

The Potter Journal

SINGLE COPIES

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

FOUR CENTS

VOLUME XII. NUMBER 25.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1860.

TERMS.—\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean 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 promptness and ability. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

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. 11:25-15

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having created a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and W. streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.
Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-15.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTISING 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, Crochery, 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 GILSON,
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. 10:35-15.

OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Wares made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport on the Wellsville Road. 8:44

LYMAN HOUSE,
C. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-15.

D. L. & M. H. DANIELS,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Ready-Made Clothing, Crochery, Hardware, Books, Stationery, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, &c., Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. Cash paid for Furs, Hides and Pelts. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for trade.—12:20.

Poet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

Hail to thee! spirit of solemnest pleasure,
That breathest from regions of coolness thy breath;
Hail! with thy fund of crystalline treasure,
Thy pictures of life, and thy statues of death.

Over Earth and its pageants the mantle of sleeping,
With silence and tenderest care thou hast thrown,
And there, with the promise of holiest keeping,
The treasures of Summer lie buried and lone.

Embalm'er of beauty! in thy wonderful mirror
The seasons are flitting, in glory arrayed;
Their lights and the shadows grow brighter and clearer,
And then, like a dream of the Orient, fade.

The magical fancies float down from the clouds;
Miniature vessels, on oceans of air,
Where spars are all gleaming, and whose silver shrouds
Are wrought with a texture exquisitely fair.

With emblems of peace and proud symbols of war,
Dark splendors uprising o'er shadow thy path;
And now hoarsely pealing, sublime and afar,
The storm-voices shout in their cloud-shaking wrath.

Then each warrior come forth in his glittering mail—
How they gather and form as they pass swiftly by;
Hark! to the roaring of winds and the clashing of hail—
'Tis the frost legion filling the sky!

How the vaults of the infinite shake to the tread
Of those legions that countless outpour,
While each gray mountain-wild shivers with dread,
To hear the mad hurricane's roar.

Old Ocean, unconquered, still thunders a main,
His billows ne'er tamed will not yield to thee;
He but breathes on the links of thy gossamer chain,
And lo! a bright rainbow encircles his brow.

When tempest winds howl of destruction and thee,
Oh, on some mountain-crag lonely to stand,
Rapt in thy mystic realm, boundless and free!
Gems on the ocean wave, stars on the land.

Then ice-bolted messengers rending the night,
Shall speak from the heart of the mystery thine;
Those hosts of destruction were angels of Light,
With errands of peace, and with mission Divine.

ULYSSES, PA., Feb. 19, 1860. H. P. S.

Choice Reading.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Love and Self-Love.

"FRIENDLESS, when you are gone? But, Jean, you surely do not mean that Effie has no claim on any human creature, beyond the universal one of common charity?" I said, as she ceased, and lay patting on her pillows, with her sunken eyes fixed eagerly upon my own.

"Ay, Sir, I do; for her grandfather has never by word or deed acknowledged her, or paid the least heed to the letter her poor mother sent him from her dying bed seven years ago. He is a lone old man, and this child is the last of his name; yet he will not see her, and cares little whether she be dead or living. It's a bitter shame, Sir, and the memory of it will rise up before him when he comes to lie where I am lying now."

"And you have kept the girl safe in the shelter of your honest home all these years? Heaven will remember that, add in the great record of good deeds will set the name of Adam Lyndsay far below that of poor Jean Burns!" I said, pressing the thin hand that had succored the orphan in her need.

"But Jean took no honor to herself for that charity, and answered simply to my words of commendation.

"Sir, her mother was my foster-child; and when she left that stern old man for love of Walter Home, I went, too, for love of her. Ah, dear heart! she had sore need of me in the weary wanderings which ended only when she lay down by her dead husband's side and left her bairn to me. Then I came here to cherish her among kind souls where I was born; and here she has grown up, an innocent young thing safe from the wicked world, the comfort of my life, and the one thing I grieve at leaving when the time that is drawing very near shall come."

"Would not an appeal to Mr. Lyndsay reach him now, think you? Might not Effie go to him herself? Surely, the sight of such a winsome creature would touch his heart, however hard."

"But Jean rose up in her bed, crying, almost fiercely—

"No, Sir! no! My child shall never go to beg a shelter in that hard man's house. I know too well the cold looks, the cruel words, that would sting her high spirit and try her heart, as they did her mother's. No, Sir,—rather than that, she shall go with Lady Gower."

"Lady Gower? What has she to do with Effie, Jean?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"She will take Effie as her maid, Sir. A hard life for my child! but what can I do?" And Jean's keen glances seemed trying to read mine.

"A waiting-maid? Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated, as a vision of that haughty lady and her three wild sons swept through my mind.

I rose, paced the room in silence for a little time, then took a sudden resolution, and, turning to the bed, exclaimed—

"Jean, I will adopt Effie. I am old enough to be her father; and she shall never feel the want of one, if you will give her to my care."

To my surprise, Jean's eager face wore a look of disappointment as she listened, and with a sigh replied—

"That's a kind thought, Sir, and a generous one; but it cannot be as you wish. You may be twice her age, but still too young for that. How could Effie look into that face of yours, so bonnie, Sir, for all it is so grave, and seeing never a wrinkle on the forehead, nor a white hair among the black, how could she call you father? No, it will not do, though so kindly meant. Your friends would laugh at you, Sir, and idle tongues might speak ill of my bairn."

"Then what can I do, Jean?" I asked, regretfully.

"Make her your wife, Sir."

I turned sharply and stared at the woman, as her abrupt reply reached my ear. Though troubling for the consequences of her bold spoken wish, Jean did not shrink from my astonished gaze; and when I saw the wistfulness of that warm face, the smile died on my lips, checked by the tender courage which had prompted the utterance of her dying hope.

"My good Jean, you forget that Effie is a child, and I a woody, solitary man, with no gifts to win a wife or make home happy."

"Effie is sixteen, Sir,—a fair, good lassie for her years; and you—ah, Sir, you may call yourself unfit for wife and home, but the poorest, saddest creature in this place knows that the man whose hand is always open, whose heart is always pitiful, is not the one to live alone, but to win and to deserve a happy home and a true wife. Oh, Sir, forgive me, if I have been too bold; but my time is short, and I love my child so well, I cannot leave the desire of my heart unspoken, for it is my last."

As the words fell brokenly from her lips, and tears streamed down her pallid cheek, a great pity took possession of me, the old longing to find some relief for my solitary life returned again, and peace seemed to smile on me from little Effie's eyes.

"Jean," I said, "give me till to-morrow to consider this new thought. I fear it cannot be; but I have learned to love the child too well to see her thrust out from the shelter of your home to walk through this evil world alone. I will consider your proposal, and endeavor to devise some future for the child which shall set your heart at rest. But before you urge this further, let me tell you that I am not what you think me. I am a cold, selfish man, often gloomy, often stern,—a most unfit guardian for a tender creature like this little girl. The deeds of mine which you call kind are not true charities; it frets me to see pain, and I desire my case above all earthly things. You are grateful for the little I have done for you, and deceive yourself regarding my true worth; but of one thing you may rest assured,—I am an honest man, who holds his name too high to stain it with a false word or a dishonorable deed."

"I do believe you, Sir," Jean answered eagerly. "And if I left the child to you, I could die this night in peace. Indeed, Sir, I never should have dared to speak of this, but for the belief that you loved the girl. What else could I think, when you came so often and were so kind to us?"

"I cannot blame you, Jean; it was my usual forgetfulness of others which so misled you. I was tired of the world, and came hither to find peace in solitude. Effie obeyed me with her winsome ways, and I learned to look on her as the blithe spirit whose artless wiles won me to forget a bitter past and a regretful present." I paused; and then added, with a smile, "But in our wisecrackings, we have overlooked one point: Effie does not love me, and may decline the future you desire me to offer her."

A vivid hope lit those dim eyes, as Jean met my smile with one far brighter, and joyfully replied—

"She does love you, Sir; for you have given her the greatest happiness she has ever known. Last night she sat looking silently into the fire with a strange gloom on her bonnie face, and when I asked what she was dreaming of, she turned to me with a look of pain and fear, as if dismayed at some great loss, but she only said, 'He is going, Jean! What shall I do?'"

"Poor child! she will miss her friend and teacher, when I'm gone; and I shall miss the only human creature that has seemed to care for me for years," I sighed, adding, as I paused upon the threshold

of the door, "Say nothing of this to Effie till I come to-morrow, Jean."

I went away, and sat out on the lonely moor sat down to think. Like a weird magician, Memory led me back into the past, calling up the hopes and passions buried there. My childhood, fatherless and motherless, but not unhappy; for as wish was ungratified, no idle whim delighted. My boyhood,—with no shadows over it but those my own wayward will called up. My manhood,—when the great joy of my life arose, my love for Agnes, a midsummer dream of bloom and bliss, so short-lived and so sweet! I felt again the pang that wrung my heart when she coldly gave me back the pledge I thought so sacred and so sure, and the music of her marriage-bells tolled the knell of my lost love. I seemed to hear them still wafted across the purple moor through the silence of those fifteen years.

My life looked gray and joyless as the wild waste lying hushed around me, unblest with the verdure of a single hope, a single love; and as I looked down the coming years, my way seemed very solitary, very dark.

Suddenly a lark soared upward from the heath, cleaving the silence with its jubilant song. The sleeping echoes woke, the dawn moon seemed to smile, and the blithe music fell like dew upon my gloomy spirit, waking a new desire.

"What this bird is to the moor night little Effie be to me," I thought within myself, longing to possess the cheerful spirit which had power to gladden me.

"Yes," I mused, "the old home will seem more solitary than now ever; and if I cannot win the lark's song without a golden fetter, I will give it one, and while it sings for love of me it shall not know a want or fear."

Heaven help me! I forgot the poor return I made my lark for the sweet liberty it lost.

All that night I pondered the altered future Jean had laid before me, and the longer I looked the fairer it seemed to grow. Wealth I cared nothing for; the world's opinion I defied; ambition had departed, and passion I believed lay dead;—then why should I deny myself the consolation which seemed offered to me? I would accept it; and as I resolved, the dawn looked in at me, fresh and fair as little Effie's face.

I met Jean with a smile, and, as she read its significance aright, there shone a sudden peace upon her countenance, more touching than her grateful words.

Effie came singing from the burn-side, as unconscious of the change which awaited her as the flowers gathered in her plaid and crowning her bright hair.

I drew her to my side, and in the simplest words asked her if she would go with me when Jean's long guardianship was ended. Joy, sorrow, and surprise stirred the sweet composure of her face, and quickened the tranquil beating of her heart. But as I ceased, joy conquered grief and wonder; for she clapped her hands like a glad child, exclaiming—

"Go with you, Sir? Oh, if you knew how I long to see the home you have so often pictured to me, you would never doubt my willingness to go."

"But, Effie, you do not understand. Are you willing to go with me as my wife?" I said,—with a secret sense of something like remorse, as I uttered that word, which once meant so much to me, and now seemed such an empty title to bestow on her.

The flowers dropped from the loosened plaid, as Effie looked with a startled glance into my face; the color left her cheeks, and the smile died on her lips, but a timid joy lit her eye, as she softly echoed my last words.

"Your wife? It sounds very solemn, though so sweet. Ah, Sir, I am not wise or good enough for that!"

A child's humility breathed in her speech, but something of a woman's fervor shone in her uplifted countenance, and sounded in the sudden tremor of her voice.

"Effie, I want you as you are," I said,—no wisard, dear,—no better. I want your innocent affection to appease the hunger of an empty heart, your blithe companionship to cheer my solitary home. Be still a child to me, and let me give you the protection of my name."

Effie turned to her old friend, and, laying her young face on the pillow close beside the worn one grown so dear to her, asked, in a tone half pleading, half regretful,—

"Dear Jean, shall I go so far away from you and the home you gave me when I had no other?"

"My bairn, I shall not be here, and it will never seem like home with old Jean gone. It is the last wish I shall ever know, to see you safe with this good gentleman who loves my child. Go, dear heart, and be happy; and Heaven bless and keep you both!"

Jean held her fast a moment, and then, with a whispered prayer, put her gently away. Effie came to me, saying, with a look more eloquent than her weak words,—

"Sir, I will be your wife, and love you very truly all my life."

I drew the little creature to my breast, and felt a tender pride in knowing she was mine. Something in the shy earnest those sun-arms gave touched my cold nature with a generous warmth; and the innocence of that confiding heart was an appeal to all that made my manhood worth possessing.

"Swiftly those few weeks passed, and when old Jean was laid to her last sleep, little Effie wept her grief away upon her husband's bosom; and soon learned to smile in her new English home. Its gloom departed when she came, and for a while it was a very happy place. My bitter moods seemed banished by the magic of the gentle presence that made sunshine there, and I was conscious of a fresh grace added to the life so wearisome before.

I should have been a father to the child, watchful, wise, and tender; but old Jean was right,—I was too young to feel a father's calm affection or to know a father's patient care. I should have been her teacher, striving to cultivate the nature given to my care, and fit it for the trials Heaven sends to all. I should have been a friend, if nothing more, and given her those innocent delights that make youth beautiful and its memory sweet.

I was a master, content to give little, while receiving all she could bestow.

Forgetting her loneliness, I fell back into my old way of life. I shunned the world, because its gaieties had lost their zest. I did not care to travel, for home now possessed a charm it never had before. I knew there was an eager face that always brightened when I came, light feet that flew to welcome me, and hands that loved to minister to every want of mine. Even when I sat engrossed among my books, there was a pleasant consciousness that I was the possessor of a household sprite whom a look could summon and a gesture banish. I loved her as I loved a picture or a flower,—a little better than my horse and hound,—but far less than I loved my most unworthy self.

And she,—always so blithe when I was by, so diligent in studying my desires, so full of simple arts to win my love and prove her gratitude,—she never asked for any boon, and seemed content to live alone with me in that still place, so utterly unlike the home she had left. I had not learned to read that true heart then. I saw those happy eyes grow wistful when I went, leaving her alone; I missed the roses from her cheek, faded for want of gentler care; and when the buoyant spirit which had been her chiefest charm departed, I fancied, in my blindness, that she pined for the free air of the Highlands, and tried to win it back by transient tenderness and costly gifts. But I had robbed my lark of heaven's sunshine, and it could not sing.

I met Agnes again. She was a widow, and to my eye seemed fairer than when I saw her last, and far more kind. Some soft regret seemed shining on me from those lustrous eyes, as if she hoped to win my pardon for that early wrong. I never could forget the deed that darkened my best years, but the old charm stole over me at times, and turning from the meek child at my feet, I owned the power of the stately woman whose smile seemed a command.

I meant no wrong to Effie, but, looking on her as a child, I forgot the higher claim I had given her as a wife, and, walking blindly on my selfish way, I crushed the little flower I should have cherished in my breast.

[To be concluded in next Journal.]

Educational.

For the Potter Journal.

Kenyon's English Grammar.

MR. EDITOR.—Some criticisms on Kenyon's English Grammar appeared in the POTTER JOURNAL of Jan. 26, over the signature of N. A. Cooper, to which I respectfully ask permission to reply.

I do not now write to defend Kenyon, or his Grammar, although of the latter I shall have a word to say ere I close; but to rebuke the arrogance and superciliousness, the stupidity and bombast of Kenyon's reviewer. It is confidently believed that the thousands at home and abroad with whom the name of the venerable W. C. Kenyon is a household word, will not consider it really necessary to vindicate him, the well-known founder of a University from the vile epithets of the article referred to, even though they were written by a young professor of its must be, august literary attainments, since he has just come from his Alma Mater, and is thoroughly acquainted with the system of instruction pursued in the best schools of New York and New England, and who, while he avails himself of all their excellencies, avoids blindly imitating their accidental defects."

Mr. Cooper closes his review by saying "The whole work," (Kenyon's Grammar,) "is a compound of conceit and igno-

rance, of glorification of self, and vilification of others." If Mr. Cooper had used "my whole review," as the subject of his proposition he would have had that as the only truthful sentence in the whole article. Let Mr. Cooper collect and publish a few specimens of Mr. Kenyon's vilification of others; nay, let him publish every word and syllable that Mr. Kenyon says of others in his whole grammar, and it will appear sufficiently evident who the villain is. Sustain your position, Mr. Cooper, or own yourself the villain. And the other charges are as groundless as this.

2. Mr. Cooper's review presents the undoubted evidences of an *hiredling*. Candid and honorable reviewers give the merits and demerits of a book, and leave the readers to judge its author's abilities. But when a reviewer is conscious that he has failed to make out a case, he supplies the deficiency by slang phrases, and ungentlemanly epithets, applied to the author of the work under review. The public is, at short intervals, presented with reviews of Webster's Dictionary, Sanders' Readers, &c., &c., dressed out very much in the style of Mr. Cooper's review of Kenyon. These reviewers are understood, among literary men, to be the paid agents of the publishers of rival books. There is always a class of literary men of small caliber, who can be employed to do this kind of dirty work. The likeness of Mr. Cooper's review to the reviews of this class of men, shows unmistakably where he belongs.

3. Kenyon's Grammar undoubtedly has its defects, for what book has not? But for accuracy of definition, logical arrangement, and clearness of illustration, it has no superiors, if any equals, in the English language. His was the first effort to bring out an English Grammar upon the basis of the French and German grammarians. That plan now is almost universally adopted by all first class grammarians.

4. Covell's Grammar has its merits. It was modeled after a very excellent grammar, Green's but is far inferior to the model. Weld's Grammar, adopted by the Association's committee, is preeminent superior to Covell's. Strange that a man of Mr. Cooper's pretensions and careful examinations of grammars, should not have met with so popular and so excellent a work as Weld's, at an earlier day!

I have said Covell's has its merits; it has also its demerits. A specimen will suffice. I open the book at random, and the first classification that meets my eye, is that of the verb. I read "An active verb is one that expresses action." A passive verb is one that represents its subject as acted upon." But does not the first definition include all passive verbs? Take an example. Brutus killed Caesar, and Caesar was killed by Brutus. Killed, we are taught by Covell, is an active verb, and *was killed* is a passive verb. But who does not see that *was killed* expresses action, the same kind and degree of action that *killed* expresses? *Was killed*, is, therefore, an active verb. The learner is bewildered by his author. But "the passive verb represents its subject as acted upon." But Covell nowhere defines what he means by the subject of a verb. And without this, the learner is left to guess out the meaning. This definition occurs on page 38. "Nominative case is the subject of a finite verb." This may enlighten the learner. But unfortunately how does he know what a *finite* verb is? The grammar does not inform him. And if he does in some way surmount this difficulty, how can he ascertain the subject of the infinitive and participle? Are their subjects necessarily in the nominative case, or are they often in the objective? What can the learner do who has Covell for his standard? Here is an insurmountable obstacle upon the very threshold of Covell's Grammar, upon which the grammar sheds not one ray of light. On page 58, I read: "A regular verb is one that forms its past tense and perfect participle by taking ed." Pray how is ed to be taken? But how does the learner know what is meant by the past tense and perfect participle, when their definitions have not yet been given? And Mr. Cooper, is this the superiority of arrangement that you so knowingly commend? He who gives not a single definition in his whole book, that requires a knowledge of succeeding definitions, to be understood, is denounced by you for his bad arrangement, while you commend the book that abounds in just such absurdities! Surely Mr. Cooper, "Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Again I read on page 60, "The infinitive mode is not limited by person and number." Is this a definition? or admitting it to be such, is it *distinctive*? Is it not just as true of the participle as of the infinitive? How very precise Covell's definitions! Once more, "the participial mode is used to assume the attributive." This is as clear as mud, nor will I weary any reader's patience by commenting on it.

In short, Covell's Grammar abounds