The Potter Journal.

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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. 8:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER. Bay-Mond P. O., (Allegany Co.,) 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. 9:1f

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly 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.

Olden-Time Love-Lays.

No poetry of the present era, that we have ever read, contains so much expression in so few words as the following, which was written about the year 1600, by Sir Robert Ayton, a friend and cotemporary of Ben Jonson, and who left but few monuments to his literary genius. He, perhaps, had reason to write the following bitter lines

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame,
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou badst remain'd thy own.
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy to love thee still.
Yea, it h'd been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost:
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

But our poet thinks, as we do, that the real cause of woman's inconstancy is her generosity,—her inability to deny her wealth of smiles to any man that deserves them—but oftener to those who do not. Read the following:

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like some flowers to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

But, our poet was a Scotch courtier—may not the last poem have been addressed to his royal master James I., or to the queen, whose private secretary he was? We think, however, that the verses will bear a general application to all race's love affairs.—ED.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Jersey Shore Gadette.

ONE GLASS,

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I remember when I was a careless youth, asking my grandfather whether he thought it *very* wrong to occasionally drink a glass of liquor with one's friends. I, like many a foolish youth, had an idea that there was no harm in social drinking; I did not reflect that the first glass, taken, perhaps, in a private parlor, soon leads its victim to the grog-shop; it then transforms him into a wandering, ragged begger, and soon he fills a drunkard's grave.

But the good sense of my grandfather, soon convinced me that my opinion was wrong. After pointing out the awful consequences of taking "only one glass with a friend," he continued:

"Many years ago, as I was passing along one of the principal streets of a large commercial town in Pennsylvania, I chanced to meet my young college friend, Frank Green, whom I had not seen for many years. After talking over old college times and scrapes, I proposed something to drink. Taking him by the arm we walked towards the "St. Nicholas." But when we reached the door, Frank refused to enter.

"Come, come," said I, "let's have something. We don't meet companions of our youth every day."

"No, George," replied, "I have signed the pledge."

"*Signed the pledge!* ha! ha! ha! you," I continued, "a youth of twenty turned into an old fogy of seventy! A perfect teetotaler, I presume! Why, before you're thirty you'll be gray headed! Come now, Frank, fling off this cold water fit, and take something to oblige a friend.

"If you are my *friend*," said he, "don't for heaven's sake, lead me to drink, and break my word of honor. I have seen enough to warn me from the downward path, and God forbid that either you or I should fill a drunkard's grave. Many of those who used to enliven our youthful band, I am sorry to say, have died by the hand of intemperance."

"Nonsense, nonsense, this is no place for a temperance lecture. You talk as sagely as old Deacon Sparks—surely you will not refuse to take *only one glass* with an old friend. Come, now, don't be so dry, let's

Fill the bumper fair.
Every drop we sprinkle
On the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

"Perhaps," continued Frank, "this one glass may prove the ruin of us both, and then——"

"There you are again," said I, "off on another lecture. Opposition, I presume, to old Father Matthew. Why, Frank, laying all jokes aside, I did not expect to find *you* so *dry* and *unsociable* to an old friend."

As I said this the color flew to Frank's cheeks, and I saw that my ridicule had nearly driven him to forsake his resolution. He could stand the scoffs and sneers of others, but coming, as they did, from one whom he esteemed, they had the effect which I desired. I again repeated the invitation to take one glass—only one glass to oblige a friend. Stamping his foot on the pavement, he said, in a half frantic voice—

"I will drink—yes, drink if it kills me."

We entered, and I called for some wine. We were shown into a large, handsome room, richly furnished and decorated with paintings. Over the mantle hung the portrait of the "Father of his country." The likeness of George Washington was used to ornament a fashionable *grog-shop*! Now, in my old age, I shudder at the thought

But to return. We were soon seated by one of the handsome marble tables, drinking and engaged in jovial conversation. Glass after glass disappeared, until each of us was beastly drunk. Frank Green, who had hitherto withstood the temptation of the wine cup, lay on the sofa, insensible to all around. I being many years his senior, and used to an occasional glass, was not easily affected by the liquor; but he was a mere youth, and a very little made him so drunk as to be insensible.

When I had somewhat recovered from the state into which the wine had thrown me, I arose and quietly left the room, fearing that Frank would hear me. I now felt that that young lad had been started on the road to ruin, by a man who should have encouraged him in his good resolution, and warned him from the downward path. But instead of this, I had put the intoxicating bowl to his lips—he drank—and something within seemed to whisper that "I had been the cause of his ruin; he would not stop there, but go on a drunkard." With these thoughts I left him.

* * * * *

Five years rolled round, and I was one of the most successful merchants in the town of P——. After many vain attempts I had forsaken the intoxicating bowl, and was then a rich merchant, doing an extensive business. What had become of my talented college friend, Frank Green, I knew not; but I hoped that he too had left off drinking and was doing well.

* * * * *

On a bitter cold night in the month of January, as I was seated in the parlor of my handsome residence, a servant entered in great haste, saying: "A poor beggar, almost frozen, is lying on the door step. I raised him up, and he inquired in a low, weak tone, for Mr. Bancroft."

I seized a light and immediately hastened to the door. True enough, there on the door step lay a man clothed in rags. He was partly covered with snow—by his side was a bottle, partly filled with liquor. I knelt down and gazed into his face. It was Frank Green!—*he was* DEAD!

Oh! God! what a retribution was this! The incidents of the past flocked upon my mind. I remembered when, a few years ago, I stood in front of the "St. Nicholas," urging Frank to drink, and, when he refused, ridiculed him and drove him to take the damning fire. What was the result? Was I a murderer? Had I indeed, taken the life of my youthful companion, and sent him down to a drunkard's grave? Yes! It was I who first tempted him to break his pledge. Had I not done this, perhaps he never would have tasted liquor, and would have lived a happy life. But as it was, that ONE GLASS had proved his ruin. He went forth into the world a drunkard, and, at last, God had sent him to *my* door to die!

NEWSPAPERS A WIDOW'S RIGHT.—A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognises the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

THE TORTURE.

At a party of friends, assembled in Paris, an aged Judge was called upon to relate some events in his own judicial life, and he narrated the following thrilling incidents to illustrate the cruelty and absurdity of applying the torture to obtain the truth:

"We will go back," said he, "to the days of Louis XVI; I was then one of the king's judges—but, before that, I was a scholar at the University. My road was not smooth. Francois, my foster sister, came not once, but often, from far away in the provinces, to comfort and cheer me. I loved her as if she had been a sister of my blood. During her last visit a terrible circumstance occurred. I lost a valuable diamond snuff box, I spoke loudly of my loss, and had every place searched.

The diamond snuff box was found.

One of the people of the Court discovered it hidden in the paliasse of the bed in which my foster sister slept.

A general movement of interest showed itself in the salon of M'me. de Hacqueville. The President de Page paused.—The recital evidently pained him.

"Francois, my foster sister, the fresh cheeked peasant of Montreau, she who had trudged wearily through frost and snow, to come and throw herself upon my neck upon the steps of the Sorbonne; Francois, whose skin was soft as velvet and her eyes so tender and loving.

The Marquis took a pinch of snuff, but I saw the snuff fall upon the ground.

"They dragged her before the judges. I wished to excuse myself, but they forced me to preside. They pretended ironically to repose the highest confidence in my natural impartibility. My enemies rejoiced and the populace threatened to stone me when it was known that I had ordered—"

Here M. de Page was silent. You could hear nothing but the crackling of the fire, and the oscillations of the pendulum. The pictures on the wall were noisier than the guests at that moment.

M. de Page resumed: "That I had ordered the *rack!* For Francois firmly denied everything; the theft; all constantly reminded me of Montreau, of her mother, of the days of her childhood, and of our mutual relationship.

"I had ordered the question!

"Oh! the cry of the young girl brought naked before her judges. God spare you from that cry. The torture was applied Her eyes grew weaker. But Francoise turned her eyes upon me. Gentlemen, I have had a sword thrust through my body to the hilt. That look stabbed more keenly.

"They put her knees in the leaden boot.

"Her cries grew weaker."

At this part of the recital of the President a thrill of horror ran through us all.

"They put the fire to the pit of her stomach.

"Francoise was innocent! I knew it. It was I who had hidden the the diamond box in her bed, in order that she might be tried, condemned, executed."

The ladies covered their faces. If I had had a knife in my hand I would have stuck it into the old President's heart.

But the President closed his eyes, collected himself for a moment, and said:

"They crush her right hand; every finger, every joint, like that—"

He made a gesture. My nerves jerked spasmodically in imitation of it.

A cloud of blood passed before my eyes, and the terrible scene vanished.

"Francois had fainted in confessing the theft. Yes she had confessed it, but proclaiming that I was her foster brother, that she had come to Paris to see me, that to see me she had braved the ice and snow—braved everything—to hang once more upon her foster brother's neck."

The President had scarcely finished this agonizing sentence, when I saw Madame de Hacqueville, like a phantom, a woman, who, with difficulty and pain drawing off her glove, permitted to be seen a hand broken and crushed which she placed upon the head of M. de Page.

Like one crushed, the old man raised his eyes in terror beneath that hand which weighed him down.

The other old people were pale, I looked at myself in the glass, I was more than pale—I was green.

Tears and sobs from the eyes and mouths of these two, ruined by each other, mingled together; and M. de Page took that hand, and carrying it to his lips, as the dying man kissed the Host, and he was pardoned as the dying man is pardoned.

For Madame Casa Bianca passed the arm which was free around the neck of M. de Page.

"That evening," continued the President, "there was a Court Ball. I appeared at it still clothed in my Judicial robes, and bearing with me the death warrant of Francois. Bending my knee to the earth, I said to Louis XVI.

"Sire, to-day the bones of my foster-sister have been broken on the rack. I was her accuser, and she confessed all."

"Well?" said the king.

"Sire, I invented the story of that theft!"

The king recoiled in terror.

"And wherefore, Monsieur?"

"Because I wanted to prove to France that with the torture, the most frightful falsehood was believed—the holiest truth assassinated. Sire, to this proof I have sacrificed the thing dearest to me in the world. My opinion, therefore, cannot be doubted."

"Monsieurs," said the king, "let the ball continue." Then turning to his Chancellor, "Monsieur, from this night, *the torture is abolished in France*; let it be known throughout the kingdom."

Letter of a Dying Wife.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found some months after her death between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the age of nineteen.

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all but my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you, to others, it might not seem but the nervous imaging of a girl, yet dear George, it is so. Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed is it to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley. But, I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on His arm, I fear no evil.

"Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom. And you shall share my last thougirt, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when the flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed in death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently faded from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown.

"Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me. Often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mound around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same sunlight linger and play above the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches: 'I am not lost, but gone before.'"

Our Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Regular Correspondence of the Potter Journal.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, May 26, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: Here I am, this day of sunshine, out with the buds and birds and breezes in our glorious Central Park.—One of the numerous "tables of stone," therein abounding, affords an indicting place for my epistle to the people, and I am scarcely seated before a pair of connubial swallows alight on a swinging twig before me and begin to twit me with neglect of their haunts and homes. I understand them very plainly to say—"you're quite a stranger, Sir!" and then, after assuring me, in voluble swallow talk, how happy they are to make my acquaintance, they put on airs and flutter into cloud-land. Then a chorus of sweet voiced robins in the very tree over my head, with a blue bird perched on an official flag staff in front of me for contralto and a neighboring marsh bullfrog for the bass, extemporize a concert for me, and in compliment, I suppose, to the press, I am honored with a free ticket of admission.

When nature and I go a visiting in this way I always take my work along, and your readers ought to be obliged to me for selecting the charmingest spot in nature to give shape and symmetry to whatever of news I have to communicate.—This Park is the aggregate of all our little door yards and house gardens, which our crowded streets won't permit in the city, contributed into *one* of magnificent dimensions. It is laid out at present pretty much on wild nature's original plan, for which, if I remember rightly, she did not receive a corporation prize of $2000, but which nevertheless she carried out, resolutely in spite of engineers, architects, committees of majorities; and I must confess, as she lies spread out before me, I like her wild waywardness and unstudied arrangement quite as well as I do the prospective perspective and art development which the science and industry of the "Commission" are to give her in the future. By the way, wasn't it a curious coincidence that all four of the Park plans adjudged best worthy of prizes out of the thirty-three which were handed in, were drawn up by New Yorkers and three of them were employees in the offices or grounds of the Central Park? Competitors of this class from other cities and the country generally will understand hereafter that we go in for home consumption and protect our own art and industry, whatever may be the merits of foreigners and outsiders and they won't need any longer to agree with

"————John P. Robinson he,"
"That we don't know everything down in Judee."

We, the incorruptible people of this immaculate city, have been almost irrecoverably shocked this week at the lobbyism, bribery and easy legislative virtue just developed in our considerably younger State-sister, Wisconsin. Our respectable dailies have all had editorial flings at her, and all unspotted readers have cried, "shame," and cast the first stone. Since we said to our Devlin—"get thee behind me, Satan," we have assumed the virtues if we had them not. Rancid corporation and legislative butter won't melt in our virtuous mouths any more, and we can't think of one of the family of states feeding on anything but the really sweet and genuine grassied. We forget that the virus of a contagion like the small pox, after having free course and convalescence over the trunk and center of life, expends its weakened energies upon the extremities, which are last to exhibit the corruption and last to recover. Poor Wisconsin is likely to be a very greatly Badgered state on account of this awkward fall from exceeding grace; but, in the name of our own progress towards recovering from picking and stealing, I protest.

Mayor Tiemann is doing wonders in making hard the way of the transgressor. Having "squelched" all the policy and ticket agencies he could lay his magisterial hand on here, he looked anxiously about him for new lotteries to conquer. He soon became convinced that the lotteries having their central offices in other states, though once legal, have ceased to be so. Especially was this the case in Georgia. He therefore dispatched Serjeant Birney, a confidential detective with letters and credentials to the Governor of Georgia to break up the lotteries of Swan & Co. and others. He received the cordial coöperation of the Governor and law-officers of Georgia, and in almost no time all the parties there were arrested and requisitions were sent on for the agents here—among them Benjamin Wood, brother of our late invincible Mayor. Wood who was equal to anything except breaking up lotteries and his own oaths. The prompt coöperation of Georgia in this matter is worthy of all praise. The kind of inter-judicial comity is pleasant to see, especially in cases like this where untold sums, wrung by fraud from toiling and ignorant thousands, can be interposed to defeat the ends of justice. Our citizens and authorities I know will be happy to reciprocate in the same spirit whenever an occasion for it arises. Those two highly respectable and very fraternal papers; the *Herald* and *Times* have advertised this Georgia lottery swindle very largely, sometimes covering a whole side of those stupendous sheets at once, notwithstanding such advertising is a criminal offence, punishable with fine and imprisonment.

By the way it is rumored that these two papers have been bought up by that other prince of advertisers, the New York *Ledger* man; and they are issued now as mere appendages and advertising extras of the aforesaid *Ledger*. At all events the enterprising proprietor has grown rich enough to do so, and all by means of this trick of Legerdemain and advertising.

[We wonder if our business men can see the drift of the above paragraph. It has a "hidden point" to prick them with.—ED'R]

An indignation meeting of the minori-