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#### THE POTTER JOURNAL, CHISHED SVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY Thos. S. Chase,

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ud Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. E. R. HARRINGTON,

ELLER. Coudersport, Pa., having engagwindow in Schoomaker & Jackson's e will carry on the Watch and Jewelry saess there. A fine assortment of Jew- if they are transplanted to cultured gar- rades.' constantly on hand. Watches and dens. elry carefully repaired, in the best style. the shortest notice—all work warranted.

9:34 HENRY J. OLMSTED,

SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,) ER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON ARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court aspirations and ambitions.

Aug., Condersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet

Ware made to order, in good style, on

Hall used to say,' remarked

lid A

## Noct's Corner.

LINES: Suggested by the Death of A. A. HILL, cal Daughter of Alexander and Emily Hill.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

All around is bright and lovely; Tranquil every pleasing scene; But O! I am sad and lonely-Fresh my heart's wounds bleed again. Twas a sweet bud Heav'n bestow'd me, And I watched its slender form, Fearing some rude wind'd sweep o'er it -Never thinking of the worm Which so oft at life's core revels. Undisturbed, because unseen, Till its work has well-nigh severed Brightest petals from the stem. Thus it was with little ARLAN-Two bright Summers cheer'd my path,

Twas a sad and bitter moment When the parting kiss I gave, And the little form, enshrouded, Yielded to the louesome grave. But methinks a voice is speaking, From yon blissful spirit land,

But the op'ning of the third one

Found her motionless in death.

And its tones, oh! how beserching: Come and join this heavenly band; Weep no more for little ARLAN-Mine's a home beyond the skies; MOTHER! Father! come and join me, Where angelic songs arise." HARRIET C. NOTES.

HYMN OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Bow, Science, bow thy head in awe," With lightning chain in hand, Be still as through the ocean's depths, Thou bindest land to land.

For thou hast wrought a miracle, Next to the Son of God, Thou walkest down on sea's dark floor, High on its waves He trod.

He holds the lightning in the cloud, And thou within the wave, And wind and wave, which yield to him.

Thou hadst power to brave. Then tremble thou before thyself, So near to God akin. That to thy hand His power comes,

And seems to dwell therein; And hushed and trembling thank the Lord, For favor on thee shed, That thou thro' sea, with lightning chain, Two Continents hast wed.

## Selected Sale.

From the Knickerbocker, for S.pt. A Common Woman's Experience.

speaking of his heroine, has said: She and mills, and houses-wants you for a I know something of your nature and your have; but, like almost all womer, had about you. Why don't you smile, girl?' library in you white-draped cabinet that neither the courage nor the integrity to I never could marry a man like George looks like a chapel where a lovely, lonely

It is a truth. He wa

There were many evenings in which the constrained demeanor. I dislike to think three sat together on the stoop, Mr. Yale and still in three sat together on the stoop, Mr. Yale constrained demeanor. ders, upon reasonable terms. Referen- of common lives which prove how difficult of him, she said. or common fives which prove how difficult of County made to order.

O. T. ELLISON,

Consider him, I say. I can't bear to see you a slave for me; you'll soon be a miserable old woman. Marry him and the Brownings. The young wife was and the cousin readit is for women, unless they be surpassing by beautiful, or wealthy, or gifted, to obey their best impulses of action, and to live up to the code of conduct laid down for have a home, and let me have a quiet specifully informs the citizens of the relational properties. The purpose of the relational properties and the cousin reading aloud to the lady of the house from the Greek of Homer, and from Shakspeare with their best impulses of action, and to live the relation to the final properties of the relation to the five the final properties of the relation to the final properties of the relation to the final properties of the final properties of the relation to the final properties of the final properties of the final properties of the relation to the final properties of the fi

tiful and happy place. The painter and tering. the writing poet have always exquisite and Instead of Fancy, Reason spoke that But woman (we speak of her in common woman, Reason said, 'do you know that dingy things and doled supply with which prettily call 'mate?' There are no such as she fled along the passage to her room. to deal; but if she has genius, she always men in your town, and I assure you, you

flower, as all men some tree. Amelia you have while it is open.' Hall was like a rose, one of those roses single circle of pink petals as they spring plead; 'I would be led to higher summits, they brow of her husband. He understood up wild on road-sides and meadows, but I shall only go back into the low-lands if

a dependent on the bounty of her uncle, you think of working day and night to

Hall used to say,' remarked a friend last the great gentleman would not look?' Hall used to say,' remarked a friend last motice.

OUDERSPORT HOTEL,

GLASSMIRB, Proprietor, Corner of the Each of the Community or so destructed to Ests, as to be entitled to but half compensations of the Each of the Community or so destructed to Ests, as to be entitled to ben's so, which they community or so destructed to Ests, as to be entitled to step. All they community or so destructed to Ests, as to be entitled to ben's so, which they are so that they were so the to the community or so destructed to Ests, as to be entitled to ben's so, which they are so, which t

happy. I would have a home in a village coming to rescue you.' of white houses, wide, cool streets, parks, Amelia Hall walked once more 'sad and should be woods, and everywhere streams paced once more down the avenue of main an action for damages. of water and rustic bridges. I wish I ples, and bathed in tears the hand of the might have a husband dark, tall, fine, and prince-like one who would have led her athletic as an Arab chief, chivalric as an back to sit with him in the white pillared olden knight, tender in heart as a gentle portico. She locked the Gothic gate, and page, and gifted as the Grecian poets. brushed from the mystic sandals the dust And unless I can have such a home and of the cool, wide streets of that lovely vilhusband, I will always remain Amelia lage, and laid them away in a lonely room Hall, and work in uncle's dairy-room.' I of her heart, whose doors she barred.

anjacent tarms. Offil then she was content, and a little poetry talent tent, sandalled with the fairy shoon of fance, to walk in the folding parlors of her portioned and balconied future home, to mused: I can change him. May be my sat trazing on the lazy fire, while the poetry talent room, heard through the door ajar. We apin-cushion. I protested against the next flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent room, heard through the door ajar. We apin-cushion. I protested against the next flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. She told with the flame of the poetry talent in his heart flamed into life beneath her dropped our pen, folded our arms, and several perforations in my forchead. arrange the flowers, pictures, and furni- ltfe will not be so dreadful.' ture, and at twilight to sit in the whiteof trees and watch at the Gothic gate for ideal home and husband. the noble one beloved. As firmly and In beautifying and keeping her home est farmers.

were penniless-he an invalid old man, to the luxuriant double-rose. began: Well, Millie. Feel old maid-like? ideal husband. Twenty-four this minute and no loser! Is Of course he at once read the peculiar it well, lassie?"

delicately rosy.

'I see, I see. You English keep well,' said the old man quickly. 'But you'll books. A temptation glided to his side. and he eved her cupningly.

replied.

Yale, she said.

search out her ideal as man may, and may could wind him around your little finger of her heart. not openly strive to win it as man may, easier than you can that ribbon. He'll 'Pardon me, fair cousin,' he responded. we women would have read his word with- always be a home man. Consider him.' Become acquainted with me, and then,

She considered the stalwart farmer six if I am worthy, confide in me. I live in a quiet, inland town, and know feet high, with his sun-burnt face and still,

There were many evenings in which the

them by men who think finely but have room to die in. Yes, I've heard the girls grew gay and beautiful. Her husband tell how you was going to marry a grand was happy of the change, and the guest If Amelia Hall had not the beauty talking gentleman. But I'll warn you grew more genial. which belongs to the complete woman, she had her nature and her peculiar genus. And I hold it is the most pocicion.

Think of it, think of it, before you make the soul and when at parting for the control of the contr

homes, not of her in a palace) has often you have never seen this man whom you by her cousin. creates a place to which man comes to rest. will never be known beyond, its bounda-

'But it is not in me to guide a man to

wait for this fancy man. What do you I think it is a trait of all girls, whether think of your old uncle's dying in the piness that she had made others happy.

Until she was twenty-four, Amelia Hall old uncle laughed like a boy and blessed waited for her noble lover to arrive from the picturesque village. She was content by and sympathetic with her lover. She was me through the day. Good night."

The check on the manufer struck tweive the long I slept, I don't know; but I was awak—ened by a farious jab in the forehead by some haunted by the demons of care that har the picturesque village. She was content by and sympathetic with her lover. She the while to make butter and cheese, and interested herself in his roughly-told plans. The clock on the mantle struck twelve, some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in to chat with the rustic young men of the He lost some of his ruggedness of manner and no sound save the regular and easy a state of semi-somnolence mistaken my head breathing of those little lungs in the next for the pillow, which she customarily used for the pillow, which she customarily used for the pillow of the pillow

coolly as if already affianced, she refused beautiful, in infusing her delicate tastes bitter to the taste; and our memory car-baby is-an autocrat-absolute and unlimitoffer after offer from the wealthy and hon- into her husband's nature, Mrs. Yale found ries us back to many a pleasant scene-ed. a real and womanly pleasure. But she to the little arm chair by the fireside; to At this period her uncle lost his property, and then his wife. Then they two not strengthened; she did not develop inerty, and then his wife. Then they two not strengthened; she did not develop in-

and she a poor, poor orphan. On her They had been married three years when poor old face. His voice was cheer as he of the world. He was like Amelia Hall's gloom of the mouning forest. But, then,

little prayer, and the downy bed, on which disposition of the husband and wife. Then slumber fell as lightly as a snow flake, Millie smiled in her subdued fashion, he noticed the lady's still blue eye kindled only warmer, and such dreams as only visit perfect innocence! The household She looked down at her face in the mirror at a picture he drew of a Southern scene. of the brook. It was oval, smooth, and He watched the veins throb in the white, swelling temples as he talked on in the brain its rich music still lingers, has writpicturesque style which characterizes his ten this :-

and day for bread and calico. What do house-keeping were appreciated by her "Dood night!" murmurs a little someyou mean to do to get these two things? husband, (who, though he did love his thing from the trundle bed-a little somewife, was extremely matter-of-fact,) and thing that we call Jenny, that filled a 'I shall work at something and take he dared to talk to her in his wise as they large place in the centre of two pretty to her handsome talented brother, shrinks care of us. I could teach, I think, she sat in the parlor one day: I think you little hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little with contempt and disgust from his emare an exquisite artist. Cousin Amie. Do fellow in a plaid dress, who was named brace, and brushes away the hot impure 'Keep school for eight or ten shillings you know I have been admiring the drap-a week? Starvation wages, girl. It ery of your rooms and your vases ever wouldn't keep us both. If I was out of since I came? I seldom see their like, the way it might do. But I've a much save in pictures. I can read dreams of better way, Millie. Old Yale's son-the yours in every bouquet you make for me. A WRITER in some modern magazine, one with horses, and chariots, and farms, Poets compose other things than poems. had an ideal of life and love, as all women wife. He's been to day talking with me history perhaps from that special little

lady might go to weep and pray. in woman nature. And, had he generousthe old man continued. 'He'd worship a strangely, said Mrs. Yale coldly, her pride pleasant melody it makes naw, as we think 'He's the comeliest young man in town.' I do not know why you talk to me so ly added that woman may not go forth and little lady-like woman like you. You starting up in arms before the locked doors

One night when this cousin had read der of genius which makes home a beau- a vow,' and he hobbied to the house mutnight, he raised her hands to his mouth

'Too late, too late!' she cried sharply

All women are said to resemble some ries. Better accept the most eligible offer up and down the garden-walks, as was his He saw her rise serene and kiss the swar-She was an English-girl, an orphan, and Reason coldly. 'I had rather know what the honest-husband nappy and contented with his home and wife, living his best in chains and darkness-her greatest hap-

And multitudes of women like Amelia

and handsome. Hear how I could be there is no wonderful knight on the road of a witness, any further than it is apparent it is because I am tired." "Oh, it's very well bey absolutely affect his reliability, or touch for you men to talk about being tired," said the case in hand; and that a witness is not my wife; "I don't know what you'd say, if bound to answer questions put to him in an you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman and many gardens and fountains. Half slow, sad and slo,' through that porticoed insulting or annoying manner. If forced to with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling a mile from the village each way, there and balconied house of the future; she answer by the court he will have his remedy her that she had no patience at all, and got up should be woods, and everywhere streams paced once more down the avenue of making an action for damages.

In the posset. Having aided in answering

# Selected Miscellany.

Good Night." "Good Night, Papa!"

remember how we used to laugh at the English girl for being prosy and domestic.' Yale. She were no sacrificial air. Her the sacrificial air. Her ling! God bless you; you will have sleep. I stretched my limbs for repose. How ltfe will not be so dreadful.'

Whole panorama of a life passed before us, for the baby. I insisted apon it that I didn't She was married to him, and smiled as with its many "good nights." It is a think my duty as a parent to that young impillared portice, or to go down the avenue some intimate friend reminded her of her great thing to be rich, but is a richer mortal required the surrender of my head for thing to have a good memory—provided nights passed in this way. The truth was, that memory bears no unpleasant fruit, that baby was what every other man's first ter cups, and the new clover, and the man's experience. - Exchange. chickens and the swallows, and the birds' twenty-fourth birth-night, as she walked they were visited by a distant kinsman of nests, and the strawberries, and the many in the orchard as usual at sun-down, her Mr. Yale. Stanwix Mason was a profesthings that attract the wondering eye of uncle, lame and querulous, joined her and sor in a Southern academy. He was a childhood, to say nothing of the mysterleaned on her arm. She saw hope on his man of genius, and also a thorough man lies of the starry skies, and the wierd there were the "good nights," and the

> "Good night!" Somebody, in whose "Good night!" A loud clear voice

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake'i-

Willie about six years ago:

and the small bundle in the trundle bed has dropped off to sleep, but the broken prayer may go up sooner than many long husned face of petitions that set out a great while be-

And so it was "good night" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it over the sleeping form of his first-born. nade, too, in the twilight, and very

And so it was "good night" all around ajar for them—through into the land of zette.

And then the lover's "Good night" showers, and fall in dying sparks at their one hand and a mirror in the other, a wo-feet. "Good night."—N. Y. Atlas. man can, in less than two minutes, render

### Mr. Blifkins' Baby.

and kissed them, and murmured: 'Poor, soon as he came into this "breathing world," the writing poet have always exquisite and a stream of Fancy, Reason spoke that poor little Amie; that night the thrilling as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took comabundant material with which to work.

Reason spoke that poor little Amie; that night the thrilling as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took combundant material with which to work.

Reason spoke that poor little Amie; that night the thrilling as the late W. Shakspeare has it, he took combundant material with which to work. mand of our house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance-wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the a woman to have temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the An hour later, Stanwix Mason, pacing first six months of that precious existence, she woke me upon an average of six times a night. wont, saw through the open casement light here, do, the baby looks strangely; I'm Amic kneeling by her bed-side in prayer. so afraid it'll have a fit!" Of course the lamp Hall was like a rose, one of those roses and kiss the swar- was brought, and of course the beauty and wisdom, the heart earnestly thy brow of her husband. He understood ing his first like a little white bear, as he was 'Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel up wild on road-sides and meadows, but I shall only go back into the low-lands if with a thwarted face. The next day he and see if the window is not open a little, be-which burst out with gorgeous, golden I obey you, for I know I am infinitely smilingly bade them aduie for the South; cause baby might get sick. Nothing was which burst out with gorgeous, golden to george Yale and all his com-Don't talk metaphysics to me, said the even tenor of their still-gilding lives; well. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife as I was the honest-husband happy and contented going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes a dependent on the bounty of her uncie, you think of working day and night to possible life, and she with half her nature I arranged the light and went to bed again. strange that you have no more consideration." Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr. are occasionally duly appreciated. The Blifkins," said my wife, "did you buy that following extract from the report of the bromm to-day for the baby?" "My dear." Committee on Printing, of the Legislaand multitudes of women like Amelia and I, will you do me the injustice to be for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company, for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company, for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company, for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company, for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company, for a moment that I could overlook a matter ture of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing company. Hall are cauced cowardly and mercenary, for a moment that I could overlook a matter coming a faded, old maid, eh?—a faded while they are really brave and unselfish. How often I remember what Amelia the great gentleman would not look?"

Hall are cauced cowardly and mercenary, for a moment that I could overlook a matter while they are really brave and unselfish. They are true to what they deem duty, if child?" She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forpaper proprietors are a class of so little use in the community or so destructive to its inter-

the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again with the hope of sleeping. "Mr. Blifkins," said myewife. I made no answer. "Mr. Blifkins!" said she, in a louder key. I said-nothing. "Oh dear!" said that estimablewoman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of hav-These are the words whose music has ling a live baby of his own, sleep, when he not left our ears since the gleaning, and don't know that the dear creature will live till now it is midnight. "Good night dar-

Such was the story of Blifkins, as he

### Only Tight!

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST. " How flushed, how weak he is! What is the matter with him?"

"Only tight." "Tight?"

"Yes, intoxicated."

"Only tight." Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect degraded; the only power that raises him from brute creation, trodden down under the foot of a debasing appetite.

"Only tight," the mother stands with pale face and tear dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy picaker, lassie, when you have to work night | He saw how little her beautiful arts of from the stairs said that it was Tommy. ture the bitter woe of which this is the foreshadowing.
"Only tight," the gentle sister whose

strongest love through life has been given kiss he prints upon her cheek. ~ "Only tight," and his young bride stops

in the glad dance she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the "god of

"Only tight, and the fathe'rs face grows dark and sad as with a bitter sigh he stoops

He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himbefore, but a long time ago—so long that self down to a level with brutes; he has Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and poisonous draught again; he has fallen has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and from high and noble manhood, to babbling wore what the bravest and richest of us idiocy, and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, almost to his mother, distrust to his father's despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame him not for the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little netter that the children had gone he is "only tight."—Brudley's Home Ga-

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD POSSES.-We call the attention of our lady readers and the parting kiss! They are as prod- to the following catalogue from the Italigal of the hours as the spendthrift of his jan, the perusal of which must interest coin, and the minutes depart in golden them much. By holding this tableau in man can, in less than two minutes, render an exact account of her personal charms. Now, observe the improvement! There The first baby was a great institution. As are ladies who have come to fifty years without ever being able to know positive-

To be esteemed beautiful, it is necessary for

a woman to have—

3 white things—the skin, teeth, and hands; 3 black things—the eyes, eyelashes, and eye

brows;
3 rosy things—the lips, bosom, and nails;
3 long things—the body, hair, and hands; 3 short things—the teeth, ears, and tongue; 3 narrow things-the waist, mouth and in-

3 broad things-the forehead, shoulders, and intelligence;
3 small things—the nose, head, and feet;

3 delicate things—the fingers, lips, and chin; 3 round things—the arm, leg, and dower; In all, 30 accomplishments, which constitute perfect woman. But perfection is not of this world!

A TRIBUTE TO PRINTERS.—It is indeed encouraging to know that printers