

The Potter Journal

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

FOUR CENTS.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several
Courts in Potter and Kean Counties. All
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Office on Main st., oppo-
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the adjoining Counties. 101

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entrusted to his care, with promptness and
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care and promptness. Office corner of West
and Third sts. 101

L. P. WILLISTON,
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will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and
Kean Counties. 913

A. P. CONL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsville, Tioga Co., Pa.,
will regularly attend the Courts in Potter
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red P. O. (All-gang Twp.) Coudersport, Pa.,
will attend to all business in his line, with
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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa.,
particularly informs the citizens of the vil-
lage and vicinity that he will promptly re-
spond to all calls for professional services.
Office on Main St., 101. Building formerly oc-
cupied by C. W. Ells, Esq. 622

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101

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Groceries, &c., Main St., Coudersport, Pa.
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D. E. OLMSTED,
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Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main St.,
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E. R. HARRINGTON,
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ed a widow in Schaeffer & Jackson's
Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry
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elry constantly on hand. Watches and
Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style,
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WIRE, Main St., nearly opposite the Court
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Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on
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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of
Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Pot-
ter Co., Pa. 344

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLIS, Proprietor, Colesburg,
Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coud-
ersport, on the Wellsville Road. 914

Selected Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

BY AMARINTA AYERSMEN.

While the vesper bells were ringing,
When the birds had ceased their singing,
To my heart sweet music rises bringing
Caused the music of the rain.
My childhood days so bright and fleeting
Tiny rain-drops seemed repeating,
Walking joy at thoughts of meeting
Those I never may see again.
Memories sweet and sad were blending,
Joy and sorrow both were lending
Voices which were ever ending:
Sweet the music of the rain.
From my heart I may not sever
Mem's index pointing ever
Backward to the joys that never
Will revisit me again.
Though to-day is full of sorrow,
From the past we still may borrow
Jors once tasted, while to-morrow
Whispers ever, lone in me.
Like sweet harp-strings touch'd all light—
Dreams the fairies weave us night—
Come the rain drops smiling brightly,
Dripping from each waving tree.
Jeweled blossoms brightly gleaming
Like the stars of Heaven beaming,
While a muffled voice is seeming
Still to hum the mystic strain;
Music of those flowing numbers
Lulls the heart to dreamy slumber,
Waking still a thousand wonders
Of the magic voice of rain.

Selected Tale.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ida was a bride. Onward, through a whole year of patient waiting, had she moved toward this blessed estate, all her thoughts golden over, all her fancies radiant with love and beauty. And now she was a bride—a happy bride. He who had won her, was worthy to wear her as a crown. Kind, honorable and gifted—his Praise was on the lips of all men. Yes, Ida was a happy bride. It was the blooming-fragrant spring-time. Singing birds were in all the trees; musical waters glided through the peaceful land-scap; and a cloudless sky bending over the warmth of her maiden fancies.

A noon had waxed and waned since the liver became the husband; a noon dropping the sweets of Mount Hybla. It was evening, and Ida stood by the window looking out through the dusk-waiting and wishing, for the return of her husband, who was later than usual from home. At last, her glad eyes caught a glimpse of his well known form, and starting back from the window, she went with springing steps to meet him at the door; opening it ere his hand could ring the bell.

"Hear Edward!" What a gushing love was in her voice! She raised her lips for a kiss, and a kiss was given. But somehow, its warmth did not go down into her heart.

"Are you not well, dear?" she asked, very tenderly, as they entered their pleasant little parlor; and she looked up into his face and tried to read his expressions. But the twilight was too deep.

"Quite as well as usual, love." The voice of her husband was low and gentle; but it had a new and changed sound for the young wife's ear—a sound that made her heart tremble. And yet, his arm was around her, and he held one of her hands tightly compressing it within his own.

It grew dark in the room before the gas was lighted. When the strong rays fell suddenly upon the face of her husband, Ida saw a change there also. It was clouded. Not heavily clouded—but in shadow.

Steadily and earnestly she looked at him, until he turned his head partly away, to escape the searching scrutiny.

"You are not well, Edward?" Ida looked seriously—almost concerned.

"Don't trouble yourself; I'm very well."

He smiled and patted her cheek playfully—er, rather with an attempt at playfulness. Ida was not deceived. A change had passed over her husband. He was not as he had been.

In due time tea was announced, and the little family party of two gathered around

the table in the next breakfast room.

"Burnt toast and dish water tea, as usual!" These were the first words spoken by the young husband, after sitting down to the table; and the manner in which they were uttered, left Ida in no doubt as to his state of feeling. How suddenly was the fine gold dimmed.

A few hours earlier the young husband had called to see his mother, an orderly industrious woman, and a notable housekeeper. As usual, he was full of the praise of his beautiful young wife, in whom he had yet seen nothing to blame—notwithstanding his own state of feeling. How suddenly was the fine gold dimmed.

Living in the world was, with her, no holiday affair, and marriage no more honeymoon. She was too serious in all her views and feelings, to have much patience with what she esteemed mere playday life. A little jealous of her son's affection, she was, withal; and his going forth to another, with an ardor so different from what it had ever gone forth to herself, made her feel cold toward the dear little wife of Edward, who was his favored object.

"It is time," she said, with a distance

of manner that surprised her son, "for you and Ida to be a little serious. The honey-moon is over, and the quicker you come down to sober realities the better. There is one thing about Ida that rather disappooints me."

Edward was too much surprised, at this unexpected announcement, to speak. His mother went on.

"She's no housekeeper—"

"She's young, mother. She'll learn," he said, interrupting her.

"She had no right to marry until she knew how to make a cup of tea?" The old lady spoke with considerable asperity.

"Mother!"

"I say just what I mean. Not a single cup of tea have I yet tasted in your house that was fit to drink? I don't know how you can put up with such stuff. You wouldn't have done it at my table, I'm very sure."

"Please mother, don't talk so any more about Ida! I can't bear to hear it."

"You can bear to hear the truth, Edward. I speak for Ida's good and your own too. She's a wife now; not a mere sweetheart. And she's your housekeeper

beneath, with something more to do and care for, than dress, music, party going and enjoyment. I must say, as I said a little while ago, that I am disappointed in her. What are girls thinking about when they get married? Surely, not of their husband's household comforts."

"If you please, mother, we will change the subject," said the young man, who was exceedingly pained by the strong language he had heard. He spoke so firmly that the matter was dropped, and not again alluded to at the time.

We have, now, an explanation of the change in the young husband's state of mind. There were some truths in what his mother said, and this made it so much harder to bear. The first shadow had fallen that dimmed the brightness of his new and happy life.

Still the defects in Ida—very small to his eyes, even after they were pointed out by his mother—way things of no moment. He had not intended her for a household drudge. Was she not loving-hearted, accomplished and beautiful?

What more could he ask?

True, he had intended her for the presiding genius of his home; and there were sober, matter-of-fact things to be done in all homes. But her devotion to these

would come in good time. How Edward came to speak as he did about the tea and toast, was almost on the instant that he had given utterance to his words, a mystery to himself. He started with the start that he gave his young wife, and trembled for the effect of his unkindly uttered words. He would have given much could he have recalled them. But they were said beyond any power of unsaying.

The reference of his mother to the indifferent tea with which she had been served at his table, had not only mortified him, but made some things distinct in his memory, which, before, were only seen dimly, and as matters of indifference.

Where all was so bright, why should he turn his eyes upon a few fragments of

clouds skirting the far horizon? He would not have done so if left to himself. The clouds might have spread until very much larger than a man's hand, before their murky aspect would have drawn his happy vision from the all-prevailing brightness.

Ida's hand, which was raising a cup to her lips, fell almost as suddenly as if palsied; paleness overspread her countenance; her lips had a motion between a quiver and a spasm. From her eyes which seemed bound, as by a spell, to her husband's face, tears rolled out and fell in large drops over her cheeks.

Never before, since Edward had looked upon that dear young face, had he seen its brightness so veiled. Never before, besides the servant's had been there. Ida had a word of his been answered by anything but smiles and love responses. "I'm sorry, Edward. How the sad tremulous voice of Ida rebuked the young man, that she had not forgotten their interview of the preceding day; and that her state of mind was not a white more charitable. Ida's face was a little shadowed; but she was cheerful, and very attentive to his mother—and, happily ignorant of his true feelings. She came and sat from the breakfast room to the parlor, frequently, evidently with household cares upon her mind.

Tea was at length announced. Edward's heart trembled. His mother arose, and with a cold air accompanied her children to the room where the evening meal awaited them. The table had an attractive look,

new to the eyes of both Edward and his mother. It was plain that another hand

besides the servant's had been there. Ida

poured the tea, and Edward served the hot biscuit and cream toast. The eye of

the latter was fixed on his mother, as she

lifted, with an air which he understood to

say, "Poor stuff!" the cup of tea to her

lips. She tasted the fragrant beverage—

set the cup down—lifted and tasted again. The infusion was faultless. Yes

even to her critical taste. Next the bis-

cuit, and next the toast were tried.

Mrs Goodfellow could not have surpassed them.

"Have you changed your cook?" The old lady looked across the table at Ida.

"No, mother," answered Ida, smiling.—

"Only the cook has found a mistress."

"Is this all your work, Ida?" The old lady spoke in a half incredulous tone.

"Yes, it is all my work. Don't you think,

if I try hard, I'll make a housekeeper?"

This was so unexpected that the husband's mother was delighted. Ida had gone right home to her matter-of-fact heart.

"Why yes, you precious little darling,

she answered, with an enthusiasm almost foreign to her character, "I couldn't have done better myself."

The shadow passed from the heart of

Ida, as her eyes rested on the pleased coun-

tenance of her husband. It was the first

shadow that had fallen since their happy