

The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 23.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1857.

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Business Cards.
JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several
courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All
business entrusted in his care will receive
prompt attention. Office on Main st., oppo-
site the Court House. 10:1

P. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will
regularly attend the Courts in Potter and
the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business
entrusted to his care, with promptness and
fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, sec-
ond 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, Wellshoro', Tioga Co.
Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and
McKean Counties. 9:13

A. P. CONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellshoro', Tioga Co.
Pa., will regularly attend the Courts of
Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SUTYER AND CONVEYANCER, Ray-
mond P. O. (All-gary Tp.) Potter Co., Pa.
will attend to all business in his line, with
care and dispatch. 9:13

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEY-
ANCER, Coudersport, McKean Co., Pa., will
attend to business for non-resident land-
holders, upon reasonable terms. Refer-
ences given if required. P. S.—Maps of any
part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa.,
respectfully informs the citizens of the vil-
lage and vicinity that he will promptly re-
spond to all calls for professional services.
Office on Main st., in building formerly oc-
cupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

C. A. JONES, LEWIS MANN, A. F. JONES,
JONES, MANN & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and
Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

GOLLIS 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, MAG-
AZINES and Maps, N. W. corner of Main
and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

E. R. HARRINGTON,
JEWELER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged
a window in Baumgardner & Jackson's
Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry
business there. A fine assortment of Jew-
elry 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, Pot-
ter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Coleburg,
Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Cou-
dersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Selected Poetry.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
NOBODY'S SONG.
[Swift never wrote anything better in verse
than the following lines from an unknown
correspondent:]
I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
And all that Nobody's done,
For I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own;
I bear the name of Nobody,
For from Nobody I sprung;
And I sing the praise of Nobody,
As Nobody mine has sung.
In life's young morning Nobody
To my was tender and dear;
And my cradle was rocked by Nobody.
And Nobody was ever near:
I was petted and praised by Nobody,
And Nobody brought me up;
And when I was hungry Nobody
Gave me to dine or to sup.
I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read;
I played in the streets with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed:
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.
And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping hand;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn;
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.
Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody
Which Nobody has for his wife
So here's a health to Nobody,
For "Nobody's now in town,"
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.
Nobody.

Our Correspondence.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[Correspondence of the Potter Journal.]

TABLE MOUNTAIN, Oct. 9, 1857.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—One week ago
to-day I had been in California just four
years and six months. I had always
worked hard, (generally mining,) and
had never drunk a drop of intoxicating
liquor, or gambled to the amount of a
farthing; and up to that time I had made
nothing more than a decent living, and
sometimes hardly that. But I labored
on, hoping for better in future; but alas!
there is an end to hope, and also to pa-
tience; and upon that particular evening
it appeared as though my will and energy
had entirely forsaken me. I was working
in a tunnel located on Table Mountain.
My days' work being done, I threw down
my pick and sledge, and trudged my way
to my cabin.

My partner being gone to the camp, I
was left alone to think of the past. Seated
on the door-sill, I could think of many
acts of my life that I would gladly have
recalled had I the power. I could not
think that I merited such an ill fortune
as appeared to be allotted to me.

Arousing myself from this train of un-
pleasant reflections, I prepared my sup-
per, which consisted of beef-steak, sweet
potatoes, light bread, and tea; after par-
taking of that very heartily, I took up a
Potter Journal that I had received on
that morning; in that I found much
reading matter of interest, and must say
that I never spent an hour more pleasantly
in California than I did upon that occa-
sion. I saw, as usual, something of
Kansas affairs; and as I have long wished
to make Kansas my home, my attention
was particularly called to an article rela-
tive to the true history of that country;
and I am proud to say that I was not liv-
ing in Missouri at the time that her citi-
zens so signally disgraced her by their
proceedings in Kansas. I confess, with a
blush, that I am a Missourian; but, thank
God, not a Border Ruffian. Although
being raised in Missouri, I have possessed
Republican principles since I knew enough
to distinguish humanity from barbarity.

I have seen slavery in all its forms; I
have seen husbands torn from their wives
and children, and have seen mothers
dragged from their families and driven
off for sale. I have seen little children

stretching forth their arms, crying aloud,
but in vain, for their departing mothers;
and I have seen white men, both young
and old, turned away from employment,
simply because slaves could be had for
the same wages. But enough of this, for
while I reflect upon the institution of my
native state, my face burns with shame.
Would to God I had the power to build
up for her free institutions.

Well, as I was going to say, after I
had perused an article in relation to the
affairs of Kansas, I immediately resolv-
ed to go to that country, when my hands
voluntarily dropped to my knees, and I
was rapidly enumerating in my mind's
eye the inducements that were held out
to young men in Kansas, when suddenly
a sense of my pecuniary circumstances
flashed into my memory; it flashed as a
galvanic shock. I cast my eyes around
me, and in one corner of my *cassa* I be-
held a small table, upon which were three
tin plates, two tin cups, butter plate, and
bread pan, all of which were, as yet, un-
washed. In another corner of the room
stood a cooking-stove, around which hung
some of my wet clothing, that I had
washed at noon; while resting in another
extremity of the *cassa* could be seen two
four sacks, and one of potatoes; while
suspended to the ceiling was a sea-grass
sack, in which were kept our bacon, etc.

After reviewing every thing around me,
I suddenly conceived that I, while living
thus, was violating both the laws of God
and of nature, and that, as I could see no
remedy at that time, it would be better if
I were dead. Thus I was rapidly revol-
ving in my mind the consequences of
such a termination, and the effect it would
have upon my friends, when the visage of
my mother, as has been often the case,
banished all such evil thoughts from my
mind. O, how often has her visage deliv-
ered me from evil actions. One does
not leave a mother's influence at home;
nay, it is a companion from childhood to
the grave.

On being delivered of a train of evil
thoughts, I retired to rest, and early on
the following morning I arose, and took
up my pick, pan, and shovel, and started
off prospecting. I had not proceeded far,
until I observed some favorable looking
quartz rock, and after pounding some of
it well, I washed out of one pound of the
rock ten dollars! I was in ecstasie joy.
I rushed to the Justice of the Peace to
have a claim recorded; and it was soon
known that I had struck it; and in a
short time the mountain was literally
covered with prospectors and speculators;
but as I had the only good claim on the
hill, I succeeded in selling it for five
thousand dollars before night.

I took the first stage for Stockton,
thence to San Francisco, and lost no time
in getting on board of a steamer bound
for New York. In due time I was once
more climbing the stiles in front of the
old homestead. Once more I beheld my
parents and brothers and sisters. They
were entirely unchanged. After embrac-
ing them all, I would take them by the
hand, one after another, and examine them
closely, as though I feared that I was not
in reality at home. To clear away my
doubts, my sisters told me that on that
evening they were to have a social party,
and that some of my old friends would be
there. So, at the appointed hour our
friends arrived. The music began, and I
joined in the dance; but ere long I be-
came fatigued, and retired to rest in my
old brown bedstead and a feather bed, for
the first time in four years and a half.

I soon fell asleep, and it was not until
the sun shed its golden rays upon my
head-board that I was aroused from my
slumbers. Feeling so light-hearted, I re-
solved immediately to arise. I threw
aside my covering, and turned my eyes to
the window to see if my old favorite gun
still hung there. But O, misery! what
did I see? a wood-saw, gold-pan, and
crevice-spoon! I had awakened to the
reality of bitter disappointment—I had
been dreaming. I slowly sank back on
my pillow of pine leaves, and again closed
my eyes and tried to fall again into that
sweet dream, but in vain. Collecting my
energies as best I could, I arose and pre-
pared my breakfast, and proceeded to
work, one thousand feet from daylight.

And so it has been with me, a continual
sameness of scenery up to the present
time. Still I am looking for that quartz
lead, and when I strike it I am going to
Kansas to poll a Free-State vote; and
methinks I would like to see a Border
Ruffian step between me and the polls.
JONAH.

Selected Miscellany.

From Life Illustrated.

"Necessary Extravagances."

"I can't afford it!"
These words came, reluctantly and
slowly, from the unwilling lips of Mr.
Harry Spendfast, the other evening.
Now Harry, although by no means
what you would denominate a "fast young
man," had a habit of getting rid of all
superfluous funds in a very "fast" man-
ner indeed. Nobody knew where Har-
ry's money went—not even Harry him-
self—and on this particular evening, Mr.
Spendfast bewailed his inability to avail
himself of a rare opportunity to purchase
a library, in the usual style, wondering
at the same time "how it cost so much
to live!"

"Now Harry," said I, "do throw away
that cigar, and take your hands out of
your pockets and listen to me awhile.—
I'm going to give you a lecture."

"A lecture? I don't know about that.
I can't say that I approve of ladies' lec-
tures. Is it about woman's rights?"

"Not exactly; but as your mother is
at the old homestead in Ulster County,
and you have't any sisters, I feel espe-
cially 'called' to talk to you in a patron-
izing way."

"Well go on! I will bear it as well as
I can!" and Harry made a grimace as he
lay back in his chair.

"You receive a good salary from your
employers, I am perfectly aware, and yet
you are never able to afford anything;
like Mr. Micawber, you are always in
difficulties. The fact is, Harry, you're
extravagant!"

Harry bounced up from his chair like
an India rubber ball, coloring to the
roots of his hair with indignation.

"Extravagant! I deny that utterly.—
There is not the least shadow of founda-
tion for the accusation! Do I ever patron-
ize billiard saloons? Do I drive fast
horses on the avenue? Do I keep a pri-
vate box at the opera? Do I—"

"Oh, Harry, Harry! do stop! You
make my head ache with your vehem-
ence; even the policeman across the
way stares up at the window in mute as-
tonishment."

"Well, then don't call me extravagant!"
and Mr. Spendfast sat down with an air
of injured innocence.

"Not in that particular way, Harry, I
grant; but there are more ways than one
of being extravagant. About your dress,
for example—"

"My dress is perfectly plain, I am
sure."

"Well, we'll see. How is it about
those studs?"

"I own to a little folly on that score.
They tempted me, and I could't help it."

"Call them fifty dollars, when a plain
set at five would have been all sufficient.
That fancy came at ten—"

"How did you know?" inquired Har-
ry with a guilty blush.

"Oh, never mind! It takes a woman
to find out all such things. That eye
glass at ten dollars, when you know your
eye-sight is perfectly good."

I paused for an answer, but Harry
had't a word to say.

"Those sleeve-buttons were five dol-
lars. Now I think plain pearl is twice
as pretty as gold, but *n'importe*. Your
seal-ring at ten dollars, your pencil-case
at ten. You see I'm making a moder-
ate estimate. Your embroidered Napo-
leon neck-tie may be prettier than neat
black silk; but then it costs eight dollars.
Your watch chain, not more serviceable
than a plain guard, was twenty-five—was
it not? Let me see—that is one hun-
dred and twenty-three dollars. All for un-
necessaries."

"I didn't think it could be as much as
that," quoth Harry, looking thoughtfully
at the tip of his boot.

"Of course not; if your money went in
one grand outlay, you would look after it
a little more closely, but these petty drib-
bets seem like nothings, I could mention
several other items—"

"Don't don't for mercy's sake! I see
where the trouble is. But dress is't
everything."

"No to be sure not. There are your
segars—how much do you pay apiece!"

"Three cents, generally—and some-
times more."

"And how many per day?"

"Well, three—or perhaps four. Four,
I think, you may call it."

"And your three daily papers, when
one contains all the news; these two
items of segars and newspapers amount
to fifty-eight dollars and some odd cents.
Add this to the hundred and twenty-
three."

"And it approaches very near two
hundred dollars," ejaculated Harry, with
a long, low whistle.

"It would far exceed that if I were to
go on enumerating; but these will serve
as specimens. I have not mentioned a
single one that would not have been deem-
ed a useless extravagance in the econom-
ical days of our grandfathers, and yet
this two hundred dollars would have pur-
chased the library. Subtract this sum
from your yearly income (for fashionable
wants rise up with every month) and you
will discover why it is that you 'can't af-
ford' to live comfortably."

Harry drew forth a distended cigar-
case without a word, and threw it out of
the window with an energy that made
the torpid policeman jump into the air,
and taking out his diamond studs, put
them in his pocket.

"We'll institute a reform," he said.—
"But who would have thought that a fel-
low could be so expensive without know-
ing it himself?"

"Ah, Harry!" said I "you may laugh
as much as you please about the financial
faults and follies of the ladies, but you'll
find a thousand little escape-valves in
your own purse, where the tiny golden
fugitives escape without a solitary suspi-
cion on your part. You take it for grant-
ed that you must have all these little
items, because others sport them, and
never stop to consider how utterly need-
less they are. Be a little independent.
Lay aside the servile imitation, and cut
short once for all, this system of useless
extravagances."

"Mr. Spendfast profited by my lec-
ture, I am happy to say, and came over
to my side of the question. What do
you think about it, all ye men that 'can't
afford' to satisfy your literary and intel-
lectual wants?"

The Coming Poet.

When from my room I chance to stray
to spend an hour at close of day, I ever
find the place most dear, where some friend
treats to lager beer.—*Sacramento Age.*

Ah! yes, my friend of city life, sure
such a treat cures such a strife, but better
than such a dose by far, are pleasures of
a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald.*

Such pleasures may suit baser minds,
but with the good no favor finds; we
think the purest joy in life, is making love
to one's own wife.—*Volcano Ledger.*

Most worthy choice my worthy
friend, in Hymen's joys your cares to end;
but we, though tired of single life, cannot
boast of our wife, and so when 'neath our
cares we faint, we fly to kiss a gal that
ain't—yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

That lager beer will bile provoke, while
fine Havanas end in smoke. To court
one's wife is better far than lager beer or
a vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of Love's
young morn, break on the lips as soon as
born. These all are naught to the great-
est joy—the first proud glance at your
first-born boy.—*Evening Ledger.*

'Tis true a boy's a wished-for blessing,
but then suppose the first's a girl? A
dear sweet child with ways of caressing,
with pouting lips and flaxen curl, with
dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come
and bid "papa" good-bye—so whether
'other, embrace the babe, and then the
mother.—*San Francisco Globe.*

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—I
seems to be now pretty certain that the
Senate stands 16 Republicans, 14 Demo-
crats, 2 Americans; and that the House
stands 62 Republicans, 57 Democrats,
9 Americans. Among the American
Senators and Members are included those
elected by fusion with Republicans.

HOW THE LADIES DRESS IN KANSAS.

—A Kansas letter-writer, who recently
came down the Missouri on the steamer
Omaha, says:

"At Atchinson, we took on a young
Kansas belle, whose only attendant was a
young Missouri blood. The young lady
was apparently dressed in the latest agony
and style of fashion; the chaste straw hat,
the innumerable flounces and wide-spread-
ing loops of her gay striped silk dress,
set off her commanding figure very grace-
fully. Her stature tall—as Byron says,
I hate a dumpy woman. But the richest
scene in relation to this young belle was
behind the curtain, and is to come yet.
At Leavenworth our fair one left us, and
as she was standing on the bank 'casting
a last, long, lingering look' back, we were
tempted to admire her delicately turned
ankles—who can resist a nicely keel
gaiter or a peeping ankle?—when, behold!
she hadn't any stockings on! I am un-
able to say what the fashion is in Kansas
—whether it is fashionable for ladies to
go without hose or not; but certain I am
that the finest dressed one whom I saw
in the Territory didn't use the article."

SOME people think it is the easiest thing
in the world to make money by publishing
a newspaper. The initiated know better,
and even the devil himself has had "ex-
perience" in this matter. It happened in
this wise: "The devil bargained for the
soul of a young man. The devil was to
furnish all the money Young America
could spend, and if he did not spend it as
fast as it came his soul was the forfeit.
For several years Young America kept
ahead of the devil by the aid of women,
wine, horses, etc., but the fiend made a
large deposit with him, which it seemed
impossible to get rid of. Young America,
as a last resort, started a newspaper. The
devil growled at the bill at the end of a
quarter, was savage at six months, sad at
nine, and owned up 'dead broke' at the
end of a year. The newspaper went down,
but the soul was saved." The moral of this
fable is simply enough. Anybody can
start a newspaper, but the devil himself
couldn't make one pay.

A COUPLE OF DEFINITIONS.—A *Lady*:
a sensitive plant that thrives only in the
centre of a large ermine fence. Rarely
seen by the most practical eye.—*Er.*

A Woman: a hardy plant that thrives
best in a country home, but which may
occasionally be found in the cities. It is
particularly obnoxious to fashionable cir-
cles, and can only be seen there through
the microscope of common sense—an in-
strument now almost obsolete in those
particular regions. The type of the real
Woman is also becoming obsolete in the
world—there are a few however still in
existence.—*Ed. JOURNAL.*

NEW USE FOR RATTLESNAKES.—*The
Grant County (Wis.) Herald of the 17th*
inst., says that Seth Baker, a curious nat-
uralist, residing near Bectown, has a spot
of ground on his farm set apart for mel-
ons, and near it there is a well-known den
of rattlesnakes. He has staked the snakes,
and, by some mysterious powers in the
spiritual department of science, is able to
conjure them at will into his melon patch
to guard the same against uninvited in-
truders. The snakes have been in his
service all the Fall, and discharged their
duties admirably. Wisconsin is going to
be a great country.

LACONIC.—The following is the whole
of the Minnesota Governor's Proclamation
for Thanksgiving:

PROCLAMATION
By Charles S. Chase, Acting Governor of the
Territory of Minnesota.
Thursday, the 10th day of December, is
herby appointed to be observed by the peo-
ple of Minnesota as Thanksgiving Day.
In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my
hand and caused to be affixed the seal
of the Territory, at St. Paul, this 10th
day of November, in the year of
our Lord 1857, and of the Territory the ninth.
CHARLES S. CHASE, Acting Governor.
Ezra M. McCook, Private Sec'y.

The Democracy would vote for the
devil, if he were the nominee of the party.
—*Exchange.*

Yes; but he couldn't be the nominee.
The Democrats always nominate men of
their own party.—*Baton Rouge American.*

If the old fellow should slip in, it would
be in the shape of an old line Whig con-
vert, or repentant Know Nothing.—*Boston
Post.*

Perhaps he may have assumed the shape
of an old Federalist.—*Washington Re-
public.*

An editor says that a little garden
patch of his was very profitable last sea-
son. The snails ate up the cucumbers,
the chickens ate up the snails, the neigh-
bor's cats ate up the chickens, and we are
now in search of something that will eat
up the cats. Can any of our agricultural
friends aid us.