The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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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

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second door, 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. 11:29-1y*

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

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.
Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity, that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:42

COLLINS SMITH. F. 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.

M. J. OLMSTED. E. 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. 9:42

Poet's Corner.

THE DOG BEHIND THE DOOR.

BY C. D. STARR.

The house is fine, but, oh, beware,
You child of want, and pain, and care,
Beware, beware of calling there,
Though things of presses hard and sore,
For there's a dog behind the door.

A surly dog, a whelp, a cur,
Although disgusted in coat of fur;
And if he hears the knocker stir,
He'll answer with a growl, and more,
He'll quickly snap you from the door.

A dog that's got excess of meat,
But you must never think to eat,
Or ask from off his slice a treat;
A dog, two legg'd instead of four,
He'll teach you not to touch the door.

He may belong to Cerberus—
For he had dogs—and fit 'twere thus,
For if a dog was ever *plus*
In temper fit for Pluto's shore,
It is this dog behind the door.

Choice Reading.

"The Light Within."

The sun had nearly sunk behind the hills, leaving the valley in sombre shadows, as if to warn the traveller that night came early these dark December days; but Alice Lee sat weeping beside a stile at the roadside, regardless of the gathering gloom only now and then looking helplessly at a bundle of sticks that lay beside her. How long she intended to sit there no one knows, but soon a rustling noise was heard in the wood she had just passed through, and a girl about her own age clambered over the stile with a heavy burden of sticks on her back.

"Why Alice!" she cried, "how can you sit there in the cold! You'll be frozen to death!"

"And who would care?" said Alice.

"I would," replied her friend, laughingly; "and you wouldn't much like it yourself, either; so come cheer up, and let us see who will be first home."

But Alice was too sullen to be persuaded, and at last Ellen Wilson went on her way more quickly than before, to make up for lost time. Alice sat watching her retreating figure until a turn in the road hid her from view; then, slowly raising her own bundle, she began to walk in the same direction, but very slowly, and still weeping bitterly.

The road stretched along the valley, and both the girls were making towards two cottages which stood apart from the village and a good way up the hill; but the difference was great between the two children who were thus following the same path to homes that seemed so much alike. Both were very poor, and neither had what could be called a happy home. One, the one loved God, and the other knew him not, or in other words, the one was happy, and the other was miserable. Alice had never felt the contrast between herself and Ellen so strongly as this night, and she was inwardly wishing she knew what Ellen's secret was, when some one who had been walking much more rapidly than herself, drew near, and she was joined by a kind-looking elderly gentleman. He asked her why she was crying; and when she told him because she was cold and weary, and was afraid that her mother would scold her when she reached home, he looked very sorry for her, but said he did not think crying would do any good.

"I am afraid, little girl," he added, "that you don't know how to be happy."

"I am not always crying, sir," said Alice.

"I dare say not," he replied, with a kind smile; "but it is one thing to be sometimes merry, and quite another thing to be always happy."

"Always happy!"—the words sounded very strange to the wearied child. "I would like to be always happy, sir," she said.

"None are happy on earth," he answered, "excepting those who love God, and the Lord Jesus who died to save us. This makes them contented with their lot in the world, whatever it may be, because it is God's choice for them. Do you see those two cottages high upon the hillside?"

"Yes, sir," said Alice; "we live in one, and Ellen Wilson and her father live in the other."

"Well," he said, "as I came along the valley this evening, your cottages were quite bright in the beams of the setting sun; but as I went down they grew darker and darker, till I could scarcely find them out on the hillside. But now, don't you see how bright one of them is again? Can you tell me the reason of this?"

"There is a light within, sir," said Alice. "Ellen has got home, and she has kindled a fire."

"Yes," he said, "that is it; there is a light within. And so it is with ourselves, whether old or young. It is easy to look bright when the sun is shining outside; but when darkness and trouble come, then we envy those who have a light within. And mark this, my child, the only light for these dark, sinful hearts of ours, is the love of Jesus, and the sweet spirit of contentment which this love always brings with it."

He stopped, for his road lay in an opposite direction; but he gave Alice a little hymn book, and told her to keep it in remembrance of an old friend, prayed that God would himself teach her the only way to be happy, both here and hereafter, for ever to look to Jesus.

Alice continued pondering over the strange words she had heard. She paused at the Wilson's cottage, and watched her friend Ellen busily engaged making an tidy before her father returned. "O," she thought, on hearing that Ellen has the light that the gentleman spoke of, because she loves God, and that may be why she is happy, while I am miserable." But she had no time for further thought, for she heard the angry voice of her mother screaming, "Come along, you idle little ragabond, or I'll see if I can't make you walk smarter!"

Poor Alice hastened on with her burden, but did not escape an angry blow as she entered the cottage. The sticks would not burn, they only smouldered among the embers, for they had been gathered from the nearest and dampest corner of the wood; and after a fresh torrent of abuse, the poor child was sent supperless to bed. She lay shivering on her straw pallet, thinking that she could never sleep, and feeling that all was very dark, both without and within.

But children do not often lie awake, even when cold and hungry; so Alice fell asleep, and she dreamed a dream.

She fancied it was day, and time for her to take Nancy, the cow, to the hillside; but when she reached the door, there was scarcely any light coming from the sun, for a dark shadow seemed over it, and there was a mysterious chill in the air, just as she remembered feeling when there had been a wonderful eclipse.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, running into the cottage again, "why is it so dark?"

"Dark!" repeated her mother, "and the sun shining so bright. You're not awake yet, or you're blind, or idle, and that's more like to be the way of it. Get to your work, child, or I'll give you a beating that'll make you see right."

Alice did not wait a second bidding; but as she went out again, she met several people, and when she spoke to them of the darkness, she saw that they only wondered, and thought that she was loyd; but there was an unusual stir in the Wilson's cottage, so she turned in there. Ellen stood with her little bonnet and hood on, and a small bundle and lantern in her hand.

"O! Ellen," she said, "where are you going?"

Ellen looked as if surprised at the question. "I cannot stay here," she said; "this place is too dark: I am going to the beautiful country you have heard about, that needs neither the sun nor the moon to lighten it."

Alice asked, "Are you going alone?"

"O, no!" said Ellen, "that would never do. I have a Friend with me, though you cannot see him, and he has promised to take me safely there."

Alice asked if it would be a long journey.

"I am not sure," Ellen replied; "but it is a pleasant road, and you see what a bright light I have."

She held up the lantern, and Alice read in golden letters all around it, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Father is going to follow me," continued Ellen, "and you must come too; but I have no time to wait for you."

So she trimmed her little lamp afresh, and left her home.

Alice watched her as she hastened on through a rugged defile among the hills; sometimes the road looked very rough, sometimes smoother again, but she saw that the light which had burned dimly among the fogs of the valley, grew brighter and brighter as Ellen ascended the hill, till it threw quite a glory over the pathway and around her little figure; and Alice could see that the way was covered with golden inscriptions. One was, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" another was "This is the way, walk ye in it." But the one that pleased Alice best was this: "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." She gazed and gazed upon the glittering words until she forgot to look any more at Ellen. At last she seemed to hear confused noises, and dreamed something about a thunderstorm, till awakened by a loud knocking from her mother, and a storm of angry reproach for having slept so long.

The poor child rose in a moment, and hastened to her morning work; but the her dream was gone, its pleasant memory remained. She eagerly told it all to Ellen, and said she thought it meant something like the "Pilgrim's Progress," but asked if it would not mean that Ellen was to die soon. Ellen smiled and said,

"Perhaps it means that I have begun to go home, and that you are to follow me. I am glad you thought of that, Alice. I will pray that God will himself teach you the only way to be happy, both here and hereafter, for ever to look to Jesus."

Alice pondered long over this, and when Ellen's father returned, she begged him to let her stay with them, and help Ellen in the day time, for publication in the Journal. [illegible]

Alice.

Time passed on, and Alice [illegible] "and you know he has promised never to leave any that come to him."

"But I can't love Jesus," exclaimed Alice. "I don't think I shall when I have not seen him; and when he makes me so poor and wretched."

"I used to think so too," said Ellen. "Mother used to tell me a great deal out of the Bible, but I did not care for it till she was dead. Then one night when my father was drunk, he beat me till I ran out of the house crying, and I thought, 'What a miserable, miserable world this is!' Then I remembered how Jesus had left his throne to come into this very world, and to suffer and die for us; and it seemed such wonderful love! I cannot tell how wonderful it seemed. And mother had bade me ask God for help; so I asked him then, and it makes me so happy to have learned to pray. Now when my father beats me, I can bear it better, and sometimes I have such sweet thoughts!"

"What kind of thoughts?" said Alice.

"I think," she said, "that heaven is my real home, where Jesus, and the angels, and my mother are, and that this is only a school where God is giving me some hard lessons to learn for his sake."

Now Alice wished that night that she might dream her beautiful dream again! But though it would not return at her bidding, it was never forgotten, for she felt as if all her life till now had been a dream, and that she had newly awakened to see why she had come into this world, and to hear of the glorious inheritance that might yet be hers.

The true light had shone into her heart, and even her mother wondered at the change which she could not understand. Ellen rejoiced, and not a few saw that another little pilgrim had left the broad for the narrow way, and was seeking a better country, that is, and heavenly.—*The Family Treasury.*

Henry Ward Beecher on the Harper's Ferry Riot.

Mr. Beecher, in his sermon last night, (says the *N. Y. Evening Post*,) spoke as follows of the Harper's Ferry riot:

"I avail myself of the present state of our land to utter some sentiments on the subject of slavery, though I have not done so for a considerable time. The nation is now greatly excited, and deeply concerned about the recent sudden and unexpected attack at Harper's Ferry.—Seventeen white men, without organization, without a military basis of operations without the countenance or approval of any legal or deliberative body, most unexpectedly and openly attack an entire state to release and rescue an enslaved race. They were not called upon by the sufferers, nor expected even by them. They undertake all themselves. Yes, these seventeen white men summoned two thousand people to surrender to them, and they did as they were required; and these seventeen men held them all in durance for two full days. They waited until the forces of two states were massed to release them. 'I do not wonder that the Virginians feel humiliated.' Every one feels for them. No one doubts the bravery of the Virginians—not at all. [Laughter.] But people may be sometimes surprised and taken unawares. However this may be, it seems to us strange that this invasion of seventeen men should have caused so much alarm, so much confusion and noise. It is no wonder the Virginians try to make the most of it. They feel ashamed of the facts, and every one is sympathising with them. There was full enough of the matter, and I think we shan't have any more of it, or anything like it. There is something in the matter which cannot be got over, in the fact that seventeen men held two thousand people prisoners for two days. They cannot hide the significance of this single fact, do what they will. It cannot be concealed. These seventeen men invaded a state, seized upon the government armory, and held two thousand of the inhabitants of that state prisoners for two days, till two suns had risen and ascended on their actions. The Virginians feel piqued, to be sure, but they only remind us of the story of the fox which got his tail cut off in a trap, and then endeavored to get the other foxes to get theirs cut off in a like manner, but none of them would do it. There is something, there must be something, underlying all this, which caused two thousand Virginians to submit to the power of seventeen men till the forces of two whole states should be brought against them—till volunteers should assemble from every portion of these two states—till the United States forces should arrive at the scene with their artillery—till the whole South should be excited and alarmed, and till the North should wonder and sympathise. I will not say any more about this riot. There was one who figured throughout [illegible] which some allusion should be made. An old, honest, industrious [illegible] peaceably [illegible] with his family in the West. His lot was cast in a region adjoining [illegible] territory where he armed men in arms among the peaceful settlers to dragoon them to uphold slavery by force of arms. They cross the boundary and subvert the laws, the orders and commence a civil war. They pollute the ballot box and carry destruction among the harvests and death among the quiet cultivators of the soil. There were no musings, nor militia sent to oppose them—no. There were forces there, but they acted on their side; it was on the side of the wrong-doers, the invaders. It was here that Brown learned his first lesson on the slavery system; here that old man endured his first sufferings in the death of his firstborn, who was dragged manacled across the country by the slavery men in the heat of a broiling sun, and afterwards beaten, by inhuman officers of these men. Another son was shot down by the same men. Revolving the indignation in his mind against the system that would tolerate and countenance such cruelty and bloodshed, he is goaded by his own feelings to a mad but fixed determination to oppose it to the end of his life. And now, as he is in the depressing, the most trying circumstances, no one can fail to discover in this same old man a manly, straightforward, independent soul, which rises high above all those among whom he is at present, however insane he may be. I shrink from the folly of the bloody fray in which he was engaged; I shrink further from the bloody fray which will follow it; but while I do, I feel that bye-and-bye, when people will read the record of the whole tragic scene, they will wonder at and admire the bearing of the old man who, through all his misfortunes, woes and suffering, maintained a dignity and independence and a sentiment which only shines in full brilliancy when contrasted with the conduct of his accusers, who possess their reason. But one word more for those states which have powder for their cargoes. Suppose seventeen men seized the Armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, do you think they would subject the inhabitants of that place, that all the militia of New York and Massachusetts, and other neighboring states, and the federal troops, would have to be called out to release them and overcome the seventeen? Do you suppose that the government would be alarmed, and that the President would have to deliberate with the Secretary of War on what was to be done? [Laughter.] Not at all. You cannot. You and every one else would rest satisfied that the people of Springfield would be fully able to manage the business themselves, and nobody would feel alarmed. But there is a dread hanging over the southern states which paralyzes them on the very shadow of danger arising."

Feminine Cruelty.

There *have been* savage recreations, wherein little smoky fellows amused themselves by hurling tomahawks at bound and helpless victims, to see how near they could come without killing them; but acts equally cruel are perpetrated daily in elegant drawing rooms, by the most dulcet-voiced ladies that ever sung out of Heaven's choir—done so gracefully, too, that every one except the sufferer is constrained to applaud. Men grow angry sometimes; they swear and make hammers of their hands, and talk big and loud, and very little is trodden upon but toes; it is a fair fight. Not so when young ladies have the fatal gift of biting sarcasm, and with a merry laugh hurl a tomahawk at some poor fellow who is bound, as much as if a band of remorseless Indians had him, by the thought that his mother was a woman, and that he must treat *all* women courteously for *her* sake. This is the reason why in all personal collisions when the fairer half of humanity are the assailants, a man is sure to be whipped if he does not choose valor's better part and run away. Those young ladies are not rare (peradventure even in the city of Erie) who have a fancy for being *cutting* as well as *killing*, and are constantly saying severe things. We mean no disrespect, but we honestly think a sharp young woman, should be contrived like a pen-knife—she should *shut up*.

We have known young ladies, who, with the sweetest smiles, would take *sister ladies* to pieces just for amusement, as a Botanist would a flower, without seeming to think of the torture they inflicted; and we wondered how creatures so beautiful could be so cruel. It avails nothing to remind them of it, because, with still sweeter smiles, they will disavow all *harmful intent*, and declare they *were only in fun!* Dangerous fun, dear lovely ones. In many cases an arrow is sent which inflicts a painful and serious wound. Be admonished against all such practices. If you MUST utter sharp words, spare them for members of the "sterner sex" who are FITTED for endurance by the unavoidable coarseness of their life.—*Erie Gazette.*

Young Men in Different Countries.

Edmund About, in his book, "The Roman Question," makes the following comparison of young men of twenty-five in different countries. After describing the education of young Roman nobles, he says in this finally way:

"One fine day they attain their twenty-fifth year. At this age an American has already tried his hand at a dozen different trades, made four fortunes, and at least one bankruptcy, has gone through a couple of campaigns, had a lawsuit, established a new religious sect, killed half a dozen men with his revolver, freed a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed some stiff examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a factory, converted a Catholic, gone round the world, and read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy, written for two newspapers, been wounded in three duels, twice attempted suicide, vexed fourteen husbands, and changed his politics nineteen times. A German has slashed fifteen of his dearest friends, swallowed sixty hogsheads of beer, and the philosophy of Hegel, sung eleven thousand couplets, compromised a tavern waiting maid, smoked a million of pipes, and been mixed up with at least two revolutions.

"The Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. His parents or guardians open a cloister gate, take out a young girl as inexperienced as himself, and the pair of innocents are bidden to kneel before a priest, who gives them permission to become parents of another generation of innocents like themselves."

Jefferson on the Judiciary.

From the Louisville Journal.

The Washington States has changed its tactics from Exeter Hall, and is now trying to get up a panic on the ground that all the judges of the Supreme Court may die, and an opposition President have the appointment of their successors. The *States* certainly cannot sniff treason in this. Does it want to resort to the old tricks of federalism, which were denounced by Jefferson in his letters to John Dickinson, from Washington City, under date of December 19, 1801? Democracy was called Republicanism then, and here, if it wants to see how the apostle respected, revered, and did honor to the Supreme Court, let it read this:

WASHINGTON, December 19, 1801.

"Dear Sir: My great anxiety at present is to avail ourselves of our ascendency to establish good principles and good practices, to fortify Republicanism behind as many barriers as possible, that the out-works may give time to rally and save the citadel, should that be again in danger. On their part, they have retired into the judiciary as a stronghold. There the remains of federalism are to be preserved and fed from the treasury, and from that battery all the works of Republicanism are to be beaten down and erased. By a fraudulent use of the Constitution, which has made judges irremovable, they have multiplied useless judges merely to strengthen their phalanx,

"Yours sincerely, THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Changes in the United States Senate.

The Pro-Slavery Democracy gain one United States Senator by a cold-blooded assassination. They have, by the convincing logic of the pistol, gained the seat hitherto occupied by Broderick.

The Republicans gain three United States Senators by the honest votes of the people of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Minnesota. Messrs. Bigler, Pugh and Shields will be replaced by opponents of Slavery Extension.

Both changes are significant, the one of the desperate and violent policy upon which the Democracy rely for success; and the other of the gradual but irresistible spread of free principles throughout the Northern States.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE *N. Y. Herald says*:—"The democratic party—the late all-powerful national democratic party—has, we apprehend, finished its career. The recent northern election, from Pennsylvania to Minnesota, all tell the same story of its demoralized and sinking condition. We persume that New York and New Jersey will sing the same music in November, and that thus the opposition will be found in the substantial occupation of every northern state this side the Rocky Mountains."

PERSONAL respectability is totally independent of a large income. Its greatest secret is self-respect. Poverty can never degrade those who never degrade themselves by pretence and duplicity.

AFTER praying to God not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it.