The Potter Journal.

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Business Cards.

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 corner of West and Third streets. 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 promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

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 promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

C. S. & E. A. JONES,

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

D. E. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.

D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,

DEALERS 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

H. 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

CHARLES MANNING,

BLACKSMITH, Fourth street, between Main and West Streets, Coudersport, Pa., is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on the most reasonable terms. Produce taken in payment. 12:39

EZRA STARKWEATHER,

BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has reëstablished a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, 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.

POETRY.

TO CAROLINA.

BY ONE OF HER SISTERS.

Sister Carrie, my dear,
I am sorry to hear
That you are intending to leave us;
They say it's a fact
That your trunk is all packed,
And you hope by such conduct to grieve us.

You have always been naughty,
And willful, and haughty,
Like a spoiled minx as you are;
So vain of your beauty,
Forgetful of duty
You owe to indulgent papa.

I am sure you can't say
You've not had your way
In each of our family broils.
While I vow and declare
You've had your full share
Of each of the national spoils.

Just wait for the season
And listen to reason,
Nor believe what your false lovers say;
For their prayers and their sighs,
And their flattering lies,
Will lead you to ruin some day.

Though they promise so fair,
Gay deceivers they are,
From the one whom last evening you kissed,
To Hammond and Rhett
And chivalrous Keitt,
Orr, Memminger, Perkins, and Gist.

Some day, all forlorn,
Bedraggled and torn,
Like the prodigal son in his need,
You will knock at the door,
And come home once more,
Nor venture again to secede.

Now be warned of your fate
Before it's too late;
Like a dear little innocent lamb,
Come out of your pet,
And do not forget
All the kindness of good Uncle Sam.

The Palmetto tree
No shelter will be
When the dark clouds of anarchy lower;
You will long for the rest
Of your own Eagle's nest,
And the strong arm of Federal power.

Then, dear little Sis,
Now give me a kiss,
To make up these family jars;
Secession shall never
Our Union dissever—
Hurrah for the Stripes and the Stars!

MISCELLANY.

From Ballou's Dollar Monthly.

Miss Leonard's Farm, and how She Managed it.

BY A. M. LOVERING.

Miss Fannie Leonard turned very pale, and dropped the letter which she had been reading, from her nerveless hands. Looking the whole world over, at just that moment, one would scarcely have found a more frightened or surprised person than was this same Miss Fannie. Her eyes—large and exceedingly blue—were distended half way from her head; her mouth—quite broad, but very rosy—was wide apart; her curls—a brown, silken cluster back of either ear—trembling as though they were at a frolic with the wind.

Miss Leonard had fallen into possession of a fortune! Not a large one, according to the world's reckoning, but to her idea, one that was surprisingly vast. The young lady had had a rough time of it with life. By this I do not mean that she had ever been a street beggar; but at an early age she had been left fatherless and motherless—to look out and shift for herself in the world. Not being contented to sink down with the ignorant masses, and having quite an idea of educating herself, she found she had something besides play before her. At twenty-five (for it takes time to work these changes,) she was a well informed and genteel appearing lady, and but for a certain sharpness which comes from hard contact with the world, and an occasional show of bitterness, which seldom finds its way into the hearts of the home sheltered, one would not have suspected that her walks in life had led her in any other than the most refined circles.

But now Miss Leonard had a fortune—a farm of some forty acres but a few miles removed from the pretty inland city of M——, among the hills of New Hampshire. "That farm," so wrote the legal gentleman who had managed her eccentric relative's affairs for years, "needs the immediate care of some one; and it is my advice that you should take up your residence there at once."

Blessing her deceased uncle for his kind memory of her, and dropping a few tears for something, she hardly knew what, Miss Fannie went about gathering up her little stock of movables which heretofore had included her whole stock of worldly goods. This was no great task. She had a box of books which must be carefully packed—a black silk dress which must be folded so that it would not wrinkle—beyond this there wasn't much to care for. In a marvelously short space of time, she was on her way to M——, feeling a little lonely, perhaps, but strangely independent.

Whether to laugh or cry, she did not know, when the coachman set her down at the door of her new home. She thought she had never in her life before looked upon so comical a house—one patched up in so many different styles, as though the builder had been intent upon pleasing a score or more of persons, each one differing essentially from the other in taste. In front there were large trees; and over the windows looking upon the road, scraggy rose bushes and vines hung, matted together in a solid mass of leaves. The front door, which she approached with some trepidation, had the appearance of being newly painted, and what to her seemed exceedingly ludicrous, its color was bright yellow, which contrasted vividly with the sombre gray of the house.

"The old people were making repairs," she said to herself as she raised the knocker and gave a heavy rap.

The old people were a worthy couple who had served her uncle for years, and who would look to her for a home—so said the legal gentleman—during the remainder of their lives.

"You are Mrs. Dearborn, I believe," said Fannie to the old lady, as she made her appearance, "and I am Miss Fannie Leonard. I have come to live with you."

So saying, Miss Leonard walked into the house like one having a right. She had, indeed, and she was not timid. From that moment she was perfectly at home.

The morning following she went over the house. She was a neat, tidy personage herself, and consequently was not pleased with what she saw. She was a little nervous too; and as the old lady threw open doors and closets, displaying grimmy paint in one direction, and cob webs, dust, and rubbish in another, she was obliged to exercise considerable self-command to keep from speaking about it. But finally, she did what was a great deal wiser—put on an old dress and went to cleaning. She looked at her hands at first (she had kept them very pretty and delicate in spite of everything,) but a second glance at the paint determined her.

Now that very afternoon, Miss Fannie Leonard met with a sad mishap. She was cleaning paint in what had been her uncle's room, a quaint little place with a low, wide window reaching to the ground, at the back of the house, and as often as she wished to change the water in her basin, threw it out upon a path that ran near by. The last basin of water she threw into some one's face. She started back and clapped her hands.

"Mr. Dearborn!" she exclaimed, trying to control her laughter.

Looking out of the window for the space of half a minute, Miss Leonard saw her mistake. A stranger stood in the path, wiping the dirty water from his eyes and mouth. The young lady could not think of a single word to say. But the gentleman remarked quietly, raising his eyes, "Clean water next time, if you please."

"Certainly, sir," answered Miss Leonard, suddenly finding her tongue.

She was too vexed to apologise, and arching her neck, she turned straight to her work again.

It was not long before Mrs. Dearborn came to her saying that Mr. Cauldwell was in the sitting room and wished to see her.

"Mr. Cauldwell!" repeated Fannie, blushing.

"Yes, the gentleman who had helped work her uncle's farm for a number of years past. He wanted to see her about it."

After this explanation she was as ignorant as ever; but on entering the room she was evidently a little wiser. This was the gentleman whom she had treated to the contents of her wash basin, a few moments before. She returned his bow as coolly as she could, and seated herself waiting to hear what he had to say to her. But he did not seem in a hurry to tell his business. He wandered about from one subject to another, talking in a pleasant, easy way, of this and that—in fact everything, Fannie thought, but what he came to talk about. At last he hit upon the farm. He would let his men carry it on for her, if she pleased, just as they had done for years past for her uncle.

"And how was that?" she asked.

He smiled at the question as though he thought it an exceedingly absurd one, but proceeded to answer it with tolerable grace.

Miss Leonard was piqued. He had the right of it she knew. His drainage explanation, and long harangue upon pasturing, together with a quantity of trash about potatoes, oats and corn, was like so much Greek to her. But she listened to it very attentively, and bowed knowingly, when he finished speaking. "You understand, I suppose?" he questioned.

"O, yes!" Fannie answered, telling as big a lie as she possibly could.

"That I wish it was all at the bottom of the Red Sea," she wanted to say—for her brain was sorely puzzled. But instead, she thanked him as well as she could, for his kindness, and informed him that she thought she would be able to manage the farm herself.

Mr. Cauldwell smiled again, and Miss Leonard thought to herself that he was the most disagreeable man she had met in all her lifetime.

Now I pray my reader not to think my heroine was a foolish or senseless girl; on the contrary, she possessed more than an ordinary share of common sense. But somehow she had taken it into her head that Mr. C. wished to advance his own interest, rather than hers.

"If there is anything which I can do to assist you, I shall be pleased to do it," said Mr. Cauldwell, rising to go. "My place joins your's, you may have been told."

Miss Leonard thanked him, but hoped that she should not be obliged to trouble him much. So ended the young lady's first interview with her gentlemanly but slightly self-conceited neighbor.

After this she directed her attention to farming. She was persevering, and did not rest until she had her spring's work done. This was accomplished some time in the summer. Her harvesting would come in the dead of winter, she concluded, with the men she hired to do her planting.

But her greatest pride was in her garden; and a well stocked one it was too, full of cherry trees, current bushes and strawberries and blackberries. In the meantime, Mr. Cauldwell watched her with curious eyes. He had never before in his life met with so strange and so self-willed a young lady. Although she amused him, he could not help admiring her indomitable perseverance and independence.

But a cloud came gradually upon Miss Leonard's mind. This was the cloud: Mr. Cauldwell's hens scratched in her garden. They had that privilege for years, and good Mr. Dearborn did not think it could be restricted.

"Mr. Cauldwell must shut up his hens," Fannie said closing her pretty lips firmly together.

Mr. Cauldwell was soon in possession of a neatly written note which informed him as politely and decisively as possible that his hens must be kept at home. He did not reply, this angered Miss Leonard considerably.

"Of course he thought I was not worth his notice!" she said curling her pretty lip. But if he did not shut his hens up, she'd—

She concluded the sentence with a significant nod of her head.

The next day the hens scratched in her garden as usual. Seeing them from her window she bade Mr. Dearborn bring her his gun. It was an old fusee and so heavy that she could hardly raise it.—But she took aim at the flock of hens, and while they scattered in one direction, the old gun kicked her in another. Mr. Cauldwell saw the whole performance through the fence. Looking about her, she saw that the leader of the flock was lying dead among the cucumber vines. She came to a resolution instantly. She would toss it over the fence. This she did with considerable force, and it fell at Cauldwell's feet.

"Thank you!" was the cool answer.

"You are quite welcome, sir," retorted Fannie, walking away.

Two hours later her neighbor made his appearance at the kitchen door with a well dressed fowl in his hand.

"He hoped Miss Leonard would accept it! he thought it would be palatable.—He believed Mrs. Dearborn was a rare hand at cooking chickens."

Miss Leonard laughed in spite of herself. She was amused, troubled and vexed. In an undertone, she gave vent to her feelings in a curt French sentence.

Mr. Cauldwell was quick of hearing. In the same tone and language he answered her.

"Tit for tat," thought Fannie, her cheeks flushing She "wished that odious Mr. Cauldwell would stay at home; he was the pest of her life." But she said she "hoped he would call upon them whenever he wished anything done in the cooking line. She should think it would be very disagreeable for a gentleman to prepare his own meals."

Mr. Cauldwell opened his eyes very wide. Was it possible that Miss Leonard thought he did his own cooking—he, a gentleman who could count his possessions by thousands! His pride was aroused. He was too indignant for a moment, to answer; and too indignant to correct the impression which he seemed to have made.

"He thanked her, and would remember her promise. He persumed he should be pleased to test the genuineness before long."

This he said looking her straight in the face. Fannie winced. There was so much insinuated in his quiet, but deep tone.

For the next week, Fannie avoided her neighbor. She did not know why—it was a sort of instinct with her. At the expiration of this time she received a note from him, asking her over to his house to tea. She did not wish to go, but had no excuse for declining his courteous invitation; consequently she was obliged to accept.

What a polite host was Mr. Cauldwell! How attentive and pleasant he was! How admirably his household affairs were conducted, and in what perfect taste was everything arranged about the house! Cook his own meals, indeed! Fannie smiled at her mischievious insinuation, as she sat before his sumptuously spread table. Her own looked plainly and poorly in comparison with it.

After tea was served, Mr. Cauldwell sang and played to her. He did this as though conscious of his superior performance—for he could not help knowing what every person was so soon assured of. But Fannie was piqued by his manner. Did he think her a novice? Did he think she had never seen a piano before? Evidently so, by the way that he turned from it when he had finished playing. Now Fannie was no mean performer, and she had a voice as sweet, rich and clear as a song sparrow. She could not brook Mr. Cauldwell's slight.

"You have gratified me, let me endeavor to repay you," said she, bowing and stepping toward the piano.

There was a wide awake flash in her eyes, as she said this—a pretty arching of her white, slender neck. Mr. Cauldwell turned around with evident surprise.

He said "he knew Miss Leonard could fire a gun very well, but he was not aware that she was a musician."

She did not answer him but touching the keys with her light skillful fingers, ran through a difficult opera song with the most perfect correctness. Then she ran off into a sweet old melody, and let her voice out, soft, clear, thrilling and birdlike. For weeks she had not sung before and her voice was in perfect tone now it rioted in its sudden Freedom.

"I like that," said Mr. Cauldwell.—"You are making me your debtor. I—

What was he going to say that Fannie should interrupt him with—"Let us try to sing together, Mr. Cauldwell?"

"Certainly," he answered biting his full under lip.

Miss Fannie went home in a pet that night after all. She declared to herself that for the future she would avoid her neighbor, steadily and perseveringly. A suspicious conclusion for her to come to. Whether a wise one or not, I leave it for some one else to determine.

The next day Miss Leonard's cattle made sad havoc with Mr. Cauldwell's corn. He wrote her a note informing her of the fact.

She put on her bonnet and went over to see him about it. She carried her purse on her arm.

"She could pay for the damage done by the cattle," she said to herself.

Mr. Cauldwell was astounded. "He did not sell his corn-fodder in any such way," he said laughing "He should shoot her cows if she did not keep them at home," he roguishly added.

She hoped he would do so; but she should not be as generous as he had been—that is, she should not present him with his game!

"That would not be very generous after all," he retorted laughingly "since I have no cook." And that made him think of her promise. Didn't she tell him that she would cook for him whenever he wished her to?"

She was caught there. How she blushed over it. Mr. Cauldwell was not at all merciful; he went on talking regardless of her blushes.

He said he had "come to the conclusion that they would do well to work in partnership. He thought her a very poor farmer—he was sure he was a poor housekeeper, and—"

She made an effort to slip past him out of the door as he said this, but he caught her hand.

"How shall it be?" he asked holding her firmly.

Fannie hung her head, and tried to get away.

"Answer me, if you please. I am quite serious," he said. "Yes or no?"

Now Fannie liked this odd neighbor of hers exceedingly, and so she made the wise answer that she should have made, and that too without any hesitation—"Yes!"

I have learned since that they are a model couple—Mr. and Mrs. Cauldwell. So ended Fannie Leonard's farming!

A Secession Speech.

Mr. Benjamin of Louisiana, one of the ablest Senators from the Slave States, delivered in the Senate yesterday what he evidently regards as his final speech. He announced that all possibility of compromise was gone, and that Louisiana would soon be out of the the Union, along with South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas. The reason for this revolution he stated differently from the generality of orators on that side of the question, and far more frankly. Unlike the others, Mr. Benjamin plainly admits that after having made the issue before the people, the Government must be broken up because his party was defeated in the Presidential election! That is the substance of all that part of his speech. It is the Mexican doctrine of revolution by the minority. In his view of the case, the Union must be destroyed because the election has established the non-extension of Slavery as the policy of the nation. Slavery requires and indefinite field for expansion, and because the Free States have voted for Freedom in the Territories, they have broken the compact, and the Government accordingly falls to the ground. Mr. Benjamin concluded his speech with a piece of very great rhetoric, which drew forth the loudest applause of the galleries, and led to the expulsion of the cheering audience. The point of it was, that war might be made upon the seceding States, and the invaders might let loose the horrors of servile atrocities, and they might overpower Louisiana and the other States, but they could never subdue them. Singularly enough Mr. Benjamin does not seem to think that such a conflict could end otherwise than in the defeat of the revolutionary States. In one respect, however, he is like all his fellow revolutionists: The idea that the Federal Government will do anything but send down an army, never seems to enter the head of these gentlemen. While making a business of treason, they do not perceive that if war is made, it will be made by themselves, and that unless it becomes absolutely necessary, the United States will do nothing more than keep possession of its sea ports, and exercise that control over the foreign commerce of the country, which is its right and its duty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LEGISLATIVE WIT.—While Tom Corwin was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, he brought in a bill for the abolition of public punishment at the whipping post. He made a speech thereon, to which an elderly member replied as follows:

"The gentleman is not as old as I am, and has not seen so much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any other rusties, we used to tie him right up and give him a real good thrashin', and he always cleared right out, and we never saw him any more. It's the best way of getting rid of rogues that ever was tried, and without any expense to the State."

Corwin rose and replied:

"Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the fast emigration from Connecticut to the West, but the gentleman last up has explained it to my entire satisfaction."

The bill was passed without further discussion.

SOUTHERN REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN.—It is not generally known that the earlier years of Abraham Lincoln were spent in Virginia. From sixteen to eighteen he attended Charles Tackett's school, then a flourishing institution in Stafford county. The Hon. John L. Taylor, Harvey B. Ralls, and Meredith Eskridge were among his class mates.—The latter gentleman remembers him well and speaks of him as a youth of great promise, strict integrity and untiring industry, but of quick temper. Subsequently he taught school and studied law during the while, at Jeffersonton, Culpepper county, and boarded with old Mr. Luckett, who kept the village inn. Titus, an old negro, (still alive,) was his body servant, and speaks of "Marster Linkum" as a "ra'al, gem'n." A place on the Rappahannock, shaded by large beech trees, and near the old race track, is still known as "Linkum's Hole." He lived two years at Jeffersonton. Mr. Caleb Burnly succeeded him in his school.—*Occoquan Courier.*

WHEN the secession salute was fired at Wilmington, North Carolina, every vessel in the harbor responded defiantly by running up the stars and stripes.

At Norfolk, the other day, when the disunionists fired their fifteen guns, the Douglas and Bell men, with the Union Democrats, run up the stars and stripes, with one star erased, and fired thirty-two guns.

COLD FEET.—If you have cold feet, immerse them morning and evening in cold water, and rub with a rough towel. In one month you will be entirely relieved. All the red pepper and mustard applications are like rum to the stomach—relieve you to-day, but leave you colder to-morrow.

PRENTICE ON KENTUCKY SECESSION.—"Oh, how shall I get out of this?" cried a horse drowning in the river. "Take hold of my tail," answered a mouse upon the shore. Perhaps South Carolina thinks that Kentucky, envolved in all the horrors of revolution and border war might find safety in taking hold of her tail.