The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,

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Thos. S. Chase,

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

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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 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

L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

A. P. CONE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will regularly attend the Courts of Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

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 promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

C. S. JONES. LEWIS MANN. A. F. JONES.

JONES, MANN & JONES,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

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

E. R. HARRINGTON,

JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:24

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)

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

Selected Poetry.

"WASHING-DAY."

"To that day nor peace belongs nor comfort;
The very cat from the wet kitchen scared,
Visits the parlor, an unwonted guest.
And should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters, dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface—and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, or linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm upon the rack,
And Gautimozin smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who callest thyself perchance the master there,
Or steady swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual tendance; ask not indiscreet
Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; should'st thou try
The custom'd garden-walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose—all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, with impatient haste
Twiched off, when showers impend, or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt." MRS. BOSBAULD.

Selected Tale.

A Day in Petticoats.

BY A MODEST MAN.

'I couldn't think of such a thing.'

'But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thingumbobs, and the what's his name.'

And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel.

His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied the knot between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.

This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air: and at that time I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but very little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but what I was really one of the softer sex. These accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially, as in this case, the disguise was her own.

Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D———, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing party down the D———river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.

Our plan was, I should be in waiting in the village, and should go on the boat with the sailing party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles across the country.

At last I got dressed, and presented myself before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal, I believe, feeling very much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—my—shirt sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.

Everything finished in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me in his light wagon, drove me over to D———by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the picknickers were already there, and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them, etc.—He told them he was not.

'Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Deuced sorry I can't go, though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I am off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee,' and he rattled off a long string of brief introductions which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.

Mr. Bimby, a tall legal looking man, with a hook nose, and eye glass, and huffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my *personelle*, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles as he went out:

'Nice looking girl, that Miss Lee.'

'Yes,' answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, 'she is a nice girl, though a little go-ahead sometimes.

'Keep a little look out on her, will you?' Then lowering his voice, 'not a bad match for you, old fellow; she is rich.'

'Is she?' said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.

'On my honor,' replied Bob. 'Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day, day,' and he was gone.

Maggie Lee, artful creature that she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel, and thither he had taken her. Having business in D———, he left her there, merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at 11 o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, bid him good bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon which had driven up to the back door, as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of head strong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.

As for us of the picnic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the grove, but somehow I could not enjoy it so much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat, I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me.

I found Mr. Bimby, as I had expected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket, (the boat was a regular excursion packet,) and purchasing enough pears, oranges, and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role the hardest to play.

No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie for three years. Of course, she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times, in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for half an hour. It was all very nice; but if I had been in *propria persona*, I would have liked it better.—As it was, I felt as if I were 'obtaining goods under false pretences,' and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground at any moment.

A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and also became unpleasantly confidential about other matters.

I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out, and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the Styles family lived, and where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I could'nt divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered: 'My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be town talk with the gentlemen!'

Nor was I unconscious of having a very small foot for a man, and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came up nearly to my waist, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my 'running gear' looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking of MY ankles, and being cautioned by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangulated laugh, which I could only check by swallowing half of my little fillagree laced edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me, in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.

'May I sit here?' he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.

'Certainly,' I simpered, in my high falsetto.

'Ah, thank you,' said Bimby, with a lackadaisical air which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another, 'you are as kind as you are facinating.'

'You flatter me?'

'I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee.'

'Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man,' I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.

He cast a languishing glance at me through the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his 'feelings.'

We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged before hand—waiting us. Of course, dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out for a schottische. It was hard, at first, for me to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.

I had first made him properly jealous, by dancing with two other fellows, one of whom I knew, in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man, who was a great woman killer—a sort of devil-may-care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate wrath of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to 'play off' against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely, and occasionly looked at him with a half fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing he led me to my seat, keeping his arm about my waist, and I permitted it.

Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came up immediately.

'Ahem—a Miss Lee, shall I—a have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?'

I smiled a gracious acquiescence, and we commenced.

Now, I am an old stager at waltzing I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha or Schonnebrunnen ring in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a year.

Not so, Bimby. He plead want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.

'Aha, old boy,' thought I, "I'll give you a turn then!'

But I only smiled, and said that I should probably get tired first.

'Oh yes! he exclaimed, 'of course I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more.'

For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, he began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I scorned to notice his slackening up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps:

'Ah, are you not a—get—getting tired?

'Oh, no!' I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding round the room—'Oh, no, I feel as if I could waltz all night.'

The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see.

I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered, and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold up much longer.

'This is delightful,' I said composedly 'and you Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!'

'Puff—puff—ah—puff—yes—oh—puff—very—puff—de—lightful,' gasped he.

'Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?'

He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.

'Ah, puff—puff—I don't—ah—puff—don't know.'

So, when we neared the musicians I said, 'faster, if you please—faster!' and they played *a la* whirlwind.

Poor Bimby threw his feet about like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning excentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a small bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, and walked to my seat, and sent the young woman killer for a glass of ice water.

The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.

I got some idea from this, of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.

At this junction, before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavillion which served as a ball room. As see came near, I perceived that her hands were clinched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me:

'Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!'

What should I do? I was in agony. A cold prespiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Styles masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.

I said I was tired out—could not somebody else go?

No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of a gentleman who owned the grove, and assist to arrange her clothing.

So I went.

I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me just then.

However, I nerved myself up for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief let go her dress. As she did so, a—petticoat fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.

'Stop! I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; stop! don't—don't undress, for God's sake!'

She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.

'And why not?'

'Because I am—I am—a—can you keep a secret?'

'Yes yes, how frightened you look! Why what is the matter—Maggie—you—why—oh! oh!! oh!!!'

'Hush, no noise, or I am lost!' I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. 'I swear I mean no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see!'

She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.

'Oh, sir, she said, 'I see you are a man; but what does it all mean? Why do you dress so?'

I told her the story as briefly as possible, and exacted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.

I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in mutual feelings of friendliness and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavillion, I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.

'And what is that?' she asked.

'Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back.' And I did.

She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through, she glanced up timidly, and said:

'I think you are real naughty anyhow.'

When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands ready for supper, which was served in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie, and made love to both of them in turn to one as Maggie Lee, and the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing, and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz with him. He did'nt take the hint.

Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own sex, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners and rustic seats, and great grey rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter, a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind, and from light.

Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner, I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly I went back to a little stand near the ball room, and purchased several of the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seat by the rocks, I gave up all cares or fears for my *incognito*, and revelled in the pleasure of solitude, the fragrance of my cigar, the moonlight, and little Jennie's presence.

How long we sat there heaven only knows. We talked and laughed, and looked in each others eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common among young people just falling in love with each other, and might remained there until this month of September, in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty seven, for aught I know, had not the carriage been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company began to wonder where we were.

This wonder begot questions, the questions fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks, prevented them from hearing us or we them.

At length thay hit upon our path, and all came along single file, until they got to the open space above.

They saw a sight.

I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat towzzled up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock about level with my head—regardless of ankles this time—and there I sat, puffing away in a very unladylike style, at a high flavored Concha.

Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder, and her waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud masculine voice:

'Just think of poor what's his name—Bimby! Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?'

'Hush!' cried Jennie. Look, there he is—and, oh, gracious! there is the whole party?'

Yes, we were fairly caught. It was no use for me to clap on my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had all seen too much for that. Besides, by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless 'one flesh,' and disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.

Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to O———

Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading, but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.

N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

Things Wise and Other-wise.

WHAT kind of a doctor would a duck make? A quack doctor.

A MAN'S true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men.

TAKE all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness and depth of tenderness. Sorrow is a furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

IT is stated that the ukase abolishing serfdom in Russia will be published on the 17th day of December, the birthday of the late Emperor Nicholas.

IT is calculated that the clergy cost the United States $12,000,000 annually; the criminals, $40,000,000; the lawyers $70,000,000, and liquors $200,000,000.

Private letters from St. Petersburg state that the financial crisis had been severely felt there—that silver coin was excessively scarce, and that the price of everything but meat was extortionate.

COAL-BURNING LOCOMOTIVES.—The Syracuse *Courier* says: "Hereafter, it is understood, all locomotives built for the Hudson Hiver and Camden and Amboy railroads will be coal-burners."

MANY of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night, or they cannot shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a storekeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him, "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy business."

THE average attendance at the church of Henry Ward Beecher is three thousand persons. In order to accommodate the multitude that throng to hear him, the New York *Times* says, "it has been determined to fill the aisles of the church with folding iron chairs, which will be placed in two rows, and at the close of service be folded back against the ends of the pews."

THE marriage of Bayard Taylor, in Gotha, Saxony, to Miss Hansen, of Gotha, took place on Oct. 27th. Mr. Taylor passes the winter with his bride at Moscow, where she has relatives residing. He is to come back to America next autumn, and Willis announces that he has "already written to him to claim for Idlewild the honeymoon of his return."

COL. BENTON ON THE BANKS.—The Hon. Thomas H. Benton is out in a long letter in the *National Intelligencer*, on what used to be his favorite subjects, Banks and the Currency, and advocates "a stamp duty on paper currency, and a bankrupt law against bankrupt banks." He concludes as follows:

"There is not a monarch in Europe who would treat his subjects, or suffer them to be treated, as the people of the United States are treated by the base part of their own banks, and the indulgent Legislatures which legalize their violations of law, promises, and contracts. The issue of currency, and its regulation, is an attribute of sovereignty, and everywhere is exercised by the sovereign power, except in the United States. Here, also, it was intended to be an attribute of sovereignty, and was placed in the hands of Congress, *and limited to the issue of gold and silver, and the regulation of its value.* For our present Government was formed by hard-money men, who had seen and felt the disastrous and demoralizing effect of paper money, and were anxious to save their posterity from such calamities as they had suffered. They did their part to save us. Shall we be false to ourselves and to them?"