The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS

VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 42. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1858. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

Thos. S. Chase,

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

Terms--Invariably in Advance:

$1,25 per Annum.

Terms of Advertising.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
1 " " 3 "	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months,	50
1 " six "	4 00
1 " nine "	5 50
1 " one year,	6 00
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
Every subsequent insertion,	50
1 Column six months,	18 00
1 " " "	10 00
1 " " "	7 00
1 " per year.	30 00
1 " " "	16 00
Double-column, displayed, per annum	65 00
" " six months,	3 00
" " three "	16 00
" " one month,	6 00
" " per square of 10 lines, each insertion under 4,	1 00
Parts of columns will be inserted at the same rates.	
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Auditor's Notices, each,	1 50
Sheriff's Sales, per tract,	1 50
Marriage Notices, each,	1 00
Divorce Notices, each,	1 50
Administrator's Sales, per square for 4 insertions,	1 50
Business or Professional Cards, each, not exceeding 8 lines, per year,	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

☞All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

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,

SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Ray-Mond 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. 9:15

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 Schoonmaker & 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

Original Poetry.

[*Written for the Potter Journal.*]

BY THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ELIZABETH C. WRIGHT.

Like to a lake the stream before me lieth,
Between a rocky and a wooded shore,
Cradling the many tints where daylight dieth,
Repeating each expiring glory o'er.

And then the forest shadows shake and shimmer
In every ripple by the breezes curled;
All shapes are mingling in one common glimmer,
Within that mirror's strange, inverted world.

A white sail like a sea-bird o'er it glideth,
And floats behind the island's twilight gray,
Where creeps a pale mist slowly up and hideth
Whatever lieth in its "milky way."

The blue Itasca would not know her daughter,
So soiled with travel and so overgrown,
Which spreads yon rolling sea of turbid water
A thousand leagues out toward the burning zone.

From out the caverned bluff the night-bird calleth,
And from the quarry comes an ans'ring cry—
The flitting double of the night-hawk falleth,
Down where the other shivering shadows lie.

And one white star on night's cool forehead glistens,
And glistens upward from the waves as well;
And with hushed breath my spirit listens
To some sweet music's far-off dying swell.

I almost wish that I could do my sleeping
With yonder wild birds on the river's breast,
And with the stars their sleepless vigil keeping,
Be, like an infant, once more rocked to rest!

[*Written for the Potter Journal.*]

THANK GOD FOR SPRING.

Thank God! for Spring time,
For wild, laughing brooks—
Thank Him for sunshine,
For bright, flow'ry nooks.

Thank God! for showers,
For tears and for mirth—
Thank Him for flowers
To deck the fair earth.

For fond recollection,
Oh! thank God above—
For Truth and Affection,
For Hope and for Love.

Thank God! for music
Of sweet birds that sing;—
These are Spring's blessings,
Then, thanks for the Spring.

ELEVEN MILE, PA. S. M. L.

Choice Reading.

EXTRACT FROM

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

THE HEART'S DOORS.

From the Atlantic Monthly, for April.

"——Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

"There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

"If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim,—*The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time,—or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San Francisco,—or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

"Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give the side-door key; too many have them already.

"——You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold-blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

"A very simple *intellectual* mechanism answers the necessities of friendship, and even of the most intimate relations of life. If a watch tells us the hour and the minute, we can be content to carry it about with us for a life-time, though it has no second-hand, and is not a repeater, nor a musical watch,—though it is not jewelled nor jeweled,—in short, though it has little beyond the wheels required for a trustworthy instrument, added to a good face and a pair of useful hands.—The more wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of. The movements of exaltation which belong to genius are egotistic by their very nature. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the spasms and crises that are so often met with in creative or intensely perceptive natures, is the best basis for love or friendship.—Observe, I am talking about *minds*. I won't say, the more intellect, the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason;—but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetry, instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

"If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

"But to radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sunshine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip,—this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings,—most of all in that perpetual *auto da fé* where young womanhood is the sacrifice.

"——You noticed, perhaps, what I just said about the loves and friendships of illiterate persons,—that is, of the human race, with a few exceptions here and there. I like books,—I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company.

THOUGHTS ABOVE BOOKS.

"What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

"——I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, Sir,—said the divinity-student,—who should feel himself above Shakspeare at any time.

"My young friend,—I replied,—the man who is never conscious of any state of feeling or intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it spreads out (so the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upwards into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought. Yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols!—Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by the reading of "Romeo and Juliet," or blowing his brains out because Desdemona was maligned? There are a good many symbols, even, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences,—namely, to waste away and die. When a man can *read*, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can *read*, his thought has slackened its hold.—You talk about reading Shakspeare, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shakspeare is one thing, and Coleridge's or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation-point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind which can only take up a little as for the great one which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above—not the author but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

"I think most readers of Shakspeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we now are, may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

"——I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago,—I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else into it. It is very bad to have thoughts and feelings, which were meant to come out in talk, *strike in*, as they say of some complaints that ought to show outwardly.

"I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births,—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled."

Selected Miscellany.

What a Woman Thinks About Her Rights.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Allow me to enclose you an extract from a private letter written by a lady, in regard to that much-vexed question, "Woman's rights and wrongs." It speaks for itself, I think, and needs no introduction or apology:

"As for 'woman's rights,' I have a strong belief in them, and insist upon them, as you know, but I never expect to insist upon those which will almost certainly supersede such as she possesses now. I don't believe, for instance, that when women go the polls to vote, men will run around to get a carriage for them, if it chances to be raining, or if she differs from them in politics; and I prefer the right to such attentions, to the privilege of voting. I have every *right* for which I have any desire, thank Heaven! I have the right to be taken care of, and guarded, and comforted, and protected from privation, and of sharing my husband's interests, with which I have no *rights* that conflict. What a lively time we should have if we disagreed in politics, or party, or principles; and how charming a woman would look nursing a baby and reading or writing political articles. I think it would be quite awful to have a woman kept from going to vote by such a cause as detained Curtis from delivering his lecture in Philadelphia, when Beecher supplied his place and gave the reason so frankly. Yes, I believe in the legal changes to protect unhappily-married women and all that, but votihg! If my husband ever advocates my voting, I shall be sure he wants to kill me off. As if I didn't have enough to do and think about without posting myself up in the affairs of the nation, for whose management men were specially created! If not, I wonder what *is* the use of them." CUBUM.

—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

TROUBLE, THE HEART'S TEST.—The river bottom cannot be tested as long as it is covered by a stream. It may be of sand, or it may be of rich alluvial deposit, but what it is of, cannot be known, until its watery raiment is swept away. So the heart, covered with prosperity, may or may not be in a right state, but whether it is or not, cannot be told until some distress comes. When the hand of the Almighty, however, cleaves the flood so as to let his flying host pass, and thus open the water in a seam to its bottom, we can tell what our foundation is. The Lord then says to the heart that he has cut into the very quick, "Dost thou love me?" Then alone can the true answer come, "Thou knowest that I love thee."

PLAYGROUND RHYMES.

One is all, two is all,
Zick is all, zan;
Bob-tail, vinegar,
Tickle 'em, tan.
Harum-scarum,
Virginia Marum;
Tee—taw—buck.

Onery, every, eckery aven,
Nellibo, crackibo, tener-a-laven;
Quevy, quavy, Irish Mary,
Tinkleum, tonkleum, tilo buck.

Mintry, mintry, entry corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock.
Sit and sing,
By the wing,
O—U—T out

"Aina, maina, mona, mike,
Barcelona, bona, strike;
Airy, wary, frown, snack,
Harico, barico, wee wo, wack!"

Aina, maina, ickery on,
Feelsa, falsa, Nicholas John;
Quever, quaver, English naver,
Stingum, stangum, jollo buck!

One-ry, two-ry, dis-cum dary,
Hackibo, crackibo, Henry Lary;
Dis cum dandy, American time,
Humelum, jumelum, twenty-nine.

One cry, two-cry, ickery, an,
Bobtail, vinegar, tittle and tan,
Harum, scarum,
Madgerum, marum,
Get out, you little old man.

Another runs as follows:

Hinks, spinks,
The devil winks,
The fat's beginning to fry;
Nobody's at home,
But jumping Joan,
Father, Mother, and I.
O—U—T out,
With a long, black snout,
Out, pout one.
Hickery, hoary, hairy Ann,
Busybody over span,
Rary, pary, Virgin Mary,
Pit, pout, out, one.

Such gibberish as the following we never heard without a hearty laugh, and wonder who invented it:

One-cry, two-cry, dickery deven,
Arrabone, crackabone, ten or eleven,
Spin, span, must go on,
Twiddle'em twaddle'em, twenty-one,
Hawkers, baulk'em, Benny Crawkam,
Hiddlecome, biddlecome, baddlecome,
O—U—T out.

GOV. CHASE, OF OHIO, ON TEMPERANCE.—In his Message to the Legislature, he makes the following suggestions on Intemperance. It remains to be seen how a Democratic Legislature will heed them:

"The conspicuous fact that in numerous instances the causes of the infirmities, and especially of the idiocy, lunacy, and crime, which fill our Asylums, our Penitentiary, and our Reformatory Institutions, are to be traced to the violation of natural laws, and especially to Intemperance, cannot fail to attract your notice. More general instruction in the physical laws of life and well-being, and in the moral and religious obligations connected with them, must be relied on for the diminution and prevention of these violations. The Constitution of the State authorizes the General Assembly to provide by law against the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. While intemperance crowds our prisons, desolates our homes, robs society of its brightest ornaments, and proclaims itself everywhere the foe of virtue, of peace and of security, all right-minded men will agree that whatever can be rightfully done to protect the community from such an evil, should be done. It will be your duty to consider this subject with a wise reference to the demands of public sentiment, with a sincere respect for personal rights, and with an honest purpose to accomplish the end indicated by the Constitution."

☞A romantic young lady fell into the water, the other day, and was near drowning, when she was drawn out senseless, and taken home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who saved her. "You cannot," said her papa. "What, is he already married?" "No." "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives in our neighborhood?" "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog!"

HAIL wedded love, mysterious law, * *
* * * * * * * * by thee
Founded in reason loyal, just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known,
Far be't from me to write the sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.

—*Milton.*

Have you seen but a white lily grow,
Before rude hands have plucked it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
Oh so white, oh so soft, oh so sweet is she!

—*Ben Jonson.*

☞Public money ought to be touched with the most scrupulous consciousness of honor. It is not the produce of riches only, but the hard earnings of labor and poverty. It is drawn from the bitterness of want and misery. Not a beggar passes, or perishes in the street, whose mite is not in that mass.—*Paine.*

☞Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home. A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Rev. C. Hamilton.*

☞A first rate joke took place quite lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore, "that he worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer, who cross examined her, said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "*He milked.*" The lawyer evaporated.—*Valley Times, (Me.)*

Had that infant been one of the chattel sort of children, and any one had purchased him, it would have been a clear case of "buy a baby bunting!"

"NOT QUITE SO BAD."—*The Bellefont Democrat* tells a good story of Sam Bike, who has been down the Susquehanna this Spring with a raft. Returning home, he stopped at a tavern, where a crowd was discussing the Kansas question. Sam had not slept the previous night, and was about squaring himself out for a comfortable snooze, when one of the loudest, turning to him, said: "Here sits a Lecompton man, I'll bet the liquor for the room." "Done!" says his opponent, who was anti-Lecompton. "Now, then, friend," said No. 1, "in order to decide this bet, will you be so kind as to tell us whether you are a Lecompton man?" "What made you think so?" Sam asked. "Because, Sir, you *look like* one; I can always tell them by their looks," replied No. 1. Sam answered, "Do I? Well, gentlemen, I *was* on a raft from Snow-Shoe to Marietta; *I have been drunk for two weeks; but I had no idea I looked as hard as that.*" The Lecomptoner paid the liquor and sloped.

RULES FOR GROWING OLD.—At the late commencement of Yale College, the Rev. Dr. Waldo, as the eldest graduate present, (of the class of 1778,) thus closed a speech to the assembled Alumni:

"I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slow—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give away to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest. The best profession is the ministry of the gospel. If you have not talent enough to be a minister, be a lawyer—but be an honest lawyer. Pope's line should be altered to read thus:

"'An honest lawyer is the noblest work of God.'"

POKING FUN AT A CONDUCTOR.—The conductor who was discharged from the employment of one of our Ohio railroads, some time ago, for inviting a friend to ride over the road with him, as he did not like to ride in the train alone, has been reappointed by the Superintendent. But we see he is again the hero of another adventure, which has been made public. The newspapers say (and what they say must be true, you know,) that on a recent trip, the train of which this conductor had charge, overtook a cripple, limping along by the side of the track, when our hero the conductor, kindly invited him to get on and ride. The wooden-legged man thanked him, and replied that he would rather not, as he was in a hurry. That conductor thinks seriously of throwing up his commission.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

[That must have been the Cadiz Arm of the Steubenville & Indiana R. R. We remember of being a passenger once when we were something like two hours, "running time," (backward and forward,) going from the Junction to Cadiz—*seven miles!*—ED. JOURNAL.