The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XI.--NUMBER 21. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1858. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
Thos. S. Chase,
to whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

Terms--Invariably in Advance:
$1.25 per Annum.

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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 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 fidelity 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,
ATTORNEY AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P.O., Allegany Township, Potter Co., Pa., attends to all business in his line, with fidelity and dispatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
ATTORNEY, 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. 9:44

O. T. ELLISON,
ACTING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

JOHN SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, 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,
NOEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

BY DAVID PARKER.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark.
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark.
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,
Make your mark.
Work by night or work by day—
Make your mark.
Struggle manfully and well,
Let no obstacles oppose;
None, right-shielded, ever fell.
By the weapons of his foes—
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son—
Make your mark.
Good by *poor* men can be done—
Make your mark.
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,
Peasants' words may calm a fear,
Better far than hording gold
Is the drying of a tear—
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade—
Make your mark.
Marks of *some* kind *must* be made—
Make your mark.
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of Truth—
Make your mark.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

FORSAKEN.

Patient and faithful, tender and true,
Praying and thinking and working for you,
Bearing all silently sorrow for years,
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears;
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track.
Give me the faith that I wasted on you.
Give me the love that I squandered thereto.
You cannot—too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others these feelings have died.

Yet, tho' the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Tho' the light from my spirit forever hath fled,
Tho' 'twas doubting in Heav'n when I doubted in you,
As my standard and type of the loyal and true,
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

A. G. C.

Choice Reading.

The Rose and the Nettle.

In a country somewhere in the world—no matter where—at the North Pole, probably, or may be at the South—or perchance between the two—there rose a large and flourishing city. Its manufactories are noted for their extent, and the merchant-princes of that place revelled in the wealth those manufactories produced. On the outskirts of the town were built two houses—alike in form, in extent, in value. "Two peas," or "two nuts," or "two pins," had frequently described their similarity. Now, in these two houses lived two brothers—twins—the only sons of the builder of those two houses. It had been a fancy of the old man to have "the boys," as he called them, lodged alike; and his means being ample, he had the power of indulging his fancy. "The boys" married, and on the wedding day the first stone of either home was laid.

"Time enough to get them finished," said the old gentleman, as he rubbed his hands in glee; "won't want a nursery for a twelve-month, at any rate. Small house will do till then."

The young brides were present when that remark was made. One blushed—and smiled; the other blushed—and frowned. It was the nettle and the rose again standing side by side.

Six months passed, and the houses were half up—the old gentleman himself directing all the arrangements of the building.

"It is good indeed of your father, now an old man, to take an interest in our comfort," said one of the young wives to her husband. "Ralph"—that was the husband's name—"you can never repay him for his kind feeling and his generosity to us."

"It is an absurdity for your father to play the architect, and almost bricklayer," remarked the other wife to her spouse, Boydell—his name. "You should tell him that it is inconsistent with his calling and his station."

"It is consistent with his pleasure," remarked the husband, "and therefore I am content."

Twelve months passed, and the houses were finished.

"Nursery ready in time," said the good old man—"ready in time—ready in time."

The houses were occupied, in course of twelve-months the nurseries were occupied also.

"There are unceasing anxieties in a mother's lot," said the good wife of Ralph, "but unceasing pleasures too." And she smiled at the innocent face of her sleeping babe.

"How women can like the bore of children, I cannot imagine," remarked her sister-in-law, as her child was hastily given to its nurse.

Years passed on—as they always do—and the young wives became middle aged women. Sons and daughters clustered round them, and the grandfather, old and feeble, now leant on these young things for support.

Time had worked a wonderous change in the two brothers—Ralph's told of a home-stock of happiness, from which he drew largely, while Boydell looked as if content and happiness were not in the world at all.

At this time, when the families of each were springing up, and needed money to be spent on them, in education, maintenance, and the different adjuncts of their station, one of those panics of the commercial world, which ruin thousands, took place. Unfortunately, Ralph and his brother had entered into large speculations, which failing, they were involved in the prevailing ruin, and found themselves verging on bankruptcy.

"Be of good heart, Ralph," said his wife, "there is bread in this great world for all. Our fine large house, our servants and our carriages, are not absolutely necessary to our happiness; we can do as others do—live without them; and the children, Ralph! this lesson of adversity may be for their welfare. Take comfort, Ralph, there is plenty of that left for us in the world, if our wealth has flown away."

"Yes," answered her husband, as he clasped her hand, and drew her to him—"Yes! there is never failing comfort here, Lucy. God be praised for having given me one so 'meet to help' me, both in joy and sorrow, wealth or poverty."

"You should have foreseen this crisis," remarked the wife of Boydell, "and not allowed your children to be brought to beggary at their age, when just entering on life. Expenses are unavoidable, unless indeed, they be educated as the laboring-classes—which idea may be worth your wise consideration."

She ceased with a sneer on her face.

"Other men would not have been so venturesome with their money," she remarked. "The Brownings, for instance, and the Smiths, withdrew in time, and Lionel Blagdon told me that your children might thank you, and you only, if starvation were their fate."

"In mercy cease," replied the husband, "or you will drive me mad."

"I must put your conduct fairly before your eyes—it is my duty," she replied.

"Then reserve it until I am likely to appreciate your effort at the performance of the duty," he answered bitterly.

Poor "Duty!" how dreadfully is she mishandled by these ascetic dames. "It is a duty!" and under that plea many a harsh truth is uttered. "It is a duty!"—so say ever-strict disciplinarians, and cold stern words are driven forth to trouble on an overworked and wearied brain. "It is a duty!" covers the cruel rebuke and the severe rejoinder. It may be a "duty" to speak plainly and boldly sometimes—but it is a duty to choose the opportunity when the speech may be acceptable, and not fret and chafe the wounded heart by a repetition of the very truth which, silently recognised, is galling it already.

Boydell knew quite well that he might have foreseen and partially have provided for the melancholy event which had taken place. His conscience reproached him bitterly for carelessness and rashness, and his wife's words were not needed to add to the self-reproach, which left to itself, might have worked some good by producing a quiet determination to abide by the more sober councils of Ralph in future. For Ralph's voice had been lifted against the very speculation which had caused the joint failure of the brothers.

Fretted and galled, and wearied of life and life's struggles, Boydell knew not whither to turn for comfort and consolation. His father had been gathered to the dead; his brother? Boydell was too proud to betray his lack of domestic peace to him; his children, imitating the bad example of the mother, turned against him, and instead of clustering round him in the hour of woe, openly blamed him for the course he had adopted.

At last his mind, torn by a thousand conflicting sorrows, gave way; a lunatic asylum became his home, while his wife and children dragged on a life of misery, supported by the mere charity of relations.

Far differently fared Ralph. In the humble cottage on the outskirts of the town where he now dwelt—a smile always welcomed him when he came home from the city's toil and din, tired with the business of the day, heart-sick with its disappointments—rest and peace and happiness awaited him in that little home. His children—drawing their tone from that good wife and mother—thought only how they could soothe the tired wanderer who had returned to them, and make him forget in the placid joy of the present, the misery of the past.

"Ralph," said his wife, one day, "I would scarcely exchange our present lot for the one we held when first I became your wife. There is an earnestness in this quiet life of strict utility which is lost in the gilded days of wealthy splendor. I am as happy here, Ralph, as if you had placed me in a palace—happier indeed—"

He stopped her as he looked lovingly into her gentle face.

"Not happier, Lucy," he added, "not happier, dear wife. Your nature would carry bliss as perfect as this world can bestow into any phase of life—not 'happier', Lucy, but as happy either here, or there, or anywhere on earth—as happy as such a kindly heart as yours can and should, and will be anywhere."

Ralph lived to an old age: his hair was white, and his step tottering; but the heart and mind were firm still. His children were married, or otherwise settled in the world; wealth had fallen to the share of some, competency only to the lot of others.

But sorrow, keen sorrow, now fell on Ralph. Lucy died, and as he saw the mould fall on the lowered coffin until it was hidden from his view, he whispered, as if to her who lay there—"I know what 'loss' is now, dear wife—I never felt its meaning before."

Boydell also lived to an old age. A partial recovery enabled him to return to his home—but he was no welcome guest there. Unkindness and want of care had the result which might have been expected—he returned to the asylum, hopelessly mad, and died there some years afterwards, to the very evident relief of his wife and children.

Now, in all human probability, these two women worked the sequel to the fate of their husbands. The one by her gentleness soothed the wounded spirit, and in seeking to bless him, sowed a full harvest of blessings for herself.

And the other! truly did she "cast her seed upon the water's" and "truly did she find it after many days." It was like the poisoned Upas berry, taking root and spring till the deadly tree cast its destructive influence on those poor wretches who sat beneath its branches.

Politeness Pays.

"Seems to me you treat that ragged little brat with more politeness than I should," said a rough looking man to a young shop keeper who had just done up three cents' worth of sugar very neatly in a brown paper, and tied it up carefully.

The boy in question had presented a marked physiognomy. From under his rimless hat projected a wide, full brow, deep sparkling eyes, and features full of energy and resolution. His face and hands scrupulously clean, but his clothes were poor and patched, though not as the man had insinuated, ragged. His mother was a woman possessing much force of character—a hard working woman who had been reared in apparently better circumstances than those that now surrounded her, for she was the wife of a drunkard.

The grocer was busy, and he evidently had not heard what was said, so the rough looking man remarked again.

"I say, Wyman you're a queer one."

"How queer, Gross?" asked the grocer, throwing a scoop of tea into the scales.

"Why you treat all the beggars about here with as much consideration when they come with their pennies, as if they bought by the wholesale."

"And why shouldn't I?" said the grocer, looking up with his honest eyes wide open and clear.

"O, I don't know; it's queer, that's all; you're the only man that does it I reckon, in these parts."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Wyman, deliberately unwinding the spool of cord and twisting the string about a package he held in his hand: "the fact is, if I wasn't naturally tender towards the children, I should do so from policy. You see, I'm but a young man, and these 'brats' as you call them are growing up fast. Many of them, of little worth as they seem now, will become men of character, and men of business. Now I want to retain their custom," he said laughingly; "their pennies, in the course of a few years will turn into pounds; their three cents' worth of sugar will change into orders by the barrel. I shall have many a good customer among the 'brats'; besides, I've always found that politeness pays well."

"Something in that," ejaculated the coarse man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "something in that; but I never looked at it in that light before."

"The boy who bought the sugar," continued the grocer, "is one of no ordinary mind, if I am not mistaken. If his father was dead, I'd take him with me into the store and make a man of him—though nature I reckon will do better for him than I could; and the far-seeing grocer smilingly handed a cents' worth of pins to a little timid child, whose top curl just reached to the counter.

Time verified the prediction of Wyman, the grocer. There wasn't a shop in the place where so much small change was spent as in his; for the children loved to go where they were not afraid of rough actions or rude speeches. They felt themselves safe while making their little purchases; they saw that their rights were respected; and it is well known that on such trifling sales much profit accrues in the aggregate. Time passed, and Wyman, the grocer, was the most popular man in town. His pleasant face at forty years was greeted everywhere. Young men and maidens always patronized Wyman. It was strange to see the transformation that took place so gradually the little dirty faced juveniles shot up into awkward youths learning trades, and then grew to the respectable business men.—Wyman enlarged his shop, and built him a splendid house, "all the fruits of the children's pennies," he often said, laughingly.

"Yes, with him, it *paid to be polite;* it always pays. It pays the merchant as well as the mechanic, the lawyer as well as the physician. Urbane manners have been the means of making many a fortune, while the cross-grained have wondered why they didn't get along. The roughness that speaks is mind at all times, and in all places, boasting itself that it is only honest, blunt and straight forward," is a habit that demoralizes as well as insults. Ask any man you chance to see, if he remembers those who treated him with urbanity when he was a child, and he will recall his name with a throb of pleasure. Perhaps, too, he will couple some other names with the epithet of "old rascal!" and "I've never liked that man—I wouldn't have dealings with him."

It paid the grocer to be polite. The ragged boy, the drunkard's son, became a great as well as a rich man. He established his sad mother in a handsome residence of her own and sent in unlimited orders to the grocer. It was his influence that gave Wyman several posts of honor in his native city—for the town became a thriving city; and when silver hairs hung on the shoulders of the old man, and the young congressman's name rang far and wide, spoken by admiring tongues, praised by men of wisdom and sterling worth, it was no idle boast for him to say with a smile of triumph, "I told you so!"

Politeness pays!

Speak Gently to Each Other.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now. I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were employed in making a small one; for he was trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jackknife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes." His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulence, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added:

"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and everytime I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, and unkind words.

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.—*Examiner.*

Woman's Influence.

Two paragraphs from the pen of Mrs. Livermore, in the "New Covenant:"

All men are influenced by women to an extent hardly ever realized. "I never take a step of any importance without first advising with my wife; if I do, I am apt to go wrong;" was an admission made in our presence, not long since, by one of our most talented clergymen, whose clearness of judgment and proverbial sagacity might exempt him, if any one, from seeking advice at all. "I owe to my mother all that I am, or ever hope to be," is the confession of every great and good man who has ever lived. When Napoleon was asked what could be done for the elevation of France his reply was, "We need good mothers." And the elder Adams, in giving the list of educational influences which had formed his son, John Quincy Adams, closed with the significant declaration, "After all, my son had a mother."

But not alone as a wife and mother is woman's influence felt. Mrs. Fry, who sought the amelioration of the condition of convicts, and their reformation, exerted an influence in this department of philanthropy, second to no one who has lived, excepting Howard. The labors of Miss Dix for the insane have crowned her with laurels, shared by few male rivals. Lord Brougham asserted that Harriet Martineau did more good by her works on political economy than any man in England; and the deeds of the saintly Florence Nightingale, and the heroic Mary Patten, are still fresh in all hearts, showing more than mere words can do, how omnipotent is woman's influence, when she wills to have it so.

We are surprised that men do not see how women unconsciously avenges the injury inflicted upon her, in defrauding her of education. Keep woman in ignorance, cripple her intellect, compel her to narrowness of thought, tie her down to petty aims and objects of pursuit, debase and degrade her, and assuredly man will be the sufferer. All know how a truly great and good man, even, will be dragged more or less from his orbit, by the influence of a bad, ignorant, unworthy wife; while upon men of no fixed moral principle, who are at the mercy of every circumstance, the influence of a decidedly bad woman is appalling. If there were no other reason why woman should receive the highest educational advantages, a sufficient one would be found in the fact that men are, to a great extent, what women as wives, mothers, sisters, and friends make them.

Capital Sermon.

A writer in the Sierra (Cal.) *Citizen*, under the title of "Young Men and Tree Frogs," gives a better sermon, a better lecture on morality, and a better essay on mental philosophy, all in a few lines, than are sometimes found in as many volumes of standard authors:

"The tree frog acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time: if it is found on the oak, it will bear the color of that tree; if on the sycamore, or cypress, it will be a whitish brown; and when it is found on the growing corn, it is sure to be green. Just so it is with young men: their companions tell us what their character is; if they associate with the vulgar, the licentious and the profane, then their hearts are already stained with guilt and shame, and they will themselves become like the vicious. The study of bad books, or the love of wicked companions, is the broadest and most certain road to ruin that young men can travel, and a few well directed lessons in either will lead them on step by step to the gate of destruction. Our moral and physical laws show how important it is to have proper associations of every kind, especially in youth. How dangerous it is to gaze on a picture or scene that pollutes the imagination or blunts the moral perceptions, or has a tendency to weaken a sense of our duty to God and man."

An incorrigible old bachelor says that maids want nothing but husbands, but accommodate them in that particular and they want everything.