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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L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

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

WILLIAM SMITH. E. A. JONES.

SMITH & JONES,

DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,

DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

MARK GILLON,

DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

A. OLMSTED. . . . . S. D. KELLY.

OLMSTED & KELLY,

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,

MIGUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

OLEAN HOUSE,

JAMES HUMPHREY, Proprietor, corner of Union and North St's, Olean, N. Y. ☞A Carriage runs to and from all the Passenger Trains on the New York and Erie Railroad. [11:22.

Poet's Corner.

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay, till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasure memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven within us lying,
Flash, and will flash to the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the Words inherits—
"Wife, and Child, and Fatherland."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

Choice Reading.

From Life Illustrated.

Harry's Lesson.

"Oh, dear, what a cold day it is! one might as well live in Greenland," grumbled Harry Browne, drawing his face into the shape of a rheumatic nut-cracker, as he came down to breakfast on a glorious February morning, when the sun was beginning to turn the icicle into diamonds, and a keen, cutting wind was driving whirlwinds of sparkling snow hither and thither.

"This coffee has not a bit of heat in it; there's nothing on the table to tempt my appetite. I don't see what makes me feel so uncomfortable this morning; I think it must be the cold."

Harry's mother knew what it was perfectly well—it was not the first time the young gentleman's "uncomfortable feelings" had kept the whole family circle, figuratively speaking, on pins and needles.

"Harry," said she, mildly, I wish you would overcome this habit of fault-finding. I do not think you appreciate all the advantages you enjoy, or you would not magnify every little drawback as you do."

"I don't see that I have such a wonderful number of advantages," muttered Harry, in rather a surly tone; "kept studying in school till my brain reels like a red-hot stew-pan; sent on errands when I'm at home, and huffed around generally by the girls; called in, always, just when I begin to be engaged in skating; can't have a watch because I'm not old enough to take care of it, and mustn't think of a new sled, because I'm getting too old for it. Advantages, hey?"

His mother could not help laughing in spite of herself. "What a very unfortunate boy you are," said she. "But, Harry, it is time you were off for school. Come, get your books together."

Immediately the forehead wrinkled up again, until, as his sister whispered, it looked like an old quilt.

"I don't think I'd better go to school to-day—my head aches a little, and I don't feel very well. Besides, it's so cold!"

"Nonsense, Harry, go along! When do you ever expect to make a man, if you stay home from school for every imaginary ache or pain?"

Harry felt terribly aggrieved.

"I really don't feel able to go; besides, I was so sleepy last night, I forgot to study my Latin."

"I told you how it would be if you stayed out so late skating with the other boys!"

As a *dernier ressort*, Harry appealed to his father.

"Father, *need* I go to school if my head aches?"

"No, certainly not, if you don't feel well, my son," replied Mr. Browne, who had been too much absorbed in his letters to hear or heed any of the previous conversation.

Harry looked triumphantly at his mother, who replied, "Very well; only if you remain at home, Harry, I wish you would put away some of your things. There are your new shoes lying in the chair; is that the place for them?"

The shoes were a new bone of contention.

"Nothing but old-fashioned calf-skin," growled Harry; "I should think you might have got me something a little nicer. Jem Jones' mother has just bought him a pair of real patent-leather Congress gaiters!"

"Come here a minute, Harry," said his mother, who was standing at the window; and as he grumblingly obeyed, she pointed across the street to where a ragged beggar-boy of about his own age was picking his way over the frozen snow, with his bare purple toes peeping through the tattered coverings of his feet.

"Don't you think *that* poor fellow would be thankful for the calf-skin shoes that you despise?" she asked.

Harry didn't know what to say so he made no answer at all, and turned to his father, who was putting on his overcoat to go down town.

"Father, may I go to the office with you?"

"I thought you were not well enough to go out?"

"Oh!" said Harry, coloring a little, "going to school to study hard, and going down to the office with you, are two different things!"

A cheerful assent was given, and so Master Harry spent the morning crouched down in a big easy-chair before his father's office fire, his elbows on his knees, and a newspapers spread open before him—a profitable way for a boy of fourteen to while away the hours.

"Harry, can't you do a little copying for me?" said Mr. Browne.

"Oh, father, I don't feel like it!"

"I'm afraid you're getting a little lazy," said his father, smiling.

"No, father, it isn't laziness, I'm sure; it's—it's—well, I don't know *what* it is!" returned the boy, resting his chin on his hands and looking sleepily into the fire.

Harry was a bright boy enough; yet if he had taken the time and trouble to examine into his motives, he would have discovered that the moving spring of action; if not actual laziness, was at least it's twin brother—want of energy.

As he sat there toasting his feet before the glowing cools, the office door opened, and a ruddy-cheeked boy of about thirteen, in a pair of old boots much too large for him, and coat one tissue of darns and patches, staggered in under the weight of a huge basket of apples and oranges.

"Buy anything to-day, gentlemen?" he said, looking round the office with a good-humored smile.

"While the clerks were searching their pockets for odd three-cent pieces, and selecting their purchases, Harry looked lazily up.

"Why, Bill! is it you?" he exclaimed, recognizing a little fellow who lived in a street back of his own residence, and toward whose needy mother Mrs. Browne had often extended kindly offices of charity. "What are you doing, now?"

"Selling apples," said Bill, straightening himself up and glancing down at his stock-in-trade with conscious pride.

"And how are you getting along!" asked Harry, partly from real interest, and partly from indolent curiosity.

"Oh, nicely! We don't need to ask help from any one now. I get a good many jobs of shoveling snow, splitting wood, and such things in the mornings, and all day I sell apples. It isn't such a bad business, either," continued Bill, with the American apitude for commercial terms.

"But is it not very hard work?"

"Hard work? Yes, to be sure, but I don't mind that. I keep looking ahead, and that makes it easy. I mean to make a man yet, Harry," said the boy, who never dreamed of adding a 'Master', to the name of the playfellow who had coasted down hill with him many a time. There is true democracy among boys.

"There's only one thing that troubles me, and that is, how I'm ever going to get the time for studying. If I only had your leisure, now."

Harry did not speak; he could not but think of how recklessly he was wasting the precious time his little acquaintance so coveted.

"It's study that *makes* a fellow;" said Bill, pushing back his cap reflectively. "If I only had clothes decent, I'd start for one of the ward schools staight enough, and manage anyhow for time. I might sit up late nights, you know, and work hard. However, mother says she guesses if we lay up every cent, she can save enough in two or three months to get me something tolerably nice to wear."

Harry thought of the handsome calf-skin shoes he had scorned that morning.

"Well," said Bill, shouldering his basket again, "I mustn't stay talking, or I never shall get ahead in the world. Good bye, Harry!"

"Good-bye, Bill, and good luck to you!" said Harry, as the big basket and the patched jacket disappeared to the tune of the clamping boots, in which Bill's feet seemed nearly to lose themselves at every step.

Harry sat thinking for some time, turning round and round the apple he had purchased from the young peddler. He looked very serious. Bill's visit had somehow opened his eyes to a good many matters.

"Father," he said at length, "I believe I will go around to school, after all, this morning."

"What, so late?"

"Never too late for a good thing!" said Harry, laughing and reddening. "I guess you were right about the laziness, after all, father."

"Oh, no, my boy," said the indulgent parent; "I don't think you are really lazy—only a little inclined to be indolent sometimes."

"Perhaps something worse," said Harry, firmly. "Father, when I see poor Bill struggling so hard to gain for himself the privileges which Providence has scattered so freely in my path, I begin to think that I have been very ungrateful all my life."

Harry went to school, in spite of the actual cold weather, the imaginary headache, and the real disinclination of exertion, and when he came home he did not grumble once the whole evening, greatly to the surprise and wonderment of his mother and "the girls."

For Bill's simple story had taught Harry a lesson that gave strength and coloring to his whole future life. SHIRLEY.

Let Children be Children.

There is a form of complaint very commonly made against our modes of educating children in this country, by those who have traveled in the best society abroad, as to the ridiculous attempts to make boys into men, and little girls into grown up young ladies. We are quite sure that there is no other country except England, where as a whole, this matter is better attended to than in our own.—City life is, however, universally destructive of that freshness and simplicity in the habits and manners of children than is most desirable. There are, however, families, whose home life, is quite as retired and simply as desirable; but these do not court notoriety. But there is no other city in the world like Paris, for teaching children hardly out of the cradle, all the refinements and politeness, with the deceptions and corruptions of artificial society.

It must have been a rare sight for the soldiers of the regiment in which Napoleon's infant son was lately promoted to be a corporal, to have seen him standing up in frilled petticoats to receive the congratulations of the brave army on this auspicious event. Queen Victoria used to give children parties, to gratify her pride and show off her own children, and spoil them by making them assume all the stiffness of age in the natural plasticity of youth. The tendency is an universal one. All parents love to show off the forwardness of their children, until by sad experience they learn its bitter results.

In the cut and quality of the dress, the most common and venial attempts is made to put, not old heads upon young shoulders, but old-looking bodies under children's heads Instead of loose-fitting dress, with plenty of room in them for every motion of every limb easily and naturally, tight patent leather boots cramp the lad's feet, making it painful to run and jump, and tightly-fitting clothes prevent all violent exertion under the penalty of splitting the jacket in pieces. The head is kept as stiff as in a vice, by a buckram collar and a stiff stock and a stove-pipe hat. Yet the whole makes the boy look so much like a man in miniature, that his fond parents clap their hands with delight at the wonderful effect of manliness thus produced. Poor parents! If they would only consent to put that child in clothes easy and loose, and of a coarse and inexpensive material, and let him kick out twice the number of pants and jackets in running at the top of his speed, and tumbling down, without fear of a scolding, he would soon get to be, not the ape of a man, but a hearty, healthy boy, whom all would love, with constitution, and courage, and energy. If that little girl, cloaked in silks, hooped out in satins and hemmed in laces, could only have a plain dress, and run about with her brothers, she would not grow up the pale-faced, stooping consumptive doll that she will assuredly become, fond of novels and day-dreams, but utterly unfit for the great realities of life that await her as a woman, a wife and a mother.

In mind, as in body, the ambition of producing precocious fruits, is the common fault of those parents who are ignorant or heedless of consequences. If a large building is erected too fast, the weight of the top will cause the walls to bend and bow, because they are too green, in builder's parlance. So in the building up of the intellectual powers.—The mind may be crammed with knowledge too rapidly for its real edification; and the body and brain are strained and injured hopelessly in the attempt to produce an intellectual prodigy. We read in every paper of some child, three years old, that reads with all the tone, speech, and feeling of an adult. Such readings ought not to be allowed, except under the most experienced and watchful medical care. What becomes of all those precocious children? They seldom become powerful men and women. They are like peach blossoms in January, certain to be frost-nipped.

A proper and natural mixture of hard mental work, and hearty, cheerful exercise cements body and mind, and causes both to grow.

So in manners. Children have the constant, the sober thoughts, or the careful, not to say suspicious, habits and manners that will come fast enough with their future knowledge of the world. Let children be children, frank, impulsive instinctive and natural. Let them mix with children, and not come out into society at thirteen, with their thoughts and manners all directed to the great future of life. If so, they will run away with John at fifteen, and be old and miserable before they are thirty.

In religion, the same mistake is carried on by the superficial; but, as Henry W. Beecher says, it is no way to produce real religion, to stuff the head of a boy with all the argumentative faiths, doctrines and experiences of a man's religion. Piety in a boy should show itself in a boyish and natural exhibition of religion, in obedience to his parents, in being a good and regular student in study hours, and a hearty, cheerful, playing companion out of doors. Better this than the sickly, over-matured experience so often cried up and admired. The youth of Havelock formed the man.

Wine the Bane of Genius.

The following is part of a melancholy detail of the wreck of genius by rum, given by Dr. McKenzie, the Literary editor of *The Press*, in a recent article on that subject:

Shakspeare is said to have died of a fever brought on by excess in drinking. That statement was given to the world a few years ago, from the Diary of the clergyman, who became Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, not many years after Shakspeare's death, and while some of his lineal descendants were actually still living. The Vicar put the circumstance down in his note-book, just as he had heard it—a popular belief in Stratford, and not so remote in point of time as to be treated as only a tradition. Of all the ills which the abuse of Wine has inflicted upon the world, the poetic mind will think this acceleration of gentle Shakspeare's death about the most lamentable.

Ben Johnson (with the whole retinue of wits and poets, and cavaliers, who flourished in the time of Shakspeare, and sometimes associated together) was a *bon-vivant*, and suffered the usual penalty—fluctuating between health and illness, between extravagance and want. For the same moral runs through the life of each of these boon-companions. Selfish indulgence leads almost inevitably, to the same result—wreck of health and ruin of fortune.

Coming later down, we reach "tuneful Denham," as he was called, father of *local* poetry, of which his "Cooper's Hill" is a good specimen, Rochester, whose talents were wasted on the meanest trifles, and yet whose manner of dying (described with such exquisite simplicity and pathos, by Bishop Burnet) probably atoned for the injury which his example had done to Christianity. Otway, who wasted his early manhood in riotous company, and died in utter indigence; Addison, Steele, and Prior, with many more of lesser fame and talent, come into this list, and the question perpetually arises—well as these men wrote, how much more might they have accomplished if they had avoided the temptation of excess? Addison, in particular, yielded so much to it that he descended to solitary drinking, and was accustomed to walk up and down the long gallery of Holland House with a bottle of wine placed upon a buffet at each end, out of which he would help himself until his walk was concluded, simultaneously with the emptying of the decanters. But for these indulgencies, Addison probably might have lived to a venerable and useful, if not even brilliant, old age, instead of prematurely shuffling off this mortal coil at the comparatively early age of forty-seven.

During the early parts of the present century—close, indeed, to the present time—it was the habit of men of mind, but more particularly of authors, to indulge very freely in drinking. There have been a few strikingly awful examples of the ill effects of this way of living. Thomas Dermody in Ireland, Theodore Hook in England, Edgar A. Poe in America, are admonitary instances. Dermody, who died over a half a century ago, was a man of as rich genius as Ireland, affluent in producing such a class, ever gave birth to. Hook, with talent for almost anything, indeed for every thing, frittered away his life at the dining-tables of the great and the rich, in the society of the idlers who haunted him at club-houses, in hastily writing clever novels, and producing, in a race against time, the stated quantity, in prose or verse, required to appear in the "John Bull," a weekly journal, in which he was personal and political at will. Poe, who has lived among ourselves, also wasted his life away in excess—like Cleopatra's pearl, his soul was dissolved in the cup. He perished in his prime, leaving just enough done to show what, under proper discipline, he could have performed.

Forethought.

[We do not exchange with *Hall's Journal of Health*, but we sometimes find good things copied from it into our exchanges. Here are three items that ought to be read by everybody in the land.]

If a man faints away, instead of yellily out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone.—Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting-fit is a barbarity, and soils the clothing unnecessarily. The philosophy of a fainting-fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain: if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally—which requires less power, is apparent.

If a person swallows a poison, deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for a doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water or anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison.—This will answer, in a large number of cases better than any other. If by this time the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles,) as antidotes for remaining in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spirts, or jerks, *per saltem*, as doctors say, be in a hurry or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, out with your handkerrhief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter, and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But stop, it does no good.—Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, *above* the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slow, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied *below* the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart and there is no need of such great hurry.

☞"I wonder every day how people in a general way, whether in or out of marriage, can so thoughtlessly bring into existence—that great, bitter, awful existence, of which heaven or hell is the point of exit—children, human beings, with immortal souls, which are capable of so much suffering, so much despair, and which one day may reproach the author of their being for having called them into existence! It is especially to the maternal heart of the woman that the Creator has intrusted the responsibility and the care of the children to which she may give birth; and yet how seldom does she reflect on this when she is about to give herself to a husband! Eva! this is my last word to you on this subject—never marry a man whose daughter you would not like to be!"—*Fredrika Bremer, in "The Four Sisters."*

☞Mrs. Swisshelm says it is marvelously strange how a woman can think herself contaminated by the slightest intercourse with the victim of a seducer, but cover her face all over with smiles to receive the seducer himself. Mrs. Swisshelm talks like a lady of good sense.