The Potter Journal.

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

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,

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Thos. S. Chase,

To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

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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 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 promptnes 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

L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

A. P. CONE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will regularly attend the Courts o Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,

SUSVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

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

C. S. JONES. LEWIS MANN. A. P. JONES.

JONES, MANN & JONES,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

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

E. R. HARRINGTON,

JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's Store will cairy on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:24

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)

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

Selected Poetry.

THE LETTER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Oh the long expected letter,
In the dear familiar hand!
Twice a thousand miles it's traversed
O'er the water and the land.
Bring my rocking-chair and scissors,
Watch the baby, close the door!
Let me have no interruptions,
Till I've read it twice or more!

Now, I warrant me, he wrote it
In a business study brown!
For the "Mrs." looks like "Messrs."
And the stamp is upside down!
Pity he's so careless—giving
All his lines an up hill turn;
Yet I think the sign's a good one;
Let me open it and learn.

"Yours received,"—a fair beginning;
"Health improved"—good news indeed!
"Quite contented,"—that's but so-so;
"Time flies swiftly,"—ah, I heed!
Fishing, gunning,"—pooh! I warrant
When *he* shoots, a man will fall!
"*Cuisine charmant*,"—"pic-nics, ladies,"—
Exclamation points and all.

Really, sir, this *looks* like business
In a somewhat novel line!
In my next, I'll surely tell him
Of that charming trip of mine.
Of the steamer's mirth and music,
Forfeit games, and dancing free,
And the moonlight promenading,
Of the "merrie companie!"

Ah! what is this? "Were *you* but with me;"
"Darling children—dolls and drums;
"Paroquet with splendid feathers;"
What a Babel when he comes!
"Isle St. Mary,—lovely sunsets;"
There's a poet lost in him!
Lonely Sabbaths; weary absence;"
"Home, sweet home," is blurred and dim.

"Love"--"farewell;"--would it were double.
Choicest blessings crown the man
Who, inspired of good, invented
The epistolary plan!
Bless the ship, the car, the mail coach,
Bless the hands, where'er they be,
That have brought this little missive
Twice a thousand miles to me.

Geary in Kansas.

The Sacking of Lawrence and of Osawatomie.

Extracts from the book of Doctor Gihon, Gov. Geary's Private Secretary.

In the meantime preparations were going forward, and vigorously prosecuted for the sacking of Lawrence. The pro-slavery people were to "wipe out" this ill-fated town under the authority of law. They have received the countenance of the President—the approbation of the Chief Justice—the favorable presentment of the Grand Jury—the concurrence of the Governor—the orders of the Marshal—and were prepared to consummate their purpose with the arms of the government in the hands of a militia force gathered from the remotest section of the Union.

They concentrated their troops in large numbers around the doomed city, stealing, or, as they termed it, "pressing into the service" all the horses they could find belonging to the free-state men, whose cattle were also slaughtered, without remuneration, to feed the Marshal's forces; and their stores and dwellings broken open and robbed—all this under the pretence of "law and order," and in the name and under the sanction of the government of the United States.

The Marshal's army had a gallant host of commanders. There was Gen. Atchison, with the Missouri Platte County Rifles, and two pieces of artillery; Capt. Dunn, with the Kickapoo Rangers; Gen. Stringfellow, and Col. Abel, his law-partner, aided by Dr. John H. Stringfellow and Robert J. Kelly, editor of the *Squatter Sovereign*, with the forces from Doniphan, Atchison and Leavenworth; Col. Boone, with sundry aids at the head of companies from Westport, Liberty and Independence; Cols. Wilkes and Buford, with the Carolinians, Georgians and Mississippians: Col. H. Titus, in command of the Douglas county militia; and many others too numerous too mention.

The heart of the Marshal must have swelled with triumphant pride, when he looked upon this *posse comitatus*, comprising not less than eight hundred warlike men. Gov. Shannon must have received them with that satisfaction which Governors only can feel when about to accomplish a mighty undertaking, with the certainty of success. This patriotic host was about to engage in an enterprise that was to redound to their everlasting glory—one of the most noble actions that ever called warriors to the field of battle. But where, all this time, was Sheriff Jones, the life and spirit and power of all this chivalric host? Why had he not made his appearance, to encourage with his presence, and cheer with his voice and smiles, these patriotic forces? By some it was supposed that he was either dead, or dying of the wound in his back. Jones was still behind the scenes. The time for his appearance upon the stage had not arrived, and he patiently awaited his proper cue.

Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 21st, an advanced guard of the Marshal's army, consisting of about two hundred horsemen, appeared on the top of Mount Oread, on the outskirts of the town of Lawrence, where their cannon had been stationed late on the preceding night. The town was quiet, and the citizens had resolved so submit without resistance to any outrage wheih might be perpetrated. About seven o'clock, Dr. Robinson's house, which stood on the side of the hill, was taken possession of and used as the headquarters of the invaders. At eight o'clock the main body of the army posted themselves on the outer edge of the town. Deputy Marshal Fain, with ten men, entered Lawrence, and without molestation served the writs in his possession, and arrested Judge G. W. Smith and G. W. Deitzler. Fain and his companions dined at the Free-State Hotel, and afterwards returned to the army on Mount Oread. The Marshal then dismissed his monster posse, telling them he had no further use for them.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when suddenly another actor appeared upon the stage. The "dead" and "dying"—the immortal Sheriff Jones—rode rapidly into Lawrence, at the head of twenty-five mounted men; and as he passed along the line of the troops, he was received with deafening shouts of applause. His presence was the signal for action, and a sanction for the outrages that ensued.

Atchison then addressed his forces, in language not sufficiently well selected for ears polite, and then marched the whole column to within a short distance of the hotel, where they halted. Jones now informed Col. Eldridge, the proprietor, that the hotel must be destroyed; he was acting under orders; he had writs, issued by the First District Court of the United States, to destroy the Free State Hotel, and the offices of the *Herald of Freedom* and *Free State*. The Grand Jury at Lecompton had indicted them as nuisances, and the Court had ordered them to be destroyed. He gave Col. Eldrige an hour and a half to remove his family and furniture, after which time the demolition commenced, and was prosecuted with an earnestness that would have done credit to a better cause.

In the meantime, the newspaper offices had been assailed, the presses broken to pieces, and these, with the type and other material thrown into the Kansas river. The following extract from the report of these transactions, given in the columns of the Lecompton *Union*, the most rabid pro-slavery paper in Kansas, the *Squatter Sovereign* excepted, is too significant not to be read with interest:

"Whilst the work of destruction was going on at the printing offices, the bombardment of the hotel, a strongly constructed three story building, commenced. Kegs of gunpowder had been placed inside, and the house fired in numerous places; and whilst the flames were doing their destructive work within, heavy cannon were battering against the walls without; and amid the crackling of the conflagration, the noise of falling walls and timbers, and the roar of the artillery were mingled the most frantic yells of satisfaction that constantly burst from the "law and order" lovers of Kansas Territory. Jones was in extacies. He sat upon his horse, contemplating the havoc he was making, and rubbing his hands with wild delight, exclaimed: 'This is the happiest day of my life. I determined to make the fanatics bow before me in the dust, and kiss the Territorial laws; and I have done it—by G—d I have done it!'"

And then followed scenes of reckless pillage and wanton destruction in all parts of that ill-fated town. Stores were broken into and plundered of their contents. Bolts and bars were no obstacles to the entrance of drunken and infuriated men into private dwellings, from which most of the inhabitants fled in terror. From these everything of value was stolen, and much that was useless to the marauders was destroyed.

The closing act of this frightful drama was the burning of the house of Dr. Robinson, on the brow of Mount Oread.—This was set on fire after the sun had gone down, and the bright light which its flames shed over the country illuminated the paths of the retreating army as they proceeded to their homes, pillaging houses, stealing horses, and violating the persons of defenceless women. All these dreadful deeds were done by human authority. There is yet an account to render to a Higher Power.

* * * * * *

This was the state of affairs near Hickory Point on the morning of the 5th of June. Whitfield was encamped behind Palmyra with near three hundred men The free-state camps mustered, or mustering, on that day, were about two hundred strong, and two companies were marching from Topeka with fifty more, who arrived the day after.

The governor, in view of this condition of things, issued a proclamation on the 4th, "commanding all persons belonging to military companies by law to disperse, otherwise they would be dispersed by the United States troops." Col. Sumner, at the head of a large force of dragoons, proceeded towards Hickory Point to enforce the order. He went directly to the camp of Brown, on Ottawa Creek, who consented to disband, but not until he was assured by Sumner that Whitfield's army should be dispersed. Pate and the other prisoners were then set at liberty, and their horses, arms, and other property restored. Captain Pate received a severe rebuke for invading the territory without authority, and especially for being in possession of the United States arms. Col. Sumner next visited the camp of Whitfield, who promised to return with his men to Missouri, and at once moved down the Santa Fe road, and encamped about five miles below Palmyra on the black Jack.

Early on the following morning, June 6th, this army seperated into two divisions, one half of it under General Reid, with Captain Pate, Bell, Jenigen, and other prominent leaders, moving towards Osawattomie, whilst the others, under Whitfield, started for Westport. They had, in their march on the day previous, taken several prisoners, and before they divided, held a court among themselves and tried one of these, a free-state man named Cantral, whom they sentenced to death, carried into a deep ravine near by, and shot. His body was subsequently found, with three bullet holes in the breast. The executioner in this case is said to have been a man named Forman, of Pate's company, belonging to Westport, Missouri.

On the 7th, Reid, with one hundred and seventy men, marched into Osawattomie, and without resistance, entered each house, robbing it of everything of value. There were but few men in the town, and the women and children were treated with the utmost brutality Stores and dwellings were alike entered and pillaged. Trunks, boxes, and desks were broken open, and their contents appropriated or destroyed. Even rings were rudely pulled from the ears and fingers of the women, and some of the apparel from their persons. The liquor found was freely drunk, and served to incite the plunderers to increased violence in the prosecution of their mischievous work. Having completely stripped the town, they set fire to several houses, and then beat a rapid retreat, carrying off a number of horses, and loudly urging each other to greater haste, as "the d—d abolitionests were coming!"

There are hundreds of well authenticated accounts of the cruelties practised by this horde of ruffians, some of them too shocking and disgusting to relate, or to be accredited, if told. The tears and shrieks of terrified women, folded in their foul embrace, failed to touch a chord of merey in their brutal hearts, and the mutilated bodies of murdered men, hanging upon the trees, or left to rot upon the prairies or in the deep ravines, or furnish food for vultures and wild beasts, told frightful stories of brutal ferosity from which the wildest savages might have shrunk with horror.

On the 21st of June, an Indian agent, named Gay was travelling in the vicinity of Westport, and was stopped by a party of Buford's men, who asked if he was in favor of making Kansas a free-state.—He promptly answered in the affirmative, and was instantly shot dead. Such was the only crime for which this soul was hurried into the eternal world.

THE WAR ON HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.—Ever since *hoops* and *crinoline* have become "institutions" of this country, a merciless war has been waged against the ladies on that score. Many persons are constantly harping upon the defects and exaggerations of the fashion, and in default of wit of their own, retail the chance shafts which some brighter intellect has shot forth, or stoop to low and vulgar abuse. We think this wrong. We hold that ladies have a perfect right to manage their own apparel, and for ourselves, we want it understood that *we* are in favor of hoops and crinoline and calico generally, and would not reduce the latitude of the graceful contour a single thread, tho' we would venture to hint the wish that they would reduce the longitude just a little, ever so little, so as not to make street sweeps out of their dresses.

Crinoline, in our humble opinion, is one of the most beneficial inventions of this inventive age, and hoops "is" likewise, and we have no doubt the women of the present generation have already reaped immense advantage from their use. It is not now necessary for a lady to carry the half of a country dry goods store on her person in order to give her a respectable rotundity, but she can dispense with ten or a dozen of the skirts she was wont to wear, be airy, and feel particularly comfortable in hot weather. We believe if the ladies will stand by the light crinoline, the generation yet to come will be healthier and stronger, consumption and kindred diseases will be fewer, nature be unrestrained, and life will be longer.

Our advice then to the ladies is, Don't give up your hoops. Never mind what addle-pated, roosterly polite, self-conceited, popinjay dandies and unappreciative gawks say. Let them rave, and scold, and blather till they are tired. You have the right of the matter. Therefore, to use a common phrase, "spread" yourselves, as much as you please, don't concede a solitary inch of pavement room, and make such male bipeds as don't like hoops, clear the track. "Them's our sentiments."—*Raftsman's Journal.*

Selected Miscellany.

From the Chicago Journal.

"T. F."

Sometimes the reader will notice bringing up the rear of an advertisement the letters "tf." Probably they never puzzled him much; he might have regarded them as a sort of cabalistic literature peculiar to the press, and certainly no fit theme for song or sermon.

However this may be, that pair of letters has a significance beyond the range of types, and on into the shadows and out into the sunshine of that mosaic-work we call life.

To the uninitiated, it is only "tf.;" to the printer's eye, it expands into "till forbid;" a reminder that the advertisement it waits on, is to be continued from day to day or from week to week, until ordered out by him who directed its publication.

The story of how many springs that have brought the blue bird and violet, has been told in that "tf." wrought in the green tracery of leaves that rise and fall on the Bosom of the air; painted on clouds at anchor on the summer sea, carved on the threshhold of evergoing floods; silvered on the moon's medallion; graved on the round ruby of the morning sun; in the scrall of storm it is woven; on the breath of song it is broidered, and "tf."—"till forbid" is the story of the world.

"Tf." is written alike on the drop of dew—that satellite of the sod—and on the great world that dances in the breath, and brightens in the smile of God.

"Tf." rounds the summer of human hopes; it is delicately traced on beauty's brow; you will find it in the rose's blushing bud, you may see it in the ever shining star.

"Tf." is wrought in the helms of the sweeping Tamerlanes of all time. and one silver thread of the small-voiced brook will not be broken without it.

Nature has no stereotypes; all her advertisements are published with a "tf." and the types that express her loveliness are silently "distributed," and the graves are filled with the eloquence of yesterday.

And even there, enamelled in the little billows of turf, that break up earth's green sward like a sea, there is a "till forbid," and so the silent swell of sod where graves have been, and back to the air, and up to the cloud, and away in gladness, goes the dust, to be fashioned into truth and beauty.

"Tf." is woven into the scarlet robe of Wrong and the purple garb of Power. Conquest's glowing wheels are locked with a "tf.," and the meanest bonds that ever bound humanity, bear these letters stamped on every link.

The young mother bending with look of love over the fairest "copy" her eyes have ever seen, forgets that in that little face, hid in the dimple of a cheek or shaded by a tress of golden hair, two words are traded in life's blue autograph, that, ere long obeyed, may leaves her gazing up to the full heaven, that some breath of summer air has wafted away the sweetest "copy" in all the world.

But the singer of the little song that goes into all hands, wherever it is spring, bears no "tf" upon it pinons. He knows it will carol on to other times, and win a welcome; that it will sing when he is dead; that the olive leaf it bears will never wither; that by and by a window will be opened in heaven, and a hand will be put forth; and singing still, that tuneful bird will be touched with "the white radiance" of immortal morning.

And the thinker who entrusst his living thought to time, his thought instinct with beauty and eloquent with truth, feels that no "tf." will prove the "end of all" of his mission; that leaving the red threshhold of his heart, it begins an independent being, and will stand sublimely there in the broken colums of the "proof" of time.

This is not to die; this is the true transmigration of the soul; clinging to no frail tenure of a "till forbid" its types shall never fall to dust, nor a syllable of all its utterance be lost.

There is a dignity in such work; to bridge the narrow neck of grief, to keep repaired the grumbling dome in the halls of time.

This has no emblem in the drop of rain that builds the Bow upon the cloud, and glitters down the changeful ray that gilds a stormy world.

This is to pass like some armed warrior, unchallenged down the ages as they stand, and hear his foot unfaltering pressing the threshhold of to-morrow. Upon its gates, "on golden hinges turning," no "till forbid" was ever traced, and to all truth and earnest thought bright hands are beckoning and the line moves on,

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way, under severe trial, said:

"Mother does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling, it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if He ever scolded."

"No, child—no."

"Well I am glad he don't, for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me is in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one. Children are quick observers, and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my little girl could hear and be troubled by it.

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad; you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you feel and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes.—The child wondered what could so affect her parent: but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms around her mother's neck and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry?—Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much?"

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

A HUSBAND'S LIABILITY FOR HIS WIFE'S DEBTS.—A case came before the District Court in New York, on Friday, where a merchant sued to recover for silks and other articles of dry goods, for three dresses, furnished defendant's wife by plaintiff, during the months of March and April last, of the value of $92,65. It appeared in evidence that during the months of March and April the plaintiff sold the articles in question to defendant's wife, and charged them to her, not knowing the defendant. It also appeared in evidence that they were not necessary for a woman in her and defendant's circumstances in life. On this testimony the defendant's counsel moved for a non-suit. The Judge granted the motion, with costs, and $10 extra costs, holding that the husband was not liable, as the credit was given to his wife. Extravagant wives will please take note.

THE REPUBLICAN A CONVERT.—We found to our surprise the following paragraph in an article in yesterday's *Republican*, headed "Lawless:"

"No matter who does it—respectable people, or men of doubtful character—whoever engages in violent assaults on houses, whatever their character or uses, expelling the inmates and destroying the property therein, is chargeable with wanton violation of law and a criminal disregard of the interests of the community."

We can regard this as nothing more nor less than a well expressed condemnation of the destruction of the free state hotel at Lawrence, by Atchison and the border ruffians, last year. We congratulate the *Republican* on a return of reason and common sense to its columns.—*Missouri Democrat.*