The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 30. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1858. 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 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

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

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,
B. 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

Original Poetry.

[We found the following pretty dirge of some one's sixteenth-year affections laying on the floor of our office ante-room, a few mornings since, where it had been left by its fair but unknown author, or some one else, while we were in the elysium territory of Morpheus. We had resolved not to publish another article without knowing the author's name, but there is so much real merit in this that we believe we would do the readers of the JOURNAL, as well as the fair unknown, great injustice by suppressing it. We hope she will continue her favors occasionally, though we hope not without granting us the countenance of her name, to which we are but justly entitled.—ED. OF JOURNAL.]

For the Potter Journal.

THE SOUL'S GRAVEYARD.

Slowly among my dead—not mourning now—
I part the long grass that hath withered there,
And look upon the graves. 'Tis many years
Since THIS one grew and twined about my heart
A lovely Hope—for honor, fame, success;
For all the glory this life had to give—
That others gained—might it not come to me?
This, the bright vision of my sixteenth year,
Drooped early, perished, and was buried here.
Then here are some black head-stones, very low,
That Spring's first early grass may bury them,
Even as dark CARES lie buried underneath;
Dark cares that crushed and harassed and compelled
Th' unwilling soul to bear them to their end
Lie buried here unheeded now,—forgot.
Some disappointments too, most sorely borne
In their brief triumph o'er a trusting heart,
Died 'neath a heavenly Love's all-healing power.
And for their power to soften and subdue,
Were reverently buried; the dark earth
Heaped smoothly over them, friends thanked for aid
"To bury our dead out of our sight."
Peace to their ashes. Peace to the springing heart
That bounds up joyfully to meet all love,
All joy, all happiness, all rest—that turns
From graves that it has made and strewn with flowers
To gather in the thickening path of Life
What hopes may still be left; what bitter cares
Still to be met and conquered, and borne on
To the soul's churchyard, to the hallowed ground
Which the world seeth not, which no friend may see,
Nor dearest brother dream of. The new Year
Turns soul-eyes inward. Many a region dim
As that around me—with the ghostly forms
That rise when Time opens the coming year,
And closes all behind it, spreads around
The souls that look and listen. Beautiful dreams
That perished in the dreaming—glorious hopes
Cherished as the heart's children—nursed and fed,
Loved and prayed over—sleep in silence here.
We have sown flowers above them, earth's fair flowers
And dewy grass. On them the moonlight falls,
Heaven's sunlight and its shadows; and our tears
Shall daily water them, for our good.

COUDERSPORT, Jan. 1858.

Selected Tale.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders,"—recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawe's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named, from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate out-buildings and highly ornamental grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grand-son of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's Folly.

At this time, the distinguished heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire, he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Auderley's, in whose pew she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and, if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad she was poor, because she could for that reason be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl" whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia.—She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said:

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them, answered—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty.—Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at this time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a HORROR-scope indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death."

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that *before my twenty-fifth birth-day I should perish on the scaffold.*"

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practicing in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that *the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber.* Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

The next day Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival, he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days' with Madam Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louberty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr Dulanie, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed:

"'A widow, beautiful as light,
'Twill be your lot to wed—
With a rich jointure, which shall pour
Its blessings on your head.'"

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

"'To dandle fools and chronicle small beer.'" a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Lilly, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"'Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
Near at hand, perdition threatens thee!—
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life!—
An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet.--Oh, be warned!'"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted begind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would YOU with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate, and reading—

"'*I know thee!*—thou fearest the solemn night!
With her piercing stars, and her deep winds' might!—
There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done?
And thou!—there's a weight on thine—away!—
Back to thy home and pray!'"

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said:

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the lucious tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!"

Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

"'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
Oh, tempt me not to tell
The doom shall make thee desolate,
The wrong thou mayest not quell!
Away! Away!—for death would be
Even as a mercy unto thee!'"

Agness shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The cheek of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

"'But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling,
As in delightful visions, on the brink
Of a dread chasm—and thou art she!'"

Henora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere concidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be persued.

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

—"'*Disgrace and ill,*
And shameful death are near!'"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Henora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked, this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

The above is the commencement of Mrs. Southworth's great story, which is now being published in the New York Ledger. We give this as a sample; but it is only the beginning of this most interesting, fascinating, and beautiful tale—the balance, or continuation of it, can only be found in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy from any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents.

The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

The story is, of itself alone, worth the price of the Ledger. To pursue the history of the lovely heroine, Miss Paule—how she came to be a bride for only an evening, and all the strange and absorbing particulars connected therewith, will be a treat for all who take the trouble to get the Ledger.

Her smile so soft, her heart so kind,
Her voice for pity's tones so fit,
All speak her woman:—but her mind
Lifts her where bards and sages sit.

Richard Hoffman.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

Rachel Bently, the lovely daughter of one of the richest merchants of London, having married George Hoffman, one of her father's clerks, during the old man's abecence in India, he on his return disinherited her and discharged George. The latter being overwhelmed by disappointment, took to drink, and in a few years became a habitual drunkard; his wife supporting herself and two children—Richard, now a fine boy in his thirteenth year, and Mary, a sweet child of six—by selling, one after another, the remnants of her once costly wardrobe and jewelry.

On the last day of December of the year in which our story opens, Rachel was without food, light or fire, and that very day the rent must be paid.

Little Mary was moaning for bread, and crying with cold.

The drunken father was at the drawshop.

The agonized mother had but one more article of value left—a locket containing a lock of her father's hair. She had hoped to be able to save this, the last memento of her once happy home. But goaded by little Mary's cries for food she seized the locket, rushed to a pawnbroker's, obtained a few shillings, put by the amount of the rent, and with the rest purchased a little baead and milk for her children, and then set out, with them, to visit the old confidential clerk of her father, Peter Mangles, who had ever been kind to her, to consult him about sending Richard away from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

On returning home late on New-Year's eve from her fruitless visit, for the old clerk was not at home, Rachel discovered that her husband had been home and stolen the sum she had put by for the rent from the place where she had concealed it, and gone off again to "The Crown and Magpie" tavern to waste it in drunkenness. Little Mary, chilled and hungry, began to cry for food, and the suffering mother, in hopes of regaining a portion of the money taken by her husband, set out with her children to the haunt of vice whither George Hoffman had gone.

There was a great crowd at the bar of "The Crown and Magpie." The landlady—a stout, vulgar-looking woman, with red ribbons in her cap, a profusion of false curls, a heavy gold chain round her neck, and numerous rings on her fat fingers—was busily engaged in pouring out gin for her customers; the regular ones she was treating—for it must not be forgotten that it was New-Year's eve.

Such was the scene of vice and dissipation which met the eye and sickened the heart of Rachel when, with little Mary in her arms, and protected by the presence of her son, she ventured into the house.

"Is Mr. Hoffman here?" she inquired, faintly.

The question had to be repeated several times before she could get an answer.

"Can't tell the names of any of my customers," replied the mistress of "The Crown and Magpie," snappishly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by ascertaining."

"Too busy, ma'am! Hot water Sally! Three and eight-pence, sir. Half-and-half directly!

"You can't go in there!" shouted the landlady, as Rachel was making her way towards the parlor. "Mine is a respectable house; I allow no females beyond the bar."

"But I am Mr. Hoffman's wife."

"So they all SAY," answered the woman, with a sneer.

There was a coarse, mocking laugh from the crowd of half drunken wretches standing near. The eyes of Richard flashed angrily; but the voice, and still more, the imploring look of his mother restrained him.

"Let us return home," she said, in a despairing tone. "I feel faint and sick at heart."