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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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will promptly attend the Courts in Potter and adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second door North of Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with fidelity 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 adjoining Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER, Bayard, N. Y., Allegany Tp., Potter Co., Pa., attends to all business in his line, with fidelity and dispatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
ARCHITECT, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Coudersport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landowners upon reasonable terms. References if required and desired. P. S.—Maps of any part of M'Kean County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Elliot, Esq. 9:22

E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, 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

MARK GILLON,
MERCHANT TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:25-1y.

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,
A. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
BY M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

☞ Poetry, such as we seldom meet with, (says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*,) will be found in the following lines from a new and unknown contributor, whom we cordially welcome to our columns:

THE ISLE OF THE FUTURE.

BY IDA M. HOLMES.

Just o'er the horizon rim of the soul
An island of beauty is seen;
While the waves of the present incessantly roll,
And murmur their dirges between.

No night settles down on its glorious hills,
No glare in its valleys will burn:
And the air every moment of blessedness fills
With a music we never can learn.

'Tis the Isle of the Future—it keepeth afar
In the mystical sunlight that falls
Where the gate of Eternity standeth ajar,
And the Angel of Mystery calls.

Thro' the storms that the years will bring to our life,
We dimly may err of its truth;
But we will not forget, mid the darkness and strife,
The gleam that we had in our youth.

In that Isle of the Future liveth again
The vision that died on the past;
And the hopes, that have drifted far out on the main,
In its harbor of safety are cast.

When we reach its bright shore, we never shall sigh
For the blossoms that died at our feet,
While the fragrance of undying flowers is nigh,
And the breathings of music are sweet.

We are nearing the isle: though the ocean between
May seem to stretch onward for aye,
Yet over the storms and the dangers is seen
The glimmering light of the day;—

The day that shall dawn on our beautiful isle,
When we rest in its valleys of love,
And the Coming—a glorious Present—shall smile,
In the unchanging glory above.

LAUNCH THY BARK.

I

Now launch thy bark upon the wave,
The sea is spreading wide,
And boldly gaze upon the flood,
Nor fear to stem the tide.
Ha! shrink'st thou from the dashing spray?
The sky above is clear,
And kindred spirits lend a voice
To battle with thy fear.

II

"No coast I see within the sight
To make assurance firm,
And shall I venture in that bark—
That daunting bark—this germ
Upon yon wide, uncertain wave?
Oh! something in my heart
Assails my faith, subdues my nerves,
To feel the coward's part."

III

Keep high thy heart, and firm thy trust,
And spurn the frowning wave,
No danger harms the conscious strong,
Nor conquers o'er the brave.
Does not this sweeping, mighty world
Speed in a space immense?
'Tis *will* commands, and *mind* that guides,
And they will guard you hence.

IV

The watchful bark from fancies free,
Shall meet no devious way—
Then steer it like a trusty shaft
Along the dashing spray:
Let TRUTH and HONOR steer the helm,
And let your motto read,
"I never swerve from duty, when
There's JUSTICE in the deed." D.

Choice Reading.

From Harper's Magazine, November.

LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Life never had the fulness of meaning that it has now. The present century, and especially its last twenty years, have given to life an enlargement, a scope, an intenseness that have imparted a new and deeper significance to manhood. Talk as we may of the past, it was never so great a thing to be a man as it is in this age. Over the centuries gone there is cast a soft, mystical vail that pleases the fancy while it obscures the reason, and therefore it is easy for our romantic sentiments to find in them the high-seasoned food on which their spice-loving nature delights to feed. The best features, too, of the past are only preserved; for poets and historians are not much inclined to take the materials of their arts from the revolting aspects of humanity. The past is like our own childhood; we see it in ideal splendors. Time is a merciful friend, and is very considerate of our stern, common-sense faculties. It graciously hides much from our eyes, leaving, for the most part, only such objects as tend to awaken the glow of imagination and inspire the fervors of generous enthusiasm. Despite of all this veneration for the past, it is very clear to any thinking mind that the present century has been a most munificent benefactor to the human family, surpassing far all its predecessors in width and depth of influence, stirring the hearts of men with a new and perplexing consciousness of an amazing destiny, and impelling them forward on a pathway where every step is an ascension toward a more commanding height of greatness.

There is a childish cant abroad—and sanctioned, too, by some respectable names—that pretends to find fault with any thing like warmth and earnestness in the appreciation of the wonders of the day. We call it childish, and childish it certainly is, for there is nothing man-like in that stolid insensibility to the present, and that overweening partiality for the past, which reverse outright every just standard of judgment, and deprive us, with an ill-concealed vindictiveness, of our foothold among the staple facts of the age. No wise man reflects the least credit on himself, or honors the scheme of providential progress as it evolves its mystery and magnificence from generation to generation, by undervaluing to-day and reserving his heartiest plaudits for yesterday. So far from this being the genuine outworking of nature, it is a false and corroding morbidness that betrays its birth in a cynical contempt for what is truly grand and noble. Such a spirit does violence to all our better instincts. To-day is God's dispensation to our needs. It is His embodiment to us of divine purposes and aims—His offering to our hopes—His invocation to our activity and ambition—His great ensign, hung out from the overlooking heavens for us to watch and follow. The past was His appeal to other minds and other hearts; and although it were a grave error to suppose that we are to turn our eyes away from His former manifestations, yet it is the plainest dictate both of philosophy and faith to believe that the present is a divine gift to us in a much more impressive sense than the past. For the present is a specific providential adaptation to us. It is the correlative of our tastes, sentiments, and capacity—the prophecy of the Infinite to us, and, primarily, to us alone. We are in close, immediate contact with its objects; and on us, as means of discipline, direction, and exaltation, their agency is to be exerted, or utterly fail in their main end. Nothing, then, in the past can be on the same level in interest and momentousness with the present; nothing can have a tithe of the same value; for nothing that the world has hitherto seen can come recommended to our acceptance with such tokens of the Almighty's direct presence.

But apart from this general aspect of the present, as connected with the principles and pursuits of life, there is the additional motive, already intimated, of the high and intrinsic worth of this age, taken in relation to the developments of intellectual, moral, social manhood. Allow a liberal drawback on the age for its folly, extravagance, and irrational, often impious, thinking, and still it is true—forcibly true—that manhood never stood at the altitude it now stands; never had such an investiture of rights, privileges, and possibilities; never had such openings into the wealth of the universe. Nor is this sudden enhancement of human power to be attributed to a happy coincidence of favorable circumstances; and, moreover, it is but in an inconsiderable degree the fruit of the past. Admit, as we gladly may, our obligations to other generations, it is nevertheless a fact that this age occupies its own independent ground, and enjoys its own distinctive honors. Not only has it greatly extended the preoccupied realms of thought, but it has entered on territories, vast and wonderful, of its own, and annexed them as sure possessions of princely value to the *terra cognita* of an older date. It has established, and well-nigh perfected, some of the elder sciences; while it has been equally successful in laying the foundations and raising the massive superstructure of sciences for which the vocabulary of our ancestors had not even names. In the inventions that multiply and facilitate labor; in those applications of skill and ingenuity that tend to give us mastery over the physical forces of nature; in better modes of intercourse; in the practical unfolding, through commerce and international law, of the ennobling idea of human brotherhood; and above all, because holier than all, in those selecter forms of thought that lift man above himself, and introduce him to the fellowship of the Infinite, the present century is without a rival! Whether we look, therefore, at the actual discoveries of the age, or at the great leading sentiments that pervade all active and far-reaching minds, or at the fresh, buoyant, humanizing spirit all abroad in the hearts of men, the day in which we live is full of most striking significance. It is a day to be thankful for—a day to bless with such thanksgivings as only rise from our nature when it is conscious of a birth into a larger freedom of thought and action—a day that brings the resources of humanity within its grasp, and attests, even to the senses, a glory within reach of realization.

One of the distinctive features of life in the nineteenth century is found in the fact that the domain of action and enjoyment has been greatly widened. Without supposing that any faculties of activity and happiness have been created, we may assert that the multiplication of objects to call forth the energies of our nature has intensified the mind in a remarkable degree. Indeed, it is practically the enfeeblement of a new power. Shut up the human intellect, with its supplementary forces of motive, sensibility, and passion—confine it within a narrow range, and its faculties are feeble and inoperative. Its mighty instincts lie dormant. A stranger to itself, it is a stranger also to the world without; for if it know not its own being, how can it have the key to those hieroglyphics that are recorded over the face of creation? But give it freedom and strength follows. It springs into life, and finds life in everything. Outward objects crowd into its inner chambers and fill them with the presence of fellowship and joy. A new feeling of oneness with the universe pervades the spirit; and thought, no longer restrained within its prison, experiences a bliss like friendship in the communion of the open world. Now it can not be doubted that the present century has placed man on far better terms with visible nature than he has ever been before. If he has not a profound insight into the great system with which he is so intimately identified, he is steadily moving in that direction. The steps already taken have been neither few nor inconsiderable, and the ground made good by the certainties of science is vantage-ground for farther and more rapid progress. Man's sphere of activity has been much enlarged. Franklin walks out into the fields, and, by means of a boy's kite, establishes the identity of lightning and electricity. Here is a valuable truth for science, but not for science only. It is a new truth for men's homes and business. If not at once, yet subsequently, his discovery becomes a large and lucrative branch of trade; capital and labor are associated with it; and in our day the itinerating "lightning-rod wagon" is as common a sight as the peddler's pack was to our forefathers. Davy takes the galvanic-battery and commences a new era in practical chemistry; but the wonder is scarcely heralded in the gratulations of scientific men before chemistry introduces a new department in manufactures, and hundreds earn their daily bread through the thought of one sagacious mind. Daguerre throws the sun's light on a silvered plate, and henceforth the million have a cheap artist, a world-wide branch of industry and taste is created, and thousands draw their sustenance from it. Baron Liebig elaborates a few ideas on agricultural chemistry, and the trade in guano diverts wealth, shipping, merchants into its service. Science has proved one of the main sources of modern industry, and perhaps no feature of the times is more striking than this constant and stimulating action of the scientific intellect on almost every department of mechanics and manufactures. We may say, indeed, that cultivated mind underlies the whole system of trade and commerce. The earnest student of nature, pursuing some solitary path of investigation, is subserving the interests of the humblest artisan. The greatest are the helpers of the lowliest. A profound mind, charmed with a magnificent conception, follows its development until it has led into remote regions of thought; but on returning to the practical world it finds itself at the side of the day-laborer, with a fresh incitement for the weary muscle of toil.

Men of this day have measurably lost their sensibility to surprise. Novelty is a commonplace affair. But if one were to draw out a catalogue of those staple articles that have been recently added to the materials of domestic and foreign commerce, it would astonish him to see how largely industry has been a gainer by the progress of this century. Who would have thought, a few years since, that immense rafts of lumber would be seen floating down our northern rivers to supply wood for the insignificant match? What credulity would have believed that the waste of our houses, the refuse of hotels, the offal of the streets, would have been economized into the service of the chemist and agriculturist? Who would have dreamed that ice, India rubber, gutta percha, would have contributed so much to our activity and wealth? Who would have conjectured that steam-engines would give us cheap newspapers and books, or that electricity would employ a class of men in transmitting hourly intelligence? Nor should we omit to notice the new uses to which substances long known have been put. Animal bones, instead of being left to bleach in the open air, are converted into manure for the soil. Wood, stone, iron, are wrought into a multitude of shapes to gratify the convenience and luxury of man. Within a few years salt has been applied to new purposes in art, while chlorine, iodine, and various other chemical agents, have greatly extended the domain of practical science. Sulphuric acid serves the husbandman, and copper gives permanence to the types of the printer. Not long since steam seemed to be the boundary of human power, and the steam-engine was the symbol of this progressive age. Who can forget the eloquent things that were uttered about it when such men as Lardner, Everett, and Webster described the wonders of its service? It really appeared that it would half monopolize the labor of the world. Men viewed it as the final embodiment of mechanical genius—the Samson of civilization—that would perfect the authority of mind over matter, and restore to humanity the universal sovereignty of the earth. Nor was the language, at that day, extravagant. But one form of power soon educates us into a necessity for another and higher form. The age of steam prepared the way for the age of telegraphs; and now men justly speak of the Atlantic Telegraph as the greatest event in the history of the world since Columbus discovered the Western Continent. If the introduction of steam has vastly enhanced the mining, mechanical, and manufacturing power of men, no limits can be set to the utility of the telegraph as an ally of mind, as an instrument of intellectual and social action, as a bond of peaceful and assimilating brotherhood. The hearts of two mighty nations have throbbed aloud over the consummation of this magnificent work. None but a soulless cynic could regard the exultation as a jubilee of Mammon. Nor is the popular feeling a mere tribute to the wisdom and skill of science. No, it is a far deeper and nobler sentiment. A true instinct has been appealed to, a profound and generous impulse has been lodged in the bosoms of Anglo-Saxon brethren, and men have felt that a prophecy has gone over the waters, speaking of better days and encouraging loftier hopes. The great achievement takes its place as the last and grandest link in that chain of wonders which connects man, not with fortunate accidents and lucky circumstances, but with a system of progress. It is another revelation of Providence. It is a fresh summons to the soul of the nineteenth century to put forth its renewed energies—to believe anew in its capacity, under God, to subdue the earth, and make it a habitation of blessedness.

Looking, then, at the development of recent industry, it is not too much to say that within a few years past there have been opened new sources of wealth sufficient, of themselves, to give the means of subsistence, and even of luxury, to a great nation. On this subject we can not have satisfactory statistics; but judging from the lucrativeness of certain branches of trade that have just sprung into existence, we can be at no loss to conjecture the general result. One who takes this thought with him, and walks through the streets of a great city, will have ample illustrations of the fact above stated. Take Broadway in New York. One can not pass along a block of stores without being reminded of the immense expansion of business in consequence of the introduction of new elements into trade. * * * *

Go, then, into a first-class Broadway hotel, and that will epitomize the new arts of life for you. Architecture is an ancient art, called, in one form, by Coleridge, "a petrified religion," and designated by Goethe and De Staël as "frozen music." Neither of the finely-toned phrases applies to hotel architecture, for it is the beauty of the street in aristocratic stone—the grandeur of everyday business, in its most showy costume. It is an eloquent acknowledgment of the democratic fact that the public is a royal personage, and is entitled to entertainment in kingly style. But this is just what Scott and Dickens have admitted in writing great fictions for the public; while Wordsworth, in poetry, and Macaulay, in history, have exemplified the same truth. In brief, the public is the monopolist of regard, genius, and practical art, vying in efforts to do it honor. For this reason, we repeat, look at the modern American hotel. Under all that extravagance, and, as you call it, folly, there is a significant fact, full of meaning to one who interprets it. You see modern industry here in a galaxy of glory. Of the past it preserves scarcely a relic; but as the exponent of the present, it stands proudly, rather too proudly, forth, and challenges admiration. It is an illustration of the point we have been considering, viz., the *Originality of Modern Industry*. And perhaps no better type of it could be selected. Modern activity is based on an acute perception of the wants, tastes, habits, and growing power of the public. With it, caste and class are secondary considerations. It seeks custom and patronage at the hands of the masses. Its first and last care is to please them—ranging through their variety, holding fast to their unity, and striving to suit their many-sidedness by every form of ingenious adaptation and studied skillfulness. Viewed in this sense, the modern hotel is an exponent of the times. It is a palace for the public; and on that idea—the inherent superiority of the public—all our system of industry proceeds. This truth, although often exaggerated, is nevertheless a recognition of a grand fact. It has made modern activity creative, given it expansiveness, stimulated its utmost strength, and stamped it as the miracle of the century.

A panoramic view of modern activity, if adequately conceived and represented, would exhibit an impressive picture.—What distant extremes, and yet how near together! What vast dissimilarity, but what suggestive unity! How various the means all tending to a common end! How numerous the circles, some greater, others smaller, but all surrounded by the same horizon! Here is a man who bends over the spade or follows the plow, and on yonder hill is an observatory, where, night after night, an astronomer is fixing his searching eye on the remote heavens. Here is a blacksmith at the anvil, and there is one who sits beside a microscope and finds the Infinite in a minute atom. Here is one engaged in teaching a child its alphabet, and close at hand, among those great hills, is a geologist tracing the elder records of the globe in the strata beneath him. We see these inequalities every where. One makes a bare subsistance, another acquires millions.—One is too poor to own the water he drinks, while another has the revenue of an empire. The same inequality runs through all the aspects of our intellectual and social condition; so that while, in some, mind appears to be little else than the creature of the senses, in others, it reveals godlike attributes. It would seem, at first sight, that the extremes of society, if taken in all their connections, are wider apart than ever before. Select any of the best specimens of the civilized races of this century, men of the highest position in all respects, and place in contrast the most abject and illiterate of the same races, and it would appear that the effect of modern civilization had been to throw the extremes of society farther from each other than at any former period. With proper qualification, this is true. But how has it been brought about? All classes of society have moved forward, but not at the same rate of progress. The peasantry of Europe are far superior to the "*villeins*" of the Feudal ages, and, even within a hundred years, the laboring population of Great Britain have greatly advanced. Oaten bread has been superseded by corn and wheat, and, since 1820, the consumption of tea and coffee has much increased. The poorer classes are far more healthy, the average continuance of life is longer, the proportion of marriages is larger, licentiousness has diminished, and the number of births has been augmented. At the same time it must be admitted that the intellectual, refined, wealthier portions of society have made a more striking advancement. The benefits of modern civilization have inured more to them than to the poorer classes, but this can not be considered as a law of the social state, nor is it any thing else than a temporary and incidental result. Inequalities must continue. Men are differently constituted; temperaments, capacity, and habits are dissimilar; like opportunities instantly become unlike when they pass into their hands; and hence, uniformity of condition and progress is impossible. Nevertheless, men gravitate toward the same centre, and although disturbing causes in the moral, as in the physical world, may modify the action of gravity, yet the tendency is alike in kind, if not in degree, in all instances.

We have remarked that the benefits of modern progress have not been distributed with absolute equality; and furthermore, that we cannot expect uniformity in social circumstances. A Christian civilization does not require all to occupy the same level. But it does require that every man shall have the use of his faculties and means to the utmost possible extent, and that all classes shall have freedom of opportunity to make the best of their position. Manhood is God's creature in God's world. It is here to be cultivated, not to be stunted in growth. It is here to be developed to the full measure of earthly excellence, not to be crampled and restrained. Modern activity is contributing to this end. One of the agencies of Providence to quicken and invigorate mind, to arouse consciousness and enlarge the sphere of life, it is slowly effecting a vast change in the character and prospects of the laboring classes. Its two main characteristics—first, the impulse communicated to intellect, and, secondly, the broad surface over which it is extending, must diffuse its influence and carry all parts of society forward together. Industry has too generally been synonymous with beast-like drudgery. But this degradation can not continue. Labor has not been as promptly affected by the spirit of the age as other social interests.—Nor is this surprising. It was isolated from the great controlling forces of the world. It stood apart by itself, and participated no more than machinery in the ongoing of society. It was not a living part of the determinative will of the public mind. Prejudices scowled on it.—Selfishness abused it, and rejoiced in the abuse. It was under a double curse—the curse of the Adamic transgression, and the worse curse of human heartlessness. Owing to these causes labor was not as quickly reached by the redeeming spirit of the century as, under more auspicious circumstances, it would have been; but, notwithstanding the delay, certain it is that a liberating power has begun to act on its interests. In our own country industry has been the first to feel the awakening genius of the age. The structure of American society being simple,

[SEE 4TH PAGE.]