The Potter Journal.

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

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

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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 fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, 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,
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

Poet's Corner.

TWO.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;
Rosalind on the moors below,
Watching the bees in the heather bells,
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron hath left his state,
Donned a doublet of hodden-gray,
Stolen out of the postern gate,
A silly shepherd to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child;
Gentle and tender and pure is she;
Colin, the shepherd, is comely and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What she hears at the close of day:
"Rose of roses I love thee more—
More than the sweetest words can say!

"Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And lady of Heron shall be thy name."

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorn's blow,
Folded her kirtle over her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

"Rose of roses, come back to me!
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried.
"Never!" echoed from hill and lea;
"Never!" the lonely cliffs replied.

Loud he mourned a year and a day,
But Lady Alice was fair to see;
The bright sun blesses their bridal day,
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal.
Low she mourns—"I loved him well,
Better I loved his mortal weal.

"Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice's arms!
She is a lady of high degree;
Rosalind had but her peasant charms;
Ye had rued the day ye wedded me!"

Lord Heron he dwells in the castle high,
Rosalind sleeps on the moor below;
He loved to live, and she loved to die:
Which loved truest the angels know.

—*N. Y. Tribune.* A. W. H.

"JUDGE NOT."

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-worn field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see
With hopeful piety, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

Selected Tale.

From the London Family Herald.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in an easy-chair and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of the perfumed smoke; "no, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity in an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to womankind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think it so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry—I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane, entered the state of matrimony under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her over-weening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would not be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, and that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction whenever he choose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too cute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady, and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *te-te-a-te-te*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West had a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has, indeed, and she danced admirably."

Or if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added, gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing penchants in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconsistent heart was starving after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning and strolled leisurely up the road instead of going it, down to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had ticed a strange quietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, but on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there was'nt a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He had good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it was'nt so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was entrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excurtionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and the baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the fore part of the vessel, and there apparently much to her surprise, discovered Mr. V. sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. V's. fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. V., in her sweetest and most cordial tones: "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated your company. After you left home, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion; and so I dressed myself as quickly as possible and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"That lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry, said she, turning to the lady. "Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope however to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is———? I didn't quite understand.

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane complacently. "I do not recollect of hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There, does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See!—Miss Wentworth, see how well the darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face and asked, enthusiastically, "Did'nt Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his "pa?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. To blow out at her, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red faced little imp with her too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it could'nt be anything else, and be my child; she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her?"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, overcame in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called Mary to take the baby, and rising exclaimed. "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry in to dinner.—This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!"

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who to tell the truth, was a little absent minded,) to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of those delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served in some measure to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excurtionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to drive to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs. Vane. "We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Souchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and save his penitent confession, (made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust and a glance more eloquent than any speech,) there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the WOMAN WHO WOULD'NT BE JEALOUS.

Miscellany.

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, THE TEMPERANCE REFORMER.—We referred some days since to the death of John H. W. Hawkins, the temperance lecturer, who, eighteen years ago, inaugurated the most remarkable reformatory movement of our day. Since that time he has labored diligently and faithfully in the cause of Temperance, devoting himself, of late particularly, to the advocacy of a Prohibitory Law. Worn out with work, he had gone to his son's, the Rev. Wm. Geo. Hawkins, Rector of St. John's Church, Piquea Valley, Pa., to pass the summer and recruit. He was here seized with sudden illness, which seemed much like Asiatic cholera, and died in a few hours on the 26th of August, within a month of his 61st birthday. He has left behind him a widow and three children—the former and one of the latter, his well-known daughter Hannah, in entirely dependent circumstances. His son, the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, we understand, is engaged on a biography of his father, from a voluminous correspondence and journals left in his hands, and from this source it is hoped that a sufficient provision may be made for the widow and daughter. It is not unlikely that so distinguished an advocate of Temperance may find other biographers, but as all his papers are in the hands of his son, who has, we understand, ample ability for his task, no other life than his is likely to be authentic or of much value. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

AN honest Man is the noblest work of God—a virtuous Woman the prettiest.

"CARL BENSON" writes to the *Spirit of the Times* from Baden-Baden:

"A book has recently been published at Pesth, entitled 'A History of Sport in Hungary.' It is got up in very expensive form by a committee of Hungarian noblemen. The book itself has not yet reached these parts, but the extracts from it in some German papers give an idea of something quite throwing Nimrod and Munchausen into the shade. One of the authors and heroes of the work is Count Maurice Sandor, who flourished in all his glory some twenty-two years ago. He once (in the neighboring town of Vienna) rode 47 miles in an hour and thirty-four minutes (!) on *two* horses only (!!) being at the rate of a mile in two minutes all the way (!!!) One of these miraculous nags was an English thorough-bred; the other an English half-bred. On another occasion he drove 200 miles in less than *nine hours*; number of horses not stated. His first great feat was leaping the first saddle-horse he ever owned over a cart-team of three horses abreast in the streets of Pesth. Another time he drove four *green* horses in a phaeton down a staircase of more than thirty steps. There—I think that will do for the present. When you have digested this, I may find you another batch of stories from the same quarter. Ever yours,

CARL BENSON.

"Baden-Baden, July 27."

FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.—Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say "No," but look at the cannon. Well, but there is no power in that; a child may ride upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; any child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in this powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of this day; we have all the instrumenis necessary for pulling down strongholders, and O, for the baptism of fire!—*H. W. Beecher.*

HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Some gentlemen passing the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, about nine o'clock at night, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years sound asleep on a recently made grave. They shook him up and asked him how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off!—and how came you to wander so far away from home?" "I have just came," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mother's grave was here." Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.

TO CURE THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.—The New York *Independent* gives the following, as the experience of a clergyman who smoked and chewed tobacco for many years, and used these means to break himself of the habit:—I had a deep well of very cool water, and whenever the evil appetite claimed indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth—throwing out and taking in successful mouthsful, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, I was cured. And from that time to this have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in any form, far more than I ever did before I contracted habits of indulgence.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF HOME.—Care much for books and pictures. Don't keep a solemn parlor into which you go but once a month with the parson or the sewing circle. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the ocean, the thought of the still homestead, shall come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no binds that are always shut.