwise.

NEVER FAIL.—An editor out in Iowa says they don't brag of the size of their babies, but they are a most uncommon sure crop.

GREAT souls attract calamity as mountains the thunder cloud; but while the storm bursts upon them, they are the protection of the plain beneath.

THE New York *Tribune* gives a history of the operations of the underground railroad for two weeks; from which it appears that 44 slaves have been transferred to Canada.

IN a recent ride to Peoria, says a western editor, we discovered the following placard upon a gate post:—"fer Sail a too storry Hows And ben the Oner Xpex to Go 2 californy."

CORDIALITY is one of the essential elements of all agreeable social intercourse. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and should speak. If hearty social feelings exist there, they will find utterance. We await an opportunity to put this to the test.

ON the 1st of January the mode of reckoning currency in Canada was changed from pounds, shillings and pence to dollars dimes and cents. This is the first step the "Canucks" have taken to Yankeefy themselves, preparatory to their ultimate admission into the Confederacy of American Free States.

NO WOMAN can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman.

A LADY who must be a relative of Mrs. Partington, we think, "by marriage" at least, was entertaining some friends with a fine leg of mutton at dinner the other day, when one of the guests remarked that the mutton was exceedingly fine in quality. "Oh! yes," said she, "my husband always buys the best. He is a great epicac."

A CASE FOR LEGISLATORS.—If I go into a grocer's shop and steal two or three pieces of sugar I am a thief. But if the grocer sells me a pound of sugar, and there are one or two ounces short, he merely sells things by false weight. I am imprisoned. The grocer is fined a few shillings and escapes. I am guilty of but one theft. The grocer, it may be, is guilty of a thousand, for he robs every person to whom he sells goods with those false weights. Now can you tell us by what strange anomaly of law the greater thief is allowed to get off so much more cheaply than the lesser? Why shouldn't there be the same law for both?—*Punch.*

A LUSUS NATURA.—A queer specimen of the potatoe family was laid upon our table yesterday, through the courtesy of Mr. Shiebert, a bachelor gentleman, who produced it in the garden attached to Sportsman's Hall, in the Seventeenth Ward. It was an entire colony of potatoes, springing from the body of a prolific mother, numbering altogether no less than fifteen perfectly formed bulbs, the largest from whence the colony sprung, being about the size of a goose egg.—*N. Y. Tribune.*