The Potter Journal.

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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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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. 9:34

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.

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed: "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;
Alike the rigteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured: "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

"Beware!" I said, "in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee:
Who touches pitch, defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence,
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they know;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them, sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned in weary quest
Old pages, where (God give them rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed: "Lord let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise!

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still, small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul—and the Three are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast,
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

—*National Era.* J. G. W.

THE BELLE'S EPITAPH.

A PARODY ON LORD BROUGHAM'S.

[*From the Kansas Crusader of Freedom.*]

Turn, Traveler, thy squinting eyes,
And view my sad post-mortem lot,
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one petticoat,
Which in my days of earthly pride,
Enveloped me a mile each side,
Before grim Death, at one fell swoop,
Mowed down the expansive glories of the world-concealing hoop.

Our Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondnece of the Potter Journal.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1858.

I ought not, perhaps for charity's sake, to rend in twain the veil of the Temple of the World's Industry, whereat the great Charity Ball was given last week. That occasion was both a failure and a success. As a ball it was the greatest since "the great globe itself" was tossed into space and went spinning in the planetary dance round the sun; but, unlike its orbienlar antetype, it did not whirl in the giddy mazes of the dance with the harmony and regularity of planetary law, and soon fell into chaos.

At midnight, the time when the greatest number was present and the best order prevailed, the scene was one of unequalled splendor. More than 15,000 people must have been on the floor and in the galleries at that hour. In the centre of the Palace ranged on a circular scaffolding were the band and orchestra, who alternated in discoursing the music of the spheres. From the axis of this rythmic rotundity the ball departed from the curvilinear and took on a rectangular form. Four double lines of dancers, each line more than a hundred feet long and a thousand feet strong, extended from the orchestra as a center to each point of the compass, forming a perfect cross, glittering with the twinkle of fifteen or twentd thousand "light fantastic toes." The other spaces of the floor were crowded with promenades and lookers on. From the front angle of one of the galleries, nearly over the orchestra, I obtained a *coup d' œil* of the whole massive, moving panorama at once, and as the evolutions of the dancers produced at every interval a measured and methodic change, I seemed for the moment to be gazing in upon a vast and vivid-colored kaleidescope. Then scattered here and there stood various groups of statuary in marble. "The Amazon," on horseback in deadly conflict with a tiger, and especially the majestic proportions of the equestrian statue of Washington towered up among the crowd like giants among pigmies. Various flags, banners and devices floated from the main pillars of the building, and over all, the glare and glitter of 5000 gas jets lighted up a scene of the rarest splendor and magnificence. But it was too brilliant to keep.

The demon of discord was thrown among the happy throng in this wise: Bacchus you know is a very dear and usually altogether too near a relative of Terpsichore. Well, there was a temple within the Temple, consecrated to His Jolliness, and many went in thereat to worship, some "to smile" and other some to harden their hearts; but all came out infuriated and unreasoning devotees, singing praises to their god, and announcing in poetic numbers that they "wouldn't go home till morning." Thereupon several thousand resolved they would go home at once, and then there was a rush for the cloak and dressing rooms, bully protectors of fainting ladies broke over all rules and railings in quest of femenine overgear, waiting-girls became confused and swoonod, shelves came down with a crash, the ticketed bundles tumbled into an indiscriminate mass of millinery and dry goods, from which thieves now broke through and stole the choicest, and the balance by cart loads was taken possession of by the police, while the real owners had to go home bonnet and shawless, or enveloped in the overcoats of their companions. The mass of clothing occupied the sleepless attention of the Executive Committee for the balance of the week to classify, select and return to the rightful owners.

Such was the breaking up of this, in several senses, monster Ball. The projection was well managed up to the sale of the last ticket, and then the reins of rule and management were dropped, and the concern was left as if it was a huge brass clock to whizz and whirl and run itself down as fast as it liked. The result, however, to the charitable fund was a decided success—a clear profit of nearly $10,000, which covers a multitude of sins, and affords consolatory reflections to the myriad of uncovered backs.

Our Catholic friends tried the same method of replenishing the treasury of their Orphan Asylum on Monday evening of this week, at the same Crystal Palace, and having the frightful example of their Protestant brethren before their eyes, they of course danced out the night with less confusion and—less cash.

The sins of New York are proverbial and widely known. Indeed we are now confessing, in sackcloth, to multitudes of sins, both of omission and commission; but the sins of our Street Commission are a stench in our own nostrils. The offence is too rank to "smell to Heaven," and eternal justice commends the nauseating effluvia to our own noses. It is as if all the offal and garbage, and standing pools of the gutters had emptied their literal drainage into the very office of the Street Commissioner, where for years they have corrupted the records, rust-eaten the treasury and mortified the people. All this, however, is not to be wondered at, for have we not a Devlin among us going about the streets, seeking whom he may devour. He has been chained up for some while now, (though not exactly for the prophetic "thousand years,") and could do no harm; but our Court of Appeals has just loosed him again "for a little season."

As this is likely to be a prominent topic in our City affairs for some time, perhaps your readers would like to learn, or be reminded, of the merits of the case. Last summer, our then more or less efficient Street Commissioner, Mr. Taylor, "took sick" and died. Our new Charter, (we make a new one every year or two,) provided that *after* Mr. Taylor's term had expired, if a vacancy should occur before the expiration of the term for which any further incumbent should be elected, it should be the duty of the Governor to appoint a successor for the balance of the term. Our Governor King, looking at the spirit of the law, at once appointed Mr. Conover, successor to Mr. Taylor. Mayor Wood, looking to the letter of the law, appointed Devlin, a wealthy and well known street contractor, to be Street Commissioner. The Common Council, after a hard struggle, confirmed the Mayor's appointment. Thereupon resulted numerous injunctions from our City Courts, besides several downright fistcuffs and fights. The Courts themselves came near getting by the ears, so pretty and interesting was the quarrel; but Conover, either in person or by deputy, kept possession of the office while the case went through the various Courts; till now, this decision ousts him and installs Mr. Devlin. Mr. Conover, however, made good use of his hold upon the office, for in straightening out its affairs and overhauling the old contracts and other papers pertaining to Devlin's paving and street opening jobs, the most astounding frauds, altered figures and perjury were developed, and prosecutions based upon the facts are now before the Courts. Devlin, by deputies and agents, has made two unsuccessful attempts by force and cunning to get possession of these awkward evidences against him; and now, if this decision prevails, they are to be surrendered to his hands without remedy. Mayor Tiemann on receiving news by telegraph of the decision locked up the office and put the keys in his pocket. It is within his capacity to commission this Devlin to outer darkness where there is gnashing of teeth, and he will doubtless do so; but the Common Council are themselves of the Beelzebub stripe, and they will consent to no such unscriptural heresy as casting out Devlins by Beelzebub. So we must go on and endure as best we can. If any body hereafter asks, "What is the matter with New York?" it will be sufficient to answer, "It hath a Devlin." But if you should hear next fall that the sovereign people have dismissed him into the herd of swine which surround, sustain, and fatten upon him, and that they have rushed altogether down into the sea and drowned themselves, you may know that for once the hindmost has taken the Devlin and dashed him down to his own place.

It may be a matter of some surprise to your readers to learn that we have an Indian war on our hands, right in the heart of this great city, a war that rages with all the fierceness of those of the primitive forests and colonial times. The principal camp of one tribe is pitched in the Bowery, and the council fires of the other are kept blazing in Mercer Street. Scouts are sent out in every direction, spies gain access to either camp, challenges are flung out on all hands, manifestoes flutter in every breeze and victory perches alternately on the banner of either host. A regular pitched battle has been agreed upon between the tribes, to come off next Monday, at the "Old Wigwam," which, it is supposed, will decide the fate of the "Rival Sachems." Fernando Wood is the renowned and invincible brave who leads the tribe of "Foresters"; and our Postmaster Fowler, sustained by a council of braves of the prowess of Captain Rynders, heads the regular time honored tribe of St. Tammany. The weapon selected is the ballot—can't say, however, but, in the last emergency, recourse may be had to the bullet. A new council of Sachems is to be chosen. Meantime the good and brave everywhere await the conflict in terrific suspense.

Passing the Astor House the other day I saw, looking out of an upper window, a group of heads with belted brows and feathered scalps which belonged unquestionably to the genuine aboriginal wild Indian. I thought at first some Camanche Chief had sent on a subsidy of merciless savages "whose known rule of warfare is indiscriminate slaughter," to go in and win at the ensuing Tammany struggle; but learned, on inquiry, that they were a delegation of Pawnee braves, on their way home from Washington, with no thought of risking their heads in Tammany.

The sympathisers with Orsini, the last brave victim of the French guillotine, whose bombs only slightly killed Louis Napoleon, but made thorough work of the English ministry, are soon to have a public demonstration here, torch-light processions and all that, in commemoration and honor of the patriotic and self-sacrificing regicide.

One of our Police Justices, James H. Welsh, is down on the masked balls which manager Ullman has so extensively advertised at the Academy of Music. He has written the manager a vigorous letter apprising him of their illegal character, and their liability to be suppressed by the authorities. He says—"The sight of a person's face is, to a certain extent, a guaranty of his conduct and a protection against his designs, and it is seriously felt that the present is not a time to lend disguises to the vicious and to afford new facilities for the perpetration of crime." That's good strong English, Squire Welsh, which will no doubt "scotch the snake" in the grass, or rather in a mask. Mr. Ullman will now be compelled to leave the masks out of his masquerades, and to do his dancing with visors up.

WRATZ.

☞The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use; none without nobleness when seen in the balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.—*Ruskin.*

☞A young man was lately arrested in Pennsylvania for stealing a horse, and confessed the crime, stating that he knew of no other way to get rid of a woman who was constantly importuning him to marry her. Between a wife and a prison he chose, as he believed, the lesser of two evils.

Political.

Wade's Daguerreotype of the Doughfaces.

Your allies, the doughfaces of the North, in my judgment, are the most despicable of men. The modern doughface is not a character peculiar to the age in which we live, but you find traces or him at every period of the world's history. He is void of pride; he is void of self-respect; he is actuated by a mean grovelling selfishness that would sell his Maker for a price. Why, sir, when old Moses, under the immediate inspiration of God Almighty, enticed a whole nation of slaves, and ran away, not to Canada, but to old Canaan, I suppose that Pharaoh and all the chivalry of old Egypt denounced him as a most furious Abolitionist (laughter). I do not know but that they blasphemed their God, who had assisted the fugitives from labor to escape. I have no doubt at all that, when some Southern gentlemen of the Gospel come up to preach to the North, they will say that the Almighty acted a very fanatical part in this business. I am afraid they will say so; for He was aiding and abetting in the escape. But amidst the glories of that great deliverance, even feeding upon miracles of the Almighty as they went along, there were not wanting those who loved Egypt better than they loved liberty; whose souls longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt; and who could turn from the visible glories of the Almighty God to worship an Egyptian calf. These were the doughfaces of that day. They were national men (laughter). They were not exactly Northern men with Southern principles; but they were Israelites with Egyptian principles (laughter).

Again, when the Saviour of the world went forth on His great mission to proclaim glad tidings of joy to all the people of the earth, to break every yoke and to preach deliverance to the captive, He met with the same class of men in the persons of Judas Iscariot and the chief priests. In the days of our own Revolution, when Washington and his noble associates were carrying on that struggle to establish justice, and to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, they met with the same class of men in the admirers of George III. and Lord North.

They are all of the same class—false to the education of their fathers—false to the great principles which have been instilled into them by their mothers from their birth—willing to do anything that will minister to the cupidity of their masters, let the consequences be what they may. It is this class of men, aided by a close aristocracy at the South, that has enabled the minority to rule with iron hand the majority, since the organization of this Government. I have endeavored to daguerreotype these men for the benefit of future ages; for I believe that, like the Indian tribes, they are disappearing. You have put them to very hard service, sir. They die faster than the Northern negroes in your rice-swamps—politically, I mean. You put them to service that they cannot stand. When you ask them to vote for a fugitive bill, they may do it once, but political death stares them in the face. When you ask them to go for the repeal of the Missouri restriction, you find the same state of things. And now, worst of all, when you ask them to fasten upon their fellow-men, in a Territory of the United States, a Constitution which that people abhor, I tell you every Northern representative who participates in this act is not only politically dead, but he may thank his God if he escapes with that.

But the Senator spoke about a degraded class in our great commercial cities.—I have to confess that there is some truth in that. We have a degraded class in the cities. They are the offscourings generally of the Old World—men who come here reduced to beggary by their ignorance; reduced to beggary by their vice; ignorant, vicious, dangerous. I do not deny it. They are incident to all large cities; but the Senator should not complain of them. They are the chief corner-stone of your political strength in the North. Find me the vicious ward of any city that does not uphold your system of slavery, vote for its candidates, support its measures and labor for its men. No, sir; you should not complain of this vicious population. In truth and in fact, they are about the only stay and support you have there now, and you ought not to traduce them. From their very natures, they attach themselves to you, and I do not think by any treatment you will be able to drive them off. They are naturally with you; they were slaves in their own countries; they do not know anything else than to be the understrappers of somebody; and when they hear that here are slave-holders contending with freemen, you find them with the former all the time.—*Speech of B. F. Wade, in the United States Senate, March* 13.

How Kansas Receives the News of the Defeat of Lecompton.

JOHN MEDILL, one of the Editors of the *Chicago Tribune*, is now travelling in Kansas, and sends home to his paper the following graphic and stirring account of the reception in that State of the tidings of the defeat of Lecompton in the House:

Special Cor. of the Chicago Tribune.

WYANDOT, K. T., April 7, 1858.

The glorious news of the defeat of the Lecompton swindle was received in Lawrence a few minutes before I took passage for this place, on Tuesday morning, the 6th instant. The gladsome intelligence was brought up the river from St. Louis on the Platte Valley steamer, and was first communicated to the people of Kansas at this point, about 4½ p. m., on Monday. An express started for Lawrence during the night, and reached there about 7½ a. m. The announcement came upon the people like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, as they had generally despaired of its defeat. A crowd came rushing to the Morrow House to learn the particulars, as the news quickly spread through the place. Five hundred excited men were soon collected; cheer upon cheer went up to the vault of Heaven.—

Soon Col. Eldridge and a squad of "boys" started for the Armory and brought out the 12-pounder, called the "Kickapoo baby," which the Leavenworth boys rescued last Fall from the ruffians of that den. The stars and stripes next floated from the flagstaff on the Commercial House, and as the stage left the great Abolition headquarters of Kansas, the 12-pound Kickapoo baby was proclaiming to the people of Douglas and adjoining counties that Lecompton was *dead!* The "baby's" voice first announced it to Gov. Denver, at Lecompton, twelve miles up the Kansas River. About noon we met the Wyandot stage going to Lawrence. The drivers cheered, then the passengers exchanged shouts and congratulations. When I reached Wyandot at dark, the people had not yet got over the excitement of the afternoon and night before. The Platte Valley fired a gun as the boat neared the landing. The people were on the alert, and rushed down the hill to the river. As she approached, a passenger shouted out from the hurricane-deck at the top of his voice, "The Lecompton bill is killed!" Huzza! huzza! rang out loud, clear and spontaneous in response. As the news went over the town, every Free-State man took up the shout and yelled till he could yell no more from sheer exhaustion! After the people had exchanged congratulations, the brass 6-pounder was brought out and sent the echoes over the surrounding hills and far into the Missouri, and along the valley of the river. At nightfall the people assembled in mass meeting. Large bonfires were built; speeches of a patriotic character were made by Messrs. Roberts, Chestnut and others; the crowd sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and the band played "Hail Columbia." There was also deep sepulchral groans for old Buck, and his "naked" Lecompton deformity, which he pledged himself to put through in ninety days! Next followed a torch-light procession, in which gleaming flambeaux were swung and brandished by every Free-State male over six years of age in Wyandot. Fire balls and rockets were thrown blazing through the air, and it was not until midnight that the jubilations ceased and the people retired to rest. I forgot to say that "lager" suffered *some*, considering the staid, temperate character of the people.

I have seen a gentleman from Leavenworth City, who describes to me the scene when the news reached there, about 9 p. m. on Monday night. Similar outbursts were manifested there as here, but on a scale of greater magnitude, as it is a place of 6,000 inhabitants. The people shouted themselves hoarse; speeches were delivered by John C. Vaughn, formerly of the *Chicago Tribune*, by Mayor Adams, Thos. Ewing, jr., and others. The band played, cannon were fired, bonfires built, fireballs thrown, and, when the crowd adjourned, it was resolved to have the greatest and longest torch-light procession the next night ever seen in Kansas. One hundred and twenty guns were to be fired, in honor of the 120 members who killed Lecompton, and three extra—one for Crittenden, one for Douglas, and one for Seward, the three great leaders of the Coalition against the doughfaces and nigger-breeders. A magnificent supper was to be given at the Planter's House, at which champagne and toasts, lager and patriotism, would mingle and effervesce. (The German element is strong at Leavenworth.) A good time generally was anticipated.

Couriers were dispatched from Wyandot, Leavenworth and Lawrence to spread the glad tidings over the whole inhabited portions of the Territory. No man who has not been in Kansas and mixed freely with the people can imagine or realize the depth and bitterness of feeling in the