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 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. B. 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. 9:34

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.

MARE ALBUM:

A response to "Mare Rubrum," a poem in the Atlantic Monthly.

In that Red Sea of subtle thought
Which through the *Atlantic* streams and foams,
Among the gulf-weeds I have caught
A funny fish—the species, Holmes.

Our Doctor learnedly of wine,
Like Tuscan Redi,* only *sings;*
His fancy leaps in every line,
His muse must drink at healthy spring.

Good medicine-man, yet tell me more;
Say the whole story—say or sing—
And cry to him that fain would soar,
Beware of wetting *much* thy wing!

Beware of mingled wine, and red;
White Una regulate thy drink;
She rides a lion—guard thy head!
Nor let thought's fountain be a sink.

My friend, McMullen, of Manhattan,
A merchant with a royal heart,
Sends me a white wine soft as satin,
That no delirium doth impart.

The vintage some gray castle claims
Upon the Rhine, or on the Rhone,
I cannot well remember names—
But what of names?—the place is known.

This man is mighty too on ale,
Such as good poet Proctor sung,
Great ale of Trinity! dark or pale,
It doth unbend our English tongue.

And wine of barley, not too strong,
May better grace a poet's board
Than those more potent laws that long
The poets have too freely poured.

Look not on wine-cups that are red!
For so the sacred proverb goes;
Come Holmes, with Horace, and instead,
Taste that which from Manhattan flows.

Light wine, that only cheers the brain,
No dangerous dropping from the still,
Such wine as might have pleased Montaigne,
And leaves man master of his will.

*Redi, the celebrated physician, and author of "Bacco in Toscana," was a notorious water-drinker. [*Boston Courier.*

THINK OF ME.

When pleasure's cup is sparkling high,
When friends around thee throng;
When hearts are light with play or mirth,
And lighter wakes the song;
When counting o'er thy many joys,
Recalled by memory,
If 'twill not dim thy pleasure then,
Oh, give one thought to me.

At dawn, when first Aurora's light
Reflects o'er hill and dale,
And gilds the dew-washed lily's head,
That sleeps within the vale;
When first the lark shall plume his wing,
And soar from bondage free,
To warble forth some merry notes,
Then give one thought to me.

And when the shades of evening are
Fast falling into night—
An hour that seems well made for thought—
And quiet is delight;
At midnight's dead and solemn hour,
When on thy bended knee,
Thy hands upraised to heaven in prayer,
Oh, then, THEN think of me!

If I could claim the richest gem,
That now lies in the sea,
I'd rather far than have that pearl,
Have one kind thought from thee;
If all the joys of this bright world
Were now spread out to me,
And I were told to make a choice,
I'd ask one thought from thee.

WOMAN.

Woman is
In infancy a tender flower—
Cuultivate her;
A floating bark in girlhood's hour—
Softly freight her.
A fruitful vine when grown a lass,
Prune and please her;
Old, she's a heavy charge, alas!
Support and ease her.

Selected Tale.

From the Flag of our Union.

THE TABLES TURNED.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

One evening, not long since, a number of us old ship-masters, chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinning. Among our number was Captain Richard Nutter, and a finer man, or a better sailor, never trod a deck. At length it came his turn to tell a story, or, what we preferred—and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident of experience in his own life.

"Well, boys," he said, as he rejected the wine, which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built the whole of my subsequent manhood."

We prepared to listen to Captain Nutter with the most perfect attention, for he was not only an old sea-man, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:

"I was very young when I first entered on shipboard, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indiaman, for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old Lady Dunlap—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two all told. We 'boys,' as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict. Of course we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess and decidedly condemned. In fact, we should have reversed many of his judgments, if we had had the power; but as he was the commander, and we only foremast hands—and boys at that—he had his own way, and the luminous decisions we came to were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.

"Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We could toss off a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the right to do so, not only as a privilege, but as an honor to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. But even in this respect our captain pretended to differ from us. When we could get on shore, we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off, or be brought off, in a state anything but sober. I said '*we;*' but there was one of our number who never could be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small, and he belonged in one of the back towns of New Jersey.

"Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however, for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack Small favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill-will towards poor Jack.

"Now in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the world. He was kind, obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of distress, and as true a friend as ever lived,—only he would'nt drink with us, that was all. No—that wasn't all. He learned faster than we did,—he was a better sailor, and had learned more of navigation. But this we tried to lay to the captain's paying him the most attention, though we knew better at the time, for we had the privilege of learning just as much as we had a mind to. The truth of the matter was, we five loved the idea of being '*old salts,*' better than we did anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

"It even got so at length, that Jack Small was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eye-sore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and run him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

"At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked with him in the mess, and he in return helped us in our navigation. We were on our home-ward bound passage, by the wy of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

"Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches, and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten, we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that shape, for then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go to any bad place.

"Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We had selected one of the best hotels, for the prices were no higher there than at places of lower repute, and, in fact, not so high, for these low places fleece a sailor most unmercifully. The eatables were despatched with becoming gusto, and then the dishes were removed, and at a sign from me the wine was brought on.

"'Ah! what have you here?' asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

"'Only a little new wine;' I replied, as carelessly as I could. 'Mere juice of the grape.'

"'But it's wine, nevertheless,' pursued he.

"'It isn't wine,' cried Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest *nuts* old Neptune ever cracked.

"'No,' chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. 'It's only a little simple juice. Come, boys, fill up.'

"'The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performing that duty, and he took good care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.

"'No,' said Jack, as the glass was moved towards him; 'if you are going to commence thus, I will keep your company with water while you remain orderly, but I will not touch your wine.'

This was spoken very mildly, but with a kind smile, but yet it was spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked in the head. We urged him to drink with us—only one glass, if no more. We told him how innocent it was, and how happy his social glass would make us; but we could not move him.

"'Then let him go!' cried Tim, who had already drank some. In fact, all of us, but Jack, had drank more or less during the aforenoon. 'Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow with us!'

"'That's it,' added Sam, with a bitter sneer, "off he goes. If he's too good to drink with his shipmates, we don't want him.'

"'You misunderstand me,' said Jack, in a tone of pain. 'I am not too good to drink with you, in the sense in which you would take. But I do not wish to drink at all."

"'Too stingy—that's all,' said I, determined to make him drink if I could. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this, that I wished I had not spoken as I did.

"'If you wish to enjoy your wine, messmates,' said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, 'you can do so, but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share of the expenses for the dinner.'

"'And for your share of the wine,' said Tim, 'for we've ordered it for you.'

"'No,' returned Jack, 'I cannot pay for any of the wine—'

"'*Mean!*' cried two or three at a breath.

"'No, no, messmates not mean. I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine.'

"And as he spoke he rang the bell. He asked of the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine, and after the amount had been stated, he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm.

"'No—not so,' said Sam. 'You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expense of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you, unless you take a glass of wine with us.'

"'Very well,' said Jack; and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.

"He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced, and now you've got to stick it out."

"This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do, we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hands; but at length he calmed himself, and stepping back to his chair, he said:

"Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?"

"Silence gave consent, and in a moment more he resumed:

"Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my own bosom."

"We had always thought, from Jack's manner, that there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were all attention in a moment.

"'My story is a very short one,' he continued, 'and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man, and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood, and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind.—We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once—once I remember—when her very tears froze on my cheek? O, how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his home, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled.

"'When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters, and my frozen feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school. These boys had fathers and mothers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had told me how noble my own father could be if the accursed demon rum were not in his way; but the fatal power was upon him, and though he often tried, yet he could not escape.

"'Time passed on, and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way, when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father—and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!"

"Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had become too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

"'I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her beating bosom, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away, and left the body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but O, see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, O, promise, here before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery.'

"'O, shipmates, I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good, kind nerghbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and I did so, and every time I go home I have some money for my mother.'

"'And now,' Jack continued, 'you know my story. Not for all the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. And, even had I made no such pledge I would not touch the fatal cup, for I know that I have a fond, doting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than to bring more sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have, perhaps they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would ever bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine-cup upon me.'

"As Jack thus spoke, he turned towards the door, but Tim Blake stopped him.

"'Hold on, Jack,' cried Tim, wiping his eyes and starting up from his chair. 'You shan't go alone. I *have* got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine, for, by the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more!'

"'Give us your hand, Tim,' cried Sam Pratt. 'I'll go with you.'

"I waited no more, but quickly starting from my chair, I joined the other two, and ere long the whole five of us joined with Jack Small in his noble life-plan. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge.—He signed it first, and we followed him, and when the deed was done, I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

"Towards evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we had all come over the side and reported ourselves to him, his countenance changed. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"'Look here, boys,' said he after he had examined us thoroughly, 'what does this mean?'

"'Show him the paper,' whispered I.

"Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain.—He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times, and at length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"'Boys,' he said, as he folded up the paper, 'let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live.'

"We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no longer had our envy, for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

"Jack Small is now one of best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House, in N. Y., and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York and the other was just going out as American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean.

"You now know why I do not drink wine with you, and of course you will not urge it upon me, nor take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect."

Thus Capt. Richard Nutter closed his story, and it made much impression upon us all. So much so, at any rate, that we touched not the wine on that evening, but drank cold water with him; and I know that on the next morning our heads were clearer, and our nerves more steady, from the experiment.

I have spent a long life in the rough places of the earth, and I have seen enough to cause this conclusion: Were I to live my life over again, *I would never touch one drop of alcoholic liquor, as a beverage.*

☞ The world is full of good people, if we were not so childishly taken by the outside, that we often forget to look for the kernel.

☞ The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.—*Ld Rochefoucauld.*

☞ The world is the book of women; whatever knowledge they possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.—*Rosseau.*

☞ In all the world, in evory circle of society, there is not, cannot be, a more miserable, despicable creature than a disappointed woman—the jest of one sex, and the scorn of the other—a hatred to herself, and a burden to her friends.—*Titan.*

☞ I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth which I call wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at length the pin is completed.—*Newton.*

☞ People who never knew, from the cradle to the grave, one hour of self-gratification, can still find time to stretch out a hand to help some one more weary than themselves. Feeling begets feeling; and while each year sees some grow more narrow-hearted, more self-centered, the sphere of interest of others is widening, stretching to hundreds to whom even sympathy is grateful.