The Potter Journal.

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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

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

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. 9:34

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 BLESSED DEAD.

Oh, happy childhood! tender buds of spring,
Touched in the Maytime by a wandering frost,
Ye have escaped the summer's sultry wing;
No drouth have parched you, and no wind hath tossed,
Shaking the pearl of morning from your breast;
Ye have been gathered ere your sweets were lost.
Ere winged passions stole into your rest,
To rob the heart of all its dewy store.
Now in the endless Maytime overhead,
In starry gardens of the azure shore,
Ye bloom in light, and are ror evermore
The blessed dead.

Ye youth and maidens, dear to joy and love,
But fallen midway between morn and noon;
Or bird-like flown, as if some longing dove
Should seek a better time while yet 'tis June,
Leaving our fields forlorn! Oh, happy flight!
Gone while your hearts are full of summer tune,
And ignorant of the autumnal blight—
Ere yet a leaf hath withered on the bough,
Or innocent rose hath drooped its dying head;
Come with virgin lilies on your brow;
Ye, singing in immortal youth, are now
The blessed dead.

And ye, who in the harvest of your years,
Were stricken when the sun was in mid-air,
And left the earth bedewed at noon with tears,
Ye have known all of life that is most fair,
The laugh of April and the summer bloom.
Ye with the orange-blossoms in your hair,
Who sleep in the bridal chambers of the tomb;
Or ye, who with the sickle in your hand,
Have bowed amid the sheaves the manly head,
And left the sod unto a mournful band—
Ye are all numbered in your resting land,
The blessed dead.

And ye, who like the stately upland oak,
Breasted the full allotted storms of time,
And took new strength from every gusty stroke—
And ye who, like a vine long taught to climb
And weigh its native branches with ripe fruit—
Much have ye suffered 'neath the frosty time
Which autumn brings and winters loud dispute!
But now, transplanted in the fields afar,
Your age is like a withered foliage shed—
And where youth's fountain sparkles like a star,
This have ye learned: they only live who are
The blessed dead.

GENUINE AFFECTION.

Give me thy heart, though cold;
I ask no more!
Give to others gems and gold;
But leave *me* poor.
Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles;
Cast o'er others all thy wiles;
But let thy tears flow fast and free,
For *me*,—with *me!*

Giv'st thou but *one* look, sweet heart!
A word—no more!
It is Music's sweetest part,
When lips run o'er!
'Tis a part I fain would learn,
So pr'ythee, *here* thy lessons turn,
And teach me, to the close,
All Love's pleasures—all its woes!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Selected Tale.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

[*Concluded.*]

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Grossman made his appearance. "Well, my beauty," said he, "are you tired of the calaboose? Don't you think you should like my house rather better?"

She yawned listlessly, and without looking up, answered, "I am very tired of staying here."

"I thought so," rejoined her master, with a chuckling laugh. "I reckoned I should bring you to terms. So you've made up your mind not to be cruel to a poor fellow so desperately in love with you,—haven't you?"

She made no answer, and he continued: "You're ready to go home with me,—are you?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied, faintly.

"Well, then look up in my face, and let me have a peep at those devilish handsome eyes."

He chucked her under the chin, and raised her blushing face. She wanted to push him from her, he was so hateful; but she remembered the mysterious orange, and looked him in the eye, with passive obedience. Overjoyed at his success, he paid the jailor his fee, drew her arm within his, and hurried to the carriage.

How many humiliations were crowded into that short ride! How she shrank from the touch of his soft swabby hand! How she loathed the gloating looks of the old Satyr! But she remembered the orange, and endured it all stoically.

Arrived at his stylish house, he escorted her to a large chamber elegantly furnished.

"I told you I would treat you like a princess," he said; "and I will keep my word."

He would have seated himself; but she prevented him saying, "I have one favor to ask, and I shall be very grateful to you, if you will please to grant it."

"What is it, my charmer?" he inquired. "I will consent to anything reasonable."

She answered, I could not get a wink of sleep in that filthy prison; and I am extremely tired; please leave me till to morrow."

"Ah, why did you compel me to send you to that abominable place? It grieved me to cast such a pearl among swine. Well, I want to convince you that I am a kind master; so I suppose I must consent. But you must reward me with a kiss before I go."

This was the hardest trial of all; but she recollected the danger of exciting his suspicions, and complied. He returned it with so much ardor, that she pushed him away impetuously; but softening her manner immediately, she said, in pleading tones, "I am exceedingly tired; indeed I am!"

He lingered, and seemed very reluctant to go; but when she again urged her request, he said, "Good night, my beauty! I will send up some refreshments for you, before you sleep."

He went away, and she had a very uncomfortable sensation when she heard him lock the door behind him. A prisoner with *such* a jailor! With a quick movement of disgust, she rushed to the water-basin and washed her lips and her hands; but she felt that the stain was one no ablution could remove. The sense of degradation was so cruelly bitter, that it seemed to her as if she should die for very shame.

In a short time, an elderly mulatto woman, with a pleasant face, entered, bearing a tray of cakes, ices, and lemonade.

"I don't wish for anything to eat," said Loo Loo, despondingly.

"Oh, don't be givin' up, in dat ar way," said the mulatto, in kind, motherly tones.

"De Lord a'n't a gwine to forsake ye. Ye may jus' breeve what Aunt Debby tells yer. I'se a poor old nigger; but I hab 'sarved dat de darkest time is allers jus afore de light come. Eat some ob dese yer goodies. Ye onghter keep yourself strong fur de sake ob yer friends."

Loo Loo looked at her earnestly, and repeated. "Friends? How do you know I *have* any friends?"

"Oh, I'se poor old nigger," rejoined the mulatto. "I don't knows nottin"

The captive looked wistfully after her, as she left the room. She felt disappointed; for something in the woman's ways and tones had excited a hope within her. Again the key turned on the outside; but it was not long before Debby reappeared with a bouquet.

"Massa sent young Missis dese yer fowers," she said.

"Put them down," rejoined Loo Loo, languidly.

"Whar shall I put 'em?" inquired the servant.

"Anywhere, out of my way," was the curt reply.

Debby cautioned her by a shake of her finger, and whispered, Massa's out dar, waitin' fur de key. Dar's writin' on dem ar fowers." She lighted the lamps, and, after inquiring if anything else was wanted, she went out, saying, "Good night, missis. De Lord send ye pleasant dreams."

Again the key turned, and the sound of foot-steps died away. Loo Loo eagerly untwisted the paper round the bouquet and read these words: "Be ready for travelling. About midnight your door will be unlocked. Follow Aunt Debby with your shoes in your hand, and speak no word. Destroy this paper." To this Madame Labasse had added, "Ne craigner rien, ma chere."

Loo Loo's heart palpitated violently, and the blood rushed to her cheeks. Weary as she was, she felt no inclination to sleep. As she sat there, longing for midnight, she had ample leisure to survey the apartment. It was, indeed, a bower fit for a princess. The chairs, tables, and French bedstead were all ornamented with roses and lilies grecefully intertwined on a delicate fawn colored ground. The tent-like canopy, that partially veiled the couch, was formed of pink and white striped muslin, draped on either side in ample folds, and fastened with garlands of roses. The pillow-cases were embroidered, perfumed and edged with frills quilled as neatly as the petals of a dahlia. In one corner stood a small table, decorated with a very elegant Parisian tea-service for two. Lamps of cut glass illumined the face of a large Pysche mirror, and on the toilet before it a diamond necklace and earrings sparkled in their crimson velvet case. Loo Loo looked at them with a half-scornful smile, and repeated to herself:

"He bought me somewhat high:
Since with me came a heart he could not buy."

She lowered the lamps to twilight softnes, and tried to wait with patience. How long the hours seemed! What if Aunt Debby had been detected in her plot?—What if the master should come in her stead? Full of that fear, she tried to open the windows, and found them fastened on the outside. Her heart sank within her; for she had resolved in the last emergency, to leap out and be crushed on the pavement. Suspense became almost intolerable. She listened, and listened. There was no sound, except a loud snoring in the next apartment. Was it her tyrant, who was sleeping so near? She sat with her shoes in hea hand, her eyes fastened on the door. At last it opened, and Debby's brown face peeped in. They passed out together,—the mulatto taking the precaution to lock the door and put the key in her pocket—Softly they went down stairs through the kitchen, out into the adjoining alley. Two gentlemen with a carriage were in attendance. They sprang in, and were whirled away. After riding some miles the carriage was stopped; one of the gentlemen alighted and handed the women out.

"My name is Dinsmore," he said. "I am uncle to your friend, Frank Helper. You are to pass for my daughter, and Debby is our servant."

"And Alfred, Mr. Noble, I mean,—where is he?" asked Loo Loo.

"He will follow in good time. Ask no more questions now."

The carriage rolled away; and the party it had conveyed were soon on their way to the North by an express train.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety Alfred had endured from the time Loo Loo became the property of the cotton-broker until he heard of her escape. From motives of policy he was kept in ignorance of the person employed, and of the measures they intended to take. In this state of suspense, his reason might have been endangered, had not Madame Labasse brought cheering messages, from time to time, assuring him that all was carefully arranged, and success nearly certain.

When Mr. Grossman, late in the day, discovered that his prey had escaped, his rage knew no bounds. He offered one thousand dollars for her apprehension, and another thousand for the detection of any one who had aided her. He made successive attempts to obtain an indictment against Mr Noble; but he was proved to have been distant from the scene of action, and there was no evidence that he had any connection with the mysterious affair. Failing in this, the exasperated cotton-broker swore that he would have his heart's blood, for he knew the sly, smooth-spoken Yankee was at the bottom of it. He challenged him; but Mr. Noble, notwithstanding the arguments of Frank Helper, refused, on the ground that he held New England opinions on the subject of duelling. The Kentuckian could not understand that it required a far higher kind of courage to refuse than it would have done to accept. The bully proclaimed him a coward, and shot at him in the street, but without inflicting a very serious wound. Thenceforth he went armed, and his friends kept him in sight. But he probably owed his life to the fact that Mr. Grossman was compelled to go to New Orleans suddenly, on urgent business.—Before leaving, the latter sent messengers to Savannah, Charleston, Louisville, and elsewhere; exact descriptions of the fugitives were posted in all public places, and the offers of reward were doubled; but the activity thus excited proved all in vain. The runaways had travelled night and day, and were in Canada before their pursuers reached New York. A few lines from Mr. Dinsmore announced this to Frank Helper, in phraseology that could not be understood, in case the letter should be inspected at the Post-office. He wrote: "I told you we intended to visit Montreal; and by the date of this you will see that I have carried my plan into execution. My daughter likes the place so much that I think I shall leave her here awhile in charge of our truity servant, while I go home to look after my affairs."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Mr. Noble ascertained the process by which his friends had succeeded in effecting the rescue. Aunt Debby owed her master a grudge for having repeatedly sold her children; and just at that time a fresh wound was rankling in her heart, because her only son a bright lad of eighteen, of whom Mr. Grossman was the reputed father, had been sold to a slave-trader to help raise the large sum he had given for Loo Loo. Frank Helper's friends, having discovered this state of affairs, opened a negotiation with the mulatto woman, promising to send both her and her son into Canada, if she would assist them in their plans. Aunt Debby chuckled over the idea of her master's disappointment, and was eager to seize the opportunity of being reunited to her last remaining child. The lad was accordingly purchased by the gentleman who distributed oranges in the prison, and was sent to Canada according to promise. Mr. Grossman was addicted to strong drink, and Aunt Debby had long been in the habit of preparing a potion for him before he retired to rest. "I mixed it powerful, dat ar night," said the laughing mulatto; "and I put in someting dat de gemmen guv to me. I reckon he waked up awful late." Mr. Dinsmore, a maternal uncle of Frank Helper's, had been visiting the South, and was then about to return to New York. When the story was told to him, he said nothing would please him more than to take the fugitives under his own protection.

SCENE V.

Mr. Noble arranged the wreck of his affairs as speedily as possible, eager to be on the way to Montreal. The evening before he started, Frank Helper waited upon Mr. Grossman and said: "That hadsome slave you have been trying so hard to catch is doubtless beyond your reach, and will take good care not to come within your power. Under these circumstances she is worth nothing to you; but for the sake of quieting the uneasiness of my friend Noble, I will give you eight hundred dollars to relinquish all claim to her."

"I'll see you both damned first," he replied. "I shall trip 'em up yet. I'll keep the sword hanging over their cursed heads as long as I live. I wouldn't mind spending ten thousand dollars to be revenged on that infernal Yankee."

Mr. Noble reached Montreal in safety, and found his Loo Loo well and cheerful. Words are inadequate to describe the emotions excited by reunion, after such dreadful perils and hair-breadth escapes. Their marriage was solemnized as soon as possible; but the wife being an article of property, according to American law, they did not venture to return to the States. Alfred obtained some writing to do for a commercial house, while Loo Loo instructed little girls in dancing and embroidery. Her character had strengthened under the severe ordeals through which she had passed. She began to question the rightfulness of living so indolently as she had done. Those painful scenes in the slave-prison made her reflect that sympathy with the actual miseries of life was better than weeping over romances. She was rising above the deleterious influences of her early education, and beginning to feel the dignity of usefulness. She said to her husband, "I shall not be sorry, if we are always poor. It is so pleasant to help you, who have done so much for me!—And Alfred, dear, I want to give some of my earning to Aunt Debby. The poor old soul is trying to lay up money to pay that friend of yours who bought her son and sent him to Canada. Surely, I, of all people in the world, ought to be willing to help slaves who have been less fortunate than I have. Sometimes, when I lie awake in the night, I have very solemn thoughts come over me. It was truly a wonderful Providence that twice saved me from that dreadful fate that awaited me. I can never be grateful enough to God for sending me such a blessed friend as my good Alfred."

They were living thus contented with their humble lot, when a letter from Frank Helper announced that the extensive house of Grossman & Co. had stopped payment. Their human chattels had been put up at auction, and among them was the title to our beautiful fugitive. The chance of capture was considered so hopeless, that, when Mr. Helper bid sixty-two dollars, no one bid over him; and she became his property, until there was time to transfer thn legal claim to his friend.

Feeling that they could now be safe under their own vine and fig-tree, Alfred returned to the United States, where he became first a clerk, and afterward a prosperous merchant. His natural organization unfitted him for conflict, and though his peculiar experiences had imbued him with a thorough abhorrence of slavery, he stood aloof from the ever-increasing agitation on that subject; but every New Year's day, one of the Vigilance Committees for the relief of fugitive slaves received one hundred dollars from an "unknown friend." As his pecuniary means increased, he purchased several slaves, who had been in his employ at Mobile, and established them as servants in Northern hotels. Madame Labasse was invited to spend the remainder of her days under his roof; but she came only in the summers, being unable to conquer her shivering dread of snow storms.

Loo Loo's personal charms attracted attention wherever she made her appearance. At church, and other public places people pointed her out to strangers, saying, "That is the wife of Mr. Alfred Noble. She was the orphan daughter of a rich planter at the South, and had a great inheritance left to her; but Mr. Noble lost it all in the financial crisis of 1837." Her real history remained a secret, locked within their own breasts. Of their three children, the youngest was named Loo Loo, and greatly resembled her beautiful mother. When she was six years old, her portrait was taken in a gipsy hat garlanded with red berries. She was dancing round a little white dog, and long streamers of ribbon were floating behind her. Her father had it framed in an arched environment of vine-work, and presented it to his wife on her thirtieth birth-day. Her eyes moistened as she gazed upon it; then kissing his hands, she looked up in the old way, and said, "I THANK YOU, SIR, FOR BUYING ME."

Political.

Speech of Hon. John Covode.

Mr. COVODE: I object to the amendment of the gentleman from Kentucky, which limits the war steamers to twelve hundred tons burden each, because I consider that they are to be used, if used at all, against those of the enemy of twenty-five hundred or three thousand tons burden. Although I voted for these steamers to-day, and voted for the four for the lakes, I was not influenced to do so because I had the remotest idea that there was any probability of a war, but because our naval force is inefficient, and will be so long as we rely upon our vessels. I voted for them that we might have a more efficient Navy.

Mr. Chairman, I stated some days ago that we were far behind the English in the atrength of our naval force. I have been at some pains to look at the comparative naval power of the several nations of the world, and here are the facts I have collected; England had, at the close of the Crimean war, about five hundred war steamers. She had two years ago ninety-one lines of ocean mail steamers running direct from England to foreign ports, employing about four hundred steamers; and she had twenty-five lines running between foreign ports in connexion with them, employing one hundred and five steamers; making five hundred and five ocean mail steamers which receive large sums direct from the government as an inducement for their severel companies to establish and run them. These are all subject to the orders of the government whenever the exigencies of war render it necessary for her to use them, either as war steamers or transport vessels. Thus it will be seen that she has a war force at her command of about one thousand steamers, besides nearly the same number of mercantile steamers, making a grand total of nearly total of nearly two thousand ocean steamers. Sir, she has already taken a large share of our carrying trade, and nearly the whole of the most valuable portion of it. There are now forty-four English, five Belgian, five French, and four Hamburg steamers running in the American trade, while there are but eight American—fifty-eight to eight. No wonder that seventy hundredths of our commerce was, last year, in the hands of foreigners; and they will soon have a monopoly of it if we go on much longer in the blundering way we have been going, under Democratic rule, for five years past.

France, though not a first class commercial Power, has gone far ahead of us in building ocean steamers. She has one hundred and thirty war steamers on the Mediterranean Levant, Black, North, and Baltic seas.

Austria, not a commercial nation at all, has one hundred and ten steamers on the same seas; and Russia has over one hundred, and is constantly increasing her steam power.

The United States has only twenty, eight of which only carry from one to six guns; some of them not fit to be sent outside of a harbor.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Chairman, advocating the building of war steamers, I do not wish to be understood as countenancing the idea that we are at all in danger of having a war with England at this time or at any other time near at hand. * * * * * * No, no, sir; we need have no apprehensions of a war, nor need we "prepare the hearts of the people for war." The only war we are to have is a continuance of the war we have had since 1846, upon American industry and home manufactures. That is a cruel, unnatural, relentless war; it kills by starving, and its victims are powerless.

* * * * * *

No, Mr. Chairman, you need not alarm yourself or the country about a war with England. Instead of that it would be well for us to turn our attention to the state of our finances, our general trade, and manufactures; and see if anything can be done to benefit the country.

This Administration found some twenty millions in the Treasury; it has been in power a little more than a year, and what is the condition of the Treasury now? Bankrupt. And, although we have been digging gold at the rate of more than four and a half millions a month, still the government has been obliged to resort to what the party used to call "the rag-money currency," to the issuance of Treasury notes, formerly classically denominated "Treasury shinplasters." What a beautiful state of things! What statesmanship it proves the President and his Administration to possess! What wisdow, sagacity, patriotism! And yet, bankrupt as the Government is, it obstinately pursues a policy calculated not only to impoverish it still more, and compel the Secretary of the Treasury to heap debt upon debt, by borrowing, but it is also calculated to depress American enterprise, cripple American industry, destroy American manufactures, and to reduce to the lowest price Ameri-