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 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

MARK GILLON,
DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

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

Poet's Corner.

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on, duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty.
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that light and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

"STOP THIEF!"

BY DAVID BARKER.

Stop thief!
Not only him who gets by stealth
From banker's safe and tradesman's shop
A fraction of his neighbor's wealth,
For there are other thieves to stop.

Stop thief!
He is a thief who holds the cup
To other's lips for paltry gain,
Who eats a brother's life-blood up,
And filches reason from his brain.

Stop thief!
He is a thief whose robber trade
Is in the rights our fathers gave,
Whose gold is coined, whose bread is made
From sundered heart-strings of the slave.

Stop thief!
He is a thief—the pampered priest,
Who with God's chart and compass stands,
But runs your freighted bark at last
On moral rocks, or moral sands!

Stop thief!
He is the *prince* of thieves among,
And needs in hell the hottest flame.
Whose lying lips and slanderous tongue
Can rob another of a name.

EXETER, Maine.

Choice Reading.

From Emery's Journal of Agriculture.

How to Entertain our Friends.

Among the many conventionalisms that now a-days clog the wheels of that ponderous vehicle, society, and make them go creaking over the hard thoroughfares of life, like unoiled market carts, setting our nerves ajar by discordant gratings and groanings, are the rules of etiquette regulating fashionable calling and visiting. Friends that really esteem each other and would be only too happy to spend an evening once a week together for mutual pleasure and social converse, are found marking time and remembering with distinct care, who made the last call, and counting the days till it shall be conventional to call again.—Whose fault is this? Do you want your neighbor to be sure and wait till you have returned her last ere she comes in again? Do you care whether she comes in her every day dress (all ladies should be neat and trim at home as well as abroad) and brings her work, and sits with you sociably an hour or two, or do you exact that she shall come in her last basque and flounces, with her best bonnet, parasol, fan and gloves? If you do not exact this formality from her, why insist upon imposing it upon her? Why not live out what you profess to admire? Her heart is perhaps as true as yours. Do not go dressed up next time, to wait in dim parlors, with closed blinds, till she leaves her work and goes through the same operation of "dressing up" before she can venture into your presence! She will perhaps be compelled to leave work that she is hurrying about, to undergo all this inconvenience because she really desires to see you, and consequently will not ask you to excuse her. How silly, how cumbersome is all this, and yet every day of my life I see or know of ladies who have been acquaintances for years going through with it all, when a little good sense and carrying out of the rule they each profess to strive to follow, doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them, would dispose of the whole difficulty.

The caller would call in her daily attire, (we hope all ladies dress neatly and tidily at home) and her friend receive her in the same way, each continuing as far as possible the regular order of her work, or if not busy, each accepting the other with the freedom of true friendship.

In cities and thickly populated neighborhoods this calling becomes a real oppression, and many people, unable to keep up with its requirements, are dropped out of society and are scarce known as living, breathing members of the great body. To those who cannot relinquish the pleasure of the social circle, who find no friend they want to lose, and whose mode of life increases the number daily, it soon becomes a serious affair, and consumes so much time as to leave them little for anything else. "I have so much company," is the exclamation of nearly every agreeable well to do wife and housekeeper in the country.

"I was just ready to set about house-cleaning or washing bed clothes, or had everything prepared to can my fruit, when who should come but neighbor Smith and his wife and two girls. I was very glad to see them. Mrs. Smith is so agreeable, and Mr. Smith is a perfect encyclopedia. But then coming in at such a time, just spoiled the whole visit."

Now is there not some way to avoid all this, or most of it? Say each lady agrees upon a reception day, once a week or once in two weeks, as she can afford, and lets it be known that upon that day she will receive her friends, not to feast them with good dinners and exquisite teas, but to pour out upon them the thoughts and feelings she had been gathering up as she walked with steady steps, through the intervening days of duty in the housewife's department, and receive from their experiences during the same interval.

It is high time that our social relations should be based on something less animal than eating and drinking. Many a social evening would thus be spent by congenial minds with both pleasure and profit, enlivening and beautifying life, if persons could be released from the drudgery of cooking, table-setting, dressing, and the irksomeness of waiting on a large company.

"Oh! but," you exclaim, "it is not always convenient to receive company just such a day, or to go abroad just such a day."

It is not always convenient to have Sunday come, and yet who would do without it, even if there was no duty attached to it. It is the central point of the week, the time when most well regulated families square up the household arrangements, put a new polish on the spoons, let in new light, open the windows, clear out the old cupboards, dispose of all mould, dust and cobwebs, and wake Sabbath morning clean and new, with bread enough cooked, and all the wheels fresh oiled and cleaned, so that they will run smooth and quiet through all the day, and the body, released from its toilings and moilings, gives strength to the upward soaring pinions of the truly religious spirit, those that seek God from the innermost of their being, as the source of light and strength, to enter into and dwell with Him and be with them.

So would it be with these set times for social intercourse. They would originate hope and energy, induce order and throw a kind of halo over the various arrangements of the week, make the heart beat lighter, call the mind away from the mere detail of business, and more than all make us think, compel us to arrange something to say, to make ourselves interesting to those that come, and those we go to meet. And the strife in a neighborhood would soon come to be, not who can get up the most luxuriant and extensive supper, but who makes all guests feel the most happy, and sends them away with the most new ideas to cogitate upon in the weeks to come. Dissimilar minds would be brought together, and perhaps to the astonishment of all parties they would find there was not after all so wide a gulf between them, and that idle gossip had given poor pictures of both fractions, quite unjust to the originals. In this social communion, these common receptions, by all means let the young and old visit together. It is a fact past dispute that young people do vitalize and keep warm and fresh the life currents of the old, while the old harmonize and cool down the over-heated emotions and impulses of the young.

The manners of all would be improved. The jolly man brought in contact with the sober, the nervous and excitable with the phlegmatic; the man or woman who has the blues with their enthusiastic neighbors, who see sunbeams and rainbows all the year round, and are quite sure that, as the sun always shines, there is no need of being in a hurry to make hay.

But, above all other advantages, would we place that arising from the association of men and women in common conversation. Now, visitings and callings are done mainly by the ladies, and men, particularly business men, grow into a positive dislike to doing either. Calling comes at unseasonable hours, and visiting is sunk to a fashionable middle of the night party with a supper at eleven. No wonder they hate it, particularly when they see in the prospective the like turmoil at home, and the same oppressive bills to foot.

Just set apart this one day in the week or month—bend all things to it—just a little, (for it will take but little bending,) and men will come to love it as they do their clubs or their lodge. Aye, more, for no men are to be found in any considerable numbers who do not like the company of ladies, particularly if they have a wife at home, who has floated in their minds beyond the fear of any uprooting the evergreens of true respect and love for the sex.

Men would become more refined, delicate, gentle and amiable, for this constant communion; women more strong, noble and earnest to act their part well, in these private theatricals of neighborhood life, and the family reception evenings, or the "re-union" (as they are now called,) would soon come to her one of the brightest days in the calendar.

Don't be afraid your neighbors will call you proud and "stuck up" because, like the President of the United States, or the school board, or the bank directors, you have your special days and hours for disposing of this one of the important duties of life.

Is not the whole detail of home duty as social to you and yours as the work of the President? Aye, they are more so; more full of deep and thrilling interest. They are the all of life to you, and must not be interfered with to their loss. Let your neighbor and friend know and feel that you think them so, and they will immediately respond to the same great fact, and live and act accordingly.

Men never infringe upon each other, at least, proper men never do. Business before pleasure is their motto.

Why should not women bring their duties and pleasures into the same orderly and harmonious arrangement? Who will try it? F. D. GAGE.

Taste in Dress.

Yesterday we stood looking at a flower-bed, into which some really exquisite roses, besides pansies, mignonette, English daises, verbenas, and other blossoms, had been transplanted. Kate, our Irish cook, and a beautiful girl, by the way, was hanging out the Monday's washing to-day, over a plat of rich new grass, green and velvety, and delightful to the eyes and feet. She sympathized with our admiration of the grass, and the delicate, soul-enchanting roses; "but this," said she, "is the purtiest flower of them all, I think;" and she pointed out a sprig of the scarlet bloom of the fish geranium. It was the gayest, and therefore handsomest to her—she required not the yearning holiness of the lily, nor the grace and love inspiring perfumes of the roses and pancies. We would not give one half-expanded rose-bud, with the blush diffusing itself outward from its odorous heart, for a basket full of fish-geraniums. But which of us was right? Often, when we have been thinking upon dress, as a subject for study, to be cultivated as a fine art, we have gone to nature, who is the mother of art, for lessons. We have seen that she mingles all colors with effects which are truly harmonious; and why should we be more arbitrary than she in her adornment of the flowers, when we would prescribe the hues and combinations for a lady's toilette? The "puritan pansy" puts on a yellow vest with its purple velvet robe; the queenly tulips are gorgeous with streaks of red and yellow, gay enough for an Indian squaw; the florist labors for rainbow effects in his pet dahlias; the poppy daunts her scarlet looped petticoat, and the peony shakes out her dozen of crimson *jupés;* the morning-glory trims her blue robe with a scarf of pink; while one and all, without exception, find a mantle of green becoming. Nature tries all kinds of experiments with the materials at her command, and her success is always certain. If nothing in nature is ugly, then is nothing in art ugly when it simply copies nature; and it cannot truly be said (though it is often asserted) that good taste limits the colors of the toilette, and that drab, or black, or white, slightly relieved by some trimming in harmony, not in contrast, is the only really elegant costume. If a dahlia can look well in purple, black, and yellow, then why not a lady? If a maiden fastens the flounces of her azure ball-dress with pink garlands, she is only copying the pattern of the morning-glories—and would she ask to be more modest and tasteful than they?

Still, there seems to be such a thing as the correspondence of attire with the complexion, style, and years. The fragile lily of the vally does not depend from a mullenstock, nor is the superb japonica nestled amid the moss and grass with the violet. Therefore ladies may well and profoundly study, which of all the various patterns and hues best assimilate with the character of each; and therefore it is that we enter our protest against the blind adoption of any and every color and shape which fashion may dictate. Upon the brow of fashion is written, change; she is a chameleon; yet there is no woman (almost none) but will pronounce her beautiful, whatever aspect she assumes; and the aspect is hideous and ludicrous. The woman who adored her elegance in large bonnets, coat-sleeves, and slender skirts, now turn from the memory with uplifted hands. The name of fashion is caprice, and of her followers is folly. It is well that nature knows her own mind better; else, some seasons we should have all the flowers of the garden, regardless of what was intended for them, dressed up in the queenly bell-shaped robe and snowy trail of the calla; again we should have the hollyhock and peonies all squeezed into dainty ladyslippers; anon, the violets and primroses smothered in the mantle of the dahlias.

Let word come over from Paris that green is to be worn by Mistress Fashion, and straightway every sallow-face woman becomes "sickled o'er with the pale cast" of jaundice. Or let the mandate be blue, and no face is so florid but that it can afford a deeper tint for the sake of being in the fashion. No woman is too short for plaids or too tall for stripes, when they are fashionable—nor too thick for short waists, nor too thin for long ones.

It is impossible to arrive at any fixed standard of taste in dress; for it is a curious fact that, what our eyes have become accustomed to, that we regard as becoming. Most new fashions displease when first seen, and become more charming as we grow familiar with them—we regret to change; yet after the change is made, it grows more beautiful than the last. Studying the art of dress is like gazing into a whirlpool of babbling waters—the longer it is continued, the more confused we grow. We would only suggest, that while fashion is not neglected entirely, propriety, becomingness, style, and place, be also respected.—*A Lady in Cosmopolitan Art Journal.*

"ASKING PA."—I am not pleased with a paragraph which I read, to-day, in a paper of extensive influence and high moral tone. This exceptionable paragraph plainly intimates that if "pa" refuses his consent to his daughter's marrying the man she loves, then she is justified in marrying without this "consent," at any sacrifice!

Is that girl capable of securing to her husband a life of happiness, who can so far forget or ignore her moral obligations to her parent as to outrage his feelings when he is most solicitous for her welfare?

She who fails to see her duty to her father will soon lose keenness of vision in reference to her husband's happiness, if the circumstances which effect his happiness conflict with her inclinations. No matter what the civil law says about it, her obligations to regard her parent's feelings is as binding now as it was ten years previous. And the man who could counsel the violation of those feelings, lover though he be, is not a safe depository for woman's heart.

We have known many to act on the suggestions which this paragraph gives, and in after life either domestic bitterness and distrust turned their lives to gall, or trial and misfortune quenched the fire of their hearth, till they wished the grave to cover their woes. Then they cried in agony, "Thy judgment is just—thy laws, O God, are righteous!" Then they remembered their sin, and *their* advice was—"Wait: if it is good for you to marry that one, your father will after a time see it and consent. But never marry in opposition to his expressed wish." Girls, listen! Be not deceived.

CHEEVER ON SUMNER.

From the Independent, Oct. 14.

THE HEALTH AND ENDURANCE OF SENATOR SUMNER.

A letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, dated at Aix, Sept. 11, says:

"My life is devoted to my health. I wish that I could say that I am not still an invalid; but, except when attacked by the pain in my chest, I am now comfortable, and enjoy my baths, my walks, and the repose and incognito which I find here.

"I begin the day with *douches*, hot and cold, and when thoroughly exhausted, am wrapped in sheet and blanket and conveyed to my hotel and laid on my bed. After my walk I find myself obliged again to take to my bed, for two hours before dinner. But the whole treatment is in pleasant contrast with the protracted sufferings from fire which made my summer a torment. And yet I fear that I must return again to that treatment."

We have been deeply affected with the simple, forcible, mournful recital of the sufferings endured by the honored Senator from Massachusetts, in consequence of the brutal injuries inflicted on him, and in his person upon Freedon and Humanity, in the Senate Chamber of the United States. The chief actor in that most cowardly and infamous outrage has since gone to his account. From *him,* on the other side the grave, we cannot yet receive intelligence;—possibly, if we could, we should hear something about protracted sufferings from fire there also.

This side the grave, fire is *refining;* the other side, retributive and penal.

But Senator Sumner's endurance of pain in the noble and righteous cause for which he still suffers, is alike an honor and a blessing, and the more, because it is so peculiarly a trial of the mind and heart, and of the noblest sensibilities, as well of the body. What he adds to the description of his medical treatment is truly affecting.

"It is," he says, "with a pang unspeakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life, and in the duties of my position. *This is harder to bear than the fire.* I do not hear of friends engaged in active service,—like Trumbull in Illinois—without a feeling of envy."

Yet perhaps the distressed, dejected, and suffering soldier at the baths of Aix, is doing more for the cause of freedom and of the slave in this country, (still deeper depressed and suffering,) than Trumbull, or any other active politician, even on the right side, nay, than all of them put together. Who knows? Who can tell? This continued discipline of inactivity, as well as suffering, is of an all-wise and gracious providence, and perhaps it looks directly to a preparation of its subject for some vastly greater good for the slave and his freedom, than anything yet attempted or accomplished.

Meanwhile, if Massachusetts ever forget her son, who still on earth endures these sufferings in her cause, and in the cause of Liberty, let her right hand forget its cunning! The scepter of her power will have departed from her. But the children of her soil cannot be thus treacherous, not even by the help of anodynes at night, and apologies in the morning.

It is now with our friend and brother, a trial as by fire. May the trial of his faith, which is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, be found unto praise and honor and glory. May he enjoy that imperishable faith, and conquer by it.

The fire that burns the body is as nothing, if the fire of divine love is burning in the soul. There is a fire, the fire of sin and of its penalty, compared with the endurance of which, no discipline of suffering here is to be received but as a blessing; it becomes not only tolerable, but the purchase of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, if it saves us from the wrath to come. And this, through faith in Christ, and by his sufferings and death, it is often God's main instrument in doing.

But the sufferer here must again and again return to that discipline of fire, if God sees that it is necessary for him, if it is God's chosen way of bringing about his redemption from all future pain and evil. And men *can,* in such a case, and for truth and righteous freedom, walk calmly as into Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, and without harm, if only the Son of God walk with them. By faith in him, not a hair of their heads shall be singed, neither shall the smell of fire pass upon their garments.

God grant that such may be the divine companionship with this living martyr to the cause of Humanity and Freedom! It is a distinction most honorable to him, that in the Senate of the United States, when the utmost of men's moral courage generally only carried them so far as to beg pardon and apologize for their sentiments of freedom, he took the bold aggressive ground of attack, invective, and fiery denunciation against slavery. In the words of Burke, "he had the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence." In doing it, he has not only put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, but has brought upon himself, besides being traduced and abused for his noble motives, years of the severest personal suffering. Again, in the elevated language and spirit of Burke, "he may remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory; he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph.—These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honor, under the burden of temporary sufferings. The honors will be paid, when all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage, are swept into oblivion."

Dear Brother, our hearts go out to you in sympathy and prayer. The Lord bless you; the Lord hold you as in the hollow of his hand; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace! The Lord direct your heart into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ! And out of your sufferings, as from his appointed crucible, there shall yet come gold, bright gold, not for yourself only, but for Africa, and for her cruelly enslaved children in America! C.

☞ Virtue is true happiness.