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 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 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 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 promply 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,
J. 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.

For the Potter Journal.

TO JENNIE ——.

Come, fold your arms about my neck
And, darling, fondly kiss me;
Come, whisper that when I am gone
You'll *sometimes*, truly, miss me.

O! breathe again those words of love
You oft have kindly spoken;
Assure me that long years will find
Affection's chain unbroken.

Sigh not for joys already past,
But, ever trusting, borrow
A cheering ray of Hope, to cast
Its sunshine on the morrow.

For this will lend a pleasing charm,
Your every care beguiling—
Yes, *Hope*, with *Faith* and *Love*, may turn
The bitter tears to smiling.

Come, kiss my lips, and say "good night"
To care and useless weeping—
The morning brings us much of light
As eve brings tranquil sleeping.

Then press me *closer* to your heart,
And, darling, fondly kiss me;
And whisper that, when I am gone,
You'll sometimes truly miss me.

ELEVEN MILE, Nov., 1858. S. M. L.

NOT LOVE THEE!

Not love thee! from that blessed night,
That first sweet hour our young eyes met,
Thou wert my heart's acknowledged light,
With which its hopes might rise or set:
The world in her domain holds naught
Which could requite thy loss to me;
Whose years have been one long—long thought—
One deep expressive dream of thee.
No never hast thou been forgot!
Ah, sayst thou that I love thee not?

I never drew a radiant scene
But then mad'st all its happiness,
And dark and cold my life had been
Hadst thou not promised it to bless;
Thine image from the first had dwelt
Within my breast as in a shrine,
And my true heart to thee has kn lt,
With faith that never knew decline.
Thou art the light of my dreary lot,
And sayst thou that I love thee not?

Choice Reading.

From the Tioga Agitator.

The Tear of an Infant.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

Fancy yourself seated in the large parlor of an actor in one of the theatres of Paris. From six till midnight are assembled actors, directors, authors, dramatists and journalists. There one converses—not in order to slander, but to converse. Among friends, none are constrained, but the bright stream of thought has uninterrupted flow—the warmth of the heart giving freedom to the tongue.

In one of these assemblages, after hastily reviewing the news of the day, the conversation took a more metaphysical turn. "One cannot cure himself of fear," said one. "Nature has created us timing, or timid, and her decrees we cannot reverse; so, also, were we created repulsive, or attractive, cold, or ardent in our attachments; likewise, either inclined to virtue or to vice. Hence, the fallacy of the idea that men are what education makes them."

"Come," said one the auditors, "what you say savors of materialism, and that of the most grievous character. If humanity had been thus made, it would be naught but a pest. It would be like putting a stone to the neck, to bind one, and then casting him in the river. Is it that you believe, for example, that he who has faults, vices, or passions, cannot correct them?"

"Of *faults*, perhaps, or *habits contracted*, he may; but of vices, *never*. I defy you to show me a converted miser, for instance."

"There is a converted miser among us," cried one of the most distinguished of the dramatists, whose unbounded benevolence is proverbial till the present day.

"You have ever been a miser?" cried one.

"Yes, the more I had the miserly I became. But a circumstance occurred which has radically cured me of this infirmity."

"And what has affected such a marvelous cure?"

"*A tear of an infant.*"

Here the attention was redoubled, and all eagerly gathered around the convert.

"It was in 1834, said he, "I came to give to the theatre, one of my pieces, which to this day has brought me the greatest sum of money, and pardon my egotism when I say it, has won no small renown. I received two letters at the same time. One announced to me that the great expense attendant upon the representation of my drama, and other difficulties attending, demanded my personal attendance immediately. The other ran as follows:

'*Sir*: The wife of your deceased brother and her little daughter are dying in poverty. A little assistance from you may arrest death and restore them to health. Signed,

DR. RAMEAU.'

"I crushed the letter with an angry gesture. Meanwhile the proposition relative to the theatre demanded an immediate response. I left. As to my sister-in-law, I thought of her but little, that is, I tried to banish the thought of her, whenever her suffering condition presented itself to my mind. Some years before, my brother, since lost at sea, wrote, informing me of his alliance with the daughter of a poor fisherman whose only dowry was a good heart and beautiful eyes. I indignantly responded to him in no mild manner, and severely upbraided him for thus being unmindful of his *pecuniary interests*.

"Bretonne, the subject of my displeasure, (for that was her name) became acquainted with my sentiments in regard to her, and beging of rather a proud, independent nature, combined with fine sensibilities, she very naturally conceived a sort of contempt and dislike for me; so much so, that when she found herself a poor, helpless widow, reduced to the lowest dregs of poverty, she resolved rather to die than appeal to me for sympathy and aid. But her firmness relaxed, and her resolution wavered, as she saw in the little crib, from day to day, the patient little sufferer who was becoming daily more and more emaciated, and fast passing away.

"Bretonne, as we have said, was proud, and yet the omnipotence of a mother's love broke the barriers of her reserve, and she resolved, not herself to write to me, but to confide her true circumstances to her attendant physician, and solicit, at least, his advice. She told him of her extreme poverty, and with a glance he saw that the true cause of his patient's illness was merely *insufficiency of food*. He was unable to minister to their wants, but at last obtained permission to appeal to my sympathies. As I had not replied to his pathetic appeal, in his simplicity he flattered himself that I was hastening thither on the wings of love, and the first words with which he greeted me were these: 'God will recompense you for this good action. You have come just in time to cheat the grave of its victim. Good souls are always prompt. *God will reward you!*'

This eulogium fell upon my ears and stung my heart like the language of bitter irony, and yet I had not the courage to tell him that it was unmerited, for what man ever declined praise? My first visit which I had decided should be only to the theatre, was directed to my sister-in-law. I found her in a miserable hovel, everything indicative of the keenest want. In a crib, was lying a sweet little child, of a peculiarly interesting appearance. Fine intelligence was imprinted on her physiognomy, and a resigned gravity such as habitual suffering alone can create, seemed to have settled upon her innocent features, throwing a subdued shade over her youthful heart.

"Silently I contemplated her, and began to fear lest my heart might not prove impervious to the quiet, though powerful pleading of her large, dark eyes and emaciated figure. Never, till now, had I comprehended the attractive power of infancy—the irresistable fascination which sways even the most obstinate, whose hearts seem closed to all the gentler emotions which love prompts and which brightens life's pathway.

"My first impression was to clasp the little child to my heart; but sordid avarice quickly suggested to me a horrid thought: I said, 'If I allow myself to be moved, I am lost; for it will create for me new duties without number. There will be constant draughts upon my bank, and it may continue for years.'

"The thought of thus becoming involved in expenses, struck me with terror, and I recoiled, as one would who saw a frightful abyss open in his path.

"The good doctor stood stupified. He could not divine the cause of my abstraction, and thought very naturally, that my silence was attributable to painful emotions, and my fright at the apparent struggle between life and death. This *supreme selfishness*, conflicting with the gentler promptings of the soul; this hesitation of avarice in the face of suffering, seemed to him to be the workings of the tender heart, and with a melancholy smile upon his lips, he approached me and taking my hand he soothingly said:

"Sir, the sight of this extreme misery touches you; but medicine must always familiarize itself with the aspect of disease before it tries to cure. You are the only physician for these poor creatures, whose suffering alone results from an insufficiency of food. Draw nearer.'

"He conducted me to a pallet of straw, where such a sight met my gaze that the cold drops of sweat fell from my forehead, and shame with its piercing fangs seemed to tear my very heart, whilst conscience was scaling my doom.

"When Bretonne perceived us so near her she made no effort to rise. There was a complex expression on her countenance—that of sadness blended with pride, the former, however, predominating. She steadily regarded me, but seemed resolved to solicit no favors. After a painful pause and with much emotion, she raised her thin, trembling hand, and pointed to her daughter, "Behold an angel of Heaven who will soon be left motherless!"

"This brief but touching appeal did not conquer me. My hardness had only fear of the child, and carefully guarding myself, I responded coolly, 'Why have you such fearful apprehensions? You are young. You have a good physician, and you need not despair.' The kind doctor then added, 'And you have just had a brother arrive whose happiness will be to make you forget your past griefs by restoring your comforts to you. Count upon him. He will be a father to your child.'

"I added not a word. I was horrified, and I only questioned with myself how I could plan an escape and forever close my eyes on the scene.

"Oh, worship of Gold! Thou art rife with infamies and shame of the blackest dye!

"But the charming little child steadily regarded me, rather with interest and surprise than affright. She modestly approached me, and took my hand from that of the doctor's, and pointing me to the side of her mother's bed, said, in a voice the sweetest in the world, 'Please sit down there, for now you are too high, and I cannot embrace you if you don't hold me.'

"I seated myself and she sprang upon my knees. Bretonne, seeing this, raised her eyes to Heaven and seemed to pray. As for me, I felt that the crisis had arrived, and again I tried to steel my heart for the ordeal which too plainly I saw approaching. I said to myself, 'I owe nothing to this woman and child, and am not under the slightest shade of an obligation to relieve them. The future is vast and full of peril, and to sacrifice would be imprudence and folly.' I tried to be firm, and knitting my brow I regarded the child. She in turn regarded me. Her childish confidence and innocent gaze were destined to loosen the mighty glacier from my heart, and as a last resort she threw her little arms around my neck and said in a clear, winning voice,

"'Do you wish to be my papa, and have me love you? You look so much like my dear, dead papa, who lies under the waves. He had a wicked air just like you have, but he was so good. He could make great eyes just like you, and I was never afraid of him. Are you so good?—You!'

"There was such a sweet, childish grace in this appeal, that I trembled from very fear, lest she might find the avenues to my heart, and I rudely unclasped her arms from around my neck, and without saying a word was about to place her upon the floor, when I read in her countenance such a doleful expression of surprise and grief, that involuntarily I retained her one moment when I felt a hot tear drop fall burning on my hand; yea, I felt it in my heart. It was enough.—A sudden revulsion came over me, and my avarice loomed up before me in all its hateful hideousness. I blushed at myself.

"Without longer wishing to combat with natural impulses, I was content to be sensible of them, and obey their gentle promptings. Henceforth I would let my heart guide me, and placing my hand on the head of the child, I vowed before its mother, and before God, that no child should be cherished more tenderly than would I cherish the little one before me.

"When Bretonne heard me thus speak, a strange expression of bewilderment and joy sat upon her countenance. She tried to speak, but could not, and her bosom only heaved with emotions conflicting within. The doctor was alarmed; for he thought the strength of her joy too great for her weak state. Soon, however she breathed more freely, and began to acknowledge that she had wronged me so much by entertaining unkind thoughts toward me.

"I interrupted her with some acknowledgments on my own part, when the good doctor wisely ordered silence, as her present state would not permit excitement.

"I deposited with the doctor a sum of money sufficient to supply every want, and hastened to attend to my other business. * * * * * *

"Returning I found them happily located in a cozy retreat, where every want was anticipated and provided for. Bretonne met me with an animated expression, and in the happiness of the moment I misinterpreted the ruddy glow of her cheeks and the increased brilliancy of her eyes as indications of returning health. But when I heard her hectic cough, I was led to analyze the rose upon her cheek, and conscious fear with its pale fingers traced upon my heart the painful truth that the root thereof was death.

"Two months flew swiftly by. Yes, *swiftly*, for I had learned to count time by heart-throbs.

"I had allowed my heart to follow its nobler impulses, and expand in the radiant sunlight of a common humanity. I loved to breathe this new atmosphere, and to hear the gentle being to whom I considered myself indebted for all my newly found joys. That tear! precious pearl! which fell from her eyes and which my soul received—which has been to it as the drop of dew to the opening flower.

"My gray locks and forty years seemed to have been entirely forgotten by both mother and child, as the former, in order to gratify a desire expressed by the latter, assented that I should indeed be her father. But alas! our hopes were only kindled to be quenched; for scarcely were the words uttered, ere disappointment folded her sable wings over the bright dream.

"A heavenly serenity overspread her countenance, and a smile, such as wreathe the lips of immortals played around her pale lips, and feeling her hand grow cold in mine, too truly I felt that she was passing away.

"She remained silent a moment, and then reviving, said, 'Brother, I thank you for making me so happy. Oh! so happy. You will ever love my orphan child?—you will'——; here she was unable to proceed.

"I was not terrified, but I was awed into silence by the majesty of the scene.

"Presently reviving, again she said,—'Brother, this is not the darkness of night, but the aurora of a beautiful day, the vestibule of eternity, and the portal of Heaven;' and pressing my hand she added, 'I leave you here. Adieu.'"

Lawrenceville. ANGIE.

A Tribute to the Power of the Press.

[The following paragraphs conclude the able address of the Hon Charles D. Robinson, (editor of the *Green Bay Advocate*,) before the recent session of the Wisconsin Editors' Association. We hope the "good time" will come along in our day of tribulation.]

"If the press be the great heart which daily sends thought and intelligence throbbing through the pulse of the civilized world, behooves it not for us that we keep it healthy and pure? Does that ocean wave which the moon sends daily around the globe, washing the shores of hemispheres, and seeking out the stagnant waters everywhere, come with fever and miasma in its touch? Does the blood which is driven through these veins from the seat of life, bring poison with it?—None the less should the Press be pure. For every one family in this land which gets its literature from the shelves of a library, there are an hundred who get it from the newspaper. The prose and the poetry, the politics and the news, the commercial and market business of the newspaper, are the world of letters to more people than you suppose. The pretending daily which comes from your cities, and the steady weekly which comes from the country, have each their scholars.—There is no paper, ever so grand or so humble, ever so high-toned or so wicked, which is not, somewhere, the only printed sheet which comes to a home, and the standard by which the inmates there judge of the word of life and of letters. In the log cottage out upon the prairies, or away in the woods, scattered along the highways and byways of this State, the one paper comes regularly; and by the winter night's fireside, or in the summer twilight, when the day's work is done, the husbandman and the housewife, and the little ones who are growing up to take their places and our places, gather together and look through it out into the broad world beyond. If it be faulty in badly constructed or ungrammatical language, if it be shifting or uncertain in politics, better that the man, calling himself an editor, who sent it, had kept to his proper calling on the dock or in the stable.—If it be turbid with the details of wickedness, or sneering and careless of morals, better that that man had a millstone around his neck and sunk to the bottom of the sea, for a generation will be tainted with its bad lessons. Those little learners will gather more of the ways of life from it than from the pulpit or the district school; and they will go forth, by and by, and be in the workshop or in the office, or on the farm or in the Legislative Halls, what that newspaper has taught them are the ways of men in those places.

"Time was when books did all this; but that is past. The Newspaper is the literature of the land now, and trifling with its character is trifling with the character of the Nation for a full generation to come.

"In that good time which is always represented as 'coming,' we hope to see the Editors better bestowed than they are now. We hope to see some of that value which they invariably bring to the real estate of their several localities, some of that prosperity which they draw to trade and commerce, and some of that ease and wealth which they aid their neighbors in amassing, transferred to themselves. We shall expect to see them escape from what some writer has well expressed it, the dead headism of corporations, societies, and individuals; of the pulpit, the bar and the stage. We shall hope to see it have done giving strength to weak institutions, covering up infirmities, hiding weaknesses, heralding quacks, bolstering up dull authors and flattering the vain; in short, lubricating the wheels of society, without fee or reward. We shall expect to see the Press well clear of begging politicians, of corrupt office holders, of unscrupulous speculators, and all the horde of leeches who crowd around it now, crying 'give, give.' The Editor, in that grand time which we can see in the mind's eye, will be a round and ruddy gentleman, sitting with his wife and little ones under his own vine and fig tree. He shall look around the comfortable homestead and the fair acres, and say, 'these are the fruits of my labors.' He shall be a man of independence, of great patience, and passable honesty; but the greatest of these will be independence.—He shall long for no office, receive no presents, and be the mouth-piece of no man or number of men. He shall look his neighbor in the face, owing him nothing. He will, as Southey describes such an one, be 'a man of robust and healthy intellect, who gathers the harvest of literature into his barn, threshes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it in his own mill, bakes it in his own oven,' and then gives it abroad among his neighbors, the true bread of knowledge.

"With Editors like these, the power of the Press, already so great and overwhelming, will purify, strengthen, and become the great arm of the nation. It will never wane and decay as have feudal rule, despotism, priestcraft, and superstition; but as a house which is built upon the rock, the flood may come, and the storms may beat upon it, but it will not be washed away. And in after ages, if the Union is numbered with the Roman Republic among the things of the past, as having tottered and fallen of sapped and corrupted foundations, let us hope that history will bear the record that the Press was the pillar of strength which upheld it to the latest hour. God forbid that there shall ever be a history of a fallen Republic on this soil; but may the American people and their free institutions grow and become perpetuated with succeeding ages, until when the great trump is sounded, there shall be but one nation, which, starting with the morning sun, gathered breadth and force as it swept along in its westward march of empire, and circling the globe, reached its eastern shores again, with every tongue and every people formed together under its glorious banner, as the one free and enlightened Christian Nation of the Earth."

Our Idol.

Where is the household whose doorway hath not been darkened by the shadow of the Death Angel's wing? Perhaps the father has been taken in the maturity of his strength, when little ones looked to him for counsel and support in coming years. Perhaps the mother, whose presence was the light of home, has ceased to live on earth and been borne away to the "city of the dead." Perhaps the son has been called just as the pride and strength of manhood came upon him and he had set out with a bold, brave heart to do honor to the family name. Perhaps it was the daughter whom the neighbors came to bear away just as the bloom and beauty of womanhood had come, stricken like a budding flower from the parent stem. In either case the sorrow will be sincere and the sundered cords hard to heal. But the tenderest, sweetest ties are broken when the Idol of the household is taken. It may be the hope of many hearts, the first-born: or the youngling of the flock, the baby-pet. Then it is that we

"Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth-Angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away!

"Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead.

"Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest;
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave-slumber
Be 'mid the sweet flowers."

☞ Very few of the *moulders* of public opinion and destiny have the sagacity to make a reform "come from *above*, that it may not come from *below*." Such men are very rare. By far the greater number of men of talent or commanding position, are disposed to accept the vices, errors and follies of their times, and to fraternize with them, rather than manfully attempt to oppose and reform them.

PAY OF MAGAZINE WRITERS.—The *N. Y. Saturday Press*, in an article on "Literary Pay," says that *Harper's Magazine* pays its writers from $7 50 to $10 per page; the *Atlantic Monthly* from $6 to $10; the *Knickerbocker* $3, which is equal to $5 for *Harper*, and $6 for the *Atlantic*; the *North American Review* $1 50 per page.