The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS. Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. TERMS—$1.25 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 7. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1859

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

Thos. S. Chase,

To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

Terms—invariably in advance:

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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,

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

F. W. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter, and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second door, 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

C. L. HOYT,

CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given, if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,

SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:39

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 promptly 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

MARK GILLON,

DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

E. J. OLMSTED. E. D. KELLY.

OLMSTED & KELLY,

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. P. 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

Poet's Corner.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

From gold to gray, our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But, tenderly, above the gray
And hazy, white and calm, the Hunter's moon
Looms pale; fire the village spire; mist to old
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lanes; and
The painted walls, whereon it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance!
O'er fallen leaves the west wind grieves,
Yet comes the seed-time round again,
And morn shall see the State sown free
With baleful tares, or healthful grain.
Along the street the shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The molds of fate that shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.
Around I see the powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet in every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd the laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon;
God save the land a careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!
No jest is this; one cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
Oh! take me where are hearts of prayer,
And for the heads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall, beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float:
The crowning fact, the kingliest act
Of freedom, is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem a diadem
The diver in the deep sea dives;
The regal right we boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice.

The blood of Vane, his prison pain,
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod;
And hers whose faith drew strength from death,
And prayed her Bussell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold; we lightly hold
The right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord, the ax, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Your shadows rend, and o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms.
Breathe through these throngs your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms!

Look from thy sky, like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the sight of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away the hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred Ark.

To party claims, and private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
To which are given the age of Heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

National Era.

Miscellany.

From All the Year Round.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

When we are all wise, Marvels of Science may, perhaps, content the common thirst for wonderment as well as it has heretofore been satisfied by curiosities of Superstition. Certain it is, that the imagination claims its daily food, and demands wonderful facts, false or true—but in either case strange matter is oredited—as one part of its diet. Wonders will never cease out of the world. The greatest of philosophers and the most ignorant of village crones wonder alike, as they eat alike, only they do not feed from the same dishes.

The superstitions of the country side, still vigorous in many a farm and village throughout every British county, are the relics of a body of science that once rested on the names of Plato and of Pliny, and was cherished by philosophers in Europe till about three hundred years ago. Much that appears ridiculous in folk-lore may be traced to its origin among all that was most learned in a bygone day. To study superstition seriously is worth while, and in aid of those who would do so, a contemporary journal that, "when found, makes note of" all the waifs and strays of knowledge scattered up and down the land, for the assistance and amusement of the learned, has for some years past been a gatherer of old wives' tales. A volume of Choice Notes from Notes and Queries, taking folk-lore for its subject, now contains the pith of many thousand entries. From these notes we gather and arrange an illustration or two of this feature in our social history.

Superstition deals with a man's life before his birth, and does not part from him at death. To determine the sex of an unborn child, get help, if you want it, to eat up a shoulder of mutton at a supper, hold the bladebone before the fire till it is so far charred that your two thumbs may be thrust in two places through the thinnest part. Put a string through the two holes so made, and tie it in a knot, then hang the bladebone by the string upon a nail outside the house door and go to bed.—The sex of the first person ignorant of the charm who enters in the morning will be the sex of the child in question. This was tried once in a house where the first comers were always women, but, on the critical morning, it was a remarkable fact that a man first entered, and, six weeks later, it was truly announced that a man child must be born.

To be born with a caul is lucky. A child born on Christmas day or on chime hours will be able to see spirits.

Born on a Sunday, a gentleman;
Born on a Monday, fair in face;
Born on a Tuesday, full of grace;
Born on a Wednesday, sour and crabbed;
Born on a Thursday, welcome home;
Born on a Friday, free in giving;
Born on a Saturday, work hard for a living.

A May baby's always sickly. You may try, but you'll never rear it. Rock the cradle when the baby is not in it, and the child will die. Children with much down upon their arms or hands are born to be rich. A child that does not cry at baptism is too good to live. If several children are baptised together, and the girls are taken to the font before the boys, the boys will have no beards when they are men. Persons called Agnes always go mad. If a child's finger nails are cut before it is a year old, it will live to be a thief. If they want trimming within that age, they are to be trimmed by biting. If you wish well to your friend's child, you must give it, when it first comes to your house, a cake, a little salt, and an egg. When a child has the thrush, say the Eighth Psalm over it three times daily for three days. Or you may catch a duck and hold its bill wide open in the child's mouth. The cold breath of the duck will cause the disease slowly and surely to depart. Whooping-cough never will be taken by a child that has ridden upon a bear. When bear-baiting was in fashion, this belief yielded a part of his income to the bear owner. Roast mouse cures the measles. A consumptive infant should be carried through a flock of sheep as it is let out of the fold early in the morning. The weaning of a child should begin on Good Friday.

Between birth and death we may indulge in thousands of these fancies which are still credited by some people in England. If I eat an egg, I must finish by making a hole in the shell, or the witches will sail out in it to wreck the ships. And, considering the price of eggs, I may refrain from burning egg shells, because if I do so the hens cease to lay. If I have the cramp of nights, I may cross my shoes and stockings when I take them off, or put my slippers under the bed with the soles upwards. If I have a stye in the eye I may pull a hair out of the tail of a black cat and rub the tip nine times over the pustule. I may know that I am going to receive money if I find a spider on my clothes, and am not bound to accept Fuller's moral to the saying. "The moral is this: such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth and procure a plentiful estate." If I meet a white horse I may know that I must spit at it. I may rejoice to have teeth set far apart, because that makes me lucky and a traveler. If my keys or penknife, or any steel thing that I have, will rust, in spite of my care, I may be sure that somebody is laying money by for me. I may know how lucky it is to find old iron and hoard up old pot-lids and horse-shoes discovered in the public road; by the fortune his thrifty habit accumulates. 'Seven years' trouble but no want, is the sentence I hear mystically pronounced upon me if I break a looking-glass. If my left palm itches, money goes out; if the right, money comes in.

Rub it 'gainst wood,
'Tis sure to come good.

If my knee itches, I shall kneel in a strange church; if the sole of my foot, I shall walk over strange ground; if the elbow, I shall sleep with a strange bedfellow. If my ear tingles, I am to hear sudden news. If I shiver, or feel cold in the back, somebody treads over my future grave. If my cheek burn, somebody talks scandal of me. If I hear a singing in my right ear, somebody praises me; if in the left ear, somebody abuses me, and I may punish him by biting sharply into my own little finger: in so doing I bite his evil tongue. If I have my clothes mended on my back, I am to be ill spoken of. At church I may take good heed of the preacher's text, knowing that all texts heard in church will have to be repeated on the Judgment day. If the clock strikes while the text is being given, death may be expected in the parish. Of course I may know that it is unlucky to kill a cricket, because crickets bring luck to a house, but eat holes in the worsted stockings of those who destroy them. I may know, too, that if I kill a beetle it is sure to rain; that I must not let a feather-bed be turned on Sunday if I wish to keep my luck; that sneezing on Monday hastens anger, but that if I sneeze on Sunday morning fasting, I shall enjoy my own true love to everlasting. To dream about that lady, I must stick nine pins into the bladebone of a rabbit and put them under my pillow. So there arise now marvels concerning courtship and marriage. If an unmarried person happens to be placed at dinner between man and wife, that promises marriage within the year. When you first see the moon in the new year, take off one stocking and run to a side, there you will find tucked under your great toe, a hair of the same color as your lover's. The first egg laid by a pullet is the luckiest thing a man can present to his sweetheart. Men must never go courting on Friday. In some Lancashire villages they pursue home with poker and tongs and tin kettle music whoever breaks this rule. If the fire burns brightly when it is poked, the absent lover is in good spirits. Persons about to marry, when they meet a male acquaintance, are desired to rub their elbows. When a newly married couple first come home, bring in a hen and make it cackle. A maiden who desires to know which of her lovers really care for her, names each as she throws an apple pip into the fire; if the pip cracks, the love is hearty. A girl shelling peas, when she finds a peasood with nine peas in it, must lay it on the threshold of the kitchen door: the first bachelor who crosses it will love her. Two people on the point of being married, should first loosen all the knots and ties about their clothes, and afterwards proceed to fasten them again privately. Be sure when you get married that you don't go in at one door and out at the other. Whichever sleeps first on the marriage night will be the first to die. So there arise now marvels concerning death:

A wild bee, that is a bumble-bee, entering a room, gives warning of death. So does the crowing of a hen, so does the squeaking of a mouse behind the bed of a sick person. If the door of a hearse be closed before the mourners are all in the coaches, there will be another death in the family. If a cow breaks into your garden there will be death in your house within six months. The gentleman who sends note of this superstition adds the singular fact that it was made known to him by the breaking of three cows into his own garden, when an old house servant grieved that there would be three deaths in the family within six months—and there were. The third was that of a son-in-law, into whose garden, also, a cow broke some weeks before he died. Nobody can die on a bed in which there are pigeon or game feathers. This is a wide-spread belief, easily confirmed to the ignorant by proofs like the following, which were adduced by a Sussex laborer against a sceptic: "Look at poor Muster S——, how hard he were a dying; poor soul, he could not die any way, till neighbor Puttick found out how it were. 'Muster S——,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely;' and so he were. So we took n out o' bed and laid 'n on the floore, and he pretty soon died then!" The last thing a man longs to eat seems to be pigeon. A very respectable farmer's wife being applied to for some pigeons which a sick man fancied he could eat, said, "Ah! poor fellow, is he so far gone? A pigeon is generally almost the last thing they want. I have supplied many a one for the like purpose." If a pigeon is seen sitting on a tree, or enters a house, or, from being wild grows tame, that is a sign of death. If any bird flies into a room and out again by an open window, that is a sign of death among the inmates of the house. The soul may be seen going out as a steam or a blue vapor about five minutes after death. Then every lock in the house, of boxes as well as of doors, should be unfastened. It used to be thought that the first pains of purgatory were inflicted by the squeezing of the soul between the hinges, and that leaving doors and lids unlocked and open caused to the departing a free, painless escape. The lingering look of a mother's love upon a dying child, prevents the fleeting of its soul, and the child struggles in vain to die, till the compassionate eyes of the mother are averted.

That is an eye of holiness; but there is also an evil eye, which causes death. An old woman had a rosary of lucky stones—that is to say, of stones with holes in them—hung up in her cottage. She owned unwillingly to a friendly lady that it was meant for protection against the evil eye. "Why, Nanny," said the lady, "you surely don't believe in witches now-a-days!" "No! I don't say as I do; but certainly in former times there was wizzards and buzzards, and them sort o' things." "Well," answered the lady, laughing, "but you surely don't think there are any now?" "No! I don't say as ther' are; but I do believe in a evil eye." As to the old lady's buzzards, there is a story in Yorkshire of an ignorant person being asked if he ever said his prayers, who repeated them as follows:

From witches and wizards and long-tail'd buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms,
Good Lord deliver us."

Then again there are to be remembered, as part of the popular faith of the ignorant, the legends still attached to rocks and streams, and churches. Breedon church, in Leicestershire, stands alone on the top of a high hill with the village at its foot. They began building it within the village; till they changed the site, because every night the stones laid during the day were carried up to the hill top by doves. The site and name of Winwick church was decided by a pig who every night came crying wee-wick! wee-wick! and carried the stones in his mouth from the wrong place selected, till the ground hallowed by St. Oswald's death. The devil built the bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, and the picturesque stones in the stream below are those which he was carrying in his apron when its string broke. At Peel, in the Isle of Man, a witch with a basin of water said once that the herring fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since, on the barrel's track, and to this you may see the mark all down. The Welsh peasant hears spirit-hounds, the Cron Annwn, when the storm sounds over the mountains. Sometimes swelling like the bay of a bloodhound, the nearer they are to a man the less their voice, and the further the louder. The shriek of the Cyoeraeth is often heard. She is the hag of the mist, who sits in the mountain fog, with torn dishevelled hair, lank arms and claws, long black teeth in her corpse-like face, and leathery bat's wings. Her name means cold grief, and her wail freezes the blood of those who hear it. Sometimes, she flaps her wings against the window-pane, and moans the name of one within who has been marked for death. It is this hag who cuts the torrent beds by dropping when she is about to settle on a mountain, the huge stones she carries in her cloak as ballast when she flies. In some parts of South Wales, this hag has no sway, but it is Brenhin Llwyd, the grey king, who sits over silent in the mist. There is a Welsh fairy, the Pwoca, that is seen constantly upon the moor in the form of a handful of lose dried grass rolling before the wind. Even upon a wisp of dead grass will the fancy be set rolling. Miss Costello tells a Pyrenean legend, which detects the spirit of the Lord of Orthez in two straws moving on the floor.

The fancy must and will work. The whole world is full of wonders that reveal the divine glory and goodness. Life is full of strange problems, of entanglements of love and enmity, of days of mirth and weeping, that engross attention from all powers of the mind and soul. While we are ignorant, we link religion to such fanciful opinions as those of which a handful has been shaken out on this leaf of paper. Teach folks a little better; let their fancy, thriving upon diet wholesome and abundant, be the steady helper to them, that it may add its quickening influence to their pleasure and their work here, and become their hope for the hereafter. Superstition will soon vanish. All that is poetry in folklore may abide while there is literature in our country. As superstition, it degrades; as poetry, it raises us. For,

Shakespeare's self, with every garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.

But, it is not worth while to drag a dying man out of his bed because we fancy he is lying upon game feathers, or to go into a church at midnight and steal a minute cutting of lead from each diamond pane of its windows, that we may make of such cuttings a heart of lead, for cure of sickness. There is too much of the heart of lead, too little of the golden heart that brings men health in such credulity.

PENNSYLVANIA TRIUMPHANT.—It will be a source of gratification to Pennsylvanians to know that at the late national exhibition by the United States Agricultural Society, held at Chicago, the two highest honors were awarded to Pennsylvania exhibitors—one to Mr. Fawkes, of Lancaster, for his great American Steam Plow, and the other to the Hope Steam Fire Engine, of Philadelphia. The "Grand Gold Medal of Honor," awarded to Mr. Fawkes, is the largest and most valuable gold medal awarded by any Agricultural Association in the world—four only having been offered and awarded; and as only one is to be given each year by the society, the value is still greater than if several were awarded at each exhibition. The intrinsic value of the gold in this medal is $200. It will be struck at the United States Mint, and delivered at the annual meeting of the Society in January.

☞ THE New York *Herald* publishes a statement to the effect that its advertising receipts are averaging at present, $1,138 50 per week.

Communications.

Letter from a Democrat.

COUDERSPORT, Oct. 5th, 1859.

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me a few words to the public and yourself in relation to the Democratic meeting held during last week. I hope you will publish the following remarks in order to refute the

Weddings.

We are taught that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting," conveying the idea that the latter is to be shunned. But still must it be to go to both to one. This we do sometimes when rejoicing on behalf of those newly wedded—joining with the loved hearts, the life, the interests, the cares, hopes, fears, duties, love and sorrows of the untried future, and yet mourning with those, who, hitherto united in Nature's holy family ties, part now and forever; with a heart-break covered by a smile; a sob, changing into a prayer of hope.

All that is beautiful and poetic in life is symbolized here, for the most commonplace and prosaic nature is glorified by love, of which this is the expression. A bride, whether fair as a pearl and sensitive as a mimosa, or rough and ignorant, as, unfortunately, some grow in the hard ways of life, hath a beauty and halo about her, as she gives hand and heart, utterly, entirely, forever and ever, to one chosen from all earth's millions—*the* one chosen above all. Far in the past we look, thinking what laws of spirit and of matter have been at work and brought these two together. Into the future, far down the ages, far into eternity—we think of the united life. For the present, we know a poem has been wrought in our midst—that a divine glory hath united two human souls and blended them in one.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," we say when consigning a body to the earth. "Spirit to spirit, soul to soul," we consign husband and wife to each other. SARA.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and if called upon, could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try the next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stand up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake," from which he preached a glorious sermon charming the attention of the delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible the old man looked anxiously around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?" Another silence reigned.—After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit at his friend and in a doleful voice said:—*I think I am brother.*

Pen Drops.

Man—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.

Life—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave.

Fame—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.

Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care.

Pleasure—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away.

Love—A morning dream whose memory gilds the day.

Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Hope—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.

Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.

Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above.

Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of heaven.

Death—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.

Grave—A house of rest where ends life's weary day.

Resurrection—A sudden wakening from a quiet dream.

Heaven—A land of joy, of joy and love supreme.