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 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 the 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 door, 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 despatch. 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,
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,
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.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way:
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said:
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with a voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin:
And softly from the hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued where only one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death are his;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, disbelieving this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Choice Reading.

From the National Era.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY MIRIAM GRAY.

The morning was full of trouble. The cook had just left, and dinner was to be prepared; the workmen, who were laying the gas pipes, had filled the house with dust; Charley was imperiously demanding the accustomed aid in his French lesson; Frank had cut his finger, and lost his cap; Mary, in her fear lest she should be late at school, had upset her bottle of ink over her blue muslin dress, and little Alice, the baby, who had been ill all night, was moaning sadly in the little cradle. A woman of clear head and strong nerves might well be perplexed by these demands upon her time.

Poor Mrs. Arnold! she had been kept awake through the night by her child's illness, and it was very difficult, when her aching head so needed quiet and rest, to find the patience and strength which the day's duties and trials required. Her brow was clouded, and her tones were not very gentle, as she hastily pointed out the errors in Charley's exercise, and bound Frank's bleeding finger, while a listener might have heard the blended exclamations, "Charley, you are strangely careless! Can you not remember that before *e* mute, *y* becomes *i*. Give me your knife, Frank, you are not fit to be trusted with one. Turn to your rule, Charley, and see how the plural of cheval is formed. Go and put on your brown gingham dress, Mary; you ought never to wear a decent dress, you are so careless. Your blue muslin is quite spoiled. I will come soon, Catharine, and see what can be done for dinner. Do run to grandmother's room now, and see if she needs anything. She has been alone since breakfast.

At last, the three children started for school, and after giving Catharine some directions concerning the dinner, and making a hurried visit to the aged grandmother, whom a painful disease had rendered almost helpless, she sat on a low couch by the cradle of the sick child, in the disorderly room, and with a deep sigh exclaimed, "What is the use of living? No rest, no change! The same weary round of duties—the same continually-recurring trials—and what do they all amount to in the end?" But there was little time for reflection, when there was such urgent and immediate demand for action, and so she went wearily and despondingly thro' with the round of duties, which must be performed with the assistance of Catharine, who in the absence of the cook, went cheerfully from the chambers to the kitchen, attempting to do everything, and signally failing in much that was undertaken. Mrs. Arnold's girlhood had not fitted her for the cares and responsibilities that now crowded upon her.

With abundant leisure, interrupted by no cares and duties which were not chosen, surrounded by the provident and tenderly-watchful care of parents who had been proud of their beautiful and accomplished daughter, and had gratified every wish, however fanciful and extravagant, her early life had never tried her spirit or made any demand upon the hidden strength of her nature.

Now, with the countless demands upon the time and patience of a wife and mother, and the mistress of a household, where the need of strict economy was often felt, strength and courage often failed, and the atmosphere of her home was dark and thick with bitter complainings and unremoved obstacles.

On this day of misfortunes, the house came into some degree of order; little Alice was quiet and was sweetly sleeping, Mrs. Arnold's aching head was bathed, and her dust stained morning dress was exchanged for a fresh white dressing-gown, and then she lay down on the couch by the cradle-side, to rest. On a table by the open window were pots of roses and heliotrope, in full blossom, which her husband, always remembering her love of flowers, had brought to her on his return the previous evening. Through the window came the songs of the birds, rejoicing in the bright June light, after successive days of clouds and rain. The maples that shadowed the house waved their branches and their deep-green leaves in the fresh breeze, and through the openings she caught glimpses of the clear blue sky beyond. A sweet smile rested on the sleeping baby's face. Dust and noise and pressing duties were forgotten. Maples and blue skies, white roses, baby faces, and the songs of birds, mingled in pleasant confusion. She slept, and the weary head forgot its aching.

In her sleep, she was far above the earth—its toils, its weariness, its discords, and its sorrows. While she was looking downward, watching the countless forms, the busy life, the eager running to and fro, her attention was arrested by a woman robed in white, who, apart from the crowd, was walking in a narrow path, which led through green, fertile valleys, along the shores of peaceful lakes, over narrow bridges which were stretched across deep precipices, through deep shadowy woods, up rough hill-sides, and across mountain passes, till it terminated, far beyond the vision of those who were walking in it, in a country of exceeding beauty, such as mortal eye has never seen.

There were many in the pathway. Some were loitering by the wayside, some resting in beautiful places with folded arms, some pausing at the foot of the mountains, and others pressing earnestly onward. The little group who surrounded the woman were going onward. There were little children, who clustered closely around her, and sought her hand to lead them, a few very aged men and women, and some weary-looking, travel-stained men, over all of whom she seemed to exert a marvelous influence. When the hea became oppressive, she paused in the pleasant valleys, and brought cool water from the wayside spring, and sweet refreshing berries, to strengthen the travellers; and gathered fragrant flowers, and bore them with her through the desert places where there was no outward pleasantness. When the sun went down in a flood of golden light, or when its first morning radiance gave a glory to every object, her face beamed with a new light, and she called the others to watch the ever new beauty. In the roughest places, as in the smoothest, she pointed out some pleasantness and beauty, and the little children learned from her to see the changing wonders as they passed along.

When the little ones grew weary and their voices sad, she did not hasten onward unmindful of their cries, but sat patiently by the way-side, and bathed the aching little feet with cool water, and parted with light touch the tangled curls from their heated brows; and sang sweet songs to soothe them; and as she sang, the old men and women listened, as if they too were soothed and strengthened by the sweet sounds.

Then she went her way, bearing the youngest of the band, folded in her arms; and her step was lighter and her face wore a sweeter serenity, as she thus helped others.

Once, a little child, the fairest of the group, fell in the pathway, and no effort could rouse it. Then they all paused and drew closely around, and the white-robed woman covered her face and wept. While she was weeping, down through the air, from the bright country at the journey's end, came a light form, with a face of heavenly radiance. She took the little one who had fallen by the road-side, and with a look of ineffable love folded it in her arms, while she cast a look of tender compassion upon those who were standing so sorrowfully there. Then she bore the little child away, up the hill-sides, over the dangerous passes and the hot sands, unto the beautiful country—the journey's end.

The white-robed woman sat a long time weeping, when she knew the child had gone; then, with a prayer for strength, an expression of holy trust mingled with the sadness that rested on her face, and with tender care for the remaining little ones, and words of cheer for the others, she went onward.

A low cry from the cradle awakened the sleeper. The vision disappeared; and her own narrow path of duty stretched before her, leading, as the dream-path led, through light and darkness, through joy and sorrow, over rough places and smooth, to the heavenly country. Had she no helpless ones to lead, no weary ones to strengthen? Were there no flowers of love and trust, no golden fruit by the wayside, for her to gather? Were there no eyes which she had power to open to the beauties which a Father's hand has scattered along the way?

To the question she had blindly asked, "What is the use of living?" her heart made answer, good and true, and the strengthened heart earnestly resolved that in all the future, her better, truer life, should be the answer.

With a calm, happy smile, and a quiet tenderness of manner, she welcomed her husband and children when they returned, and a happier group had seldom assembled around their dinner-table; so true is it, that a heart at peace with itself, and filled with an unselfish love for others, will give light and warmth to an entire household, and strengthen and bless all within its sphere.

Was the way never again difficult? Did her strength never again fail? Ah, yes! for she was only mortal, and her path led over very rough places. Her steps often faltered, her courage failed, and the clouds gathered thick and close around her; but she never forgot to look upward for the strength that is never asked in vain, and in that strength her trials became lighter. Through the clouds came the heavenly sunlight. Her crosses were wreathed with flowers.

When, after months of suffering, little Alice lay in her coffin, her still hands folded, and a sweet smile dimpling the baby face, the mother saw, through blinding tears, the angel with the radiant face, folding her darling tenderly in her arms, and bearing her, over the rough places and the dangerous ones, to the brighter home.

From the N. Y. Independent.

What is to be Done With Our Charley?

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest—we know where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but when he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions; in short, overturning the peace of society generally for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he gets into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something or knocking something apart, or sawing or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of that garret

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans.—He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back. What is to be done with him?

But after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact; and on the answer to the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected; many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run in the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but if not laid aright will come back by-and-by, a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our Scriptures render us familiar, a MAN child—a MAN-child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, "What shall we do with Charley?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and all the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and *never* find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude and busy and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlor and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted with gas, but it is *human* warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not. Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places found for him—warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, will care for him, if you do not. You may put out a tree and it will grow while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must take trouble for him, either a little now or a great deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper, and a few patterns will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an hour while you are talking, or in a corner he may build a block-house, annoying nobody. If he does now and then disturb you, and it costs you more thought and care to regulate him there, balance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound and make all the litter his heart desires, and various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have, a few shelves which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet is one of the best. He picks up shells and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends, nothing comes amiss; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours he may innocently spend sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes, nor must you mind though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes, (which he will do of course) if he does nothing worse. A cheap paint-box, and some engravings to color, is another; and if you will give him some *real* paint and putty to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—but Charley *is* to make trouble, that is the nature of the institution; you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlpool.—God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him.

"King of the Autumn."

The following article on November, as "King of the Autumn," breathes the true spirit of poetry and eloquence, and will be equally appreciated by the numerous admirers of Prentice, whom they justly regard as one of the most graceful of our American prose writers. We copy from the Louisville *Journal*:

NOVEMBER.—Room for the athlete! room for the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and vigorous November, who leaps with an elastic bound into the arena! He has divested himself of all superfluous clothing; every limb is bare, and his brawny trunk stands in glorious majesty, while his head, encircled by a coronet of the purple vine and scarlet berries, proclaims the King of Autumn! Doomed as he is, deserted by his fleeting brethren, pressed by the advancing legions of gloomy Winter, he still looks "every inch a king!" He has gathered about him his vassals, who neither tremble with fear nor look pale at the portents around them, but every one has thrown down his leafy gauntlet and bent his branchy lance to await the coming storm! Like the last King of Assyria, he has surrounded himself with all the luxurious garniture of nature and the voluptuous revelry of the season, and looks to his parent Sun to send down his fires to consume them all before he will surrender! Above and around him the winds sing a witching song, and the bright plumage of the clouds glows with wierd lustre as their winged flocks soar to the zenith or sweep majestically to rest upon the bosom of the horizon. Type of the regal month—symbol of the pending fate of November—around the golden couch of the setting sun the curtains of royal purple are drawn, and earth and sky are hushed and mute, lest a breath should disturb his sleep, while stars that spangle the measureless dome above sing lowly and softly their lullaby. So will November sink to repose after a life of majesty and of strong action, to the mellow cadences of the Indian Summer, amid the blazonry of the golden maple, the gorgeous crimson of the forests, and the bright scarlet of the running vines which girt his sturdy guard of monarch oaks. Who then can assent to the poet's idea that with November, "the melancholy days come the saddest of the year?" Not we! There is no sadness in any work of God's providence; he orders all things in kindness, and his smile can warm this last autumnal month and make it gorgeous in the sunshine which fills the human soul with gratitude and illuminates it with the full, bright and beatific knowledge of his Eternal Love

WHY DISTINGUISHED MEN HAVE UNDISTINGUISHED CHILDREN.—At the meeting of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Hingham, read a paper on the "Cause of Degeneracy in Offspring of Excellent and Illustrious Progenitors." He summed up his argument as follows:—Two causes seem to me the greatest and most efficient in producing degeneracy or decline of families, and of states and empires. 1. Institutions of government and religion, or education based in erroneous principles and managed by selfish ambition for power and fame. 2. Domestic culture managed to subserve the causes that lead to degeneracy."