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COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1858.

THE POTTER JOURNAL.

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initiatrator's Sales, per square for 4 ness or Professional Cards, each. an exceding 8 lines, per year, island Editorial Notices, per line,

Mail transient advertisements must be While bright ranges the azure ring in alvance, and no notice will be taken frertisements from a distance, unless they ccompanied by the money or satisfactory

Business | Eards.

JOHN S. MANN,

ORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Condersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All mines entrusted in his care will receive ompt attention. Office on Mairst., oppo ite the Court House.

F. W. KNOX. ORNEY AT LAW. Condersport, Pa., will ngularly attend the Courts in Potter and e adjoining Counties.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED.

MORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. orlersport. Pa., will attend to all business crasted to his care, with promptnes and hity. Office in Temperance Block, sec

ISAAC BENSON.

RNEY AT LAW, Condersport, Pa., wil and to all business entrusted to him, with reand promptness. Office corner of West

! Third sts. L. P. WILLISTON,

ERNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tiogn Co. will attend the Courts in Potter and Rean Counties.

R. W. BENTON.

FEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Ray-Mad P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa. fall attend to all business in his line, with

W. K. KING, BIEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEY-

MCER, Smethport, M'Kenn Co., Pa, will real to be iness for non-resident land-biders, upon reasonable terms. Beforea-Rigiven if required. P. S .- Maps of any of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON, CTICING PHYSICIAN, Condersport, Pa. specifully informs the citizens of the vilrand vicinity that he will promply regrand vicinity that he will all services. See on Main st., in building formerly oc-

pied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. E. A. JONES. SMITH & JONES,

LERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS. Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, ceries: &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED, LER IN I-RY GOODS, READY-MADE Shing, Crockery, Graceries, &c., Main st., edersport, Pa.

M. W. MANN, ER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAG Pe and Music, N. W. corner of Mair Third sts., Coudersport, Po. 10:1

MARK GILLON, PER and TAILOR, late from the City of ripcol, England. Shop opposite Court B.-Particular attention paid to CUT-

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(STCCEESOR TO JAMES W. EMITH,) ER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON a Ware made to order, in good style, on motice.

10:35-1y.

TEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg him."
Art Co., Pa., seven miles north of Counpar, en the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Un

Joek's Corner.

For the Potter Journal, THE COMET.

Far among the regal same on high, Marching in lordly triumph through the sky, Dimming all the unkingdomed spheres of light, Oh! thou all-glorious, burning flym, That o'er the unfathomed deep doth nightly

Forth from the harbor of elestial glory bright And hast thon like a falcon flown From where Oniscience, in his majesty alone (Judge of the living and the dead.)

Watches the stately planets wheel around hi mighty throne With hushed and humbled tread!

He comes: and lo! those mystic vaults unclose 30 00 And from their liquid depths the hissing 16 00 Comet glows, 65 00 Like crimson blush upon a lilied face-

3 00 For, flashing from the unseen land, 16 00 Jehovah's kingly hand 6 00 Hath hurled thee, blazing, through all space Oh, fierce, exulting one, thy furnaced heat

may glow in vain.
Thy flame-like tears shall fall like rain— The Power which rales you mighty realm, In wisdom holds the limits of thy grace, Nor lets thee win the lustful Earth's embrace There is no fear-a mighty Hand is at the helm!

All day the the winds of heaven have fanned thy brow of flame, And the blue-ethereal tides have rippled rou

thy glowing train, While thy sun-paled splendors ceaseless fling
Their softer lights unto the land of scraphim To lade with geins thy waiting wing

A thousand eyes are nightly to thee turned, And sages say for ages has thou burned Thy heated pathway up the blue; Yet still that matchless splendor burns, Fed from the unfailing urns Such as the dark Earth never new.

Jer. 1859. From Harper's Magazine, November.

A NEXT YEAR. BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

The lark is singing gayly in the madow, The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills, But she is gone, the music of whose talking Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming it

the forest, And think of her blue eyes; ometimes I seem to hear the rustle of he garments-'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair ind, sometimes, around the sinless lips of childhood

Breams forth a smile such as she used to But never any pleasant things around, above

Seems to me like her love-More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us, More constant than the dove.

walks no more beside me in the morning

grieve!" Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow, I shall not hear their tone;

9:33 But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger, Will walk no more alone.

> RUTH. BY THOMAS HOOD.

She stood breast-high amid the corn. Clusped by the golden light of morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun.

Who many a glorious kiss had won, On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripened :--such a blush, In the midst of brown was born

Like red poppies grown with corn. Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which were blackest none could tell, But long lashes veiled a light

Which had else been all too bright, And her hat, with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim-Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks? Sure, I said, heaven did not mean Where I reap thou shouldst but glean; Lay thy sheaf adown and come

Share my harvest and my home.

Choice Reading.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for Nov. THE MILLENNIAL CLUB.

BY A MEMBER.

It is not.

What do you time, Sin, or parties of the Court the inhabitants of the Camibal Islands in- stands high on the steps devouring old net of that childish curiosity on the shore. —"O! Thou who didst weep at the grave the monstrous offence of kissing a pretty.

The court is a stand of the Camibal Islands in- stands high on the steps devouring old net of that childish curiosity on the shore. —"O! Thou who didst weep at the grave the monstrous offence of kissing a pretty.

The court is a stand of the court is a s to a bag, and throwing them into the sea?"

motto is the old Greek proverb, "Every to a thoughtful city child. man'sgood'severyotherman;" and altho' Some boys stand on the library-steps live-cent segars for four cents.

business in the palace; nobody has.

ly recollections, you will find segars of are as you walk in them!

one pair of bills less. And do we not al- Trees, fountains, and statues always are. feudalism is utterly abolished. ways want fewer bills?

enough, and yet so few hens get any thing this enchanted air. to eat. Pip and sudden exits prevail on

nks in a plethora.

—I mean ideally, not historically, exactly. find out what your own is."

So we formed the Club. Its object is The haggard beggar at her elbow spoils We all returned to town sinks in a plethora. are frequently to be encountered at lyce. So these things seem to have been pos- beach, and looked over the bright dancing Christian Register.

editorial rooms writing leaders. tle chew the cud with drowsy unconcern, na. They are decorated with a grace and the sweet breath of unseen Spanish gar- Club. dens; in the air

"It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground; And there a season atwice June and May,

play."

to us in the following strain:

books written by hands now dust, of places I say, one is not troubled there with of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation country lass, at her father's gate on a Sun-Well, really, Sir, you must excuse me, now changed forever; who sits in the the feeling that injustice is done to any of the heart, look down in thy compassion of the heart, look down in the compassion of the look down in the look down in the compassion of the look down in t but I do not interest myself in politics, dusky shence while I then moderate the country of the louding about them."

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,

I know, in fact, nothing about them."

GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of "Ah! well then, my dear Sir, what do ticking clock in the distant hall, which nor the butcher, for I buy all my nicat; withholdest, give us the life of our sweet and the maid, "if you want me, you has been fills the house with its sound, affects him nor the fisherman, for I buy fish; nor the babe." ALLEGANY HOUSE

"Ah! well then, my dear Sir, what do thosing clock in the distant han, which has been fills the house with its sound, affects him nor the fisherman, for I buy fish; nor the babe."

"All right, my dear, I'll stand it; I'll agree to be looked up for three days; buty."

"All right, my dear, I'll stand it; I'll agree to be looked up for three days; buty."

"Think of him, Sir? I think he is a his imagination full of visions of quaint hire horses; nor the grocer, for I buy of the heart-stricken mother, as she wiped agree to be looked up for three days; buty."

is that it always remains so small. Its hears of, is a "Plakesmoor in H-shire,"

it is almost impossible at this late day and all their lives. Wherever they go, whatin this distant country, to tell exactly ever they see, they are still in the dusky grow in the wood yonder. The juridest the faint breath of life! its tiny fingers what it means, we have reduced it to a library, and still know only the romantic and most level terrace is in the pasture were half hid beneath its golden hair, practical form by saying, nobody shall buy aspect of the world. Such are they who beyond the four bars. Lawn and lake are while the sweet smile that played around The doctrine and the practice impress ruresque arches fringed with fernes in an bay, and my yacht is a 'cat' large enough whispering of angels as if they were all me very strangely, who have been education in mon-light, who fancy Roman for two.

ready welcoming the free spirit to the ted in Europe, where I have all my life dames with jewelled fingers, dead centuseen a few people of the blue blood. I ries ago, pointing gladiators to death; and full standing, but who, I think, has some gazed upon it with an intensity that none suppose-smoking shilling regulias for who do not shudder that the very ground of the true-blue blood in his heart, but a parent's heart can teel. Gradually nothing. At first I was pleased by it, but they tread on is saturated with the blood evidently had hopes of something like the the smile relaxed—the hand fell upon its

son of the difference. But the smoking- discover that some splendid results have tramped through the long grass under a upon it, clothing it as with a mantle it as machine was quite the same in both cases, been attained in the world too soon, as it venerable old cherry tree, by a wagon. Long and quietly it slumbered; and as far as I could make out, except, possi- were, and unfairly. They are like early house, in front of which was no wagon; when the eye opened and the lip moved? bly, that there was more smoke about the peas and strawberries, coming on the tangent and at the end of the piazza of a little its cherub face seemed irradiated without few and more fire in the many.

Thus great tumble down cottage stood the mother of earthly intelligence and purities. Thus great tumble down cottage stood the mother of earthly intelligence and purities. However, I grew used to it. I say it ease and luxury for the individual should a swarm of children that came rolling and ter day, and night after night the father to my shame, I have been as comfortable be known in a society where everybody is bounding over the grass to meet their papa and mother watched their boy, as he will in a palace as in a cabin. But I had no comfortable. A few men in a few places and his friends. siness in the palace; nobody has.

So strongly was I persuaded of it, that aces and parks, and lovely pleasure-said the President, as he waved his hand liness, the pride of his parents. Pesticame home. For at home, said my ear- grounds. How levely and pleasant they over the fields. "I pay three dollars and lence stalked abroad. Death laid low the

How about the system of which it was a Palaces have a millenial aspect to the not do what I will with mine own?" every hand; and some chanticleer in roy- imagination, for they imply that every al red, smoking, as it were, shilling regalias man in the world is at ease. No man wants

simply the Millennium, and it means the the beauty of the most beautiful woman one. The intervening day was devoted up in prayer. "Whatsoever thou givest: amelioration of the race. We have no in the world, just as a mud hovel destroys to an excursion in the yacht, on which oc- or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely. public meetings, but every member works satisfaction in the palace it adjoins. How casion I was twice put ashore to recover where he can and how he can. I have can you hope to get music from the harp the tone of my stomach. I was perhaps seen them busy at high 'change, and heard when only its least string is unstrung? not so happy as some or the others. them in the pulpits of every sect. They Is the world less harmonious than a harp? But still, as I walked alone upon the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

ums delivering lectures; and sometimes in sessed too soon. The race was never yet water, I wondered how much truth there so prosperous, that any individual should might be in what the President had said. During the recent pear season the Pres- bave built Chatsworth or Certosa. With If the spirit of feudalism is so subtle, and Suerton McKenzte, of the Philadelphia ident invited several of the members to what immense injustice the romantic Ken- can so deeply taint the his country-seat to eat pears, with the liworth Castle is tainted! For the hidden She meets me not on any summer eve:

She meets me not on any summer eve:

But once, at night, I beard a low voice calling, see from what he said, whether he is not legypt or England, unly and coarse as the is it quite washed out by the salt sea that pashins and hymns used in public and rolls between us and old history, so that private worship....Watts, Wesley, William promise of a trip in his yacht. You will principle of feudal tenure, whether in And snowy summits old in story," is a charming place. The air is so sweet ple in the world, is, every man for himself no possession of ours is liable to be taint. Cowper, James Montgomery, Kirk White

so tranquil and lovely, that I always think Do you remember the Cathedral at Co-every friend of man who talks with a needy poets who, writing upon sacred subjects, of it as in Arcadia, but I believe it is real-logne? It has been unfinished for hun-knife-grinder must be a hypocrite and have adhered to rhyme. We have lately ly in Connecticut. As you approach it dreds of years It never will be finished. charlatan? It was Canning who wrote fallen upon something very different from through winding lanes, with ginness of But upon the incomplete tower vines hang the conical sapphirs—but was Canning's the usual poetical paraphrases of Sacred England such a heaven that he could af- Writ. It is a versification of the Lord's the sea, but for convenience called Long all the romantic pomp of antiquity crowns ford to write such verses? Does not the Prayer—an orison, the brevity and con-Island Sound, the fields lie on either hand an ancient fragment that was never a ruin.

the barns are so fat, and the infrequent beauty that should properly belong only everyotherman?" farm-houses so sleepy, that men coming to results ripened by the holiest, not by from the town hail the tranquillity as sail the meanest civilization. These remarks ors after tumultuous tossing at sea, smell contained the whole philosophy of our

and Certosu, continued our President, do we heed it? It comes upon us, it speaks not lie against my country-seat. It is a to usumid pleasure and selfish pursuit and Half-peacht with spring, with summer half-little old house on the shore, standing at heated contest, and eager striving to guide,

Do you fancy the ample gardens, the side by a long, low, sandy spit, on which breathes not the being who does not long stately terraces, the long bowery alleys stands a hut, alone on the wide, wide sea, to follow it, who does not feel as if he and trimmed avenues, the smooth sweep The hut seems to be built in the water must obey it, who does not resolve to be of lawns, skirted with perfumed shrub, when the tide is high, and stands programmed by it. Let it be so. For none of wanting. The music, simple and melo-

So did I; but when along that winding element, hugging the earth, is glad to be come. I cannot tell whether you would call lane, catching glimpses of the distant wa caressed in turn by the blithe young imour Club a political club or not. In this ter, we walked at sun-set, the earth seem-mortals. They bring in marine booty country, where we are nothing if not po- ed entirely prepared for the reign of peace without end, and their squatic forays are of the dying day, by the side of her suf- vate worship." litical, we never tolerate politics, so I hope and good-will, as the President discoursed richly rewarded. Dry horse-shoes, with fering babe; the sweet, low-breathed acall their anatomy displayed—shells, stones, cents of the father went up in supplica-

country-seat. Will you see the gardens—the terraces be granted." -the fountains?

I think I was pained at last; and I often of countless murders, that the very stones Alhambra; when, suddenly, the President bosom—the throbbing of the heart best compared one of these few people with are crystallized with shricks of horror. jumped over the fence, and opened the came more tranquil—a moisture diffused one of the many, to discover the real rea- Other boys, on their way down the steps, little wooden gate for us to enter. We itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep felt

a half rent every month. I do my farming young and the beautiful. Still their the same price to every customer. Those The Villa d'Este at Tivoli, for instance: in Fulton Market. I buy my segars of child, as if by some talismanic spell was recollections were the syrens that sweetly I recollect it on that perfect day of sum- Mr. Sparrowgrass, and never pay less than preserved, and the fond mother thanked sang me homeward. I bounded asho:e mer. I linger again down the silent the price. The taint of Kenilworth is un- God in her heart, that he had lived to into their arms; I claimed the fulfilment avenue of cypresses; I hear the feeble known here. The cloud that hangs over comfort her, of their promises; I demanded that they splash of water in the fountain with the Locksley Hall is dissolved into a rainbow * *

ed above, from which it appeared that un- Villa d'Este, and it is by the magic of on the piazza in the evening-I will say had given place to the intensity of reder his clothes man is always a fowl with- that name that the figure with the laurel- of the Democratic Club, although there morse, and the sterness of despair. The out feathers: that is to say, he is always ed head and the melancholy eyes glides, are several celebrated Democrats who are fair boy had grown to manhood. He had busy picking up his own corn, and not in holding a manuscript from ladies whose not members—it has been unanimously gone forth into the world. He had minthe least degree solicitous whether you eyes smile upon him and whose pride decided, and now stands upon the record, gled with the giddy throng that pursue get yours or not; perhaps even thinking shuns him. How rich and stately and that certain pleasures can be said to be the syren pleasure, till they find too late that if your legs fail for want of corn, so beautiful the villa is in its decay! Was fully and fairly enjoyed only in a Com- that with her, joy is but a name, and hope that you cannot step about, there will be is altogether beautiful in its prime? monucealth, or a state of society in which a plaintom; that she leads to sorrow and

to take the world as you find it. Shall I "Let me curse God and die," said the

The President of the Club instantly replied, with a sweetness that has secured ness and sweetness of the childhood," for nothing, steps lordly about, and finally to eat cake while his brother is starving his reëlection: "Perhaps so; if you can murmred the self-accusing mother. "

" Castle-walls

If you think so, why not join?

"Thy Will be Done."

lub.

The voice of warning pierces through
The objections to building Chatsworth life's fold, hourly almost, with a peal. Do imbrowned,

A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,

No living wight could work, he cared even for winds inland from a bay of the Sound.

In the grassy mouth of a pretty river that to save. Do we obey it? Alas! too often winds inland from a bay of the Sound. Is that voice heard only as the passing It is separated from the Sound on one wind that sweeps by us! And yet there

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Under these circumstances, our Club away in alluring perspective whenever he coes, not a dog barks, not a horse neighs, "O! William, I cannot give him up,"

was formed. The only difficulty with it is bidden to the country. Every farm he not a cow lows, about the grounds of my she added, "he is so lovely, and then he is our only one; surely your petition will

TERMS.--\$1.25 PER ANNUE.

The unconscious infant lay motionless They are close by. The finest flower in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with

slowly restored to health and activity.

should show me a world which was not ruined mossy margin; and here is one gone in our sky. Gentlemen, the pears and disgraced by its inhabitants.

Time passed on. Again the mother method in the disgraced by its inhabitants.

The light glimmers, the shadows melons are on the table. Walk in l' bent over him—a blighted blasted being. Then came the question I have record- despen. It is not Ferrara, but it is the At a special meeting of the Club, held The cherub smile of infantine innocence death. Her contaminating, withering: There was, indeed, one member who influence overmastered him, and he went It is dorll to contemplate the human pretty flower? The retreating figure of pished, and sputtered, and said: "Pooh, on till the poisonous mildew of guilt sethen-yard, because there is always corn Tasso seems to have left only sadness in pooh, don't be impracticable. You've got tied on his soul, and wasted his existence.

wretched sufferer. "O! that thou hadst died in the calm-

Again, the father knelt by the bedside We all returned to town next day but of his son, and his voice once more went "Thy will be done."

"Amen," clearly articulated the mother, and the Angel of Death took the

In a chapter on sacred poetry, Dr. Press, observes:

about it, the light so soft, the landscape and something else for the hindmost! ed by it? Is it necessary to suppose that and Thomas Moore are almost the only whole course of history show that the one centration of which ought to be a lesson so profoundly peaceful, the reposing cat- So it is with many of the feudal phenome- thing wanting has been practice of the to those who indulge in many words when principleofour Club-"Everyman's good's-they pour out prayer and praise. It has y lately been published in Loudon, is com: posed as a duct, and harmonized for four voices, with an accompaniment for the or-

gan or piano-forte. It runs thus hard 'Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer; Thy hingdom come; they perfect will In earth, as in Heaven, let all fulfil; Give this day's bread, that we may live! Forgive our sins as we forgive; Help us temptation to withstand; Now and ever unto Thee, The kingdom, power, and glory he was Amen.

bery, the splashing fountains, vases, stat- foundly solitary; and you will be glad to us can there be hope or happiness unless dious, is said to be worthy of the words. ues? Do you see the gay company flithear that it was the house in which Cowting up and down the marble steps, leanper wrote his ode, and Zimmerman his
ing over the foliaged balustrades, smiling,
book on solitude.

we do it—unicss like the true penitent
we can say, "Thy will be done."
The most curious circumstance connected
with this paraphrase is, that all persons
following picture is no fiction,
and concerned keen their names concerned ing over the foliaged balustrades, smiling, book on solitude.

The house is so near the pebbly and thoughtless youth, and sober age, may the authors are "J. M." and "W. H."

The authors are "J. M." and "W. H." to the lofty halls and pictured parlors, the grassy beach that the children are flounder- gaze upon it and learn something of the the artist who has beautifully adorned the din library, the banqueting-room, the long ing in and out of the water all the time. sterner realities of life, and know, too, music is "R. T." The musical composer the only means by which its hard trials is "G. F. H." The paraphrasoli which is as near perfection as human then can be met, or its seducing large overmake it, has been duly 'entered at Stationers' Hall.' but is not published; so A mother was kneeling in the soft light that it may be adopted in public and pri-

SHE WAS RIGHT. In early Connecti-"What do you think, Sir, of putting A child who loiters in old libraries, and weeds, flowers, every thing is fish to the tion, as if to the very ear of the Eternal: cut times a farmer boy was arrested for d—d rascal, Sir, that's what I think of country villas and vast estates, rural manstores. I raise nothing, and keep no anaway the cold sweat from his pale forewhen I get back, I expect to have Patience!" "To be sure, and I'll be ready," returned the Connecticut primrose.