The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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Thos. S. Chase,
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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 to 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 ddelity. 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, 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.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As life's unending column pours,
Two marshaled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam,
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade;
At honor's trumpet-call,
With knitted brow and lifted blade
In glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
No stirring battle-cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night—
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust,
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew;
Though the white lillies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchalleged through the gate,
To sit beside the Throne!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SICK AND IN PRISON.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Wild falls the night around me,
Chains I cannot break have bound me,
Spirits unrebuked, undriven
From before me, darken Heave;
Creeds bewildered, and the saying
Unfelt prayers, makes need of praying.

In this bitter anguish lying,
Only Thou wilt hear my crying—
Thou, whose hands wash white the erring
As the wool is at the shearing;
Not with dulcimer or psalter,
Butwith tears, I seek thy altar.

Feet that trod the mount so weary,
Eyes that pitying looked on Mary,
Hands that brought the Father's blessing,
Heads of little children pressing,
Voice that said "Behold my mother,"
Lo! I seek thee and no other.

Look! O sweetest eyes of pity,
Out of Zion, glorious city,
Speak, O voice of mercy, sweetly,
Hide me, hands of love, completely;
Sick, in prison, lying lonely,
Ye can lift me up, ye lonely.

In my hot brow soothe the aching,
In my sad heart stay the breaking;
On my lips the murmur trembling,
Change to praises undissembling;
Make me wise as the evangels,
Clothe me with the wings of angel.

Power, that made the few loaves many,
Power, that blessed the wine at Cana,
Power, that said to Lazarus, "Waken!"
Leave, O leave me not forsaken!
Sick and hungry, and in prison,
Save me, Crucified and Risen.

Selected Tale.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

[*Continued.*]

Mrs. Jackson was in fact approaching, and Louise hastily resumed her duties. Had Mr. Noble been guilty of some culpable action, he could not have felt more desirous to escape the observation of his hostess. As soon as she entered, he took up his hat hastily, and went out to ascertain whether his horse had been duly cared for.

He saw Louise no more that night.—But as he lay awake, looking at a star that peeped in upon him, through an opening in the log wall, he thought of her beautiful eyes when the sun shone upon them, as she emerged from the shadows. He wished that his mother and sister were living that they might adopt the attractive child. Then he remembered that she was a slave, reserved for the New Orleans market, and that it was not likely that his good mother could obtain her if she were alive and willing to undertake the charge. Sighing, as he had often done to think how many painful things there were which he had no power to remedy, he fell asleep and saw a very small girl dancing with a pail of water, while a flock of white doves were wheeling round her. The two pictures had mingled on the floating cloud-canvass of dream-land

He had paid for his entertainment before going to bed, and had signified his intention to resume his journry as soon as light dawned. All was silent in the house when he went forth; and out of doors nothing was stirring but a dog that roused himself to bark after him, and chanticleer perched on a stump to crow. He was, therefore surprised to find Louise at the crib where his horse was feeding. Springing toward him, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, you have come! Do buy me, Sir! I will be so good? I will do everything you tell me! Oh, I am so unhappy! Do buy me. Sir!"

He patted her on the head, and looked down compassionately into the swimming eyes that were fixed so imploringly upon his.

"Buy you, my poor child?" he replied, "I have no house,—I have nothing for you to do."

"My mother showed me how to sew some and how to do some embroidery," she said coaxingly. "I will learn to do it better, and I can earn enough to buy something to eat. Oh, do buy me, Sir! Do take me with you!"

"I cannot do that," he repried; "for I must go another day's journey before I return to Mobile."

"Do you live in Mobile?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "My father lived in Mobile. Once I tried to runaway there, but they set the dogs after me. Oh, do carry me back to Mobile!"

"What is your name?" said he; "and in what part of the city did you live?"

"My name is Louise Duncan; and my father lived at Pine Grove. It was such a beautiful place! and I was so happy there! Will you take me back to Mobile? Will you?"

Evading the question, he said—

"Your name is Louise, but your father called you Loo Loo, didn't he?"

That pet name brought forth a passionate outburst of tears. Her voice choked and choked again, as she sobbed out,—

"Nobody has ever called me Loo Loo since my father died."

He soothed her with gentle words, and she looking up earnestly, as if stirred by a sudden thought, exclaimed,—

"How did you know my father called me Loo Loo?"

He smiled as he answered, "Then you don't remember a young man who ran after you one day, when you were playing with a little white dog at Pine Grove? and how your father called to you, 'Come here, Loo Loo, and see the gentleman?'"

"I don't remember it," she replied; "but I remember how my father used to laugh at me about it long afterward. He said I was very young to have gentlemen running after me."

"I am that gentleman," he said. "When I first looked at you, I thought I had seen you before; and now I see plainly that you are Loo Loo."

That name was associated with so many tender memeries, that she seemed to hear her father's voice once more. She nestled close to her new friend, and repeated in most persuasive tones, "You will buy me? Won't you?"

"And your mother? What has become of her?" he asked.

"She died of yellow fever, two days before my father. I am all alone. Nobody cares for me. You will buy me,—won't you?"

"But tell me how you came here, my poor child," he said.

She answered, "I don't know. After my father died, a great many folks came to the house, and they sold everything. They said my father was uncle to Mr. Jackson, and that I belonged to him.—But Mrs. Jackson won't let me call Mr. Duncan my father. She says if she ever hears of my calling him so again, she'll whip me. Do let me be your daughter! You will buy me, won't you?"

Overcome by her entreaties, and by the pleading expression of those beautiful eyes, he said, "Well, little teaser, I will see whether Mr. Jackson will sell you to me. If he will, I will send for you before long."

"Oh, don't send for me!" she exclaimed, moving her hands up and down with nervous rapidity. "Come yourself, and come soon. They'll carry me to New Orleans, if you don't come for me."

"Well, well, child, be quiet. If I can buy you, I will come for you myself.—Meanwhile be a good girl I won't forget you."

He stooped down, and sealed the promise with a kiss on her forehead. As he raised his head, he became aware that Bill, the horse-boy, was peeping in at the door, with a broad grin upon his black face. He understood the meaning of that grin, and it seemed like an ugly imp driving away a troop of fairies. He was about to speak angrily, but checked himself with the reflection, "They will all think so. Black or white, they will all think so. But what can I do? I must save this child from the fate that awaits her." To Bill he merely said that he wished to see Mr. Jackson on business, and had, therefore, changed his mind about starting before breakfast.

The bargain was not soon completed; for Mr. Jackson had formed large ideas concerning the price "Leewizzy" would bring in the market; and Bill had told the story of what he had seen at the crib, with sundry jocose additions, which elicited peals of laughter from his master.—But the orphan had won the young man's heart by the childlike confidence she had manifested toward him, and conscience would not allow him to break the solemn promise he had given her. After a protracted conference, he agreed to pay eight hundred dollars, and to come for Louise the next week.

The appearance of the sun, after a long, cold storm never made a greater change than the announcement of this arrangement produced in the countenance and manners of that desolate child. The expression of fear vanished, and listlessness gave place to a springing elasticity of motion. Mr. Noble could ill afford to spare so large a sum for the luxury of benevolence, and he was well aware that the office of protector, which he had taken upon himself, must necessarily prove expensive. But when he witnessed her radiant happiness, he could not regret that he had obeyed the generous impulse of his heart. Now, for the first time, she was completely identified with the vision of that fairy child who had so captured his fancy four years before. He never forgot the tones of her voice, and the expression of her eyes, when she kissed his hand at parting, and said, "I thank you, sir, for buying me."

SCENE III.

In a world like this, it is much easier to plan generous enterprises than to carry them into effect. After Mr. Noble had purchased the child, he knew not how to provide a suitable home for her. At first he placed her with his colored washerwoman. But if she remained in that situation, though her bodily wants would be well cared for, she must necessarily lose much of the refinement infused into her being by that early environment of elegance, and that atmosphere of love. He did not enter into any analysis of his motives in wishing her to be so far educated as to be a pleasant companion for himself. The only question he asked himself was, "How he should like to have his sister treated, if she had been placed in such unhappy circumstances." He knew very well what construction would be put upon his proceedings, in a society where handsome girls of such parentage were marketable; and he had so long tacitly acquiesced in the customs around him, that he might easily have viewed her in that light himself, had she not become invested with a tender and sacred interest from the circumstances in which he had first seen her, and the innocent confiding manner in which she had implored him to supply the place of her father. She was always presented to his imagination as Mr. Duncan's beloved daughter, never as Mr. Jackson's slave. He said to himself, "May God bless me according to my dealings with this orphan! May I never prosper if I take advantage of her friendless situation!"

As for his protege, she was too ignorant of the world to be disturbed by any such thoughts. "May I call you Papa, as I used to call my father?" said she.

For some reason, undefined to himself the title was unpleasant to him. It did not seem as if sixteen years of seniority need place so wide a distance between them. "No," he replied, "you shall be my sister." And thenceforth she called him brother Alfred, and he called her Loo Loo.

His curiosity was naturally excited to learn all he could of her history; and it was not long before he ascertained that her mother was a superbly handsome quadroon from New Orleans, the daughter of a French merchant, who had given her many advantages of education, but from carelessness had left her to follow the condition of her mother who was a slave. Mr. Duncan fell in love with her, bought her, and remained strongly attached to her until the day of her death. It had always been his intention to manumit her, but from inveterate habits of procrastination, he deferred it, till a fatal fever attacked them both; and so *his* child was also left to "follow the condition of her mother." Having neglected to make a will his property was divided among the sons of sisters married at a distance from him, and thus the little daughter, whom he had so fondly cherished, became the property of Mr. Jackson, who valued her as he would a colt likely to bring a high price in the market. She was too young to understand all the degradation to which she would be subjected, but she had once witnessed an auction of slaves, and the idea of being sold filled her with terror. She had endured six months of corroding homesickness and constant fear, when Mr. Noble came to her rescue.

After a few weeks passed with the colored washerwoman, she was placed with an elderly French widow, who was glad to eke out her small income by taking motherly care of her, and giving her instruction in music and French. The caste to which she belonged on the mother's side was rigorously excluded from schools, therefore it was not easy to obtain for her a good education in the English branches. These Alfred took upon himself; and a large portion of his evenings was devoted to hearing her lessons in geography, arithmetic and history.—Had any one told him, a year before, that hours thus spent would have proved otherwise than tedious, he would not have believed it. But there was a romantic charm about this secret treasure, thus singularly placed at his disposal; and the love and gratitude he inspired gradually became a necessity of his life. Sometimes he felt sad to think that the time must come when she would cease to be a child, and when the quiet, imple relation now existing between them must necessarily change. He said to the old French lady, "By and by, when I can afford it, I will send her to one of the best schools at the North. There she can become a teacher and take care of herself." Madame Labasse smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "*Nous verrons.*" She did not believe it.

The years glided on, and all went prosperously with the young merchant. Thro' various conflicts with himself, his honorable resolution remained unbroken. Loo Loo was still his sister. She had become completely entwined with his existence. Life would have been very dull without her affectionate greetings, her pleasant little songs and the graceful dances she had learned to perform so well. Sometimes, when he had a peculiarly happy evening in this fashion, Madame Labasse would look mischievous and say, "But when do you think you shall send her to that school?" True, she did not often repeat this experiment; for whenever she did it, the light went out of his countenance, as if an extinguisher were placed upon his soul. "I ought to do it," he said within himself; "but how can I live without her?" The French widow was the only person aware how romantic and how serious was this long episode in his life. Some gentlemen, whom he frequently met in business relations, knew that he had purchased a young slave, whom he had placed with a French woman to be educated; but had he told them the true state of the case, they would have smiled incredulously. Occasionally, they uttered some joke about the fascination which made him so indifferent to cards and horses; but the reverse with which he received such jests checked conversation on the subject, and all, except Mr. Grossman discontinued such attacks, after one or two experiments.

As Mr. Noble's wealth increased, the wish grew stronger to place Louise in the midst of as muen elegance as had surrounded her in childhood. When the house at Pine Grove was unoccupied, they often went out there, and it was his delight to see her stand under the Gothic arch of trees, a beautiful tableau vivant, framed in vines. It was a place so full of heart-memories to her, that she always lingered there as long as possible and never left it without a sigh. In one place was a tree her father had planted, in another a rose or a jessamine her mother had trained. But dearest of all was a recess among the pine trees, on the side of a hill. There was a rustic garden chair, where her father had often sat with her upon his knee, reading wonderful story books, bought for her on his summer excursions to New York or Boston. In one of her visits with Alfred, she sat there and read aloud from Lalla Rookh. It was a mild winter day. The sunlight came mellowed through the evergreens, a soft carpet of scarlet foliage was thickly strewn beneath their feet, and the air was redolent of the balmy breath of pines. Fresh and happy in the glow of her fifteen summers, how could she otherwise than enjoy the poem? It was like sparkling wine in a jewelled goblet. Never before had she read anything aloud in tones so musically modulated, so full of feeling. And the listener? How worked the wine in him? A voice within said, "Remember your vow Alfred! this charming Loo Loo is your adopted sister;" and he tried to listen to the warning. She did not notice his tremor, when he rose hastily and said, "the sun is nearly setting. It is time for my sister to go home."

"Home?" she repeated, with a sigh. "This is my home. I wish I could stay here always. I feel as if the spirits of my father and mother were with us here." Had she sighed for an ivory palace inlaid with gold, he would have wished to give it to her,—he was so much in love!

A few months afterward, Pine Grove was offered for sale. He resolved to purchase it, and give her a pleasant surprise by restoring her to her old home, on her sixteenth birth-day. Madame Labasse, who greatly delighted in managing mysteries, zealously aided in the preparations. When the day arrived, Alfred proposed a long ride with Loo Loo, in honor of the anniversary; and during their absence, Madam, accompanied by two household servants, established herself at Pine Grove. When Alfred returned from the drive, he proposed to stop and look at the dear old place, to which his companion joyfully assented. But nothing could exceed her astonishment at finding Madam Labasse there, ready to preside at a table spread with fruit and flowers. Her feelings overpowered her for a moment, When Alfred said, "Dear sister, you said you wished you could live here always; and this shall henceforth be your home."

"You are too good!" she exclaimed, and was about to burst into tears. But he arrested their course by saying, playfully, "Come Loo Loo, kiss my hand, and say, 'Thank you, sir, for buying me.' Say it just as you did six years ago, you little witch!"

Her swimming eyes smiled like sunshine through an April shower, and she went through the pantomine, which she had often before performed at his bidding. Madame stepped in with her little jest: "But, Sir, when do you think you shall send her to that pension?"

"Never mind," he replied abruptly; "Let us be happy!" And he moved toward the table to distribute the fruit.

It was an inspiring spring-day, and ended in the loveliest of evenings. The air was filled with the sweet breath of jessamines and orange-blossoms. Madame touched the piano, and, in quick obedience to the circling sound, Alfred and Loo Loo began to waltz. It was long before youth and happiness grew weary of the revolving maze. But when at last she complained of dizziness, he playfully whirled her out upon the piazza, and placed her on a lounge under the Cherokee rose her mother had trained which was now a mass of blossoms. He seated himself in front of her, and they remained silent for some minutes, watching the vine-shadows play in the moonlight. As Loo Loo leaned over the balustrade, the clustering roses hung over her in festoons, and trailed on her white muslin drapery. Alfred was struck, as he had been many times before, with the unconscious grace of her attitude. In imagination, he recalled his first vision of her in early childhood, the singular circumstance that had united their destinies, and the thousand endearing experiences which daily had strengthened the tie. As these thoughts passed thro' his mind he gazed upon her with devouring earnestness. She was too beautiful, there in the moonlight, crowned with roses!

"Loo Loo, do you love?" he exclaimed.

The vehemence of his tone startled her, as she sat there in a mood still dreamy as the landscape.

She sprang up, and, putting her arm about his neck, answered, "Why, Alfred, you *know* your sister loves you."

"Not as a brother, not as a brother, dear Loo Loo," he said, impatiently, as he drew her closely to his breast. "Will you be my love? Will you be my wife."

In the simplicity of her inexperience, and the confidence induced by long habits of familiar reliance upon him; she replied, "I will be anything you wish."

No flower was ever more unconscious of a lover's burning kisses than she was of the struggle in his breast.

His feelings had been purely compassionate in the beginning of their intercourse, his intentions had been purely kind afterward; but he had gone on blindly to the edge of a slippery precipice. Human nature should avoid such dangerous passes.

Reviewing that intoxicating evening in a calmer mood, he was dissatisfied with his conduct. In vain he said to himself that he had but followed an universal custom; that all his acquaintance would have laughed in his face, had he told them of the resolution so bravely kept during six years. The remembrance of his mother's counsel came freshly to his mind; and the accusing voice of conscience said, "She was a friendless orphan, whom misfortune ought to have rendered sacred. What to you is the sanction of custom? Have you not a higher law within your own breast?"

He tried to silence the monitor by saying, "When I have made a little more money, I will return to the North. I will marry Loo Loo on the way, and she shall be acknowledged to the world as my wife, as she now is in my own soul."

Meanwhile, the orphan lived in her father's house as her mother had lived before her. She never aided the voice of Alfred's conscience by pleading with him to make her his wife; for she was completely satisfied with her condition, and had undoubting faith that whatever he did was always the wisest and the best.

They had lived thus nearly a year, when one day as they were riding on horseback Alfred saw Mr. Grossman approaching. "Drop your veil," he said, quickly, to his companion; for he could not bear to have that Satry even look upon his hidden flower. The cotton-broker noticed the action, but silently touched his hat, and passed with a significant smile on his uncomely countenance. A few days afterward, when Alfred had gone to his business in the city, Loo Loo strolled to her favorite recess on the hill side, and lounging on the rustic seat, began to read the second volume of "Thaddeus of Warsaw." She

[CONTINUED ON 4TH PAGE.]