The Potter Journal.

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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 corner of West and Third streets. 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 on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st. near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West 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.--11-1y.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply 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, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.
D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,
DEALERS 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

E. J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. 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. F. 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

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. 12:11-1y.

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has re-established a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER. Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1:35.

POETRY.

PRECOGNITION.

I sit and watch the light and shadow blending,
As day's receding glory leaves the west,
Till night's dark curtain, silently descending,
Drives back my winged day-dreams to their nest,
And the dusk landscape's vast unbroken plain
Falls on my sense with dull and heavy pain.

Oh, night and silence! solemnly enshrouding
The objects that my heart has learned to love,
Roused by our spell weird messengers come crowding.
Which only hours like these have power to move,
Beckoning my spirit inward to behold
The curtain of their mystic world unrolled.

Then thou art with me; thou my soul's ideal,
A presence felt—a prophecy fulfilled—
A life within my own, intensely real—
Whose pulses with my holiest hopes have thrilled—
Thou, whose great soul, with loftier aim than mine,
Liftest my struggling nature up to thine.

It may be that the earthly name thou bearest
Will ne'er be spoken to my mortal ear;
Yet tho' unrecognized the form thou wearest,
I feel no less thy living presence near,
Which, entering in my soul's most deep recess,
Reveals thy being to my consciousness.

Perhaps we side by side have stood together.
And hand with hand in transient clasp have met,
Trod the same path in bright and stormy weather,
Seen childhood's sweet illusions rise and set;
Perhaps exchanged life's outward courtesies,
While soul from soul was railed in close disguise.

Or it may be from heights we call unreal,
Because our sight is dulled by mists of earth,
Thy fervid thought shapes many a bright ideal,
O'er which I muse unconscious whence its birth.
It may be that this homesickness of heart
Is but a yearning to be where thou art.

And it may be a pang of isolation
Mingles with thy delight its sad alloy;
That life lacks fullness, even in near relation
To the eternal source of life and joy.
Panting, though living waters round thee burst,
To quench the fever of thy human thirst.

Perhaps, though entered on thy rest before me,
Thou watchest, waiting, wanting something still;
And by that speechless yearning wearest o'er me
A mystic chain that binds me to thy will.
Else what the secret of this vague unrest.
This longing unfulfilled within my breast?

I know but this: how opposite soever
Our paths in time's short passage may diverge,
Though change or accident may seem to sever,
And seas between us roll their sleepless surge,
There is a goal where I shall meet with thee,
And join my life to thine eternally.

And when I wake or sleep, in joy or sorrow,
Though care may weave for me its heaviest chain,
Nothing can quench the light of that to-morrow
Whose promise brightens every hour of pain.
When the celestial gates for me unclose,
My soul shall find in thee its lost repose.

MISCELLANY.

From Harper's Magazine.

UP HIGHER.

"Down again!" I heard remarked, in a half pitying, half complaining way.

"Martin?"

"Yes; he's tripped again"

"So I heard this morning."

"Tripped, and gone down with a heavy fall; so heavy that I doubt if he ever recover himself again."

"I'm sorry for Martin," said the other. "He has always impressed me as a well-meaning man."

"Yes, well-meaning enough; but something more than well-meaning is required for success in this world"

"A spice of cunning and shrewdness, not to speak of roguery."

"Shrewdness is required, and forethought, and a number of other qualities not possessed, I think, in a high degree by Martin. As to the cunning and roguery, they may succeed for a time, but they always outwit themselves in the end."

"Poor fellow! Be the cause what it may, I pity him. He's tried hard enough to keep up. No man could have been more faithful to business, so far as the devotion of his time and his active attention were concerned He deserved a better fate."

"How will his affairs settle?"

"Not particularly well, I hear."

"Does he show a fair hand?"

"Oh, yes." The answer was without hesitation

"I might have known that from what I know of the man"

"I don't believe Martin would hold any thing back. He has always impressed me as a man who would pay to the uttermost farthing. Poor fellow! I'm sorry the fortunes of war are against him, and that he has gone down in the heat of battle, unvictorious," was responded, in a tone of pity.

It was the first intimation I had of Martin's failure in business, and I was pained to hear of his misfortune. I knew him very well, and held him, as a friend, in high personal regard. The testimony which had been borne in favor of his integrity was in agreement with my own estimate of his character.

Intelligence of this failure soon spread through all the business circles in which Martin was known, and for two or three days almost every other person you met had something to say about it. The ordinary way of referring to the subject was in the words, "Poor Martin, I hear has gone down again." And not a few responded, "He's reached the bottom of the hill this time." Some pitied; some blamed; and some spoke harshly and angrily—the latter were of those who lost by the failure. I felt grieved for Martin. It was a sad ordeal for a man of right feelings to pass through.

I did not meet him, except casually in the street, for some time after his failure. But, passing his store one day, and seeing it closed, as a sign that he had given up business, I felt that, as one who had known him with some personal intimacy, I should not hold myself aloof in this his day of trouble. So I called at his house one evening. When I grasped his hand and looked into his face I saw that he had not come through this trial without great suffering. He had the appearance of a man who had come recently from a bed of sickness.

"How are you, my friend?" I asked, as we sat down together.

"As well as could be hoped for," he replied, a feeble smile touching his lips with a ray of light.

"Cast down, but not forsaken."

"Not forsaken, I trust," he answered in a firmer voice.

"This is one of the troubles that is hard to bear," said I.

"Yes; but, as in all other troubles, our strength is as our day."

"I am pleased to hear you say that," I remarked.

"I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not say it," he answered, still gaining steadiness of manner. "We look forward to great trials with a shuddering sense of fear, because we are conscious only of the feeble power of endurance that may be called our own. But when the trial comes, and we go down amidst the rushing waters in fear and shuddering lest they overwhelm us, we find an arm to lean upon that is unseen but full of strength."

"And so your strength has been as your day?" said I

"Yes, or I should have perished among the floods. That I sit here, and talk with you as a man to his friend, clothed and in my right mind, makes the fact evident"

"Could you not have prevented this disaster?" I asked, during our conversation.

"Yes," he replied, with such confidence in his voice that I said with some earnestness,

"Then why did you not use the means?"

"Simply because I could not satisfy myself that they were the right means. You shall hear and judge for yourself.

"Two months ago, one of my customers, to whom I had sold rather more freely than my judgement afterward approved, failed. It was only a few days before the notes which I had received in payment came due. These notes had been discounted, and I had, of course, to take care of them. In doing this the means held in reserve for maturing payment were exhausted for the time, and I was thrown upon the street as a borrower, on most disadvantageous terms. Another loss, following quickly on this one, alarmed and bewildered me. Twice before had I failed in business, and now this dreaded ordeal, more painful than death in my imagination, looked me in the face again, and I grew faint with heart-sickness. I looked eagerly this way and that. Caught at one expedient and another, dropping each in turn as of little promise, or as indefensible on the score of honest dealing.

"While sitting at my desk one day, searching about in my thought for a way of escape from the difficulties that environed me like a steadily approaching wall of fire, a real estate agent with whom I was well acquainted, came in and said to me, in a confidential way.

"'I know where some money is to be gained, Mr. Martin.'

"'Money is a very desirable thing,' I answered.

"'And not always to be picked up in the street,' said he.

"'Not so far as my experience is concerned.'

"'Or mine either Well, as I was saying,' he went on, 'I know where some money is to be made. Would you like to join me in making it?' I answered yes, without hesitation; for, of all things money was what I then most wanted; and asked for a statement of the ways and means required.

"'In the first place,' said he, 'can you raise three or four thousand dollars within a week?'

"I said yes, if the amount was only needed temporarily; if for permanent investment, no.

"'It will only be needed temporarily,' he answered, 'as bait for taking a big fish.' And he smiled in a way that did not strike me as pleasant.

"'Explain yourself fully,' I now said, and he went on.

"'There is a piece of wild land in the interior of this State, which has been owned for years by two elderly maiden sisters, who long ago, were sick of paying taxes on property that yielded no income. The tract includes nearly two thousand acres, and was bought originally at one dollar and a half an acre. It can be had to-day for three dollars an acre. I know the parties who own it, and they are now, as they have been for years, anxious to turn this property into money, which can be invested and insure an annual interest. They are advancing in life, and prefer a present certainty to large hopes in the future. I have known of the existence of this property for some time, and have had itching fingers toward it, because I felt satisfied from its location that it must contain valuable mineral deposits—coal or iron Perhaps both. Last week I ran up into the region where it was situated, and getting a skilled man in the neighborhood, spent two days in a careful examination of the entire tract. The result more than confirmed my expectation. Coal crops out in many places, specimens of which I brought away. It proves, on testing, to be of superior quality. Moreover, a railroad is now in the course of construction, which will pass within three miles of the land. Why, Mr. Martin, this whole tract could be sold for a hundred thousand dollars in an hour, if its value was known in the market as I know it Now, what I require to gain possession is the money. But unfortunately I am poor. I know twenty men who would clutch at the opportunity of joining me in the purchase, and put down the cash at a word; but I'm afraid to trust them with my secret. And this is why I come to you If you can furnish the means required, one half of the land is yours. I have already seen the old ladies, and they are ready to sell the property for six thousand dollars; one half cash, and the balance in six and twelve months' payments. The thing must be done quickly, or they may get an inkling of the truth. What do you say Mr. Martin? You can sell out your interest in a week for fifty thousand dollars!'

"Now this man was not a scheming visionary, who got rich on paper twenty times a year, but a cool shrewd person, who understood entirely what he was about. If he had spent two days on the property referred to, in company with an expert, the report he made as to coal deposits might be fully relied upon. Here, then, was a way of escape made plain to me. I had but to raise the sum of three thousand dollars, which my credit would enable me to do, and hold my portion of this land until we could make its value known. I was on the point of thanking him for the offer of a share in so promising an enterprise, and saying that I would go in with him of course, when this question came into my mind. 'Is it right to take advantage of the ignorance of these old ladies, and get possession of their property at a mere tithe of its real worth?' The question disturbed me considerably, and I endeavored to put it out of my mind. But it kept repeating itself, and growing more and more intrusive ever moment.

"'What do you say?' asked the man, breaking in upon my long, hesitating silence.

"'In one hour I will give you an answer,' said I.

"This would afford me time to look at the subject on all sides. The temptation, under the dreadful pressure of my circumstances, was very great. In either of the previous ordeals through which I passed I would have yielded with scarcely a struggle. But I could not see, now, that a way of escape like this was defensible in any clear aspect of Christian morality. It was taking advantage of my better information to obtain valuable property for a most trifling consideration. Would this be in harmony with the Golden Rule? Would there be justice and judgment in the act? Was it a deed that any good conscience could bear onward to the closing of life, and not feel its pressure as a burden growing heavier? As I dwelt on the subject my mind grew excited and eager. On the one hand was inevitable ruin—my affairs were so near a crisis that hope had given way; on the other, a fortune as large as I had ever asked for lay within my reach, and I had only to put forth my hand and take it—only to put forth my hand and save myself from disaster and my creditors from loss. Then came the additional argument that my refusal to accept the advantage would not prevent the old ladies from losing this property. Some other person would be found to take my place in furnishing the cash required, and so the land would pass to new owners. But this did not satisfy me. It was the old false argument in favor of appropriating another's goods because they were doomed to be stolen by somebody.

"In an hour my tempter returned.

"'What's the word, Mr. Martin?' he asked, looking at me so confidently that I saw he was in no doubt about my acceptance of his proposal. I had settled the question, after a severe struggle, and was prepared to answer without hesitation.

"'The thing seems promising enough,' said I; 'but I have concluded against becoming a party in the transaction.'

"'Why not?' he asked, looking disappointed.

"'Plainly,' was my answer, 'because it hasn't a fair look. Advantage will be taken of another's ignorance.'

"The man's face betrayed an instant angry movement of his feelings, and he muttered something in an undertone, in which my ears seemed to detect the words, Stupid fool!'

"'And are you really in earnest?' said he, scarcely seeking to hide a look of contempt that was rising to his face.

"'I am,' was my firm answer.

"'Good-morning!'

"He threw the words at me with an impatient impulse, and left me on the instant."

"Did he find a less scrupulous individual to join him?" I asked.

"Yes; and what is more, the purchase of the land was made, and it has since been sold to a company for some fabulous sum—two or three hundred thousand dollars, I believe."

"Half of which would have been yours?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, without change of tone or manner.

"And instead of being away down in this low, dim valley, you would now be on the sunny heights of prosperity?'

He looked at me for a little while without answering.

"Have you at any time, regretted that decision?" I asked.

"Not for a single instant," he replied. "After the temptation was over, and my mind was able to rise into a clearer region, I saw the transaction in such an hideous aspect that I almost shuddered in thinking of my escape. Ah! Sir, there are greater evils than poverty, and higher good than riches. With that sin upon my conscience, I would have gone down into regions of doubt and darkness, and mayhap lost my way, never to find it again. It is better, far better, I think to walk in the right way, even if it be with naked feet, than to tread on soft velvet in passing along the road that leads to destruction at last."

"Better? Yes, a thousand times better!" said I with ardor. "This fall, then—this 'going down' again, as the common saying is—can not, in one sense, be called a misfortune, but a trial in which there might come a death of something evil and selfish in your soul, and thence a new birth of higher and more heavenly principles. You were brought into a strong temptation, in which good gained a victory over evil; and you are a truer man for the fierce struggle and conquest."

"I know not how that may be," he answered. "I only know that I have a clear conscience; that in the fire through which I have been required to pass I have not let truth or justice go to the flames."

How think you, reader? Had that man gone down lower or up higher?—What would you have done under circumstances of like trial? Would you have clutched eagerly at the golden opportunity which came with such tempting smiles; or, like Martin, risk the fire? If you are a man looking heavenward—and doubtless this is so—let the question come home; it may give you a new consciousness of your own state In the mirror of his scrupulous action you may see a reflection of yourself.

What Sustains the Liquor Traffic.

The following extract is from a discourse delivered by Rev. G. L. Foster, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Ypsilanti, Michigan, occasioned by the murder of a wife by her husband, while under the maddening influence of strong drink. After a vivid presentation of the enormous burdens entailed upon society by this fruitful cause of immorality, poverty and crime, he very properly inquires. Who is responsible for the existence of the traffic in any community?

I have reached the inevitable conviction that what sustains the liquor traffic here, and what hinders the successful enforcement of law for its suppression, more than anything else, is *the general understanding that the traffic has the support, the countenance—at least* the *leave to be, of a comparatively few of our most respectable and influential citizens*, among whom are included, to their shame, or glory, too many of the members of the legal profession. Those to whom I allude are not distinguished generally for their intellectuality, nor yet for their moral power, else they would not be willing to stand so near the tide of non-committalism in respect to a moral evil; nevertheless they have great influence. Some of them have considerable social and momentary influence. Some of them came here for the sole purpose of making money, and they have cared intensely for nothing else, not seeing how intimately connected moral worth is to all other worths.—Some of them have a commendable spirit of enterprise in some directions. They are generally, of a quiet, mind-their-own business stamp—so much so that they seem to be perpetually saying: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Some of them have become so related to this traffic in securing official positions, that they can in no manner oppose what has been one of their chief supporters.

Now, such as these, are the cause of the existence of this traffic here, and hence the cause of its evils. Their course encourages those engaged in the traffic, and discourages those desiring and seeking its overthrow. This audience knows very well that if it were proper, I could name about a score of men who, coming cordially and decidedly to the help of others, could quickly drive this enemy of all good from among us. Whether they shall continue to occupy their present position remains to be seen. But if they do, I will most deliberately and publicly *charge upon them the chief responsibility* of sustaining among us a business that brings forth poverty, pauperism, sorrow, adultery, and murder, as its legitimate fruits. If any shall be offended at this plainness, they shall be responsible for that. Am I become their enemy because I tell them the truth? Nay indeed!—and if any of you are in doubt whether you stand among these condemned ones—you may be sure that you are included,—for to stand where you are in doubt is to stand where you are condemnable. Oh, if the day will ever come when some of these quiet, mind-their-own business sort of men shall wake up to the fact that their own sons have been ruined by that about which they have sought to be so non-committal, they will greatly wonder how they could have been so indifferent? how they could have dreamed along so careless of influences that have blasted their brightest hopes and disappointed their most confident expectations. If the day shall come when some of these shall learn that their daughters are affianced to young men whose habits have been formed under the influence of saloons and billiard rooms; and if they shall be compelled to go on to learn that life-long alliances have been formed with such as are passing through the progressive stages of inebriation, how can they ever forgive themselves that they were so careless as they now are, of the moral influences surrounding their homes?

Oh, they will "mourn at the last," when mourning will be a poor atonement for past indifference, and a poor pledge that it shall not be increased to a dreadful anguish. Say, what father would welcome the place of that father, who was recently summoned from his quiet home, to look upon the murdered form of his daughter? What mother would be in her place who thus looked upon the child she had borne?

Old Times Democracy.

"Your late purchase of an estate, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country."—*Washington's letter to Lafayette.*

"I never would have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was helping to found a nation of slaves."—*Lafayette.*

"One hour of American Slavery is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

"*I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just*, and that His justice cannot sleep forever. The Almighty has no attribute which would side with us in such a struggle."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants Slavery. Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"—*Patrick Henry, of Virginia.*

"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North who rises here to defend slavery on principle.

"I give to my slaves their freedom to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled. It has a long time been a matter of the deepest regret to me, that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my life time, which it is my full intention to do in case I can accomplish it."—*John Randolph.*

"Slavery is contrary to the law of nature and nations."—*William Wirt*

"Slavery stifles industry and represses enterprise; it is fatal to economy and