The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 8. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1857. TERMS.--$1,25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

Terms--Invariably in Advance: $1,25 per Annum.

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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 to 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 adelity. 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 of Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR 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 promptly 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. F. 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 carry 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.

SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING OLD.

Old Time, I ask a boon of thee—
Thou'st strip'd my heart of many a friend,
Taken half my joys and all my glee—
Be just for once and make amend;
And since thy hand must leave its trace,
Turn locks to gray, turn blood to cold—
Do what thou wilt with form and face,
But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou'st taken from many a mind
Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,
And only lingering left behind
O'er wise experience's bitter lore.
'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,
Feel wit grow dim and memory cold—
Take these, old Time, take all away,
But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with friendship still,
And hope and love till life be o'er—
Let be the first the final chill
That bids the bosom bound no more;
That so, when I am passed away,
And in my grave lie slumbering cold,
With fond remembrance friends may say
"His heart grew never old."

A Prose Poem.

THE STRANGER ALOFT.

Under the head of "The Stranger Aloft," the Chicago 'Journal' has the following glorious and glowing article, radiant with a faith as sublime as its imagery is perfect:

There is a splendid foreigner coming this way even into our family circle—our nice, cozy family of Planets—and is making himself a home, about our hearth-stone, the Sun. The juvenile portion of the household, the little fellows of Asteroides, huddled together to keep warm—we hope he will see them in time, and not tread on the children. Jupiter, may be, will gird his belt a little tighter, and Herschel, we see, wears as much jewelry as ever, while the only fighting member of the family, Mars, with a flush in his face, keeps going about as if nobody was coming.

This foreigner, however, is not altogether a stranger; he has visited us before, but a long time ago, and his sojourn was as brief as a ballad. Very grand he is with his splendid trains, a number of miles longer than the army Xerxes led, and in a great hurry he seems to be, like one on business bound, but if he could or would tarry a moment before he goes a visiting, just long enough to comb his hair, we think it might be safely passed to the credit of his personal appearance. But that being none of our business it will not do to be strenuous; and indeed, who knows what sights he may have seen, to cause each particular hair to stand like quills upon the fretful porcupine? Sights in that upper deep stranger than Clarence saw in his dream.

Whoever he is or whatever he has seen, he is just a guest, and we are all hospitable people, we Planets, and wish him, like good Christians, right welcome, for is it not written, "Forget not to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained Angels unawares?"

We have called him a foreigner and a stranger; perhaps we are a little too fast, for it may be he is only a travelled gentleman, and one of "our folks;" in fact, a first cousin, who has been abroad, and returned at last, with the news, to the old homestead.

A plain family, we are: rural people, indeed, as anybody can tell, who on a clear night looks off at the lights of the great Astral City, so far and so many, that they seem woven into a silvery scarf of delicate lace; as if God had flung it down from His great central throne, and it fluttered there in sight, forever for a token.

Now, for anything we know, our illustrious cousin, the Comet, is on his way from the Capital—a king's courier, perhaps—and has threaded the crowded streets, and has passed the suburbs and has crossed the great azure fields of the country of God, and has gone out of his way, for memory's sake, and has come to our little settlement.

But it is strange what queer stories some people tell of him as if he was a lawless fellow, and was out on a "lark" instead of on duty. We think it unkind, this gossip, and we protest. He is a dashing fellow, we know, but then they are no Sabbath-day journeys he takes.—The country we live in is one of magnificent distances, and even the thought is breathless that only goes to the neighbors, and flies to the starry cottage whose small lights twinkle in the outskirts of our hamlets. Who knows but he has seen the lost Pleiad in his wanderings; has met Orion in armor in his way; has counted the jewels in the sword hilt of Perseus? Perhaps he has fluttered the hair of Berenice, or paused at the Northern Crown, or heard the Harp of Heaven, as he passed, or bearded the Lion in his starry den. Aldebrand may have glared at the Stranger; the river Po, that flows through the fields of the Blest, perhaps he forded dry-shod. A pilgrim to the Southern Cross, he may have played St. George to the Dragon, distanced Pegasus and paid court to Andromeda.—Did Arcturus delay him, or the Bear intimidate, or Sirius turn him aside? Did he dash along among the Nebulæ, those morning clouds of creation, those visible breaths of Deity? Did he solve the mystery of Cassiopeia and linger around the ruins of the brilliant world that went out like a taper three hundred years ago?

The labratory of God is somewhere; did he pass it, when the doors were ajar? There is a sinless world among the stars; did they see the Comet in their offing?

And our guest himself; is he a solid globe, making a mighty wake of light, and glowing like a furnace, or is it a magnificent Will o' the Wisp floating about the Universe? What if it should be an abandoned world, drifted from its moorings, dismantled and lost, and wandering like a ship in a winter sea? Or a wild outlaw madly plunging from system to system, and making terrific descents upon peaceful planets, scattering confusion and death?

If this last should be, and the Asteroids are indeed the sparkling ruins of some pleasant world destroyed by such a visitant, and the route of the Comet across the path of earth has been truly divined, and our small craft should be just there as it dashes into our unfenced highway—what then? If a huge globe of granite and red sand-stone, why, there might be more Asteroids in our solar circle, and fragments, like the pieces of a mirror shivered by a blow, might each reflect the sun, and move in orbits of its own. If such a thing could be, and human life remain, how wilder than a dream and sadder than a death. The child playing in the garden among the flowers, the mother stretching forth her hands in vain—the garden and the homestead in two worlds. The wife just parted from her husband, might be divorced by a broad abyss of empty, unnavigable air.—The daughter of some house and heart, who went with blessings from the sheltering roof, would ne'er return. The hunted debtor on one side of the cleft, might see his creditors afar, as on their island world, they drifted out to sea.—Maybe, on one small planet of their own would be two that love, for whom alone the rain should fall, a narrow ribbon of green Spring be woven, and the cloudy bow yet keep God's promise good. Somewhere, alas! upon one atom of the world alone, Juan Fernandez in the sailless sea, a soul might dwell whose story no De Foe should ever write.

And such a thing might be, that this bold comet should entice away a simple satellite, to wander in its train, should hasten it beyond the lead and line of telescopic ray; beyond the cloudy Magellan of Heaven; away where light has just begun to be; beyond the stars; beyond the reach of summer and of sun.

There are no outlaws 'mid the world of God; true as His Word, the splendid engine moves harmonious; as docile, our far sentry Neptune, on his rounds sublime, as the bright planet dew poised on the aspen's leaf.

The world is going somewhere; our little family of planets are on a journey, and surely it is pleasant thus to travel together. Away towards the dim north west where the constellation of the Eagle spreads his star-light wings, we are moving—the kingly sun and his splendid company of retainers.

Along the highway of heaven we are going, and to angel's eyes it must be a pageant worth beholding. Who knows but what we are bound to some far distant court, ruled by an elder sun? Who knows what grander grouping, by and by, may light the hollow of our cloudless nights?

And these Comets may be the couriers of our radient prince, whose torches flare afar, as hastening to and fro, along the route we go, they ever and anon return with tidings—"the way is clear—move on," and wheel again, and for awhile, are seen no more. A fragment of their route, like an arc of Apollo's broken bow, the Astronomer has grasped in that weak hand of his and has completed the orbit, and calculated the return of these heralds of the king. If no world beguiles them, and makes them loiter by the way, lo! here their blazing torches startle the watching world, true to the prophet word, and again those tidings come to Science' listening ear; "the highway clear, oh, liege, the Sun, pass on!"

No blind and blundering wanderers are they, to plunge among the peaceful fleets and wreck the craft whereon a God descended, and an Eden smiled. On some high commission, the Comet goes and comes; to us who swing upon the pendulum of the earth; whose souls a summer zephyr may waft forever from our parted lips, it is even as some swift cloud that drifts along the sky, in whose pearly and crimson fords there may be death; but what a dower of beauty there is in the rain; what a breath of blessing in the shadow; what a token of hope in the bow. In God's good keeping all, the sparrow's flight is guided, and the route of the falling leaf.

Wandering, they be, these Comets, but not lost, for their route and time—are they not all recorded in the books of the Admiralty of high Heaven!

There, indeed, is the stranger, the first in the seas,
Yet she drives boldly on in the teeth of the breeze.
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns;
Oh! how brightly the light in the binnacle burns!
Not a signal for Saturn this rover has given.
No salute for our Venus, the flag star of Heaven;
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
It has saucily sailed by "the red planet Mars;"
She has doubled triumphant the Cape of the Sun,
And the sentinel stars without firing a gun.
Now, a flag at the fore and the mizzen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
"Helm a port!" "Show a light!" "She will run us aground!"
"Fire a gun! Bring her to!" "Sail ahoy, whither bound?"
Avast there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone!
'Tis a craft "in commission"—the Admiral's own;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
Though her anchors she weighed before Lucifer set!
Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman could make,
Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can break;
Where each Planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
With its anchor "let go" in the blue of the blest:
Where that sparkling flotilla, the asteroids lie;
Where the scarf of red morning is flung on the sky;
Where the breath of the sparrow is stirring the air—
On the chart that she bears, you will find them all there!
Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
With her tacklings of fire and her streamers of flame.

VERMONT.—Vermont is a model State, one among thirty-one, and very lovely. One of its papers says of it:

"There is but one city in this State, and not a soldier. We have no police; and not a murder has been committed in this State within ten year. We have no Museums nor Crystal Palaces; but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the center of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots."

HOW TO GET A HOUSE OUT OF A WHISKEY BARREL.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to the grog-shop. When you want a dram, take the price of it in your hand and start to go to the grog-shop; go as far as the spring, drop the money thro' the bung-hole of the barrel, take a good drink of water and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

☞ In a densely populated German neighborhood in Cincinnati, twenty children were poisened, a few nights since by poisened lozenges, which were scattered among them by two persons, apparently with some diabolical intent. Several of the unfortunate lads have since died.

Selected Miscellany.

Mr. Sumner in London—Church's Niagara.

Bayard Taylor's Cor. with the Tribune.

LONDON, July 1, 1857.

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's Hotel, in Regent Street. I have not seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply, "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkeys as an ordinary traveller. The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said: "Lord Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you." To the waiters amazement, Mr. S. quietly said, without exibiting the least surprise—"Very well; show him up. Not long afterwards the former came, still more excited: Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks for *you!*" "Show him up," was again the cool reply. After his lordship had departed, the waiter once more, bewildered and a little aggravated: "Sir, *Sir*, the Lord Chancellor of England has called to see you!" "Show him up," repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were no doubt at once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's *Morning Post* announced the arrival of "His Excellency, the Hon. Mr. Sumner," at Maurigy's Hotel.

Church's picture of Niagara has just arrived, and has been seen by a few connoisseurs, though there has yet been no public exibition of it. I have heard but one opinion in regard to it. The exibitor told me that Ruskin had just seen it, and that he had found effects in it which he had been waiting years to find. I am sorry that it is shown by gas-light, in a darkened room. Church's pictures will all bear the daylight; he needs no artificial trickeries of this kind. Some English artists had been, a few days previous, questioning me about landscape art in America, and I am delighted at being able to point to such a noble example in justification of my assertions. Cropsey, who is now living here, has a very fine autumual picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I believe he is doing very well. Hart, the sculptor, has been settled here for more than a year past, and his admirable busts are beginning to excite attention.

Pennsylvania Lands.

A correspondent of the *Railroad and Mining Register*, calls attention to the advantages our State presents for emigrant settlements. He says "so long as wild lands were cheap in the Western States, there was no hope of getting a hearing for lands in Northwestern Pennsylvania; because the Western fever carried everybody away. Now, lands are no longer cheap in the Western States; for speculators have the whole country in their hands. Timber is so scarce over the Western country, that the cost of fencing and building, in most places, consumes all the farm is worth, if the cost of the naked land be much more than government price. In the counties of Tioga, Potter, McKean, Elk, and Forest, in our State, well watered and well timbered lands, with elegant soil, can be bought at from $3 to $5 per acre. Whatever may be the theory, in practice these lands will put more in the barn and in the pocket than the average of wild Western lands. The climate of Pennsylvania gives better health and ability to sustain labor!

"Working help is more plenty, and better markets are near. Besides in these counties, lumbering furnishes steady winter work to man and horse; so that, what in the far west is a long season of idleness, is here one of the most profitable activity. It is in winter that farmers in Western Pennsylvania clear off additional fields to add to the next summer's farming; and in the winter, also, the lumbermen take all their products, including hay, at full prices. Several emigrant associations have this year turned their attention to our Pennsylvania lands, and they are now making settlements on a scale that promises to be of great importance to our State.

"The "Ole Bull Colony" lands may be mentioned as an example. These lands were selected some years ago by the Norwegian musician whose name they bear; and anticipating wealth from his violin, he conceived the idea of a settlement of his poor countrymen on 120,000 acres of land in Potter county. The scheme failed in its very first movements, from two causes, viz: want of means and want of common sense, so that nothing of any consequence was done towards making actual settlements, and the owners were glad to take back their lands. The parties who have now undertaken it are practical men, and their movements are attracting others to follow their example. The soil of our north-western counties is deep and very strong; it is not stony.—The face of the country is undulent, with variations of hill, vale, and table-land, the latter being the richest. The timber is very fine—pine, hemlock, maple, beach, cherry, walnut and oak; rafting streams, navigable in high water, give cheap conveyance of logs and lumber to market.—The price of land varies from $3 to $5 per acre. At present the access is most to the New York and Erie Railroad, whence about 20 or 30 miles of common road have to be traveled to the three named counties, which border on the two States. Young farmers who are thinking of going to the far West, may have occasion to thank us, if they will first see whether cheaper and better lands may not be had nearer home and civilization."

The Struggle in Minnesota.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

ST. PAUL, M. T., July 16, 1857.

I wrote to you a day or two since, informing you of the revolutionary steps taken by the Border-Ruffian Democracy to get control of the Constitutional Convention by force, fraud and violence, or defeat the desire of the people of Minnesota to come into the Union as a State. I also informed you that it had been asserted by Democrats, and believed by all parties, that at 12 m. on Tuesday, the second day of the Convention, the Democratic members would attempt to take control of the Hall prepared for the Convention. Had they done so, there would have been *hot* work. The Republicans, knowing full well their rights, were prepared to defend them, and would have done so to the last.

But when the hour of 12 drew near, discretion, the better part of valor, seemed to control the minds of this faction and their *pluck* cooled down to zero.—Secretary Chase appeared at the bar of the Hall, and with trembling voice said: "In the name of the Secretary of this Teritory, I demand the surrender of this Hall for the use of the Constitutional Convention."

President—"The Constitutional Convention or this Territory is now in session in this Hall."

Chase—"Do you refuse to surrender the possession of this Hall?"

President—"I do refuse."

Whereupon the pompous little Secretary slunk from the Hall and rejoined his mob below.

In a few minutes, however, the Democratic delegation, headed by the little Secretary, came to the door and reconnoitered. Chase said: "It's no use, *no man can get possession of that chair.*" One of their number also remarked: "They will not yield—it will be useless to make the attempt." Ex-Gov. Gorman, one of their number, stepped inside the door and addressing the mob outside, said: I move this Convention adjourn to the Council Chamber," to which the mob said "Aye," and followed their leader. There they played the farce of going through with a permanent organization. The result will be that two Conventions will be held and along with ours a *bogus* constitution will be brough before Congress.

The Republicans have done their duty nobly. They have shown the right mettle in their composition. They were on hand to prevent a clandestine organization by the Democrats as early as 12 o'clock on saturday night, and after the organization of the Convention, remained in the hall without an adjournment for three days and two nights to prevent the Ruffians from *stealing* possession of the hall. But the Democrats do not expect their course will be approved by the people, or that the Constitution they may frame will be recognized by Congress. Their only hope is that, now it is distinctly shown, by the late election, that the new State would be a Republican one, by giving a Democratic Congress some grounds for an excuse, our admission into the Union would be refused until such time as by trickery and stratagem, and by the help of the Irish vote, which the building of our new railroads would induce, they would stand a better chance of carrying an election. They had, as they supposed, the whole matter fixed up to their satisfaction. Our Delegate in Congress, Mr. M. Rice, knowing the Southern part of the Territory to be strongly Republican, had at the late Congress a bill introduced, authorizing us to form a State Constitution, and dividing our Territory by a North and South line. This, they supposed, would give them a majority, though such a division would be against the interests of the territory, and contrary to the wishes of two thirds of her people. Our Legislature last Winter memorialized Congress, by a vote of two to one, for a different or east and west line, but the memorial was disregarded.

This is the state of affairs among us at present. What the final result will be is yet to be shown, but it is the opinion of