The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XI.--NUMBER. 14. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1858. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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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 in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness 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 Tioga Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER. Raymond P. O. (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., attends to all business in his line, with care and despatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landowners, 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 promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

JAMES 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,
TAILOR 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.

"KNICK"-O-POESY.

[There are many good things in the November No of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, (just received, this 22d day of October, A. D. 1858,—early, by-the-bye,) which we long to transfer to our columns for the edification of our readers—(some more of which we may yet)—but we have only room this week for the two following gems in verse—all of which we recommend to the attention of those who have fallen, or are aimed at, by the stinging shaft of mischievous Cupid.—*Ed.*]

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

"Give me" I said "that ring,
Which on thy taper finger gleams;
Sweet thoughts to me 't will bring,
When summer sunset's beams
Have faded o'er the western sea,
And left me dreaming, love, of thee!"

"Oh! no!" the maiden cried;
"This shining ring is bright, but cold:
That bond is loosely tied
Which must be tied with gold!
The rings would soon forgotten be:
Some better gift I'll give to thee!"

"Then give me that red rose,"
Said I, "which on thy bosom heaves,
In ecstasied repose,
And droops its blushing leaves:
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,
Fair maiden give the rose to me!"

"Oh! no," she softly said,
"I will not give thee any flower:
This rose will surely fade;
It passes with the hour:
A faded rose can never be
The emblem of my love for thee!"

"Then give me but thy word—
A vow of love—'t were better yet,"
I cried: "who once has heard
Such vows can ne'er forget!
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,
Nor ring nor rose I'll ask of thee!"

"Oh! no," she said again:
"For spoken vows are empty breath,
Whose memory is vain
When passion perisheth:
If e'er I lose my love for thee,
My vows must all forgotten be!"

"Then what," I asked, "wilt thou,
O dearest! to thy lover give?
Nor ring nor rose nor vow
May I from thee receive;
And yet, some symbol should there be
To typify thy love for me!"

Then dropped her silvery voice
Unto a whisper soft and low:
"Here, take this gift—my choice—
The sweetest love can know!"
She raised her head all lovingly,
And smiling, gave—a kiss to me!

UNDER THE ROSE.

All the winning ways of MAUD
Poets only can disclose,
But no sweet song may I weave
On the silence of the rose.

Was she kind or half-afraid?
Were her ripe lips, pouting red,
Pressed to mine in love's long kiss?
If they were, I have not said.

Did she come adown the lane
To meet me where the daisy shows
Its white and red? If she did,
My lips are sealed beneath the rose.

But you lovers all may know
Whether MAUD was kind or shy:
Meet your own MAUD down the lane,
And find out as well as I.

[The above would seem incomplete, unaccompanied by the following Persian maxim:]

The end of night
Is morn in fulgent dress;
And of unhappiness,
The end is happiness.

Choice Reading.

From the Atlantic Monthly for October.

The Dot and Line Alphabet.

JUST in the triumph week of that Great Telegraph which takes its name from the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, I read in the September number of that journal the revelations of an observer who was surprised to find that he had the power of reading, as they run, the revelations of the wire. I had the hope that he was about to explain to the public the more general use of this instrument,—which, with a stupid fatuity, the public has, as yet, failed to grasp. Because its signals have been first applied by means of electro-magnetism, and afterwards by means of the chemical power of electricity, the many-headed people refuses to avail itself, as it might do very easily, of the same signals, for the simpler transmission of intelligence, —whatever the power employed.

The great invention of Mr. Morse is his register and alphabet. He himself eagerly disclaims any pretensions to the original conception of the use of electricity as an errand-boy. Hundreds of people had thought of that and suggested it; but Morse was the first to give the errand-boy such a written message, that he could not lose it on the way, nor mistake it when he arrived. The public, eager to thank Morse, as he deserves, thanks him for something he did not invent. For this he probably cares very little. Nor do I care more. But the public does not thank him for what he did originate,—this invaluable and simple alphabet. Now, as I use it myself in every detail of life, and see every hour how the public might use it, if it chose, I am really sorry for this negligence,—both on the score of his fame, and of general convenience.

Please to understand, then, ignorant Reader, that this curious alphabet reduces all the complex machinery of Cadmus and the rest of the writing-masters to characters as simple as can be made by a dot, a space, and a line, variously combined. Thus, the marks ·— designate the letter A. The marks —· · · designate the letter B. All the other letters are designated in as simple a manner.

Now I am stripping myself of one of the private comforts of my life, (but what will one not do for mankind?) when I explain that this simple alphabet need not be confined to electrical signals. *Long* and *short* make it all,—and wherever long and short can be combined, be it in marks, sounds, sneezes, fainting-fits, canes, or children, ideas can be conveyed by this arrangement of the long and short together. Only last night I was talking scandal with Mrs. Wilberforce at a summer party at the Hammersmiths. To my amazement, my wife, who scarcely can play "The Fisher's Hornpipe," interrupted us by asking Mrs. Wilberforce if she could give her the idea of an air in "The Butcher of Turin." Mrs. Wilberforce had never heard that opera,—indeed, had never heard of it. My angel-wife was surprised,—stood thrumming at the piano,—wondered she could not catch this very odd bit of discordant accord at all,—but checked herself in her effort, as soon as I observed that her long notes and short notes; in their tum-tee, tee,—tee-tee, tee-tum tum, meant, "He's her brother." The conversation on her side turned from "The Butcher of Turin," and I had just time, on the hint thus given by Mrs. L., to pass a grateful eulogium on the distinguished statesman whom Mrs. Wilberforce, with all a sister's care, had rocked in his baby-cradle,—whom but for my wife's long and short notes, I should have clumsily abused among the other statesmen of the day.

You will see, in an instant, awakening Reader, that it is not the business simply of "operators" in telegraphic dens to know this Morse alphabet, but your business, and that of every man and woman. If our school-committees understood the times, it would be taught, even before phonography or physiology, at school. I believe both these sciences now precede the old English alphabet.

As I write these words, the bell of the South Congregational strikes dong, dong, dong;——dong, dong, dong, dong,—dong,—dong. Nobody has unlocked the church-door. The old tin sign, "In case of fire, the key will be found at the opposite house," has long since been taken down, and made into the nose of a water-pot. Yet there is no Goody Two-Shoes locked in. No! But, thanks to Dr. Channing's Fire-Alarm, the bell is informing the South End that there is a fire in District Dong-dong-dong,—that is to say, District No. 3. Before I have explained to you so far, the "Eagle" engine, with a good deal of noise, has passed the house on its way to that fated district. An immense improvement this on the old system; when the engines radiated from their houses in every possible direction, and the fire was extinguished by the few machines whose lines of quest happened to cross each other at the particular place where the child had been building cob-houses out of lucifer-matches in a paper-warehouse. Yet it is a very great improvement. All those persons, like you and me, who have no property in District Dong-dong-dong, can now sit at home at ease,—and little need we think upon the mud above the knees of those who have property in that district and are running to look after it. But for them the improvement only brings misery. You arrive wet, hot or cold, or both, at the large District No. 3, to find that the lucifer-matches were half a mile from your store, —and that your own private watchman, even, had not been waked by the working of the distant engines. Wet property-holder, as you walk home, consider this. When you are next in the Common Council, vote an appropriation for applying Morse's alphabet of long and short to the bells. Then they can be made to sound intelligibly. Daung ding ding,—ding,—ding daung daung daung, and so on, will tell you, as you wake in the night, that it is Mr. B.'s store which is on fire, and not yours, or that it is yours, and not his. This is not only a convenience to you and a relief to your wife and family, who will thus be spared your excursions to unavailable and unsatisfactory fires, and your somewhat irritated return,—it will be a great relief to the Fire Department. How placid the operations of a fire where none attend except on business! The various engines arrive, but no throng of distant sitizens, men and boys, fearful of the destruction of their all. They have all roused on their pillows to learn that it is No. 530 Pearl Street which is in flames. All but the owner of No. 530 Pearl Street have dropped back to sleep. He alone has rapidly repaired to the scene. That is he, who stands in the uncrowded street with the Chief Engineer, on the deck of No. 18, as she plays away. His property destroyed, the engines retire,—he mentions the amount of his insurance to those persons who represent the daily press, they all retire to their homes,—and the whole is finished as simply, almost as was his private entry in his day-book the afternoon before.

This is what might be, if the magnetic alarm only struck *long* and *short*, and we had all learned Morse's alphabet. Indeed, there is nothing the bells could not tell, if you would only give them time enough. We have only one chime, for musical purposes, in the town. But, without attempting tunes, only give the bells the Morse alphabet, and every bell in Boston might chant in monotone the words of "Hail Columbia" at length, every Fourth of July. Indeed, if Mr. Barnard should report any day that a discouraged 'prentice boy had left town for his country home, all the bells could instantly be set to work to speak articulately, in language regarding which, the dullest imagination need not be at loss.

"Turn again, Higginbottom,
Lord Mayor of Boston!"

I have suggested the propriety of introducing this alphabet into the primary schools. I need not say I have taught it to my own children,—and I have been gratified to see how rapidly it made head against the more complex alphabet, in the grammar schools. Of course it does;—an alphabet of two characters matched against one of twenty-six,—or of forty-odd, as the very odd one of the phonotypists employs! On the Franklin-medal-day I went to the Johnson-School examination. One of the committee asked a nice girl, what was the capital of Brazil. The child looked tired and pale, and, for an instant, hesitated. But, before she had time to commit herself, all answering was rendered impossible by an awful turn of whooping-cough which one of my own sons was seized with, —who had gone to the examination with me. Hawm, hem hem;—hem hem hem;—hem, hem;—hawm, hem hem;—hem hem hem;—hem, hem,—barked the poor child, who was at the opposite extreme of the school-room. The spectators and the committee looked to see him fall dead with a broken blood-vessel. I confess that I felt no alarm, after I observed that some of his gasps were long and some very *staccato*;—nor did pretty little Mabel Warren. She recovered her color,—and, as soon as silence was in the least restored, answered, "*Rio* is the capital of Brazil,"—as modestly and properly as if she had been taught it in her cradle. They are nothing but children, any of them,—but that afternoon, after they had done all the singing the city needed for its annual entertainment of the singers, I saw Bob and Mabel start for a long expedition into West Roxbury,—and when he came back, I knew it was a long featherfew, from her prize school-boquet, that he pressed in his Greene's "Analysis," with a short trend of maiden's hair.

I hope nobody will write a letter to "The Atlantic," to say that these are very trifling uses. The communication of useful information is never trifling. It is as important to save a nice child from mortification on examination-day, as it is to tell Mr. Fremont that he is not elected President. If, however, the reader is distressed, because these illustrations do not seem to his more benighted observation to belong to the big bow-wow strain of human life, let him consider the arrangement which ought to have been made years since, for lee-shores, railroad collisions, and that curious class of maritime accidents where one steamer runs into another under the impression that she is a light-house. Imagine the Morse alphabet applied to a steam-whistle, which is often heard five miles. It needs only *long* and *short* again. "*Stop Comet*," for instance, when you send it down the railroad line, by the wire, is expressed thus: · · · — — · · · · · · · · · · · · · · — — · —

Very good message, if Comet happens to be at the telegraph station when it comes? But what if Comet has gone by? Much good will your trumpery message do then! If, however, you have the wit to sound your long and short on an engine-whistle, thus:—Scre scre, scre; screeee; scre scre; scre scre scre scre; scre scre—scre, scre scre, screeeee screeeee; scre; screeeee; why, then the whole neighborhood, for five miles round, will know that Comet must stop, if only they understand spoken language,—and, among others, the engineman of Comet will understand it; and Comet will not run into that wreck of worlds which gives the order,—with his nucleus of hot iron and his tail of five hundred tons of coal.—So, of the signals which fog-bells can give, attached to light-house. How excellent to have them proclaim through the darkness, "I am Wall"! Or of signals for steamship-engineers. When our friends were on board the "Arabia" the other day, and she and the "Europa" pitched into each other,—as if, on that happy week, all the continents were to kiss and join hands all round,—how great the relief of the passengers on each, if, through every night of their passage, collision had been prevented by this simple expedient! One boat would have screamed, "Europa, Europa, Europa," from night to morning,—and the other, "Arabia, Arabia, Arabia,"—and neither would have been mistaken, as one unfortunately was, for a light-house.

The long and short of it is, that whoever can mark distinctions of time can use this alphabet of long-and-short, however he may mark them. It is, therefore, within the compass of all intelligent beings, except those who are no longer conscious of the passage of time, having exchanged its limitations for the wider sweep of eternity. The illimitable range of this alphabet, however, is not half disclosed when this has been said. Most articulate language addresses itself to one sense, or at most to two, sight and sound. I see, as I write, that the particular illustrations I have given are all of them confined to signals seen or signals heard. But the dot-and-line alphabet, in the few years of its history, has already shown that it is not restricted to these two senses, but makes itself intelligible to all. Its message, of course, is heard as well as read. Any good operator understands the sounds of its ticks upon the flowing strip of paper, as well as when he sees it. As he lies in his cot at midnight, he will expound the passing message without striking a light to see it. But this is only what may be said of any written language. You can read this article to your wife, or she can read it, as she prefers; that is, she chooses whether it shall address her eye or her ear. But the long-and-short alphabet of Morse and his imitators despises such narrow range. It addresses whichever of the five senses the listener chooses. This fact is illustrated by a curious set of anecdotes —never yet put in print, I think—of that critical dispatch which in one night announced General Taylor's death to this whole land. Most of the readers of these lines probably read that dispatch in the morning's paper. The compositors and editors had read it. To them it was a dispatch to the eye. But half the operators at the stations *heard* it ticked out, by the register stroke, and knew it before they wrote it down for the press. To them it was a dispatch to the ear. My good friend Langenzunge had not that resource. He had just been promised, by the General himself, (under whom he served at Palo Alto,) the office of Superintendent of the Rocky-Mountain Lines. He was returning from Washington over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on a freight-train, when he heard of the President's danger. Langenzunge loved Old Rough and Ready, —and he felt badly about his own office, too. But his extempore train chose to stop at a forsaken shanty-village on the Potomac, for four mortal hours, at midnight. What does he do, but walk down the line into the darkness, climb a telegraph-post, cut a wire, and apply the two ends to his tongue, to *taste*, at the fatal moment, the words, "Died at half past ten." Poor Langenzunge! he hardly had nerve to solder the wire again. Cogs told me that they had just fitted up the Naguadavic stations with Bain's chemical revolving disc. This disc is charged with a salt of potash, which, when the electric spark passes through it, is changed to Prussian blue. Your dispatch is noiselessly written in dark blue dots and lines. Just as the disc started on that fatal dispatch, and Cogs bent over it to read, his spirit-lamp blew up,—as the dear things will. They were beside themselves in the lonely dark office; but, while the men were fumbling for matches, which would not go, Cog's sister, Nydia, a sweet blind girl, who had learned Bain's alphabet from Dr. Howe at South Boston, bent over the chemical paper, and *smelt* out the prussiate of potash, as it formed itself in lines and dots to tell the sad story. Almost anybody used to reading the blind books can read the embossed Morse messages with the finger,—and so this message was read at all the midnight way-stations where no night-work is expected, and where the companies do not supply fluid or oil. Within my narrow circle of acquaintance, therefore, there were these simultaneous instances, where the same message was seen, heard, smelled, tasted, and felt. So universal is the dot-and-line alphabet,—for Bain's is on the same principle as Morse's.

The reader sees, therefore, first, that the dot-and-line alphabet can be employed by any being who has command of any long and short symbols,—be they long and short notches, such as Robinson Crusoe kept his accounts with, or long and short waves of electricity, such as these which Valentia is sending across to the Newfoundland Bay, so prophetically and appropriately named "The Bay of Bulls." Also, I hope the reader sees that the alphabet can be understood by any intelligent being who has any one of the five senses left him—by all rational men, that is, excepting the few eyeless deaf persons who have lost both taste and smell in some complete paralysis. The use of Morse's telegraph is by no means confined to the small clique who possess or who understand electrical batteries. It is not only the torpedo or the *Gymnotus electricus* that can send us messages from the ocean. Whales in the sea can telegraph as well as senators on land, if they will only note the difference between long spoutings and short ones. And they can listen, too. If they will only note the difference between the long and short, the eel of Ocean's bottom may feel on his slippery skin the smooth messages of our Presidents, and the catfish, in his darkness, look fearless on the secrets of a Queen. Any beast, bird, fish, or insect, which can discriminate between long and short, may use the telegraphic alphabet, if he have sense enough. Any creature, which can hear, smell, taste, feel, or see, may take note of its signals, if he can understand them. A tired listener at church, by properly varying his long yawns and his short ones, may express his opinion of the sermon to the opposite gallery before the sermon is done. A dumb tobacconist may trade with his customers in an alphabet of short-sixes and long-nines. A beleaguered Sebastopol may explain its wants to the relieving army beyond Chernaya, by the lispings of its short Paixhans and its long twenty-fours.

Miscellany.

WEBSTER MATCHED BY A WOMAN.—In the somewhat famous case of Mrs. Bodgen's will, which was tried in the Supreme Court some years ago, Mr. Webster appeared as counselor for the appellant. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. William Greenough, late of West Newton, a tall, straight, queenly-looking woman, with a keen black eye—a woman of great self-possession and decision of character, was called to the stand as a witness on the opposite side from Mr. Webster. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the Court and Jury. He, therefore, resolved, if possible, to break her up. And when she answered to the first question put to her, "I believe," Webster roared out, "We don't want to hear what you believe; we want to hear what you know!" Mrs. Greenough replied, "That is just what I was about to say, sir," and went on with her testimony. And notwithstanding his repeated efforts to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose, apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff-box, thrust his thum and finger to the very bottom and carrying the deep pinch to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster—"Mrs. Greenough was Mrs. Bodgen a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough—"I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick." Webster—"What's that, ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough—"She took snuff!" The roar of the court-house was such that the future defender of the constitution subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness—having ample time to reflect upon the inglorious history of the man who had a stone thrown on his head by a woman.—*Boston Ledger.*

A SENSIBLE THING FROM MR. EVERETT.—Edward Everett, in a letter apologizing for not attending the dedication of a new school house, closes it thus:

"We must not rest satisfied with a general impression that our schools are in a very satisfactory condition. There is some danger that showy accomplishments, such as declamation and English composition—often prematurely attempted—and dramatic exhibitions—which seem to me wholly out of place at school—will occupy the time and thoughts of teachers and pupils, to the neglect of thorough instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and Christian morality, and other branches of a solid English education."

A TELEGRAPHIC PROBLEM.—Whoever originated the following deserves to have his name handed down to posterity:

If a dispatch from England to America gains on the sun so as to reach here 4½ hours by the clock before it left England, at what time would it arrive at the point of departure, were a cable carried entirely around the world? Would it not arrive the day before it left, less only the time exhausted in making the circuit? If so, then, with a continuous telegraph line around the world, why not send a dispatch around and around until it reached back to Adam, and let him know what his children are about these latter days?

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A CLERGYMEN IN HIS PULPIT—NARROW ESCAPE.—Last evening, at about eight o'clock, a Frenchman, named Lewis Berriers, entered the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, and took a seat in a front pew. In a few minutes he drew a revolver, and pointing it at the pastor, Rev. M. D. C. Crawford, discharged one of the barrels. The ball passed close by his head, on the left, striking the wall of the pulpit behind him. The congregation was in great excitement. The man was seized, and handed over to the police of the Twentieth ward. On his way to the station-house he told the officers that Mr. Crawford had insulted him in his morning sermon. He is evidently insane.—*N. Y. Eve. Post*, 13th.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—It is one of the besetting sins of the young men of this extravagant and indolent age, to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague-spot; banish from your bosom the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth, and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing, and never as a burden and a curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

SHOCKING.—Folsome Beckwick, living near this Borough, accidently shot himself, on Friday last; the ball struck him on the lower part of the chin and passed out through his cheek, taking off one side of his lower jaw and mutilating his face in a shocking manner. He was hunting, at the time the accident happened, and in getting over a log the lock of the gun hit something, causing it to discharge.—*McKean Democrat.*