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. 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. 9:34

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.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell;
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle.
Closed the pink-eyed pimpernell,
As a-down the moss-grown wood-path—
Where the cattle love to roam—
From Aunt Patty's quilting party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered
O'er a brow as white as snow;
And her cheek—the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow;
'Mid her parted lips' vermillion,
White teeth flashed like oceen's foam;
All I marked with pulses throbbing,
As I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood
Turning all the leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded,
I my love to Nelly told.
As we stood together gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening,
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
Furrows stand upon my brow,
But a love-smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now;
Matron in the snowy kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come—
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

From the Home Journal.

SONG OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm the Iron Needle-Woman!
Wrought of sterner stuff than clay;
And, unlike the drudges human,
Never weary night or day;
Never shedding tears of sorrow,
Never mourning friends untrue,
Never caring for the morrow,
Never begging work to do.

Poverty brings no disaster!
Merrily I glide along,
For no thankless, sordid master,
Ever seeks to do me wrong:
No extortioners oppress me,
No insulting words I dread—
I've no children to distress me
With unceasing cries for bread.

I'm of hardy form and feature,
For endurance framed aright;
I'm not pale misfortune's creature,
Doom'd life's battle here to fight:
Mine's a song of cheerful measure,
And no under-currents flow
To destroy the throb of pleasure
Which the poor so seldom know.

In the hall I hold my station,
With the wealthy ones of earth,
Who commend me to the nation
For economy and worth,
While unpaid the female labor,
In the attic-chamber lone,
Where the smile of friend or neighbor
Never for a moment shone.

My creation is a blessing
To the indigent secured,
Banishing the cares distressing
Which so many have endured:
Mine are sinews superhuman,
Ribs of oak and nerves of steel—
I'm the Iron Needle-Woman
Born to toil and not to feel.

Selected Miscellany.

Perils of the Border.

While reading recently an account of the frightful massacre of several white families by the Black-foot Indians, we were reminded of a thrilling event which occured in the "Wild West," a short time subsequent to the Revolution, in which a highly accomplished young lady, the daughter of a distinguished officer of the American Army, played an important part. The story being of a most thrilling nature, and exhibiting in a striking manner the "Perils of the Border," we have concluded to give an extract from it, as originally published, as follows:

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, a fort was here erected by the victors, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of the country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

At the landing of the fort, on the day our story opens, was fastened a flat-boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth was a young man, some two-and twenty years of age, of a fine commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eye—there was something which denoted one of superior mind; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what Eugene Fairfax was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest.

Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure. The lady in question, was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm.

Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and coming down to her small pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume, set gaily above her flowing curls, her appearance contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished looks of those of her sex beside her, with their linsey bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, "I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you, and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, Aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanch," returned the other, somewhat petulantly; "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you came safe thus far, through a partially settled country, you think, perhaps, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Scarcely a boat descends the Ohio, that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the matron, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him."

By this time the parties had reached the boat; and the young man already described—Eugene Fairfax, the secretary of Blanche's father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprung quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure? It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading posts on our route, this side of our destination,—the Falls of the Ohio."

"No, indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly, "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for news reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, to my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman. There will, perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully.

"I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not wilfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded on by the savages, themselves concealed. Yes, such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you from all harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration; and the boat swung out, and began to float down with the current, now fairly entered upon the most dangerous portion of a long and perilous journey.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1665. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend to the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and cotemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and sufferred much, through British invasion; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

The grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West, and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would have to remain at the East till he should see proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have seen, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern marts, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of the Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extended to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

The day, which was an auspicious one, passed without anything occurring worthy of note, until near four o'clock, when, as Blanche was standing on the fore part of the deck gazing at the lovely scene which surrounded her, she saw a seemingly flying body suddenly leave a limb of a gigantic tree, (whose mighty branches extended far over the river, and near which the boat was swayed by the action of the current), and alight with a crash upon the deck of the boat, not more than eight feet from her. One glance sufficed to show her what the object was, and to freeze the blood in her veins. The glowing eyes of a huge panther met her gaze. The suddenness of the shock which this discovery gave her was overpowering. With a deafening shriek she fell upon her knees and clasped her hands before her breast. The panther crouched for his deadly leap, but ere he sprang, the hunting knife of Eugene Fairfax (who with the steersman, was the only person on deck besides Blanche), was burried to the hilt in his side, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound. The infuriated beast at once turned upon Eugene, and a deadly struggle ensued. But it was a short one. The polished blade of the knife played back and forth like lightning flashes, and at every plunge it was buried to the hilt in the panther's body, who soon fell to the deck, dragging the dauntless Eugene with him. On seeing her protector fall, Blanche uttered another shriek and rushed to his aid; but assistance from stouter arms was at hand. The boatmen gathered round, and the savage monster was litterally hacked in pieces with their knives and hatchets, and Eugene, covered with blood, was dragged from under his carcass. Supposing him to be dead or mortally wounded, Blanche threw her arms around his neck and gave way to a passionate burst of grief. But he was not dead—he was not even hurt, with the exception of a few slight scratches. The blood with which he was covered was the panther's, not his own. But Blanche's embrace was his—a priceless treasure—an index of her heart's emotions and affections. It was to color his whole future life, as will be seen in the progress of our story.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and plash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the third night of the voyage. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene, the only one astir except the watch, was suddenly startled, by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, Cap'n, here's trouble!"

What is it, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon kiver us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good heaven! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublous, Cap'n, I'll alloy," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best on't."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, ef you war'nt so skeered about the young lady, and it warn't so dead agin the orders from head quarters, my plan would be a cl'ar and easy one—I'd just run over to the Kaintuck shore, and tie up."

"No, no," said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment! We must keep in the current by all means!"

"Ef you can," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gits so dark as we can't tell one thing from t'other, it'll be powerful hard to do; and ef we don't run agin a bar or bank afore morning, in spite of the best o' us, it'll be the luckiest go that ever I had a hand in. See Cap'n—it's thickening up fast; we can't see eyther bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars is gettin' dim, and it looks as if thar war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here—and yet my heart almost misgives me!—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of our boats have been captured by the savages."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort, on his part, to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck, immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n?" exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me without a word!"

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but frankly admitted that this could not now be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

A long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when, suddenly, our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb silently brush his face. He started, with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick, here, boys! we're agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! altogether, now! over with her!" shouted another.

"The de'il's in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

Meantime the laden boat was brushing along against projecting bushes and overreaching limbs, and every moment getting more and more entangled while; the long poles and sweeps of the boatmen, as they attempted to push her off, were often plunged without touching bottom, into what appeared to be a soft clayey mud, from which they were only extricated by such an outlay of strength as tended still more to draw the clumsy craft upon the bank they wished to avoid. At length, scarcely more than a minute from the first alarm, there was a kind of settling together, as it were, and the boat became fast and immovable.

The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the matter was one to be viewed in a very serious light.

"I'll get over the bow, and try to git the lay of the land with my feet," said Tom Harris; and forthwith he set about the not very pleasant undertaking.

At this moment Eugene heard his name pronounced by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast, and now sent a strange thrill through every nerve; and hastening below, he found Blanche, fully dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin, in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the centre of the boat.

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said "enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature."

"Unfortunately, about two hours ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we can't tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be afloat again; though in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche; "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their acuteness of hearing; and if such be the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we've been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement——"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy trampling across the deck; and the next moment