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Deboted to the Principles of Irve Ocmocracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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hable-column, displayed, per annum 65 00 Oh I how I mourn, now I know she is dead Now I am sad, I am sad three " one month.

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Kaid P. U., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa attend to all business in his line, with ure and dispatch.

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SU SUPPLY STEEL STREET iders, upon reasonable terms. Referenagree if required. P. S .- Maps of any en of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,

CTICING PHYSICIAN, Condersport, Pa. opecufully informs the citizens of the vil-Find to all calls for professional services. late on Main st., in building formerly oc-Pied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

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lers in drugs, medicines, paints A Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods.

teries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. D. E. OLMSTED,

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MARK GILLON,

BR and TAILOR, late from the City of troot. England. Shop exposite Court Ste. Couder-port, Potter Co. Pa. B.—Particular attention paid to CUT 10:35-1y.

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(ATCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)

COUDERSPORT HOTFL, GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of

ter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Cou-let, on the Wellsville Boad. 9:44 all he thought of it?"

Poet's Corner.

[We print the following at the request of will be much more gratified at seeing his effusion in the Journal than will its readers gendestroy the author's sentiment.—Ep.]

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF sake." A FRIEND.

Where is the one, that to me was so dear? Oh! she is gone, she is gone

Where is the wife who my heart used to che Oh! she is gone, she is gone. She whom I loved in the grave is laid low She whom I've cherished in gone from me n I am all lenely Oh! who could be glad? When she is gone, she is gone

per year, 30 00 Slowly my wife bowed her heautiful head

16 00 She was my angel, my love, and my guide 6 00 Vainly to save her from going, I tried : Dear lovely one, how I mourned when she died Still, I am sad, I am sad

She was calm as an infant at rest; When Death was near Death was near She then reclined, on Jesus' soft breast While He was near. He was near When she looked to Him, she said, "I will go."

When to her Husband, her lips whispered "no" Take me my Savior, thou it do for the best With thee I'll rest, I will rest,

This is the hope which rejoiceth me now While Thou art sad, thou art sad, Sweet is the Premise, I've read in his Word Blessed are they, who have died in the Lord' She has been called to receive her reward Now she's at rest, is at rest

Then shall I murmur, or sorrow like those Who have no hope, have no hope? Then may I bear, of this life all its woes, While I may hope. I may hope Till I'm permitted, to meet her above, Till we together, can sing Jesus love. Then saved by grace, we together may sing

Here is our rest, is our rest.

A CRADLE HYMN.

The man-poet has faitfully and beautifully expressed the mother's cradle-wish (we 'tween here and the Indies-fact!" guess) in the following stanzas, which are taken from "Bitter Sweet," a poem by J. G. Bol-MORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will land (the racy, advice-giving "Timothy Titcom,") recently published:

Hither, Sleep! A mother wants thee! Come with velvet arms! Fold this buby that she grants thee To thy own soft charms!

Bear him into Dreamland lightly ! Do not bring him back till bilghtly Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers ! Cross his hand of snow! Tell the angels where he lingers They must whisper low !

I will guard the spell unbroken If thou hear my call; Come then Sleep! I wait the token

downy thran Now I see his sweet lips moving; He is in thy keep; Other milk the babe is proving At the breast of Sleep!

CONTENTMENT. would be great, but that the sun doth still Level his rays against the rising hill; would be high, but see the proudest oak, lost subject to the rending thunder-stroke; VEYOR. DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEY- I would se rich, but see men, too unkind, ISCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will Dig in the bowels of the richest mine; I would be wise, but that I often see The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free would be fair, but see the fair and proud, Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud; would be poor, but know the humble grass Still trampled on by each unworthy ass ;

> Great feared: fair tempted: high still envied more:

Rich hated: wise suspected: scorned if poor

Choice Rending.

From Peterson's Magazine. John Clarke and his Fortune.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never mind the house, John, we've no mistake." got one of our own," whispered John

hated me-I believe they all hate me." in his disappointment. " Hush, dear !"

LER IN STOVES. TIN & SHEET IRON ceptable things, my one-horse shay, which manhood; but his old uncle had encourage come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe pro-puzzied. ARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court has stood in my barn over twenty-five ed him to reform—held out hopes to which posed to take the old shay just as it was "That was very unfor mate," she said, muc. Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet years, requesting that he shall repair it; he had hitherto been a stranger, and the —linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging a little while after Mr. Gordon came in.

manner."

ALLEGANY HOUSE,

ALLEGANY HOUSE,

"To think," she said to herself, "how "No matter, John," she said, cheerful; "I.a.! they'll know of it soon enough, heeded, but Co., Pa., seven miles north of Couhard he has tried to be good, and that is ly, "you will rise in spite of them. I she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't "I the

"Let them triumph, John, it won't and bye."

whom he had left all his silver, "served angels' work." whisper that only her own heart head, upward one. tle fool; Jenny Brazier."

"Now we will see how deep his good- little field. my poor, dear brother. Thinks to massey !" Well, this is living ! that he left me five hundred dollars. Now ... John," said his wife, rising from her reached his ears, he went to the room ming. His subject was, "Twenty Again I can git that new carpet; but we'll see work. " look out." how much of a change there is in John Ite did, and saw the old one-horse shay and then came slowly back saying with a ture he related the following insident stars Clarke—he always was an imp of wicked-dragged by a stalwart negro. ness.

What is the strength, which supported thee be contented with his little ten feet shape shay," said the African.

While ham sad I am sad? [now?] ty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to "Thank him for nothing," said John, this is the hone which relocated me now ty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to "Thank him for nothing," said John, this is the hone which relocated the father of Susan Spriggs to "Thank him for nothing," said John, this said the African.

good old Deacon Joe Hemp. ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of his eyes. of a wife, she's bright enough to make a John, you can spare a little money tault had provoked her, and she consideration; any four walls shine," was the deacon's now to have the old shay fixed up, can t ered him a fit subject for punishment. he (Ar. Gidlings) took occasion to refer

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that will," said Jenny. gal. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-pirate.'

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I rather

"I'd like to know what you mean!" we shine?" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

Deacon Joe, coolly. "Well, that John Clark'll die on the

Spriggs, spitefully. yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacent, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hun- for the first time. In an under tone she

"Doubt it !" dog' are plaguey willin' to stone the critter it's his fun, I suppose. and I've got faith in you, and if you want things and the bills.'

ousiness, Mr. Spriggs." -

replied Spriggs, sulkily. way, if I have the chance. Fact is, he sold shay? I'll give you four thousand got such a smart little wife that he don't dollars " cried the conclumater, in great as he looked into his father's face. He

really need any help." "No-it's a pity then that brother Ja-

cob left him that one-horse shay."

never did nothing without a meaning to you deserve to be.' Great, high, rich, wise, nor fur; poor I li be great man yet. Fact is, I think myself heartily. if Jacob had left him money it might a What do you suppose were the conbegin the ruin of him. Less things than sternation, denight, gratitude—the wild, a one-horse shay has made a man's fortin." wild joy that affed the heart of Clarke, in an even voice.

> him ! I don't.' neighbor turned away. "but if he had they could be placed without danger of once—in forgettu ness" on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, seended to the one-horse shav.

wouldn't let them think I was in the least Lurt their feelings.

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed discouraged, that will only please them youth, with a grin, as he came out of the too well. We are doing nicely now, and after, when John Clarke lived in a big the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordons you know if they do cut the ailroad thro house, they all voted for him to go to the and that is one of our rules to get into John sprang up to collar the fellow, but our bit of land, the money will set us up legislater.' So much for that old one the sunshine as quick as possible. the author, whose name is withheld from us a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve quite comfortably; isn't our home a happy horse shay.

as well as the public. We believe the author restrained him.

erally. We print verbatim in order not to hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny An eliquent blush-a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story tone, and the face that looked up was sad. Into the saushing as quickly as possismile; "please don't notice them for my her work basket, out of which peoped the "Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, | - that ever new story of innocence, beauty the niece of the old man just dead, and to and helplessness, that bring cares akin to an aunt who was sitting in the room with for our homes? is it not true Christian

him right for marrying that ignorant goose For once John Clarke stopped the gos of a Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calcuter's mouth. He held his held up man- where he had been lying in tears for hall committed. Let us get the offender into lated a good deal on the old gentleman's fully-worked steadily at his trade, and an hour, and with a touch of indignation the sunshine as quickly as possible, as generosity." To which she added, in a very step seemed a sure advance, and ap in his voice, answered:

He might have married me. He had Baby was just six months old when the never gets angry. the chance, and I loved him better than corporation paid into John Clarke's hand any one else—better than that pretty ht, the sum of six hundred dollars for the boy half curiously, and let her eyes unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were also privilege of laying a track through his one fall again up in the book that was in her ways right with ourselves, we would one

ness is," said a marden aunt, through her! "A handsome baby, a beautiful and in, the sofa again, and hid his face from sight." nose; "he stopped short in wickedness dustrious wife, and six hundred dollars." just because he expected a fortune from thought John, with an honest exultation,

"Massa says as how the old barn is

bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed only been in the house for a week, and by the name of Black, who regarded hims "Well, I recken he is content—if he the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out who was neither very anniable nor very self as the especial champion of that state

you? You ought to, according to the

"The old trash?" muttered John: "But you could at least sell it for what

ther winning way. "Yes. I suppose I could."

have that innocent, blooming face to smile | "Then I d have it done, and bless me, am sure you would not escape." at me when I waked up mornings, than I'd keep it too. You've got a good horse, all the ferty-piano gals you can scare up and can have the old stay made quite to by. Father is good, and loves me." el; but Mr. Black, did not to regard it, stylish for baby and me to tide in. Shan't

'Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. come right over shop! shouled the car extited to anger by this unkindness of it. (Londand prolonged applause.) Some riage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his speech "That John Clarke will make one of lungs; 'old Deacon Joe's there, an says our best citizens, and go to the legislature be's right down glad-golly, its hundreds. It was the boy's mother who now spoke harmless man.

'Stop, boy! what in the world does he added: mean, Jonny ? cried John Clarke, parting "Yes, may be you do, and that's a the baby in the cradle face downwards. pretty way to build up a young fellow, My patience! John, look at that child harm rather than good."

you can help it. People that cry . mad said Jenny, by snatches righting the baby, room door.

any help, why come to me and I'll put! This added wings to John Clarke's

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all." Wish von iou my fire sold in plied Springs, sollide 'Wish you joy, my fine feller!' cried ard's hand. Deacon Joe.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to, any Look here-what'll you take for that has happened?" gree.

'Four thousand?' cried John, aghast.

"Well. I'm glad you think so much of when he found the old shay filled with "I did it." gold and bank bills? I mean the cush-"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his ions, the linings, and every place where

tremulaus. muttered John Clarke. "I believe he or to her; but they had rather rejoiced cousin, who had wished him joy when crease your pain."-"I bequeath to John Clarke, my dear-that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, of the many times he had heaped reproach- so kind-so good!"

completed, as it seemed, his reformation good tidings to the whole town, taking is hopelessly mined. That was all. Some of the people gath! Jeany never appeared so lovely as she especial pains to stop before the house of Richard was leaning against his father ered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy did on that unfortunate day of the read. Mr. Spriggs, and blow- found enough to when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon on-

They did know of it, and a few years "We have settled all that, Phebe,"

Into the Sunshine.

"I wish father would come home."

a book in her hand.

hand. The boy haid hunself down upon ener be right with our children. "That's tather, now !" He started up, and after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as a sound of a beli Tremont Temple, Buston, the other eves

disappointed air:

warmly. "But you won't.

and like sixty, and manages a house first-the repairs would cost," haid Jenny, in "that I think a little wholesome disci-steaming negroes, and franking a dress to be out of place. If you were my child I round him and spurred him on. When

muéh.

" Phebe!"

You do not look happy." "Won't you come in here?".

The eyes of Richard filled with tears bate." tried to answer, but his lips quivered .-Then he turned away, and opening the breweries and about sixty or seventy beer

shadow of regret.

"How?"

ware made to order, in good style, on or cause it to be repaired in a suitable love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier—and upon a tin tru npet proclaim the "It was such an exquisite work of art. It or cause it to be repaired in a suitable love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier—and upon a tin tru npet proclaim the "It was such an exquisite work of art. It

and Second Streets, Coudersport. Pot- the confusion of the poor young man. ing of the will, after they had returned drown all the forty-planes in (he universe; ly smiled and drew his arm closely around 9:44 His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excest to the poor little house that was Jenny's but that was veteed by John's kind little his boy. Mrs. Gardon threw upon her ground. sister a look of warning, but it was un-

Phebe was rebuked; while Richard ooked grateful, and, it may be, a little triumphant; for his nunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's pa-

"Your father will be very angry," said lile! O, is not that the better philosophis philosophy? It is selfishness that grows The boy raised himself from the sofa, angry and rebels, because a fault has been that the true thoughts and right feelings "He'll be sorry, not angry. Father may grow vigorous in its warmth. ... We retain anger, not that anger may, act as For a few moments the aunt looked at wholesome discipline, but because we are

Debate under Difficulties Hon. Joshua R. Giddings legtared in door. He stood there for a little while, in Congress." In the course, of his igo-

"In Congress they sometimes had to "It isn't father. I wonder what keeps make speccies under great difficulties, of "Well, I guess John Clark'll have to gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your him so late! O, I wish he would come!" which Mr. Giddings gave an amusing its "You seem anxious to get deeper into lustration. In 1845 there was an unfortrouble," remarked the aunt, who had tunate man in the House from Georgia; sympathizing toward children. The boy's and of the peculiar institution ... When "I believe, aunt Phebe, that you'd like to the old matter of the Creek Indians to see me whipped," said the boy, a little and the slaves that had been stolen by the "I must confess," replied aunt Phobe, a speech, in which he charged him with pline of the kind you speak of would not his with. The southern men gathered "I am not your child. I don't want plied in mild terms, as would be imaging "If your father is so good, and loves and coming round to within four feet of you so well, you must be a very ungrate- him. with his heavy sword cane in his "Weil, I'll send it over to Hosmer's, jud or a very inconsiderate boy. hand, said, 'Repeat that, and I will knock you down.' Well,' said Mr. Giddings, 'I never had been knocked down; it would "Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, be a curiosity, and so of course I repeated members tried to get him away, but I told them to let him alone; he was a poor,

"Dawson of Louisiana, a professed duellist, came along, and, placing his hand "You are wrong; Richard is suffering on his pistol and cocking it, said, Den quite enough, and you are doing him him, I'll shoot him!' He did not think he was in any danger, but others did, and isn't it, when he's toying his best. No. - precious durling! I'm sure I don't Again the beil rang, and again the boy a slaveholder from Maryland, armed with John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if know, John; I'd go right over and see, rose from the sofa and went to the sitting-bowie knife and pistol, came over and stood by his side with his arms folded; while he's running, I take it; and if he ain't any fun, I tell ye, said the boy.

Why don't you step up to him and say.

Why don't you step up to him and say.

Why don't you step up to him and say.

Why don't you step up to him and say.

Tain't any fun, I tell ye, said the boy.

And he went gliding down stairs.

And he went gliding down stairs.

And he went gliding down stairs.

And he kindly greet

And he kindly greet

Rayner, (who has been called a Know to the hand of his Nothing's since, but who knew something John, I'm glad you're going right now, when you come to see them 'ere gold boy. "But what's the matter, my son that day) who was fully armed, came and took up a position on his left; Charles And Hudson rose quietly and put himself on you through? That's the way to do the speed, and in a moment he stood breath- Richard drew his father into the library. his right; and Solomon Foot, feeling his, Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Rich-cold porthern blood stirred somewhat. Heft his seat and took up his position at-"You are in trouble, my son. What the entrance of the aisle-and there and thus they maintained the freedom of de-

The City of Eric sustains eight-

Yes, just look at it! You're a rich door of the cabinet, brought out the frag- shops and drinking saloens, and cannot "You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob man, sir, and by George I'm glad of it; ments of a broken statuette, which had give a living support to one daily paper. been sent home only the day before, and Our people pay an annual revenue of near I have wished all; but now I wish for neither; it. That old shay may help him to be a | The carriage maker shock his hand set them on the table before his father, one handred thousand dollars to the liquor over whose countenance came instantly a and beer sellers, and cannot by the most energetic efforts be induced to pay:\$4,000 "Who did this, my son?" was asked or \$5,000 a year to sustain a daily paper's which is an actual necessity in every large a town. They contribute with liberal hand to uphold and reader prosperous the Rum "I threw my ball in there once-only traine, and doic out with stingy reluctance ! a mero pittance for general intelligence. married your raw boned darrier that plays injury—thieves never would have coude. The poor boy's tones were husky and Enterprise and Intellect stand no chance or in a contest with Appetite and Dissipara Five thousand five hundred dollars in A little while Mr. Gordon sat control tion. It is a solemn truth which reflects "A one-horse shay?" said the minister; all! Poor John! or rather, rich John! ing himself and collecting his disturbed ing Christians should lay to heart that M. W. MANN,

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty and so it went from mouth to mouth, all the balance of Jenny's nice equipoise

What is done, Richard, can the heip the same shops, beer shops and gaming established by summers old. How brightly and between the sum shops, beer shops and gaming established by summers of Main witchingly she shone—a star amid the shone shone shone shone should be shone shone shone shone shone shone shone shone shone sh "But what in the world has be left me?" a dollar of the bequeathment left to him functe had bequeathed to his red-headed lessness—so I shall not add a word to in- can be fully substantiated by figures. Can such things be and our city become: the will was read—the dear old uncle! "O, father!" And the boy threw his prosperous, enterprising and reputable? The truth is, everybody had prophesied. What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought arms about his father's neck. "You are Reader, look around you and see whether." we exaggerate in the least. The instituly beloved nephew," read the grim attorwould come to ruin, and they wanted the es upon his memory!

Live winutes later, and Richard entitions of drunkenness are as five or six to ney, "as a reward for his firmness in reprophecy to prove a true one. He had, Lingine, if you can, dear reader, the tered the sitting room with his father. The institutions of learning the later of t sisting temptation the last two years, and in his youth, been wild and wayward, and peculiar feelings of those kind frinds who Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed religion and intelligence.—Eric Constihis determination to improve in all ac-somewhat profligate in the early years of had prophesicd that John Clarke would faces, but did not see them. She was tution.

The facts stated above should be pondered by the christians and well disposed people of every community. If all that know that rum selling is a curse to community, would but do their duty, dram shorts would soon be unknown above

OFT, what seems a trille, 2 mere nothng, by itself, in some nice situations, "I think Richard was a very naughty turns the scale of fate, and rules the most

important actions.