The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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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 corner of West and Third streets.

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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

H. J. OLMSTED,
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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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ELLISE.

The pale and tender moonshine
Lay on her forehead white,
Silvered her soft brown tresses
With its holy light;
And the stars of Summer,
With their twink'ling gleams—
Was it their mellow radiance
That filled her eyes with dreams?

The winds hummed softly o'er us
In the Linden tree;
Beneath whose dewy branches
Ellise stood with me!
Bonnie little Ellise!—
The star-light and the shade,
Like a crown of blessings,
On her forehead laid!

'Twas long ago, sweet Ellise!
Thou'rt a woman now,—
Thorns instead of Heaven-light,
For thy pure white brow!
But ever in my dreaming,
I see thee standing fair
With the dewy star-light
Twinkling in thy hair!

Is it a vision, only?
Or, doth thy spirit go
Back to that blessed Summer,
From these years of woe?
It is my Ellise, truly,
Beneath the linden tree!—
Her soul that, in the silence,
Is keeping tryst with me! EVA.

THE MEETING.

A TRUE STORY.

During the winter of 1839 I became tired of the smoky atmosphere of London, and, indeed, of everything bearing the odor of "Her Gracious Majesty." I longed to breathe, as an Englishman might say, the air of that frivolous French capital known upon maps and hand-books of travel as Paris.

My partial desire became a fact, thro' the instrumentality of my friend George Lester, who came into my sanctum one morning, exclaiming:

"Henry, if you do not take compassion upon me and entice me from this place, I shall become an inmate of one of those public institutions, known as lunatic asylums."

"My dear fellow, what is the matter?"

"Do not ask me at present; only prove your friendship by packing your portmanteau and leaving London this very night."

"Well, Mercury, whither are you going to carry me? Before I commence packing, I should like some information upon the subject; for I might prepare for the balmy breezes of Italy, and suddenly find I was journeying to New Zealand."

"Come, Henry, (like a good fellow, be my comrade in this trip, as you have been in many others, I am bound for Paris, but shall stop *en route* at Brussels."

"Bravo!" I cried, "but why this haste?"

He waived his hand and said, "Come, no excuses, Henry, for, if I breathe this air another twenty-four hours, I shall stifle."

I saw that he was suffering from some intense emotion; therefore, I said nothing more, but began preparations for our intended departure. A few hours after Lester had entered my chambers, we were travelling with speed towards Dover.

About midnight we discerned the white cliffs of the above mentioned town, and a few minutes sufficed to convey both baggage and travelers to one of those uncomfortable steamers that cross the channel.

The next morning we arrived at Ostend, where we obtained breakfast, and improved our outward appearance by a fresh toilet. A few hours later found us locked in a first class carriage on our way to Brussels.

Our journey between Ostend and Brussels had some picturesque scenes to recommend it to the eye of the stranger. The trees were cut into every imsginable shape

Occasionally we would whistle past a wind-mill in the distance, and a peasant's hut near, where parties of both sexes were tilling the soil together. Agriculture is pursued to a great extent in Belgium. There are colleges where the arts of farming are taught, and prizes awarded to those who raise the finest productions.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Brussels, and drove to the Hotel de Ruse; having time to dress for dinner, we concluded to dine at the *table d'hote*. Obeying the summons of the gong, George Lester and myself found ourselves in a large dining room. We were seated at the board, but, alas! for our ravenous appetites, we could not eat the food placed before us, for it was cooked according to the fashion of the country, which is to mixture German and French dishes, that are not palatable to English stomachs.—If even we felt inclined to have partaken of the same, the obsequious waiters in attendance would not have allowed us that privilege; for, if you paused an instant in the *modus operandi* of eating, your plate was instantly exchanged for another, until it appeared to me I had twenty clean plates, and nothing to eat.

Lester was amused at my vain efforts to dine. He asked me if I wished myself in London, with an English dinner?"

I replied, "I certainly shall starve if this is a fair sample of meals to be had in this city."

"Come, Henry, I see your case is desperate, therefore we will go over to John Saunders', and have something suitable to the state of your appetite."

"And pray who is John Saunders?" I asked.

"An Englishman," replied George, "who is making a fortune by giving islanders like ourselves, something fit to eat."

George Lester was well acquainted with Brussels, having been some months there several years previously.

Upon arriving at the Rue'd Isabelle, a narrow back street, Lester conducted me into a very modest looking dwelling.—Upon entering, I was agreeably surprised to find everything thoroughly English in their appointments. Lester informed me that all the *bon vivants* of English society in Brussels met here, many taking their meals here, in preference to the hotels.

While we were doing justice to our nicely prepared supper, several gentlemen entered, and took their seats directly opposite to where we were seated. The tallest of the party crossed over to our table, hat in hand, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I believe we have met before; your faces are so familiar. Your names, if you please."

As we gave them, he exclaimed, "Ah! I thought I was not mistaken, and, grasping our hands, he asked us if we had forgotten Oxford."

"What! Lord Marsgate," we both cried.

"The same, at your service."

After talking over by gone times, Lord Marsgate suddenly turned to Lester, and said, "Lord and Lady Herbert are at present in this city, accompanied by their niece, who is the bright particular star of English society here. You must be acquainted with her, for her father was pastor of the village church near father's estate."

"The lady's name," said Lester, turning pale.

"Miss Helen Thornton," replied Marsgate.

"At what hotel are they stopping?" exclaimed Lester, who, in his agitation, arose and grasped Lord Marsgate's arm. Perceiving our surprise, he resumed his seat. Lord Marsgate wrote the desired information upon a card, and handed it to him.

"Come, my friends, join our party, if you do not feel too fatigued after your journey," said Lord Marsgate. "We are going to have Roger in 'Robert le Diable.'"

We assented to this proposal. An introduction to the rest of the party ensued, and in a few moments we were in the Rue Royale, walking secludedly along the broad pavement. I surveyed its stately hotels and looked, with pleasure, at the trees of the park. Well may Brussels be named "Le petite Paris," for it resembles its namesake in the gaiety of the masses that crowd to winter beneath its blue sky. Its boulevards, streets and churches have a decidedly French air. The palace of his Majesty King of Belgium, with numerous other buildings pertaining to the government, are built of white marble, which has a very chaste effect. The favorite palace of the king is some leagues out of Brussels, and is situated in the midst of fairy-like grounds. It is the same palace that formerly belonged to the King of Holland, and was purchased by the Belgians for their sovereign.

Arriving at the opera house, we perceived the *gen-d' armes* dressed in dark green uniforms, and black hats with green plumes, pacing before its doors.—They carry a small musket, the weapon which they use to enforce order.

Ascending a flight of marble steps, we found ourselves in a large hall, which was beautifully decorated with statues, bearing vases filled with flowers. The portress showed us our box, and I became interested in the opera.

I am an enthusiastic admirer of music; therefore, my soul drank in the melody of Meyerbeer's magnificent "Creation."—Roger faithfully justified all the reports I had heard of his voice and exquisite acting. Imagination had loose rein as I gazed upon the scene called "Le Temptation." The curtain descending at the end of the act, restored my enraptured senses to surrounding objects.

I turned to George, and said something about Roger's fine voice; but he was too abstracted to answer. One of our party rallied him upon looking at a certain box all the evening, whereupon Lord Marsgate said, "Ah! Lester, do not lose your heart, for *la belle Anglaise* is as cold as the Alpine heights."

Lord Marsgate directed my eye to Lord Herbert's box, in which Miss Thornton sat. I never beheld one that attracted my attention as quickly Her light brown hair was simply rolled back from a white, intellectual brow. Her Grecian nose, small mouth and perfect chin and throat, were beautiful; but nature, by some strange caprice, had given her eyes as black as midnight, and eyebrows of the same color. These features, with her perfect blonde complexion, gave to her beauty a style at once piquant and brilliant. Perhaps I appreciated her beauty all the more, viewing it, as I did, in the midst of unattractive faces; for the ladies of Flanders have no pretensions to beauty. It may be prejudice upon my part, but their faces have a crafty expression, particularly about the eye, which resembles the Chinese, and has the same cunning look. Their features are generally coarse, and their figures stout, (without that symmetry that the French have to such a remarkable degree,) and their hands and feet are very large.

It is strange, but it has been remarked by travellers, how many deformed persons there are to be found in Brussels, especially among the aristocracy. Go into the park on any pleasant Sunday, and you will be surprised to see the number of misshapen forms that throng its avenues. An English resident told me he thought it was the carelessness and cruelty of nurses to children during infancy, together with the indifference of mothers, that caused so much human misery.

While I was moralizing, the curtain rose upon the last act of the opera, and I became all attention—so much so, that I did not miss Lester until our party rose to go. I asked Lord Marsgate where George had gone, and he replied by pointing to the box that contained Miss Thornton. I looked and beheld George helping the lady to arrange her opera cloak. His face had lost the haggard look it had worn, and he seemed metamorphosed into a happy lover.

Declining Lord Marsgate's invitation to supper, I returned to my hotel, and was soon locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

The next morning when I awoke I found a note from George, saying that he was going to accompany Miss Thornton in a drive some miles out of town, but would be with me in the afternoon.

Having the morning to myself, I bent my footsteps toward the Museum, a handsome building of white marble or granite, I have forgotten which. It contains one of the finest collections of paintings in Europe, having many of the original paintings of Michael Angelo, Reubens, Titens and many others whose names are enrolled in the temple of fame. Any one might spend a week, with pleasure and profit, viewing these great conceptions.

The Museum contains, also, some master pieces of sculpture, the most beautiful of which was a veiled Madonna, which was so delicately carved that the marble seemed like a veil of the finest lace.

There is one charm to the ear of a stranger that is particularly pleasing. It is that chimes of bells are so numerous that they are almost constantly to be heard. A good bell-ringer is sure of a high salary.

Upon my return to the hotel, I found George waiting for me. He said, as I entered, "Well, now come! You think I am a strange being to bring you here from London almost by force; then immediately after our arrival, leave you alone for the society of almost an apparent stranger, eh?"

"Really, George," I replied, "I have not been thinking about the matter at all, but have been spending a most delightful morning in the Museum."

"Ah!" laughed George Lester, "That is just like you, with your Scotch nature, to abide your time for explanations; therefore, Henry, (his tone changing into one of deep feeling,) I shall tell you the secret that has made me wretched for the past year. My father, Sir Gilbert Lester, is a proud, cold man of the world, and has not any sympathy for those deep feelings which God gave to man to make him a better and nobler being than he otherwise could have been.

"Miss Helen Thornton was but a girl of eighteen when I returned from college. I shall not fatigue you by going into the details of a love story In a word, I met wooed and one her. I asked my father's consent to our union, but he laughed at what he termed my boyish passion. I waited patiently, thinking in time to win his consent; but in vain was my patience. He privately obtained for her father a better living in the north of England. I followed her, and implored her to consent to a private union. She refused. We parted. I traveled, and tried in vain to love another woman. Her image was too firmly woven within my heart-strings to banish it. Two years ago her father died, and her maternal uncle adopted her and made her his future heiress. Some weeks ago I read the rumors of her marriage to Lord St. James in a newspaper; therefore, I determined to come to Brussels and Paris—for I knew she was sojourning in either city—and learn the truth from her lips. Well, little remains to be told. I found her the same beautiful girl that I had parted from. True to her early love, Henry, she has promised to be my wife, now she is my equal in fortune. Her uncle approves of her choice, and talks of getting me into Parliament."

"Let me offer you my warmest congratulation, my dear fellow," I cried as we shook hands.

Some weeks afterward I officiated as George Lester's groomsman, and accompanied him upon his bridal tour as far as Paris, where the beauty of Mrs. Lester was as much admired as it had been in Brussels.

The Prison Pen at Columbia.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* gathers some particulars of the wretched condition of our prisoners at Columbia:

"To the number of fourteen hundred the Union officers were removed from Charleston on the 5th of October, and on the 7th of the same month were taken to the neighborhood of Columbia, South Carolina, where they have ever since been confined in Camp "Sorghum," so called from the extraordinary large proportion which Sorghum molesses bears to the rest of the rations issued to them. The camp is situated on a hill about two miles to the west of Columbia, and lies upon a gentle slope, at the foot of which runs a perennial but nameless rivulet of good water. The portion of the camp occupied as quarters, covers about four acres, had at the time the prisoners were placed in it, a sparse growth of dwarfish pines. The limits of the camp are marked off only by portions of small pine branches, about eighteen inches long, and placed at intervals of fifty or sixty feet apart. That line of small sticks forms the "dead line."—Any officer who intentionally or thoughtlessly passes that terrible line is liable to be shot. The camp is guarded by a battallion of reserves and a pack of bloodhounds. The human guards are posted at short intervals from one to another along a line from ten to twenty paces outside of the "dead line," and are encouraged to strictness in the discharge of their duty by the assurance of a furlough for thirty days to every sentinel who shoots a "Yankee" who may be found, or who may be supposed to be found, outside the "dead line," without permission from the prison authorities. The canine guard were chiefly used for tracking officers who attempted to make their escape. On the 17th of december, two of the bloodhounds accidentally got loose and strayed into camp it is needless to say they did not get out again alive.

Not an ounce of meat was issued from Sept. 27 up to the time (Dec. 9) when the present paroled prisoners left camp. The usual daily allowance of rations consists of one pint of unsifted corn-meal, one half pint of sorghum molasses, one-tenth of a pint of rice, one fourth of a table spoonful of salt, and sometimes about one fifth of a pint of shorts or of very bad flour. To cook these materials the prisoners are not supplied with one tenth part of the utensils necessary. Not a single culinary utensil was issued from Oct. 7 to Dec. 9. The only utensils which the prisoners posessed were a few which, with great trouble, they had carried with them from other prisons, together with a few very rude ones, which they had manufactured out of stove-plates which fell into their hands at Charleston. The owner of a piece of flat iron for baking cakes, found it necessary to keep a written list of the messes which were in turn, to be accommodated with the use of it.

The greatest suffering was caused by the want of shelters. The Confederate authorities had provided none, and the prisoners were thereupon obliged to supply themselves. With at first, eight very unserviceable axes, which the rebels had subsequently increased to twenty, among fourteen hundred officers, the work of erecting shelters progressed very slowly. The necessary wood could be procured only from the neighboring forest, distant from one-fourth to one-half a mile. In these woods, with blunt edges and under guard, the officers were obliged to cut very hurridly the wood necessary for fuel and cabins, and to carry the material on their backs into camp. While the slow process of erecting shelters was going on, very many officers, weak from long confinement, and afflicted severely from diarrhœ and chills and fever; with ragged clothes, worn out shoes and blanketless, suffered hardships beyond their power of endurance exposed, as they were, to drenching rains and severe frosts, and occasionally to scorching heat. The hospital accomodations are shockinly defective. All the patients are kept in beds on the ground, without any stoves, and even this poor treatment was not given to all the sick."

☞ A young lady who was taking music lessons was asked how she could afford it these hard times. "Oh," said she, "I confine myself to the low notes."

Rather Thid.

A ludicrous incident occured at 'Woodlawn,' on the Bloomingdale road. Jones' hotel of that place is ornamented with a hostler whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed the equestrian said, turning to the hostler:

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir," said John, with a look of astonishment

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John with more surprise.

"Yes you fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps when he suddenly stopped like one surprised beyond expression.

"Bless my soul," said he, "I ask your pardon, sir; but your animal stood on a line with that 'ere hitching post, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.

Nine Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stonger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study, the faster they learn.

To imagine every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to graify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is pasing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Gen. Scott says in his autobiography: "The inauguration of President Lincoln, was, perhaps the most critical and hazardous event with which I have ever been connected. In the preceeding two months I received more than fifty letters, many from points distant from each other—dissuading me from being present at the event, and others distinctly threatening assassination if I dared to protect the ceremony by a military force.—The election having been entirely regular I resolved that the Constitution should not be overturned by violence if I could possibly prevent it. Accordingly I caused to be organized the *elite* of the Washington volunteers, and called from a distance two batteries of horse artillery, with small detachments of cavalry and infantry, all regulars. In concert with Congressional Committies of arrangement, the President was escorted to and from the Capitol by volunteers—the regulars with whom I marched, flanking the movements in paralell streets—Only I claimed the place immediately in front of the President for the fine companies of sappers and miners under Capt. Duane of the Engineers.—To this choice body of men it was only necessary to say: The honor of our country is in your hands. "With a view to freedom of movement, I remained outside of the Capitol Square with the light batteries. The procession returned to the President's mansion in the same order, and happily the Government was saved."

A young woman had been converted at a camp meeting. The minister told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a who-o-o! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer, and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, answered back, "Anybody, Mr. Lord, just so it's a man."

☞ "Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another who had just slipped and fallen down on an icy pavement.

"Going to get up," was the blunt reply.