The Potter Journal.

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Thos. S. Chase,

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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

R. W. BENTON,

SUSVEYOR 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

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

Original Poetry.

For the Potter Journal.

SNOW SONG.

A thousand pearly snow-flakes
Are dropping all around;
Their beautiful and rare shapes
Are lost upon the ground.

Their motions are so graceful,
As here and there they fly—
They seem to bring a blessing
Down with them from on high.

They lightly tap my window,
But quickly haste away;
Their language, to my mind, is
A mimic roundelay.

They play, with fairy harp-strings
Suspended, on the trees,
And dance to their own music,
By *motion of the breeze.*

A carpet they are strewing,
Of beauty, on the plain—
With brooklets intermingling,
Their forms are lost again.

They bury woodland flowers
To blossom in the spring,
They're coming down in showers,
Embroidering everything.

They wreathe, with silver frost-work,
The tree-tops ever green;
And, in each nook and crevice,
Their tiny forms are seen.

I love those pearly snow-flakes
Now showering from above—
But, more than these, their Author
Deserves our praise and love.

S. M. LYMAN.

ELEVEN MILE, Pa., Dec. 1857.

Notes of Travel.

From the American Presbyterian.

LETTERS ON CHILI.—NO. 1.

Introductory—Testimony of Travellers—Wilkes, Gilliss, Bayard Taylor and Herodotus—Extent &c. of Chili—Provinces—Rivers—Future Letters.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Most of your readers, in common with our enquiring countrymen generally, are probably but little acquainted with those distant States of South America, whose "Winter, stern ruler of the *inverted* year," is already over and gone, and budding Spring time is even now just ready to give place to early Summer. (Nov. 5.)

Yielding to kind requests from yourselves and other friends, I propose, from time to time, to give you some of the results of my observations in South America, and especially in the so styled *Republic* of CHILI.

Much that I have myself observed in Chili since 1854 has, indeed, been already described by other writers. I have, in fact, been surprised to find that so much has been written in English, regarding that and other Spanish American countries, during the last quarter of a century. Still fuller, but not so reliable or valuable accounts of Chilian affairs have been given in Spanish, French, German and Italian.

But I will not trouble you with even the names of these writers at present.—Capt. Wilkes (1839) and Lieut. Gilliss, (1849—52) in their Narratives, have given us a great amount of interesting and reliable information respecting Chili. In their visits and explorations in South America, as well as in that of the lamented Capt. Herndon to the "Valley of the Amazon," (1851—53) and recently in that of Lieut. Page to the La Plata and its adjacent countries, the Navy Department of the United States are deserving of our warmest gratitude. They certainly have mine, as has each of the gentlemen who have thus contributed to enlarge the bounds of our knowledge in regard to the countries they have visited.

Unfortunately, the published accounts of these travellers, being in the form of voluminous "Reports" to the United States Government, or to the Naval Department, are not circulated among the *people* as they should be. I am happy to be able to vouch for their accuracy, as far as Chili is concerned, and only wish that what Capt. Wilkes and Lieut. Gilliss have written concerning Chili *could be read as extensively as possible.* It would do good to those there, sitting "in the region and shadow of death," and to us, who enjoy so many privileges and blessings in our own more favored home, if the condition of things in a country like Chili could be accurately made known.

I do not pretend to say that a visiter, as Capt. Wilkes was in Chili, in 1839; or a resident and traveller for two or three years, as Lieut. Gillis was in 1849—'52; or as I was in 1855, '56, and '57—can know or tell *all about everything there.* This has not, as yet, been as to any country in the world. And yet the accumulated testimony of travellers, from Herodotus down, has furnished us with nearly all we as yet know of the earth and of man. And this slow and confessedly imperfect means of collecting information is about all we shall have to depend upon for the future. The printing press itself only gives utterance to the testimony of the traveller, as to some of his experience. Bayard Taylor, in the tropics and in the polar regions, sees many things, and feels them too, in his soul, which the pen cannot portray. So did Herodotus, the father of history; and his racy narrative is beginning but recently to be more and more believed.

But enough by way of introduction; perhaps too much.

CHILI* extends from the Tropic of Capricorn, on the north, along the Pacific coast, to Cape Horn on the South; and between that ocean on the west and the highest crest of the Cordillera of the Andes on the east. It reaches from perpetual summer, in the Desert of Atacama, up to the icy domains of the Polar Sea, at 56° south. I say *up*, for the sailor says so, and so would you, reader, if the Norh Star was 30° to 40° below your horizon, and the pole of the earth pointed up to the same degree in the heavens above you. We say *down* to the Equator and *up* to the Poles all over the world.

Chili claims, then, the whole southern temperate region on the Pacific. But there is a disputed boundary line between her and Bolivia at 25° south, and between her and the Arawcanian Indians at 37° 30′. Except a fort (Valdivia) on the coast, at 40°, and a small and wretched German settlement in 42°, Chili occupies no territory south of 37° 30′, save the forlorn penal settlement at Port Famine, in the Straits of Maggellan, and the Island of Chiloé, off the coast, in 41°—43°.

The length of territory claimed is not less than 2,200 miles, having an average breadth of about 70 miles. But Chili really occupies less than 1,000 miles on the coast, and most of her population lies within an extent of 500 miles (from 30° to 37°) along the coast, and reaching back to the Andes' for about 100 miles distant, and including an area of 50,000 square miles. Comprehended in this are thirteen provinces, mostly named from their principal cities, as Coquimbo, Valparaiso, Santiago, Concepcion, &c. These provinces are governed each by a chief officer, called *Intendente*, who is appointed by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, to whom alone he is responsible for the discharge of his trust. Most of these Intendentes are military men or civilians whom the President wishes to reward for political services. They are often removed from province to province to prevent affiliations with the people, or to preserve their loyalty to the government. Some of them are very worthy men. Such is their character generally in the presence of a large foreign population, as in Valparaiso and Concepcion at present, where any overt acts of injustice on the part of this officer would be severely reprehended.

Numerous small rivers—mostly torrents, that is, dry in summer and full in the rainy season— descend from the slopes of the Andes to the sea. These, like the provinces, often take their names from the city near them, as the Copiabo, Imperial, &c. None of them are navigable, although two or three have been imagined by the Chilians to be so. Attempts have been made to navigate, by small steamers, the Maule, at Constitucion, and the Biobio, at Concepcion, in the south of the inhabited part of the country; but hitherto without success, owing to the shallowness of the waters.—The Imperial, in the Araucanian country, is said to be navigable, but the Chilian government has never been permitted by the natives by experiment to test the fact.

But, for the present, I close. Hereafter, when treating of the manners, religion, education, arts and prospects of the Chilians, I may hope to give you what will be of more interest to your readers. Chili is, without doubt, foremost of the Spanish States of South America in all respects, as I shall aim to show before I cease writing. B.

* This name is always spelled by natives *Chile*, and pronounced Cheé-lay. Molina (Italian) says it comes from the Araucos' word for *snow*, because of its snowy summits. M. Gay (French) says it is so named from the note of a bird; but I never could find this bird there, nor any one who knew him. Purchas, in his Pilgrims, says, "It is rightly named Chilli, or Chilly, from its cold." The down coast winds and uniformly cold nights there might make one feel that Purchas was right.

The Paris *Courier* says that Mrs. Reardon, a young American widow of almost boundless resources, who will hereafter reside in that city, is the original of Flora McFlimsey, in Butler's satirical poem "Nothing to Wear."

THE Washington *Star* tells of a church in that remarkable city where a part of the religious exercises consist of kissing.

WHY is a loafer in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

NATURE AND HUMANITY.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another,

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor,
We see them winking in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

How to Tell.

Here is a bit of advice to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really courting them, or only paying them polite attentions. The confounding the one with the other has been the source of very much trouble, both before and since the era of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Burdell:

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration, is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a white satin under that gauze, &c., at the very moment that the gallant she half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off!

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between polite attentions and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by the young gentlemen belong.

First then if a young man greets you in a loud, free and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his mouth wide open; if he turns his back upon you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if in short he sneezes when you are singing, criticises your curls, or fails to be foolish fifteen times every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you let him say what he will to the contrary.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see if your tea is sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead and make the poor fellow happy!

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found beyond a doubt, after which you can go on and love, and court, and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

n This Up.

There are some things which should be "stuck up with a pin," over the fireplace. The following advice, by H. W. Beecher, is one of them. In his sermon on the money crisis, he says:

"Take care of yourselves. In the first place, every man should take care of his body. If your body fails, your energy is gone. It must not fail you. *You want food and sleep.* Sleep is to a man's brain what the rain is to our cisterns, with this difference—that our cisterns hold a supply for severrl days, whereas our brain holds a supply for one day only. Sleep over night is the shower that fills it up. We owe it as a duty to ourselves to see that this central power be not exhausted by sleeplessness. *It is a duty to sleep enough.* A man who cannot sleep may as well stop business, and put business in the hands of the doctor. He who broods over red-hot plans will end his days in a lunatic asylum. Both sleep and food are greatly under the control of the will. They must be treated as you treat refractory children, who refuse to eat when setting out upon a journey. If they say, 'I can't,' you are to say, 'You shall, you must!' Then, *beware of substituting stimulants for nutriment!* This time, is one which will make ten thousand men go down to a drunkard's grave. Brandy may take you through, but it will be out of the wrong gate. Beware, too, of nervousness. A hot brain is like a new candle put into a hot candlestick. It burns off at one end, and melts off at the other, and is all gone in a moment. *Don't talk too much. It is wonderful how much a man may talk himself away.* Men talk over their troubles going up Broadway—talk them over going over the ferry—talk in their houses. *Meet your friend with a cheerful face.* Do not make a reel of your mind, to wind and unwind your business upon every day. Never let New York cross the ferry with you. Never let it cross your threshold, any more than you would a wolf. Rest yourselves at home, leave your business behind you, and change the current of your life every night, in the company of your wife and children. If necessarry, go home to a bath. It would do you good to bathe every day, some of you. Bathe in music. Try that. If you have no piano, no band of chorded instruments is half as sweet as the voice of an affectionate wife and the prattle of children. Don't go home to burrow in your bed as an animal burrows in the, earth to hide yourself. *If you have been in the habit of riding out, don't sell your horses.* Take your ride as you have been accustomed to do—morning, afternoon, and evening. Love music. *Find recreation.* Go to the Philharmonic concerts; go and buy tickets to them, if the times are hard; music will do you good. *Beware of unsociableness.* Now is the time to let the bucket go down to the very bottom of the well of friendship, and let it bring up cooling draughts."

MARRIED LIFE.—The following beautiful and true sentiments from the pen of that charming writer, Fredrika Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:

"Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life, a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle. Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being is in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

The Art of Conversing.

Madam De Stael, one of the most elegant conversasionalists the world has ever known, was by no means a handsome woman, so far as mere beauty of feature is concerned; but Byron, the most fastidious of beauty fanciers, declared she could talk down her face in fifteen minutes, at the end of which time she became positively beautiful. The art of conversation is a rare gift, and to be cultivated as one would cultivate any desirable art. With some, it is spontaneous faculty; with all, it can be acquired in greater or less degree of perfection. An old book opon etiquette, among an immense deal of twaddle, contains some grains of sound sense, which would profit all to heed. On the subject of conversation, we are told to "interrogate without display, not to interrupt a profitable speaker, nor desire ambitiously to put in a word of one's own, to be ashamed of receiving, or to be grudging of information, nor to pass another's knowledge for one's own." And again, that the "middle tone of voice, neither so low as to be inaudible, nor ill-bred from its high pitch," is the most desirable. And, also, that "one should reflect first what he is going to say, and then give it utterence; be courteous when addressed, amiable in social intercourse, not aiming to be pleasant by facetiousness, but cultivating gentleness in kind admonitions. Harshness is ever to be put aside, even in censuring."

Advice to Youth.

Eighteen things in which young people render themselves very unpolite:—

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
12. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you set down to table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

A SHORT STORY BY DICKENS.—Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain:

"On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attraction—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind says to the young lady: 'Jump overboard, and marry the man who jumps after you.' The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain: 'what am I to do with them now, they are so wet?' Says the captain, 'take the dry one!' And the young lady did, and she married him."

MINNESOTA.—The Red Wing *Sentinel* says that in grading near the crossing of Broad and Main streets, the workmen have been obliged to trespass upon the old burying-ground of the Indians who once had their village here, and not a few skulls and bones have been thrown up. Day before yesterday, an Indian with his squaw and little boy happened to pass along just as the workmen struck an Indian mound. He stopped, and for a short time silently watched the men as they rudely cast its contents out of their way, but soon overcome by his emotion, he commenced sobbing, and then sat down upon the ground, drew his wife and little one to him, and wept like a child. The kind-hearted laborers in pity for his feelings, gathered the bones they had thrown out, covered them in the mound again, and retired to another part of the work until he went away. It was indeed a sorrowful scene, and could not but affect those who witnessed it.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. It has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony is over, the present ruins of those we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness. Who would root sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom? Yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

IN relation to rents, (says the Boston *Traveller*,) those who have been spending nearly one-half of their income in this way, find it necessary to economise, and therefore the demand for costly houses has greatly fallen off. We hear of one case where a tenant informed his landlord that he could not pay the rent, $600 per annum, for his house, and must move. The landlord, rather than to have his house vacant, offered to let him keep it for the present at $300. The tenant still shook his head. Finally an agreement was made that he should keep the house until Spring, at the rate of $200 per year.