The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XII.--NUMBER 38. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1860. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Terms of Advertising.

quare [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
" " 3 "	$1 50
h subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
quare three months,	3 50
" six "	4 00
" nine "	5 50
" one year,	6 00
e and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
ery subsequent insertion,	50
Column six months,	18 00
" " "	10 00
" " "	7 00
" per year,	30 00
" " "	16 00
played Single-column, each insertion less than four,	3 00
ch additional insertion,	2 00
uble-column, displayed, per annum	65 00
" " six months,	35 00
" " three "	16 00
" " one month,	6 00
" " per square	
T 16 lines, each insertion under 4,	1 00
ts of columns will be inserted at the same rates.	
ministrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
ditor's Notices, each,	1 50
eriff's Sales, per tract,	1 50
arriage Notices, each,	1 00
vorce Notices, each,	1 50
dministrator's Sales, per square for 4 insertions,	1 50
siness or Professional Cards, each, not exceeding 8 lines, per year,	5 00
ecial and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

☞ All transient advertisements must be id in advance, and no notice will be taken advertisements from a distance, unless they e accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,

TTORNEY 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,

TTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,

TTORNEY & 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,

TTORNEY 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

CHARLES REISSMANN,

ABINET 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.
oudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,

RACTICING 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,

EALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,

EALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,

EALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

H. J. OLMSTED. | | | | | | | | S. D. KELLY.

OLMSTED & KELLY,

EALER 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

LYMAN HOUSE,

C. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-1y.

D. L. & M. H. DANIELS,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Ready-Made Clothing, Crockery, Hardware, Books, Stationery, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, &c., &c., Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. ☞ Cash paid for Furs, Hides and Pelts. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for trade.-12:20.

Z. J. THOMPSON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Condersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared ☞ to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞ All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1 :35.

Poet's Corner.

Spiritual Railway.

WRITTEN BY LORENZO DAWS, AN INDIAN CHIEF, IN THE 52D YEAR OF AGE.

The line to Heaven by Christ was made;
With Heavenly truth the rails are laid,
From earth to Heaven the line extends
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible then is Engineer—
It points the way to Heaven so clear,
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to Glory steer.

God's love, the fare—his truth, the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train.
All you who would to Glory ride
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,
Repentance, Faith and Holiness,
You must the way to Glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any place along the line;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and let you in.

Choice Reading.

MAN'S JUDGMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I wouldn't give much for his chance of heaven," was the remark of a man whose well worn garments contrasted strongly with the dark, rich broadcloth of the person to whom he referred. In the tones of the individual who uttered this sentence, was clearly apparent satisfaction at the thought of his rich neighbor's doubtful chance of final salvation It was on the Sabbath, and both had just passed forth from the sacred edifice, to which each had that morning gone up for the avowed end of worship.

"Why do you say that?" asked a friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"You know the scriptures," was the confident answer. "How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven."

"You believe, then, that the mere fact of possessing riches will keep a man out of heaven?"

"No; I wouldn't just like to say that. But, riches harden the heart, and make men unfit for heaven."

"I doubt if riches harden the heart more than poverty," was replied.

"How can you say so?" was warmly objected. "Is'nt the promise everywhere to the poor? To whom was the Gospel sent?"

"The rich and the poor spoken of in the word of God," said the friend, "do not, it is plain, mean simply those in the world who possess natural riches, or who are in natural poverty. Remember, that the Bible is a revelation of spiritual truth for man's eternal salvation; and that its teachings must have primary regard to what is spiritual, and refer to man's eternal state rather than to his mere worldly condition. Remember that the Lord while on earth, said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' (not the poor in this world's goods) 'for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' And we may, without violence to even the letter of the Word, conclude that when He speaks of its being hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, that only the proud in spirit, those who rested self-confident on the riches of their worldy and natural wisdom, were meant. That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter heaven, is plain from our Lord's words when he set a child in the midst of his disciples, and told them that unless they became as that little child they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Not externally and naturally as that child, for that was impossible; but poor in spirit, teachable, and innocent as a child."

The first speaker, whose name was Maxwell, tossed his head, and slightly curled his lip as he replied—

"I believe just what the Bible says. As for your meanings, I never go to them. A plain, matter-of-fact man, I understand what is written in a plain, matter-of-fact way. The Bible says, they who have riches, shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And I can see how true the saying is. As for Clinton, of whom I spoke just now, I repeat that I would'nt give much for his chance. It is well that there is a just God in heaven, and that there will come a day of retribution. The Dives have their good things in this life; but our turn will come afterwards. We shan't be always poor. Lazarus went a beggar from the rich man's door, and was received into Abraham's bosom."

"What has made you so bitter against Clinton, just now?" enquired the friend.

"I am not bitter against him, in particular. I speak of rich men as a class. They are all selfish, unfeeling, and oppressive. Look at the good Clinton might do, as a steward of God's bounty, if he chose. He might make our wilderness blossom as the rose. But settlement day will come, ere long, and then a sorry account of his stewardship will he have to render."

"How do you know that the account will not be approved in heaven?" was asked in a quiet voice.

"Approved! How do I know?" ejaculated Maxwell, impatiently. "Any man can see that he is an unfaithful, hard-hearted and oppressive steward."

"Has he oppressed you?"

"Yes"

"Ah! I was not aware of that. I did'nt know that you had any claims upon him as an almoner of heaven."

"My claims are those of common humanity. But you shall know all and judge for yourself. I am a poor man—"

"Well—"

"With a wife and four children, whom I love as tenderly as Clinton, or any other purse-proud oppressor of the poor can possibly love his wife and children. They are dependent for daily bread upon my daily labor. With the sweat of my brow, I keep hunger from my door, and cold from entering therein."

"An independent man," said the other.

"Yes, thank God! An independent man; as independent as any nabob in the land."

"Do let the nabobs alone," was answered to this. "If you are independent, why care for them? Why permit yourself to be fretted because others are blessed by Providence with a greater abundance of worldly goods? There is danger in this thing, by going beyond the nabobs, and arraigning the wisdom of Him who setteth up whom he will and whose bounty feeds even the young ravens. So go on with your story. What is the crime that Mr. Clinton has committed against you and humanity?"

"I am a poor man, as I said."

"I know you are; a hard-working, industrious, but poor man"

"And as such, entitled to some consideration"

"Entitled to a fair return for your labor in all cases."

"Of course I am; and to some favor in the distribution of employment, where I present equal capacity with those who are less needy than myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"A plain story makes all plain. Well; you are aware that Mr. Clinton is about building a new dam for his mills?"

"I am."

"And that he asked for proposals?"

"Yes."

"I tried to get the contract."

"You!" There was more surprise in this ejaculation than the friend had meant to convey.

"Certainly! Why not?" was petulantly remarked.

"Of course you had a perfect right to do so."

"Of course I had; and of course my bid though the lowest, was thrown out, and the bid of Jackson, who manages to monopolize every thing in the village; taken. He and Clinton are leagued together, and the offer for proposals was only a sham."

"That's assuming a good deal, friend Maxwell."

"No it isn't. Its the truth, and nothing but the truth. He's the Jackall and Clinton's the Lion."

"You speak without reflection," said the friend mildly.

"I'm not blind. I see how things are worked."

"You say your bid was lower than Jackson's. How do you know this? I thought his bid was not publicly known."

"I knew it; and, in fact, knew what it was to be before I sent in my proposals, and, was, therefore, able to go below it. The truth is, I managed, between you and I, to find out just what every man was going to bid, and then struck a mark below them all, to make sure of the job. I wanted a chance, and was determined to have it, at all hazards."

"I hardly think your mode of procedure just fair," said the friend; "but waiving that could you have made anything by the job, at your bidding?"

"Oh, yes, I'd have made something—more a good deal, than I can make by day's work. The fact is, I set my heart on that job as a stepping stone to contract work; and am bitterly disappointed at its loss. Much good may it do both Jackson and Clinton. I should'nt be much sorry to see the new dam swept away by the next freshet."

"Why, Maxwell! This is not the spirit of a christian man. Envy, malice—these are what the Bible condemns in the plainest terms; and for these sins, the poor have quite as much to answer for as the rich—and perhaps more If you go from church on the Sabbath with no better thoughts than these, I fear you are quite as far from the kingdom of heaven as you have supposed Mr. Clinton to be."

"Good day!" said Maxwell, turning off abruptly from his friend, and taking a path that led by a nearer course than the one in which they were walking, to his home.

A few weeks later, the person with whom Maxwell thus conversed had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Clinton. He had rendered him a bill for work done, and called to receive payment.

"You've made a mistake in your bill, Mr. Lee," said Clinton.

"Ah! Are you certain?"

"You can examine for yourself. I make an error of twenty dollars in the additions."

"Then you only owe me sixty dollars," said Lee, with a disappointment in his tone that he could not conceal.

"Rather say that I owe you a hundred, for the mistake is in your favor. The first column in the bill adds up fifty instead of thirty dollars."

"Let me examine it." Lee took the bill and added up the column three times before he felt entirely satisfied. Then he said,—

"So it does! Well, I should never have been the wiser if you had only paid me the $80 called for by the footing up the bill. You might have retained your advantage with perfect safety."

Lee said this on the impulse of the moment. He instantly saw a change in Mr. Clinton's countenance, as if he were slightly offended.

"Oh, no; not with safety," was gravely replied.

"I should never have found it out."

"But there is coming a day, with every man, when the secrets of his heart will stand revealed. If not now, it would then appear that I had wronged you out of twenty dollars."

"True! True! But all men don't think of this."

"No one is more fully aware of that than I am. It is for me, however, to live in the present, so as not to burden my future with shame and repentance. Knowingly, Mr. Lee, I would not wrong any man to the value of a single dollar. I may err, and do err, like other men; for, to err is human."

After the expression of such sentiments, Lee felt curious to know what Mr. Clinton thought of, and how he felt towards Maxwell. So he said, after referring to the new mill dam in the process of erection—

"You did'nt take the lowest bid for its construction."

"I took the lowest competent bid."

"Then you do not think Maxwell competent to the work."

"I do not think him a man to be trusted, and, therefore would not have given him the contract for such a piece of work at any price. You are aware that the giving way of that dam would almost inevitably involve a serious loss of life and property among the poor people who live along the course of the stream below. I must regard their safety before any pecuniary advantage to myself; and have given Mr. Jackson, who has the contract, positive instructions to exceed his estimates if necessary, in order to put the question of safety beyond a doubt. I know him to be a man whom I can trust. But I have no confidence in Maxwell."

"A good reason why you declined giving him the job."

"I think so."

'Maxwell was greatly dissapointed,'

'I know, and has spoken very hard against me. But that avails nothing.—My principle of action is to do right, and let others think and say what they please. No man is my judge. Maxwell is not, probably, aware that I know him thoroughly, and that I have thrown as much in his way as I could safely do. He is not, of course, aware, that one of my sons overheard him in reference to this very mill dam, say—'I'm bound to have that contract whether or no. I have learned the lowest bid, and have put in a bid still lower.' 'How did you learn this?' was asked of him. 'No matter,' he answered 'I have learned it.' 'You can't go lower and build the dam safely,, was said. To which he replied—'I can build the dam, and make a good profit. As to the safety, I'll leave that in the hands of Providence. He will take care of the poor people below.' Mr. Lee! I felt an inward shudder when this was repeated to me. I could not have believed the man so void of common honesty and common humanity. Was I not right to withhold from him such a contract?"

"You would have been no better than he if you had given it to him," was answered. 'And yet, this same man inveighs against the rich, and thinks their chance of heaven a poor one."

"Simply because they are rich?"

"Or, it might with more truth be said because they will not yield to his covetous and envious spirit. He is not content with the equivalent society renders back to him for the benefit he confers, but wants to share what of right belongs to others."

"That spirit I have often seen him manifest. Well, if riches are a bar to man's entrance into heaven, how much more so is discontent, envy, malice, hatred and a selfish disregard for the rights and well-being of others. The rich have their temptations, and so have the poor, and neither will enter heaven, unless they overcome temptation, and receive a purified love of their neighbor. This at least, is my doctrine."

Of the two, I would rather take Clinton's chance of heaven, said Lee to himself as he went musing away, "even if he is a rich man."—*Lady's Wreath.*

Married Twice to One Man.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage some years ago by two men. One of these was poor, and a mechanic; the other was rich, and not a mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As is the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus "sold herself," she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path. Fortune, feeling that this couple were too happy, frowned, and the man's riches took wings and used them in flight. Thereupon the husband wound up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding-house, and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittances arrived from him at first, then nothing came, and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted. The family, whose good opinion of the husband had not lately been so often published as formerly, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. When she had become well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate wife was thrown into the society of the mechanic lover, now prosperous, and still unmarried. The memory of her early, real love came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he had remained single for her sake. This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute. This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth. She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feeling cannot have been pleasant to learn that, since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, the unromantic hewer of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and that at the time of her handsome offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact, Barkis was not willin'. As if all this were not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accummulated a dazzling pile of wealth, that he was on his way home, and that she was to meet him in New-York. The letter also chid her for neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and also material aid at intervals during his absence; where these had gone, no one knows. Here, then, was trouble. No husband, no lover. The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking counsel with herself, she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis. She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it.—The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charming face and the becoming toilette, remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart. A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed, and a new volume in their life's history was opened.—*Tribune.*

Wanted.--A Printer.

We do not know the author of the following, but he or she had a big heart, a lively brain and a good natured countenance:

"Wanted—a printer,"—says a cotemporary. Wanted—a mechanical curiosity, with brains and fingers; a thing that will set so many ems a day; a machine that will think and act, but still a machine; a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery; one the ingenuity of man has never supplanted, mechanically; that's a printer.

A printer! yet for all his dissipated and reckless habits, a worker, at all times and hours, by day and by night; setting up in close and unwholesome offices, when gay crowds are hurrying to theaters; later still when street revelers are gone and the city sleeps; in the fresh air of the morning, in the bread and gushing sun-light, some printing machine is at its ease, with its eternal unvarying click! click!

Click! click! the polished cubes fall into the stick; the mute integers of expression are marshalled into line, and march forth into immortal print. Click! and latest intelligence becomes old, the thought a principle, the simple idea a living sentiment. Click! click! from grave to gay, item after item—a murder, a bit of scandal, a graceful and glowing tho't are in turn clothed by the mute impressive fingers of the machine, and sent adrift in the sea of thought. He must not think of home, of kindred, of wife or of babe. His work lies before him, and thought is chained to his copy.

You know him by his works, who read the papers, and are quick at typographical errors, whose eye may rest on this mute evidence of careless toil; correspondents, editors and authors, who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not that the printer is altogether a machine. Think not that he is indifferent to the gems of which he is but the setter.—Think not a subtle ray may not penetrate the recesses of his heart, or the flowers he gathers not leave some of their fragrance on his toil worn fingers. But, when you seek friend, champion, adviser—when you would elevate one who, from sympathy, may fitly represent either or both—when you want judges, governors, and presidents, O, ye people, advertise: "Wanted—a printer." And we would add to your advertisement, "To be well paid!"

Lincoln on the Declaration of Independence.

The following eloquent tribute to the Declaration of Independence is taken from one of the speeches of the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, made during his exciting and gallant contest for the Senatorship in 1858:

These communities (the thirteen colonies), by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the world of men: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty and wise and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to all His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on, and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They created a beacon to guide their children and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths that when, in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth, and justice, and mercy, and all the humane and Christian virtues, might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great laws of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back—return to the fountain, whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me—take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever—but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence.

You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me, for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I *do claim* to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. *But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence.*

BUFFALO, May 29, 1860.—A vote was taken in the Conference this morning on the first resolution in the majority report of the Slavery Committee, which recommends a change of the rule in the discipline on Slavery. The vote stood, 138 for the resolution and 74 against it, lacking 10 votes of the required two-thirds to adopt.

BE upon your guard against treachery. Remember, that when men and women laugh most, they must show their teeth