COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1859.

¿ FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XL. NUMBER 35.

TERMS. \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

#### THE POTTER JOURNAL. BLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY Thos. S. Chase,

whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention. terms--Invariably in Advance \$1,25 per Annum.

Terms of Advertising. Square [10 lines] I insertion, - - wisubsequent insertion less than 13, mare three months, - - - - n nine de and figure work, per sq., 3 ins. per year. ---- 30 00 dumn, displayed, per annum 65 00 six months, 35 three "-16 00 one month. 10 lines, each insertion under 4. 1 00 s of columns will be inserted at the same

ministrator's or Executor's Notice. ilitor's Notices, each, - - - - miff's Sales, per tract. - - - - force Notices, each. 1.59 ministrator's Sales, per square for 4 hiness or Professional Cards, each,

16t exceding 8 lines, per year, --becial and Editorial Notices, per line, All transient advertisements must be din advance, and no notice will be taken advertisements from a distance, unless they eccompanied by the money or satisfactory

#### Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN, TORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Condersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All usiness entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., oppo

F. W. KNOX. TORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will equiarly attend the Courts in Potter and headjoining Counties. 10:1

ite the Court House.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, MORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW fordersport, Pa., will attend to all business justed to his care, with promptnes and d ity. Office in Temperance Block, sec-

ISAAC BENSON. RNEY AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will

C. L. HOYT, ofessional references can be given if re- ter.

J. W. BIRD. be promptly and faithfully Orders may sired, Jane arose, her manner showing crowned their toil and self-denial.

left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or great indifference, and crossing the apart. Mr. Dutlap had been naturally protein he house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp ment, gave the hell a quick ferk. articular attention paid to examining lands ment, gave the bell a quick jerk. non-residents. Good references given

W. K. KING, INVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEY-NCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will tend to business for non-resident landolders, upon reasonable terms. Referens given it required. P. S .- Maps of any art of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON, ACTICING PHYSICIAN, Condersport, Pa. espectfully informs the citizens of the vilage and vicinity that he will promply rena to all calls for professional services. The on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

E. A. JONES. OLLINS BALTH. SMITH & JONES, Ealersin drugs, medicines, paints, Oils, Facy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Greceils, &c., Main st., Condersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED, ALEI IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothig, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., 10:1

M. W. MANN, FALE IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAG-AZINS and Music, N. W. corner of Main

and hird sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1 MARK GILLON,

PAPR and TAILOR, late from the City of Livesool, England. Shop opposite Court Hous, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.

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

### Noet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal. TO MY MOTHER.

Life is beautiful, dear mother; Though around each passing day Cluster duties whose sweet voices Bid us work, and watch, and pray

Life is beautiful, dear mother; For Affection thrills with joy Every beating heart's pulsation That is pure-without alloy.

Life is beautiful, dear mother: And its beauty cannot fude With a golden crown of promise— Promised sunshine, without shade.

Life is beautiful, dear mother. If we only make it so; And may Love and Hope and Duty Teach our footsteps where to go. Oswayo, April 1859. S. M. L. W.

WORK TOGETHER.

From the N. Y. Evening Post. If thy brother on life's highway Choose a path apart from thine, Thou a straight, and he a by-way,
Both may reach the wished-for shrine.

Thy work lies among the mountains, His may be in vales below; Thou may'st drink at sparkling fountains, He where gentle waters flow.

Thou may'st pass the things unheeding That to him are treasures spread, Crushing, as thou art proceeding, Flowers that fragrant odors shed;

Buds which bloom for him in beauty, Things for which thou can'st not care, In thy rugged path of duty,
On thy mountains, high in air.

Neither, then, should scorn the other; There are duties calling each; Cherish thine, but let thy brother Keep his vale, nor higher reach. Thou may'st minister to natures,

High aspiring as thine own; He to earth's more humble creatures, On thy pathway rarely known. While thou'rt weighing mighty causes,

He may mark each grand effect, Yields his faith without thy pauses, Nature love, but not dissect. Thou may'st prove the High Creator Great, by earth, sun, moon, and stars He, an untanglit, mute spectator, Only thank him that they are l

## Choice Reading.

SABLES. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

" Jane !"

The young lady thus addressed, slight " Did you hear me, Jane?"

"Certainly; I'm not hard of hearing,"

"I want my needle book. You wil find it in the paper d awer of my bureau. showing some marked change in their ex- ed with surprise at its paleness and ex- from the consequences of misfortune. per:

[Instead of doing what her mother determines condition, until wealth and luxury pression.

[We ought not to save her, if we were wealth and luxury pression.] J. W. BIRD,

Instead of doing what her mother deternal condition, until wealth and luxury pression.

We ought not to save her, if we were water the wealth and luxury pression.

We ought not to save her, if we were water the wealth and luxury pression.

"We ought not to save her, if we were were wear years stopped the story of the wealth and luxury pression."

Sables? Did I hear aright, Jane?" could," answer d the mother; "for there importation of foreign virtues and allowed."

> "I didn't ask you to ring for Ellen," get my needle book."

And the vexed mother got up hastily. herself. The servant a moment after tune on what seemed an immovable found

came in. "Did you ring, Miss Jane?" " Mother wants you, I believe."

"Where is she?"

"Over in her room." The young lady spoke in a very ungra-

look, ascended another flight of stairs, and

met Mrs. Dunian at the door of her room. " Did vou want me, Ma'am?"

"No, Ellen;" her tone was kind.

"It was a mistake, Ellen; and I'm sorfor nothing, tired as you are."

Dunlap to the sitting-room

said Jane. Lavepool, England. Shop opposite Court some severity of manner. "And, nere-involving such taise ideas of life, and such turbulence of feeling which had been with bitterness, she gave blessing instance."

Some severity of manner. "And, nere-involving such taise ideas of life, and such turbulence of feeling which had been with bitterness, she gave blessing instance."

Some severity of manner. "And, nere-involving such taise ideas of life, and such turbulence of feeling which had been with bitterness, she gave blessing instance."

Sit down again," he said, in an even ness of misfortune, light has arisen."

And as he spoke he draw his wife.

Contempt, that are Duniap was able, only then wealth is a curse instead of a bless- few moments before avisen. "Jane," he OLMSTED & KELLY,

But experience had taught her reproof. But experience had taught her over whose white cheeks the not even for her heart; for a new light had arisen there—a light so warm and that it dispelled gloom from all the reproof of the heart is over whose white cheeks the not even for her heart; for a new light had arisen there—a light so warm and the reproof of the reproof of the reproof of the r

"Father! Do you hear me?" Dunlap was neither clear nor steady. set my heart on it. I saw a must and shelf." tippet to day, for two hundred and fifty dollars, that are superb. Just what I answered Jane without moving.

unusual trouble.

ather was sitting.

He did not answer.

want, and must have. 🗀 🛴 👵 daughter came again to the charge. "You say yes, of course. When shall get them? To-morrow?"

He was still silent "Very well. Silince gives consent. I'll call at the store to morrow morning, and get the money. I knew you would said Mrs. Dunlap. She spoke firmly let me have them. O, but they are elethis season."

But her father lad not said a word. waiter!" in her lap, and look towards him with an of adverse circumstances bearing upon plainly. Do you not know me?" take concern on her face. He him with a steadily increasing violence; "Yes, Margaret, I know you." Then, some."

will make an effort to reproduce it. poor quality of striped carpet—walls not keel of his goodly vessel was already jar- ly a timber from the wreck."

even papered. A cherry breakfast table; ring among the breakers, and there was no "My husband! Has is come to this!" more than the price I'm asking," headdfour Windsor chairs; a pair of bass candle-buman power that could save her from And Mrs. Duniap laid her head, weeping, ed in a whisper. I felt as though a ser-sticks on the nantel piece; and figured destruction. Our merchant was no cow-upon his breast. paper blinds at the windows. This is ard. In his way up, he had striven hard, nearly a complite schedule of the furni- but gained mental stamina in the strug-The inmates are himself and young wife, gles after fortune. And now, when for-He had ju t returned from his day's work tune was ebbing away like a swittly reservice is scart and plain, yet leve and worst. coming future.

said Mrs. Daulap, showing considerable which he stood, he sometimes looked down nerves. irritation. "My request was for you to with feelings of self-confidence and selfcongratulation.

But to night self-confidence and selfand went out to do the little errand for reliance were gene. He had built his for- be dark as midnight!" ation. But it proved to be of sand, yield- ness were the words uttered. ing with strange and frightful suddenness, and letting the beautiful edifice he had busy hands of her mother fell motionless

was gaining more palpably from every mo- dainty shoulders."

pictures of the long ago.

noved from the light. Neither his wife "Jane?" It was the voice of Mrs. nor daughter noticed the depressed, ab Dunlap, that broke the silence of the night, a picture of our little home—the tracted manner which a close observer apartment. " Well, what's wanted?" would have marked as indicative of some

"Father!" The idle girl leaned back vanity and triumph. She was, already, It looked poor and humble; but, Marga in the rocking chair that held her almost in imagination, wearing the sables, and ret, there was a sunny warmth in its at. Orleans. She visited one of the slave u eless person, and thrued her head part- celipsing certain young ladies whose pride mosphere. We were happy-very happy ly around towards the sofa on which her she wished to numble. They had only in that little home. Have we been hapmink, or martin at best, and she would pier since?"

hurt their eves with sables. "Jane, I wish you would go up to the Yes; what is id?" The voice of Mr. large closet in the third story passage, into his face. His question was strange of the Middle States—not that taway white and bring me a small bundle, tied with a "Can't I have sables this winter? I've piece of red cord, which lies on the top strange.

> "I'll ring for Ellen, if you desire it?" "When I ask you to ring for a servant,

Mr. Dunlap did not reply, and so his you can do so," said Mrs. Dunlap, with unconcealed displeasure. "I don't know what you have servants

for, if you don't make them wait on you," retorted Jane sharply. Mr. Dunlap turned his ear and listened.

"If there were no servants in the house, gant! The handsonest set I have seen it would be fair enough to call on me to bitterness of the trial had already passed. to the lady." his season,"

And the young laly rocked herself with increasing ill-nature. "But, as it is, you "If we were happy once, though poor, an air of the most prifect self-satisfaction, ask more than is reasonable; I'm not a can we not be poor and happy again?"

hope are smilling above their humble The last remark of his daughter was if you can but endure the trial bravely, it board, as the sit together, and talk of the more, we have said, than Mr. Dunlap will have but few sufferings for me!" That was the picture! But it faded to make known to his family, for a day or from the daughter. and to all business entrusted to him, with a sound in soon, though while it remained distinct, two yet, the painful trials that too surel, "Jane!" Mrs. Dunlap turned to her room full of human beings to be sold to it was vivid as life itself. Poor, industri- awaited them. But this little scene ex- child. But Jane without replying, arose ous, frugal self-reliant, Mr. Dunlap and cited a new train of thought, and he de- and went from the room. A silence of his wife had started in the world just termined to speak out with a plainness some noments succeeded her departure. THE ENGINEER. SURVEYOR and was answered, in a very undutiful way, twenty years before. Step by step had that would leave no room for misappre. Then Mr Dunlap said: will promptly and efficiently attend to considering the relation which existed bethey ascended the ladder of fortune, until hension. And so he rose from the sofa,
will promptly and efficiently attend to considering the relation which existed bethey ascended the ladder of fortune, until hension. And so he rose from the sofa,
tween the two—that of mother and daughthey stood high up among their fellows.

and passed slowly towards the centre of proud indolent child. My heart aches Like pictures in a kaleidoscope, life the room. Both Mrs. Dunlap and Jane for her? But the discipline cannot fail after the murder of Mr. Key that we feet scene after life-scene came and went, each looked up in his face, and both half-start- to be of good result. We cannot save her constrained to give it a place in our pa-

> Mr. Dullap had been naturally proud Mr. Dunlap looked at his daughter in a arc better qualities in her nature which the vices of all nations to come in duty of his success in life; and we will not wild kind of way. There was something new relations in life may develop. Wealth free, Pugilism, the brutality which makes wonder that, from the eminence upon in his voice that sent a shiver along her has been a snare to her feet, as it has been it a peculiar boast that it is "the noble

speak in a firm and decided tone. O, with what a startling tone of bitter-

The face of Jane grew pale, and the darker than she dreamed."

tune in a wrong and unmanly way. Was she better than they were? Bet "O, Edwin! What does this mean?" ry you were brought all the way up here ter than the faithful wife, her mother, who And the faithful, loving, strong hearted side in this day of trouble!"

for, if you don't make them wait on you,"

Dunlap. Not the incident of this evening disturbed face.

alone, so far as Jane was concerned, now

Mr. Dunlap was a man of quick self-ly, he said: "When I want their services, I will tretted him; but many incidents which in-control. Only a moment or two of reso-

Jane tossed ner nead in a way so like of his coind.

Contempt, that Mrs. Dunlap was able, only "If riches come at a price like this, towards the sofa, from which he had a woman.

Margaret I" There was a tenderness the sun of love; breaking suddenly through ing. The sofa upon which he sat stood yet the hand, as of an angel, was among in the tones of Mr. Dunlap's voice that the rent clouds, made their hearts warm stirred emotions long quiet in the boson and emission at one end of the room, and he was rethe clouds.

of his wife. "Margaret, as I sat here to first in which we lived together-came up from my memory, and stood before my Jane was awakened from a dream of eyes, with the distinctness of life itself.

Mrs. Dunlap leaned over towards her husband and looked with earnest inquity white as some of the tanned complexions -his manner strange-his expression

"Say, Margaret-wife-have we been happier since?" We were very happy then my hus-

band." "Though poor !"

"Yes. "Poor, and toilers for our daily bread. Unknown—unnoticed—and yet happy!" "And what of it, my husband? What soft, dreamy and expressive. of it?" ask d Mrs. Dunlap, with a finsh-"I wish you to get me the bundle," ing face "Speak out plainly! You ed.

There was something in his manner that This was more than Mr. Dunlap could face turned suddenly white. "If any you do?, caused Mrs. Dunlap to let her hands fall bear. For weeks he had felt the storms thing has gone wrong with you, speak out

had again relapted into the state of ab and with all the ecolness of a brave com- after a slight pause: "Things have gone straction from which the remarks of his mander, he kept his eyes at the point of wrong. The storm that swept so many iron?" daughter had abused him, and now sat danger, and striven with unwearied skill ships upon a lee shore, and among the with his chin almost touching his breast. to pass the reefs and currents amidst which breakers, did not spare mine. I strove What was the picture in his mind? We his bark was struggling. But the events hard to bring her safely into port, but of that day had shown him that skill, strove in vain. She is even now going A small room; the floor covered with a courage and toil were of no avail. The rapidly to pieces, and we shall save scarce-trained-excellent habits, madam-moral,

"We have life, Margaret, unsullied sell her to some one that will be kind and

hearts and hope still left. Courage?" "If you can bear up, Edwin, with the pressure of this great calamity upon you. as porter in a large drug store. The leaves ceding tide, he did not shudder like a I have no cause for despondency. I did You won't get another such a plece of of the cherry breakfast table are spread weakling. What if his ship were among not think of myself, but you. O, to have property in the city for that price. spen, and the top covered with a snowy the breakers? Life was yet safe. And the hard accumulations of your life-time table cloth, made white by the hands of something might be recovered after the swept away by a single wave! It is terhis wife. The same hands have prepared hull went to pieces in the storm. And rible, dear husband! Trust in me; lean their evening meal; and though the tea so, he was already nerving himself for the upon me; ask of me all things, and my heart will spring to meet your wishes. O,

And now the strong man wept like a

ness and vexation dimming her eyes, she learned image of mistortune, which had been the head low over the work upon which she was engaged.

Mr. Edwin Dunlap, the husband and father, was present, but during the occurrence of this little scene had not spoken the work upon glared in the face of Mr. Dunlap, lost some of its repulsive features.

"The storn discipline of misfortune, I have heard it said, is always saultary."

How timely came the suggestion. It ed to himself. ALLEGANY HOUSE, a word, nor seemed to heed what was pass-was an an hour of pain and darkness; and "Margaret!" There was a tenderness the sun of love breaking suddenly through

# Miscellany.

Scene at a Slave Pen.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, has been spending this winter in New pens in that city. Here is an extract from her description of what she saw:-In a corner sat a young girl, straight, slender and fragile, with skin quite as that so often marks the mixed races, but a clear brunette, with the rich blood flashing through the transparent skin, and making her cheeks glow. Her hair was brown and soft, and curled at the ends. It was short, after the present school girl style, parted on the top of the head, and had not the burnt appearance like the bair of an African. Her eyes were neither black nor blue, nor yet hazel; they were

"Is that light girl for sale?" I inquir-

frighten me by this strange mystery!"

Mr. Dunlap smiled. With him the Yes, madam. Julia, come up here. Speak

Julia essayed to speak, but failed—only a slight "hem" was heard. I struggled to choke down the wrath of spirit that "Edwin! Husband!" Mrs. Dunlap's was rising within me. "Julia, what can

> "Wait on table, sweep, clean, dust, take care of parlors and children, and sow "Can you do house-work, wash and

"Never did, madam; specks I can learn; I'm young yit. only fourteen." "Oh! yes, Madam, she can learn-she's from a good family, madam—been well

a mother like to her." "What do you ask?" I said to him. "Only fifteen hundred; she's chesp.

property in the city for that price."
"Where were you raised?" "In the Red River country."

"Will you take the girl, ma'am?" " No; good bye, Julia." I walked out-I thought I should choke -that the breath would leave my body ere I could reach the outdoor air. That could bear. It had not been his intention . A wild tempest of weeping burst now leautiful girl a piece of property ! That stalwart, schsible man a thing. That

the highest bidder.

The Truth Stated. There is so much truth in the following extract from a sermon by Rev. D. W. Haproud indolent child. My heart aches ley, preached at Washington the Sabbath

to thousands. She has grown up in an British art of self-defense," has become "Yes, sables," she answered, trying to atmosphere that has poisoned her blood, so common that it can support its weekly Hereafter, she will breathe a pure air; organs, and some of its champions are "You shall have them; and they shall and 1 trust to its renovating influences." clothed in fine linen and fare sumptonaly "Poor child!" said Mr. Dunlap. "I every day, a state of things that suggests spoke to her in too great bitterness—with a parable, the closing portion of which too sharp irony. Alas! her sables will be might not be out of place. From Gerarker than she dreamed."

The mother's hopeful prophecy showed ties of manufactured articles, which are earlier signs of fulfilment than she had falsely invoiced theology, but prove, on erceted with such care and labor, sink in- in her lap.

erceted with such care and labor, sink in- in her lap.

Yes, you shall have sables; but of anticipated. A short period of time only examination, to be infidelity; and from Subles at two hundred and fifty dollars ! another kind than those about which you had elapsed, after Jane left the apart- France we have encouraged the saddest No wonder the unhappy man, in whose have been so vainly dreaming. Sables ment, before she returned again. Her shipments of evils, foremost among them No wonder the unhappy man, in whose have been so valued dreaming. Salies ment, before she returned again. The supplies of every supplies of the mark and face was pale, but not distributed and the certainty of ruin, as a merchant, for the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed the salies of the mark and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart—not for the heart—not for the idle hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart hands and face was pale, but not distributed to the heart hands and the heart hands are the heart hands and the heart hands are the heart hands and the heart hands are the heart hands are the heart hands are the heart hand were red with weeping, yet were they not which have already established it as a dement, did not reply. And no wonder the Mr. Dunlap paused in his speech. Alsad eyes, for the light of love was in them. cree of the exclusive circles of fashion that indolence and pride of his indulged and ready he was conscious of having betray. She paused a moment at the door, look- it is improper for a married woman to be spoiled child, intruding at the moment, ed himself too far of having commenced ing wistfully at her parents, and then accompanied to a ball, theatre, or church "I thought you rung for me?" said the sent memory back to wipe the dust from the announcement of approaching misfor- came forward with quick, eager steps. by her own husband. In this matter, as "Dear father!" she said, as she paused is usual with us, we have advanced bebefore them, tet me stand also by your yond our teachers; for in France, the theory of female training (whatever may be y you were prought an the way up nere ter than the fact which and the satural, loving, activities as you are."

The girl returned to her work, and Mrs. Dunlap to the sitting room

I don't know what you keep servants

The don't know what you keep servants

The don't know what you keep servants

Not the incident of this evening disturbed face.

The don't know what you keep servants thought disturbed, and almost angered Mr. It is practical results) is that the young wo-had walked ever erect by his A thrilt went through the frame of Mr. Its practical results) is that the young wo-by his side in the Spring time of life? Side, whether the sun shone or the rain Dunlap, and springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell, spring torward from her chair, and Jane in his arms and hugged her to his during her pupilage, receives such care.

The don't know what you keep servants thought disturbed, and almost angered Mr. It is practical results) is that the young wo-by his side in the Spring time of life? Side, whether the sun shone or the rain Dunlap, and springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell, spring torward from her chair, and Jane in his arms and hugged her to his during her pupilage, receives such care.

The don't know what you keep servants thought disturbed, and almost angered Mr. It is practical results) is that the young wo-by his side in the Spring time of life? Side, whether the sun shone or the rain Dunlap, and springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell with the springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell with the springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell was a springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell was a springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell was a springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell was a springing up, he caught man, seeluded and guarded by her parents fell was a springing up, he caught from him, and looking into her face fond- riage she emerges into society, her moral powers are strong enough to place her "If fortune left so precious a jewel in above temptation; but we make flirts and call upon them," replied the mother, with truded themselves like unwelcome guests, lute repression was required to calm the the bottom of the cup she has drugged coquetts of children; we thrust into the some severity of manner. "And, here involving such false ideas of life, and such turbulence of feeling which had been with bitterness, she gave blessing instead dangerous arena of fashionable life, to conof cursing. Dear child! Upon the dark- tend with wild beasts, girls fifteen or sixteen; and then, when some startling event causes the hidden fire to gleam out of the mountain's side, we are amazed at the fury few moments before a isen. "Jane," he added, turning towards his bewildered bring the sables for Jane Dunlap. No, feeding, and with some poor bucketful of

> NOW IS THE TIME For the friends of the JOURNAL to begin to circulate it for the Campaign of 1860.

WORK FOR OUR GREAT CAUSE. SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "POTTER JOURNAL"