The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

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 promptness 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

C. L. HOYT,

CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,

SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

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

MARK GILLON,

DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10;35-1y.

N. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY.

OLMSTED & KELLY,

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

Poet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal.

AMERICA.

O, happy, proud America!
Home and land of the free;
Is what your noble sons would boast,
The land of Liberty?

They tell us how our fathers fought
For us, and nobly died.
That this should never be the land
Where bondage should abide;—

But hark! a plaintive cry is borne
Upon the southern gale,—
"Tis human rights in bondage,—
'Tis the African's low wail.

'Tis they that struggle to be free,
In this, our glorious land.
Where equal rights and privilege
Each person should command.

Oh! why should the poor African
Forever be enslaved?
Because their color differs, must
They ever be deprav'd?

Then tell me, is this glorious land
Worthy its wide-spread fame.—
The home for weary exiles' rest—
The land that Freedom claims?

Sunderlinville, Pa. LAURA.

From the New York Evening Post.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

BY READ THORNTON.

Sleep, baby, sleep—the twilight has come,
Gently thy blue eyes with slumber are drooping—
Tiny skies veiled, like day's azure dome.
When the night falls and stars are a grouping.

Like the mild stars o'erbending thee now,
Angel-eyed cherubim, slightly appearing.
Round thee thy love-luring mantle will throw,
And a lullaby will sing, than mine more endearing.

Thou, little Pilgrim, joy of our way,
Comest so blithe in this bleak world alighting,
Thy innocent wonder proclaims thee astray
From that happier clime where no sorrow is blighting.

When morn opens wide thy sweet laughing eyes,
Thou art lent us again, bonny gift, till the even,
Thy day is for us—but thy night for the skies—
Away with thy mates that have missed thee in heaven!

NEW YORK, September 7, 1859.

Miscellany.

ONLY IN JOKE.

Only in joke We have no patience with such fellows. If they lived in countries where the bowstring is fashionable, or, where a head may be sliced off, or a woman bagged for the asking, they would have your brother strangled, or your wife launched into the Bosphorus, done up in a bag, like a kitten for transportation, and when you complained, the ready answer would be that it was "only in joke!" Or they might do some similar good turn for yourself, and tell your executors the same story. They think that a joke will answer as an apology for any thing, even to the smashing of furniture, breaking of glass, or fracturing of bones, and are particularly hard and rough upon any who may happen to be tormented with their friendship. There is no getting angry with them, until you are actually ruined, past a joke, in body, purse or chattels, to complain of any such small matter as the dislocation of a limb is only to make the joke richer; for the more you lament; the riper is the fun. Say nothing, and bear those injuries without remonstrance or resistance, and half their amusement is lost. True friendship this—enjoyment of our neighbor's misery, and appreciable only by "the real good-natured fellows," the practical jokers—jolly companions. Confusion to them and their like!

Edith Blanchard was just one of the most gentle, equable, inoffensive lasses that ever lived upon earth as the incarnation of kindness and good humor. Jack Robinson was good-humored too—but he was one of these same blustering, noisy, troublesome mortals, who seem to live only to torment all who are compelled to live in their association. What the gentle Edith found in such a chestnut burr to love, the blind god only knows. Certainly it was for nothing in his manners, for the pair were the antipodes of each other in every possible respect. There was no single point in which they resembled each other. If poor Edith's heart fluttered with that pleasure which poets and lovers speak of when she saw his approach it fluttered with genuine fear when he was present. He could not take her hand without squeezing her fingers in his vice of a paw, till the blood was ready to gush from those finger ends, and the tears did start from her eyes. If he tried to steal a kiss, (pass this sentence, maiden ladies,) she struggled to escape in real earnest—for she knew that he was not thus affectionate, except when he had been cheating the barber of his revenue, and his shoe-brush of a beard was rubbed so roughly on her "damask cheek" as to make scarlet of it.

If he invited her to ride, she was sure to find herself seated behind some harum-scarum animal of a horse, which was never harnessed except for some such Rarey in horse flesh as her tender suitor. Once with his victim seated by his side, he would regale her ear with a history of his broken vehicles, overturns, and hair-breadth escapes with the same quadruped, and take, all the time, particular care so to drive, and over such uneven ground as to inflict upon Edith the horrors of an overturn, in every thing but the actual occurrence of it, at every step. If, in walking with Edith, he saw her step aside to avoid an ant-hill, he would take particular pains to go back and grind it level with his ugly heel. He would counterfeit drunkenness so naturally as to bring the foolish child into tears; and, indeed, there was no conceivable enormity, short of knocking her down with malice prepense, that he did not practice. All this, he assured her was "in joke;" and when he wound up his obstreperous feats with a fit of laughter as boisterous as his jokes, Edith would faintly laugh too, while tears stood in her eyes.

Poor Edith! She wondered if all men were like Jack Robinson—but she dared not ask. Others treated her with deferential civility; and so she remembered did Jack once, but that was before he was a declared and accepted lover; and she more than half wished that she had always kept him on terms as distant. But just as she had reasoned herself into half hating him, he would always regain his standing by some real proof of affection, unstudied and perhaps unrefined on his part, and unexpected on hers. What could she do with such an awkward cub of a lover? Hate and dismiss him she could not; for his very gaucheries had become tolerable and even pleasant to her. The match was something like the affection of the bride of the bandit for her lord. Jack was a bandit in manners, and he hanged to him, with not half the refinement that a real genteel romance or stage free-booter throws into his love passages. The idea of being yoked for life to such an unreformed griffin would seem terrible to her, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary. It certainly did to her friends; but when they began to tell her so, Edith showed all the woman—declared that Jack was a great deal better than those who maligned him—that unpolished worth and sense was better than varnished villainy—and that she would marry him were he twenty times Jack Robinson. To this there was no answer, and the dear friends of Edith only sighed and shrugged their shoulders, while she strutted out of the room like a stage bouncer. Gentle women CAN show fire sometimes—and when they do!—Let those who know, speak.

Jack was a great lover of aquatic amusements. Besides his membership of a boat club, he boasted the possession of various descriptions of a small water craft, his pride in which was only second to his fondness of his horses, if even to that. Just at a moment when Edith had been resenting the interference of her friends in Jack's disfavor, that worthy made his appearance, and invited her to take a water excursion with him. This, which was a standing invitation in the boating season, she always resolutely declined. She looked up, as Robinson put the question, and saw the malicious smiles of her friends, which plainly intimated that they knew she dare not accept. To stop to think—to gratify them by a moment's hesitation, her pride would not permit; and to Jack's surprise and pleasure, she accepted his invitation at once. She only intimated to him, as they passed to the water side, that she acceded to the jaunt, to show he friends that she was not afraid to trust herself to his guidance, under any circumstances. The rascal!—not to heed this delicate and maidenly appeal to his generosity to spare her fears.

To do Robinson justice, he intended to respect her timidity, and to forbear, for once, to make it the butt of his roguery. On the very point of embarkation, the temptation to break over his good resolution almost mastered him. His man Friday, who was in waiting on board, regarded them, as they stepped into the boat, with such a confident anticipation of "fun," that Jack regretted his good resolution. As the sail was spread to the breeze, and the little barque careened under it, his determination to spare Edith became weaker and weaker, as she begged him to return, or "sail slower." She clung to the windward side with the agony of a drowning woman, and Jack, who would have laid down his life for her at that moment, had such a sacrifice been necessary, made no scruple to laugh at her misery—for what is more miserable, more tormenting than fear?

Step by step they advanced, Jack and his man Friday, in the audacity of what they called such "good fun." They rocked the little shallop till Edith screamed, and at last almost fainted with terror, and they steered so as to cause a dash of spray from the bow to the stern, and frighten the poor girl with the idea that the boat was going under. For two or three long hours, "all in joke," did they thus torment her until the became a matter of serious earnest, A sudden flaw, unnoticed in its approach by the two practical jokes, capsized their boat, and the three were, at a blow, spilled into the water.

Robinson's first and only thought was for Edith. Fleeter than the winged lightning is the activity of thought in a moment of extremity. As he madly plunged, unaware of what course to pursue, or whither to look, the whole life, the whole love of the gentle Edith passed through his mind. He felt that he was a murderer; and as he vainly buffetted the wave, the deep damnation of of eternity seemed his lot in the few short moments that were spent by him in frantic struggles. He strove to cry aloud, and the salt water mocked all his attempts at utterance. Despair became despondence; fatigue paralyzed his limbs and mocked his skill as a swimmer; cramps seized him, and the light was shut out from his eyes as he thought forever.

When he recovered, it was as though heaven's whole artillery were pointed at his branin. Thunder rung in his ears, and the first gasps for breath were infinitely more painful than when that breath departed. With returning consciousness his memory did not immediately return, and he looked about him with vague surprise, at the crew of the ballast droger, who had been his deliverance from a watery grave. Incident by incident events came to him. He remembered the most distant first; till, thought by thought, the excursion and its circumstances came to him. For a moment still, all was indistinct, till the last sad event of his life fell upon his heart, with an echo like the damp sod on a coffin. In a moment more he started wildly up—"Edith! Edith! where are you? My God! My God! IT WAS ONLY A JOKE!"

No Edith answered—nobody answered. The sailors knew nothing of Edith—they knew only that they had saved a drowning man. They could suggest nothing—could say nothing. Robinson sunk to the deck insensible, and while the humane mariners strove to restore him to animation, their vessel sluggishly ploughed its way to the city. Slow as its progress was the return of Robinson to consciousness. Upon his arrival at the city he was at once carried home; and when his messengers could bring him no intelligence of Edith, again he relapsed into insensibility.

Better tidings awaited him upon the recovery of his senses, the third time. Edith too had been saved by another vessel; and though Robinson's deliverers knew that some one had been picked up, the circumstances of a woman's being in such a boat had never once occurred to them; and the ravings of Robinson seemed but incoherence. Her safety was better than any physician's prescription could be; and a very few days carried him to her house, to tender his subdued congratulations that she had not been drowned "all in joke."

Edith did not reproach him. It was not in her nature to dissemble; it was not in her heart to offer reproof to one with whom she could only mingle congratulation. After the first meeting, the affair of the boat was never alluded to.

One day—it is strange how a narrow escape enjoyed together, or a community of misfortune, or of good fortune, will endear two people to each other—one day, Jack bluntly asked Edith to fix a time for the nuptials.

"One year from this date."

"Surely you joke."

"I *never* joke—and it is to give you a chance to prove your reformation, that I set a day more distant than—to tell the truth—my own heart prompts."

The time of probation has just expired. The pair are just married; and there, after the fashion of all story-tellers, we shall leave them to enjoy their honey-moon.

LOVE'S INFLUENCE.—She is very fond of Francis. Last, week, preparing for him, she looked quite a different woman; quite young and rosy again; and though it did not last—thought after he was really come, she grew sharp and cross often, to us, never to him, of course—she much enjoys his being here. They do not make so much fuss over one another as they did years ago, which indeed would be ridiculous in lovers over thirty. Still, I should hardly like my lover, at any age, to sit reading a novel half the evening, and spend the other half in the sweet company of his cigar. Not that he need be always hankering after me, and "paying me attention." I should hate that. For what is the good of people being fond of one another, if they can't be content simply, in one another's company, or without it even, in one another's love? letting each go on their own several ways, and do their several work in the best manner they can. Good sooth! I should be the most convenient and least troublesome sweetheart that ever a man was blessed with; for I am sure I should sit all the evening quite happy—he at one end of the room, and I at the other—if only I knew he was happy, and caught now and then a look and a smile; provided the look and the smile were my own personal property, nobody else's.—"*A Life for a Life.*"

DEFINITION OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.—Mr. Hyde Clarke has issued a dictionary in London of the English language more full than any of his predecessors. The Philadelphia *Press* selects the following definition of the name of that city and its derivatives as an illustration of its fullness:

PHIL § *for* PHIL'IP §. also for PHILADEL'PHIA, § *n* a city in Pennsylvania; PHIAN, *n* a native of Philadelphia; sectarian of the family of love; PHAN. *n* relating to do. or Ptolemy Philadelphus; PHIANISM, *n* saying or practise of Philadelphia; PHIA LAWYER, *n a notorious shark*; PHIA CATE-CHISM, *n* making seamen work on Sunday.

Political.

Address of the Republican State Committee.

[The extreme length of this document renders its admission in our columns entire very inconvenient at present, but we herewith give the most important portions of, it comprising more than half of the address. The entire address is able and statesmanlike, and we regret that we cannot publish it entire.—ED. JOURNAL.]

To the People of Pennsylvania:

The State Committee appointed by the Convention of Delegates representing the People's Party of this Commonwealth which met at Harrisburg on the 9th day of June last, make this respectful address to you on the condition of the public affairs of the country, and the questions which invite your deliberate consideration in view of the approaching annual election. The ballot box is the instrument through which the People exercise their sovereignty over the governments of the State and Union; and every recurrence of an opportunity for them to employ this power, and discharge the correlative duty which it involves, is an occasion which calls them to a careful examination of the course of conduct of those to whom they have deputed official functions, and to a determination respecting the principles and measures which should be recognized and adopted in the administration of their republican institutions. These repose for their safety on the vigilant supervision of the people for whose benefit, and by whose authority they have been established; and unless the popular masses exercise over them a constant watch and care, they are liable to be perverted in the hands of self-seeking and unfaithful agents, to the base uses of private advantage or merely partisan, and even corrupt designs. Protection is the great purpose for which governments are instituted. When men resign a part of their natural liberty, and enter into a political compact, it is that they may more fully secure the rights and privileges which belong to them, as members of the State. It becomes, therefore, the first duty of those who are charged with the administration of government, to guard the rights, protect the interests, and promote the welfare of the great body of citizens.

Happily relieved by the achievments of our ancestors from the oppression of crowned monarchs professing to rule by divine right, and from the imposition of privileged classes, the people of this country, occupying a position of equality before the law, have the right to require that the government of their own institution shall be administered with a single reference to their advantage and benefit. The first settlers of America, for the most part exiles from their respective countries, who sought an asylum in this, then western wilderness, in order that they might enjoy the civil and religious liberties which were denied them at home—poor in circumstances, and strong only in their devotion to the fundamental rights of humanity, which were afterwards so gloriously vindicated amid the toils and sufferings, and on the battle fields of the revolution, founded here a civilized and christian state, in the midst of hostile savages, and subdued the forest and waste places to cultivation, by the strong arm of manual labor; and the industry of free men then was, and always has continued to be the great primary interest of the people of this country—the basis of its prosperity, and the only firm column on which our popular institutions rest for support. It is this which has not only filled the fertile vallies, crowned the verdant hills, and adorned the rugged slopes of forest covered mountains with the happy homes of a rapidly increasing population; but spreading over prairies, crossing the majestic rivers, and scaling the summits of heights and peaks clothed in perpetual snow, has extended the boundaries of the Republic to the margin of the great Pacific Ocean, and established there communities of free men who proudly add the new stars of sovereign States to the constellation which adorns the American Flag, and gladly share in all the blessings and liberties which our political institutions, if administered in their true spirit, and on their real principles, confer to an extent which no other governmental forms have ever bestowed upon those who lived under them. There has however, always been an interest which has arrayed itself in opposition to free labor; and of late years it has acquired an ascendency in the councils, and over the action of that party, which has, without just title, usurped the name of "Democratic," and by its co-operation been enabled to obtain a control over the policy of the Government, which has been inimical to, and subversive of, the welfare and prosperity of the productive industry of freemen. This hostility finds its root and its inducement in the system of hereditary negro slavery. We do not question the sovereign rights of the States in which this anomalous and exceptional labor exists, to maintain and perpetuate it among them, if they see proper. With that we have nothing to do—no right to interfere, further than the mere expression of opinion extends. But when that system becomes aggressive, and insists upon establishing itself upon the virgin soil of our free territories, even against the will of the majority of the resident population, we hold it to be both a right and a duty to prevent it. The wise, enlightened, and far-seeing patriots and statesmen who framed our institutions—Washington, Madison and Jefferson in the south, as well as Franklin, Hamilton and King in the north—all regarded slavery as an evil. They refused to permit the word to appear in the Federal Constitution, and expressed the united hope that ere long, by the process of gradual emancipation, it would disappear from the Union. They expressly fixed a time after which, under the legislation of Congress, the importation of slaves should be prohibited, and Congress, acting in accordance with the universal sense of the civilized world, placed the brand of piracy upon the inhuman African Slave Trade. Pursuing the same policy, Congress from time to time, and without question of its Constitutional power, in establishing governments over the Territories of the Union, as the gradual advance of settlement required them, by whatever means of cession or purchase those territories were acquired, up to the organization of Oregon in 1848 under the Presidency of Mr. Polk, expressly enacted that involuntary servitude except for crime should not be permitted in them, and with the agreement of Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet, including such southern men as Calhoun, Crawford and Wirt, and of a Congress where Clay, Pinkney, and other most enlightened statesmen were conspicuous, fixed a geographical line which was henceforth to define the northern boundary of slavery, and which received the long subsequent recognition of the Government in the terms of the compact by which Texas became an integral part of the Union. It was not until the [illegible] which had been solemnly set apart for free labor by the Missouri Compromise, having passed through the trying ordeal of a Territorial condition, in the exercise of rights which had received frequent Congressional recognitions, presented a Constitution of Government and applied for admission as a State into the Union, that whatever may have been the theoretical declarations of *ultra* Southern propagandists of Slavery, any practical attempt was made to overthrow this established policy of the Government fortified by so many concurring precedents, to the authority of which all parts of the Union were bound by the action of their representatives. An effort like this both to overthrow established principles and to suppress the voice of a majority of the people of Kansas, was accompanied, of course, by a series of outrages, unexampled in the history of the country. The ballot box was polluted with fraud, and corrupted by violence. The right of free election was denied to the people. The residents were overawed by invasions of armed men, who employed arson, robbery, and even murder to impose slavery upon the Territory, and their forcible and fraudulent proceedings were recognized as legitimate expressions of the popular will by the Territorial authorities acting under the Commission, and with the approbation of the "Democratic" administration at Washington. In 1856, in order to relieve itself of a part of the odium which it was compelled to bear on account of these atrocious proceedings, the Democratic party nominated a candidate for President whose absence from the country discharged him from the imputation, at least, of being a personal participant in the acts of his predecessors; and, in accordance with a predetermined policy of deception which was to be pursued during the canvass, Mr. Buchanan at once bound himself by the most solemn written pledges not to be an accomplice in further violations of the rights of the majority, but to submit