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COUDERSPORT, FOTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,

ALLEGANY HOUSE, Reter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Cou"The bespert, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

From the N. Y. Evening Post. A COMETARY.

Mysterious stranger, startling each star-gazer Ob, most ex-orbit-ant celestial ulazer! Tell me, I pray, of your siderial status: Belong you to the posse cometatus

Of heavenly spheres, enrolled to keep the peace-""Argo," a member of the Golden Fleece?)
But stars no long r serve in the police,
So this can't be. I think I've found you out:

You've been tale-bearing 'mid the stars, no doubt, Or, much the same, perchance in Leslie's pay You've been illumining the Milky Way; And, like poor Frank, you prying, stump-tai

sinner. Taurus has had you turned away from dinde 16 00 Have you made Jupiter of Jund jealous? 65 00 Earth wants enlightening, so in Latin tellus,

16 00 A paralax of rupees for an answer, By Gemini, explain it if you Cancer ! Have you been serenading female stars, To the intense disgust of pa's and Mere, Who think your sparking round a base intru-

sion, Your kisses but eliptical delusion? It may be you've eclipsed that thievish here And some cold night sent Mercury towards

1 50 Or, did you wink at Venus and enrage he 1 50 At least you're pointed at by Ursa Major. Don't hope to parse me with your decli I'm bent in-tense-ly on an explanation. You cannot hide, as through the heavens yo

man hands and devertisements must be That you're a star, and thereby hangs a tale. for All transfers and no notice will be taken I've Saturn hour waiting for your story, I fear you've risen above your proper station,

By mean attraction gained your elevation, or some execute cause assumed your orgvity I see both through yourself and your depravity Why thus persist in such eccentric courses? Are they internal or external forces That guide your actions as through space you

roll? Do you revolve on a magnetic pole Like this same world of ours? I hope I axis A proper question, for belief it taxes To think you wander in this course erratic Without plane reason. Are you systematic In what you do? There now, you're out o

Without so much as bidding me good night. That's very sude, but yet I gather from it, You mean to tell me that I cannot comet.

Choice Reading.

Wheat or Tares.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Wheat or tares-which are you sowing. Fanny dear, in the mind of this sweet little fellow?" said Uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard, as he lifted a child not yet beyond his fourth summer

"Wheat, I trust, Uncle Lincoln," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious

am his mother." There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said. "I am his mother."

It was Mr. Lincoln's first visit to his nicce since ner marriage, and removal to city some hundred miles away from her id home.

" Even a mother's band may sow tares." aid the old genfleman. "I have seen it mother. done many times. Not of design, but in the seed she held in her hand. The enbandman must not only watch his fields his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking wards, "don't upset my work-basket .-Stop! Stop, I say, you little rogue l'

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother start- old gentleman, in kind but earnest tones, ed forward, but not in time to prevent the as his niece came back. cushion, etc., from being scattered about sponse.

the floor. Willie laughed in great glee at this exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered up the now placed on a shelf above the reach of upon the heart of your child" her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in mock resentment.

saying-"You little sinner! If you do that seed. Plant them, and the harvest-time Till Death pours out his cordial wine Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing press." again, I'll send you off with the milk man." "Wheat or tures, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his piece.

" Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smil-

ing gaily. "Tares," said Uncle Lincoln emphatically.

"Nonsense, Uncle!"

the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood her assistant, was announced as her sug-have to thank you for a thousand courted dreams. The shell but improve the it is die in peace, we die there. you also throw in upon the newly-broken cessor, and she was provided for elsewhee.

What are you think about?" said Mrs. Howard in real surprise. "Did you say that you would send him

wonder if he believed you?" Of course he did not.'

set small value on his word?"

ing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him great maternal instinct came c.owding up in her coul institute then, and her eyes wanwhat is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln.

ersistantly. the seriousness that oppressed his feelings.

The great mystery of God's providence who would insist on giving her away.

The great mystery of God's providence who would insist on giving her away.

And now we two are walking the le are good seeds; falsehood and disobediene instincts. Life is maintained by the res-

countenance took on a sober cast.

bring me a glass of water." which he had become interested.

"Willie!" (Mrs. Howard spoke with decision) "Did you bear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered Willie. "Go this minute!"

" I'm afraid." "Go, I say !" " I'm afraid."

" Afraid of what?" inquired the moth-

" Afraid of the cat." you, or anybody else."

"I'm airaid of the milkman. You said he should carry me off."

the while ago, and he's talking with Jane that you are destined to the lingering of childhood, awakening a pleasant memhis arm about the homely sunburnt wonow. Don't you hear him?" the little asphyxia of soul which is the lot of such ory at every footfall. The cricket in the man, who waits for him at the corner, fellow put in with remarkable skill, all multitudes worthier than yourself. But the semblances of truth in his tone and it is only my surface-thought which laughs. Toget that a quarter of a century lies be-

uncle; she was afraid to do that.

iously) "you know the nilkman is not chilling turban,—hide it even from them- their tread. Upon the mow, under the not one such cares, and word of heartupon his knee, and laid one of his hands down stairs; and you knew that you are selves,—perhaps never knew they wear it, roof, and while the rain is falling, the spoken love, amid the golded curls that fell about his not afraid of the cat. What you have though it kills them,—there is no depth shell sings of childhood in the old barn. Alas for he said, therefore, is not true; and it is wickples.

So this dreamy influence, like a mellowdrained every day. In vain sine waits
not sounded. Somewhere,—somewhere,
ing haze, then crept over us, and so the
smiling, and arrayed in her most becom-

"Ho! ho!" laughed out the bright blied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his must not be allowed to fool them so cruel. And if we do not somerset as then from the sinews as he threw so profusely to her before the "big beam," it is because the sinews they married. In vain, when lying in you tell what is not true every day:" " Willie!"

countenance and voice. "You have'nt whipped me for throw-

gling, from the rcom.

It was a quarter of an hour before she to her little boy about ten minutes after- returned, alone, to the apartment where she had left her uncle. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears. "Wheat or tares, Fanny?" said the

spools of cotton, scissors, needles, emery "Tares," was the half mournful re-

"Wheat were better, Fanny." "I see it, Uncle."

"And you will look well in future to contents of the work-basket, which she the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it

"God helping me, I will, dear uncle." "Remember, Fanny," said Mr. Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good will come in blessing."

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

From the Atlantic Monthly, October, THE LONG PATH. (Last of the Parentheses.)

Yes, that was my last walk with the "The tures of disobedience, Fanny, schoolnistress. It happened to be the ** The three of disoncutence, hand, one and all of you! I have been long songs she sang to us till our cyclids were our rest is there; we reflect there, we reto be seed, and it has alour rest is there; we reflect there, we rewith you, and I find it hard parting. I weary with sleep, and our heart full of
ready taken root. Nothing will choke cut a very nice young woman, who had been with you, and I find it hard parting. I weary with sleep, and our heart full of
ready taken root. Nothing will choke cut a very nice young woman, who had been with you, and I find it hard parting. I weary with sleep, and our heart full of
ready taken root. Nothing will choke cut a very nice young woman, who had been with you, and I find it hard parting. I weary with sleep, and our heart full of
ready taken root. P. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of You have planted the seed, and it has al- end of a term; and before the next began, il wasked with, but—Let us not be in me when I have tried to instruct or amuse sang, walketh no more by the hearth.— father was!" is an old and excellent Air"The tares of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! unseemly haste. I shall call her the you. My friend the Professor (who, as The hearth itself is hidden under the bic saying.

under that name.

already discovered that his mother makes pitied our landlady. It took her all of a we shook hands all round the table. | each their history of forrow and care, but light account of truth. Will his suddi,—she said. Had not known that | Half an hour afterwards the breakfast And she who walked in the frielight get hired healp, she calc'lated. The am a man, like another.

wheat or tares, just as you have sown." to think of as that experiment of putting have all come true. Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her an animal under the bell of an air-pump I hope you all love and exhausting the air from it. [I never anything I have told you. Farewell! "Willie," said she, a few minutes after- saw she accursed trick performed. Laus rards, "go down to Jane and tell her to Deo! There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women, perhaps, Willie, who was amusing himself with more even than men, begin to faint for some pictures, looked up on hearing his the atmosphere of the affections they were usine. But as he did not feel like going made to breathe. Then it is that Society off to the kitchen, he made no response, places its transparent bell-glass over the and let his eyes return to the pictures, in young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element two-and-twenty years and the hearting through its transparent walls; -her bosom The wealth of the little meadow is here sweet voice charms away nervousness. al fire" were the images that frightened through the opening in the gable and lie is tender and careful? His wife. her most. How many have withered and on the hay. We know not of an eddy in Woll, does he not pay her bills give "No, you are not. The cat never burt walls of that larger Inquisition which we The labors of the farm and the cares of his large house, with servants to do her call Civilization!

Yes, my surface thought laughs at you, contented, happy influence steals over the indulgence.

you foolish, plain, overdressed, mineing, spirit. The rain is falling and we have Ah. but le "The milkuan is not down stairs," cheaply-organized, self-saturated young an excuse for feeling thus. The drops said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to person, whoever you may be, now read patter upon the leaves without but in ore ing this,-little thinking you are what I musically upon the old roof. They trip watches from the window to see an Trish crimson; "he only comes in the morning." ing this,—little thinking you are what I musically upon the old roof. They trip watches from the window to see an Trisk "Yes, he is. I heard his wagon a little describe, and in blissful unconsciousness on before the gust like the young thoughts laborer come home from his work, throw For that great procession of the UNLOVED, tween us and the days at the old home-

half-unconscious artifices by which unat have become stiffened by the toil of years. illness, suffering all pain, does she watch: tractive young persons seek to reccommend The old gable with its diamend swallow-"The milkman has nt carried me of themselves to the favor of those towards hole, drifts before us. Cunningly perch There was a world of meaning in Willie's the rest, are impelled by their God-given are the swallow's nests, the little nestinstincts!

Read what the singing woman-one to ones peering down from their mud wahs ten thousand of the suffering women- upon the scene below. "You little wretch" exclaimed Mrs. one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, mur so sweetly? stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS

We count the broken lyres that rest Where the sweet wailing singers slumber, But o'er their silent sister's breast . The wild flowers who will stoop to number A few can touch the magic string. And noisy Fame is proud to win them ;-Alas for these that never sing, But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone. Whose song has told their hearts' sad story, Weep for the voiceless, who have known The cross without the crown of glory! Not where Leucadian breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow, But where the glistening night-dews weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow O hearts that break and give no sign Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

es,— If singing breath or echoing chord To every hidden pang were given, What endless melodies were poured, As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

THE AUTOCRAT'S FAREWELL.

schools istress still; some of you love her well as my friend the Poet, is unavoided rank grass of the suranus table. The nder that name.

bly absent on this interesting occasion) walls of the room have fallen away, and

When it became known among has given me reason to suppose that he forgotten their changeful in estry of fireoff with the milk-man if he did that again. the boarders that two of their number had would occupy my empty chair about the light gleaning. The locks of the child joined hands to walk down the long path first of January next. If he comes among who sat in the cheery coinci, are hecked or life side by side, there was as you may you, be kind to him, as you have been to with grey, and the cloudless brow of that "Then," said Uncle Lincoln, "he has suppose, no small sensation. I confess the bery the Lord bless you all !- And day, channeled with furrows which have

mother be surprised if he should grow to we was keein' company, and never mis-things and the cloth were gone. I looked who sang our heart full of truth and notrusted anything partic lar. Ma'am was up and down the length of the bare boards, ble thoughts-is walking on the other "You treat the matter too seriously, right to better herself. Didn't look very over which I had so often uttered my sen- shore and singing with those who are Uncle. He knows that I am only play-rugged to take care of a femily, but could timents and experiences-and-Yes, I never sad.

All sudness-vanished, as, in the midst in her soul just then, and her eyes wan- of these old friends of mine, whom you "It was only in sport," said Fanny, dered until they settled on her daughter. know, and others a little more up in the ly lady left my side." - No, poor, dear woman, - that world, perhaps, to whom I have not in-"But in sport with sharp-edged instru- could not have been. But I am dropping troduced you, I took the schoolmistress know about, but they say her husband is ments—playing with deadly poisons."—one of my internal tears for you, with this before the altar from the hands of the old not kind to her."

path in peace together. The "school that he raw be happy, who, through the are tares from the Evil One. Whatever piration of oxygen and of sentiments. In inistress" finds her skill in teaching callyou plant in the carden of your child's the long catalogue of scientific cruelties ed for again, without going abroad to seek mind will grow, and the harvest will be there is hardly anything quite so painful little scholars. Those visions of mine I hope you all love me none the less for

THE OLD HOMESTEAD: A homely Sketch by a vigorous Artist.

From the Wisconsin Chief.

The shell from the far-off beach of childhood murmurs again. The old loghouse, crumbling under the infirmities of bing forchead. whom our dear siste.3, the unloved, like ed up by the side of the rough rafters. lings twittering pleasantly, and the old ager.

ing my cap out of the window."

"Willie!" cjaculated the astonished mother.

"Willie!" cjaculated the astonished unspoken! Nature is in carnest when dark grates on the rugged shore of the tury: "D'ye see that?" and the young rebe. she mukes a woman; and there are women bark grates on the rugged shore of the tury: thoughtless instrention to the quality of drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic enough lying in the next churchyard with present. Every leaf and blade without, my mixes three with the wheat, quite as forbidden to touch, and held it up with a their head and feet, for whom it was just unmanly to weep that we have drifted so my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes,

lips, a kiss from the other.

murmur awoke its echoes. They were ask questions." heard and garnered when the heart was young, and a light-haired child sat in the hearth-corner and watched the bright play of the blazing fire upon the unplaned timbers of the room. Parallel with the Eve, is derived from a root signifying hearth, stood the old wheel. The flames Talk and it was perhaps from a directle hearth, stood the old wheel. played fantastic shadows upon the wails of this kind that the Rabbins owed their and ceiling, and fell softly upon the full tradition that twelve baskets of chitschat cheek of her who then drew out the warp no neighbors to gossip about were rainand woof of the household homespun.

Her hair was dark and glossy her eye full of life's young beaming, and her step full of life's young beaming, and her step twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve clastic with its vigor. Her smile was the the other nine.—Elizabeth Strutt. sunshine of our child-life, and her words Good-bye,-I said,-my dear friends, the fireside, and we hear also the gentle weary or weak; our refreshment is there,

Not Mind.

"Slie looks very sad," I said, as a love-

"Yes, she has had no trouble that I

The old gentleman looked and spoke with pleasant smile on my face all the time. gentleman who used to sit opposite, and Not kind to her, his wife, who for love who would insist on giving her away.

And now we two are walking the long follow his fortunes. Whose sole care is: long day toils that his home may be pleasant, his children well-dressed, obedient and dutiful, and at night watches with eager love for his footstep and voice. There is no reproach upon his lip, no illhumor in his face, as he takes the paper from his pocket and sits down to read. No pleasant word of greeting falls upon her car; the light she brings for his cigar is taken mechanically without even z nod of thanks. Her face is pale her head aching, but there is no look of sympathy, no kiss pressed upon the throb-

Is be sick? Who watches night and by which only the heart lives is sucked smoke gone out through the opening in day, unwearied and patient? Who souther out of her crystalline prison. Watch her the ridge forever, answers now for a barn, his ill-humer, and pets him? Whose low, is heaving; but it is in a vacuum. Death garnered, rich with its fresh fragrance Whose cook soft hand presses upon his is no riddle compared to this. I remem- and its associations. Warned by the forchead with healing power? Who quiets ber a poor girl's story in the "Pook of heavy souds in the south-west and the the children watches lest door in the the children watches lest door in the Martyrs." The "dry-pan and the gradu- large drops on the leaves, we climb in one the too glaring light, and in all things

wasted under as slow a torment in the life more calm and grateful than this.— her fine clothes, place her at the life d of life, are strangely forgotten, and a dreamy bidding? Does he not allow her every

> Ah, but look into her heart la One caress, one loving kiss one word of tenderness, would buy all her luxuries. A Elie

She turns to look into the glass. Mol-Mrs. Howard did not look towards her who not only wear the crown of thorns, stead. And yet so silently do these mem- ly is dark, stout, and hard featured. Her. but must hide it under the locks of brown ories come and go, that the inner thresh- fage is fair, beautiful; her form slight "Willie," (the mother spoke very ser- or gray, -under the snowy cap, under the old of the heart is scarce worn under and gracefel; yet all her loveliness buys

Alas for her! The bitter can must be -love is in store for them,—the universe rain gently pattered on the shingles.—ing aress, in the hope of one such word,

> for sympathizing looks and words, at an Her husband is not harsh to her. He denies her no pleasure, no indulgence; he is simply Not Kind .- VIRGINIA D. FOR-

> MADAM DE GENLIS, in her memoirs.

"I had two teeth pulled out; I had breast-pin, which he had positively been very commonplace blue slate-stones at is pendant with a tear. And would it be whale-bone stays that pinched me for is by often as he seatters evil seed. The has look of ningled triumph and defiance: as true that "ali sounds of life assumed for from the shore whose wavelets mur- with which it was impossible for me to by night and by day, but also the repositions of this is going too far!" and of whon Elizabeth Browning said it; but tories of his grain, lest the enemy cause springing towards her boy, she grappled she could give words to her grief, and I it is gentle as the falling of tears and as the first time in my life, a hoop. In orhim to sow tares as well as wheat upon him in her arms, and fled with him, strug- they could not.—Will you hear a few holy as the companionship of angels, for der to get rid of my country attitudes. I it brings across the parched fields a su n- had an iron collar put on my neels; and I mer shower of the one, and to the bronzed squinted a little at times, I was obliged to ps, a kiss from the other.

As we passed the open door, the hummorning; and these I were four frours. ming of the wheel rose and fell, as the I was, moreover, not a little surprised housewife beat her measured steps back when they talked of giving me a master and forth with the twisting and winding to teach me what I thought I knew well of the thread. Like the weird incanta- enough already, to walk. Besides all tions of the magician, that monotonous this, I was forbidden to run, leap, or to

Naturally women talk more than men, The learned Buxtorf informs us, in his: Hebrew Lexicon, that the primeval name, Eve, is derived from a root signifying

the sweetness of its song. Thus she walketh in our memory to the wheel's the working hour; but home is the place steady humming, as she walked often by frefuge. We come to it when we are

you also thick in upon the newly-problem ressort and she was provided to chemistress that dulgshee with which you have listened to steady hum, are hushed, and she who "See what I am " hat " hat " See what I am " See what I am " hat " See what I am " See what I