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 promptnes 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

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

WILLIAMS 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.

D. 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,
SAMUEL 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.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Old friend! though many a year hath flown,
And we have somewhat wiser grown,
Since you and I first met—
The love that in our bosoms grew
When life was rosy, fresh and new
Is blooming brightly yet.

Time brings a philosophic mind,
Time takes more than he leaves behind—
Time is a thief of joys;
Time turns one's golden locks to gray,
Time draws a bill which all must pay—
Time makes old men of boys.

Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, stands
To reap the harvest of our lands—
To shorten prosperous days;
Time eats the keenest steel to rust,
Time crumbles monuments to dust—
Time robs us of our praise.

Much fault is found with Father Time,
In books and speeches, prose and rhyme,
But we will not upbraid;
For he has left our hearts as young
As when, in youth, we laughed and sung
In sunlight and in shade.

Who says that age makes friendship cold?
A true affection ne'er grows old,
But lasts like mountain pines,
Whose heads unfading verdure crowns,
Though Winter darkens them with frowns,
Or Summer smiles and shines.

I wish that round our mutual souls,
While earth upon its axis rolls,
The vines of love that run
Might spread their tendrils and embrace
The cherished, dear ones of our race,
So that from sire to son

Our large affection might survive,
And be as brightly kept alive,
When we exist no more,
By those we leave to guard our fames,
And keep unstained our honest names,
As in the days of yore.

Old friend, 'tis something in these hours
Of work and hurry, when the flowers
Of feeling scarcely bloom,
To feel that in our heart there grows
A plant, amid life's sands and snows,
That may adorn our tomb!

[*Constellation.*

Choice Reading.

Clouds and Sunshine.

"Hush, Nellie, father is coming."

There was an instant hush in the merry laugh of the golden-haired Nellie; the sweet smile died away from her lips, and the light of joy from her eyes, and a chill, as of ice, passed over her heart.

And all because—"Father is coming."

The door opened and "father" entered. He was a man who had, perhaps, attained the age of thirty years. On his features sternness sat throned, and you could read, in every line of his face, tokens of a will that brooked no denial and paused at no stumbling-block. Had you met him, however, in his place of business, you would have found him a different man entirely Setting in one of his cosy office chairs, and conversing with him upon matters of business, you would have been charmed by his courteous demeanor, and won by his ease and affability. There was ever a smile upon his face, and a pleasant response upon his lips. He greeted those who called in such a kind and cordial manner, that the impression rested upon the mind of each visitor—"Mr. Parker is a sociable man."

And the wives of those who, having called upon Mr. Parker at his place of business, and spoke of his affability, as they heard his praises sounded in their ears, came to but one conclusion. It was "happy must be the wife of such a man."

But they knew not, or, if knowing, had forgotten, that too many men wear one face when abroad and another when at home.

So it was with Mr. Parker. He kept the sunshine to garnish his office, and brought home the clouds to darken his home.

That was all.

All, did we say? Ah! how much it was, let the bruised heart of the wife answer; let the blanched lip, and the dull eye, and the heavy heart of Nellie respond.

The art of making home happy is greater than the art of gaining wealth, or honor, or position. It is one seldom fully learned and appreciated. It had not been learned by Mr. Parker. No, he had been too much engrossed in gathering up riches to heed the pleadings of the hearts of those who, gathered about the home circle, watched and waited his coming as the inhabitants of the Arctic zone watch the coming of the sun. And when, instead of bright eye and sunny beams, there fell upon the hearth-stone harsh looks and cold responses, do you wonder that the dreariness of home was made still more drear, and the bounding heart became chilled by their influences?

"Father is coming."

"Is he?" Yes, shut the picture-book and lay aside the playthings. No more laughter or innocent mirth now.

And yet Mr. Parker had not always been so. In fact he still was, as of old, the kind provider, and ever most attentive to the wants of his family. He surrounded his wife with all the luxuries wealth and taste could obtain, and even prided himself on the comforts he was daily showering upon her.

But there was a painful comparison in the mind of that wife as she watched the flutterings of a golden-winged canary in its gilded cage The sense of imprisonment was keenly felt. The bird was fed and kept in royal slavery. And how much better was she than the bird before her?

We said that Mr. Parker had not always been so. There was a time—and it could have been measured by years—when his sweetest smiles, and his softest tones, were reserved for the magic circle of home. To fail of greeting his Agnes with a smile, would have been an offense against his affection. To fail in kissing her when he left her gentle presence, would have caused the ghost of injured love to haunt him through the day, and stand ever by his side until his penitence and neglect were wiped away by those neglected lips.

How the change came would be difficult to narrate. Doubtless it was not intentional, but it was no less effective. As sternness usurped the place of smiles and moroseness took the throne affability had abdicated, the change made fearful havoc in Mr. Parker's home. Yet all this while no cross words were spoken except by the eyes and conduct of the husband. And Agnes, as she saw how indifference was gradually taking the place of love, as she watched the complete engrossment of her husband's mind in his business, grieved in her heart at the black prospect before her. She had set out with such high hopes of wedded bliss, such a fair promise of connubial felicity had been hers, that the fall was all the more severe by reason of the height she had once reached. With no heart to sympathize in her sorrows, she, too, had relapsed into gradual indifference, and—since on his part there was no effort to scatter the clouds—so, on hers there was no desire to procure them by the sunshine of affection.

This may have been, doubtless was, all very wrong. Had she sought to win him back to his old allegiance, the task might have been an easy one. The crust of selfishness and world ways may have completely covered his heart. But she gave herself up to the tide, without an attempt to stem it. The current at first was not so strong but what a few words would have changed its course and returned it to its natural channel. But the few words had not been said. The seal on her lips had done more to close the fountain than all else. She had forgotten a wife's first duty, and hence all the ills that had followed.

So grew up a partial estrangement of heart. The sympathies were not in common, their feelings were not the same.—Not that they were wanting in husbandly duty or wifely faith. But there was a link, once possessed, but now lost. Could it be found and restored to its position, perfect harmony would be the result.—Happiness would again brood over the hearth-stone, and peace spread her white unsullied wings over them.

But the lost link. Where was it?—Could a reward be offered for it? Could they, by lighting a candle, search and find this priceless pearl? Under what rubbish of years did it lay hid?

"Father is coming."

As he enters, the mother whispers to Nellie and the child leaves the room. She returns in a moment and makes some reply. Mr. Parker looks on but says nothing.

"Dinner will soon be served," said his wife in answer to the thought that evidently engrossed his attention at the moment.

A few moments passed in silence, each busy with their thoughts. He vexed at the delay; she conscious of having given no offense, was irritated at the morose manner, gave up all idea of conciliatory measures, and so widened the breach.

If at fault, surely she was pardonable. At last the dinner bell sounded.

The meal was soon over and Mr. Parker rose from the table, took his hat and was about leaving, when his wife asked:

"What time will you be at home this evening?"

"I cannot tell," was the response." My business may detain me longer than usual. Why do you ask the question?"

"I thought of taking Nellie out to see her aunt Eunice."

"Well, you can be at home when I return."

"If I knew what hour you would come up, yes."

Mr. Parker paused. Then remarking:

"Well, be home early at any rate," left the room.

The uncertainty of the reply almost tempted Mrs. Parker to adhere to her intention, and pay the visit contemplated. For a moment or two she pondered over it, and then her good angel triumphed. She would give no cause for complaint. She would remain at home even at the sacrifice of the pleasure of Nellie. The child heard the decision; if it brought a tear to her eye, we need not wonder. And in the heart-ache of the one the other joined.

"Never mind, mother, I can wait."

"Thanks, darling," was all the mother could reply.

Early evening came, but not Mr. Parker. His wife patiently watched and waited.

The hour went on. Still he came not. On the sofa Nellie lay, her golden hair falling over her face—asleep. She had grown weary watching. The mother, too, sat in an easy chair near the centre table endeavoring to read. But the words ran into each other, and she was forced to close the book, and as her head dropped upon her hand, and there came a vision of the years when every cloud had its rainbow, she contrasted the happy "then" to the unhappy "now" and sighed over her condition. She had learned the lesson that wealth did not confer peace; that gold cannot purchase happiness.

Her eyes softly closed, and sleep—"best boon to mortals given"—came to her in her grief, and waved her wings over the perturbed heart. And as she slept she must have been dreaming sweet dreams, for a smile played about her lips, and she murmured "Love me love," as though, as of old, a sweet confession was being made.

The door opened, and Mr. Parker entered. He paused just as the threshold had been crossed, and gazed for a few moments on the picture before him. It was one worthy the pencil of a master painter.

And little Nellie speaks. But she does not move. Mr. Parker listens.

"Mother, mother, why don't father love us? Why don't he smile as he once did, and kiss you and me as he used to do? Mother, mother, why don't—he—love—"

The low voice of Nellie dies away, and the heart of the father is smitten as with a rod. Truly conscience asks, why?

Nellie still sleeps. So does her mother. And as the husband and father draws nearer to them, again a smile played about the lips of his wife, and again she murmers, "Love me, love."

Mr. Parker is on his knees. He takes the hand of Agnes in his own. She awakes with a sharp low cry of surprise, but as she hears the words, "Forgive me, my long suffering, yet patient Agnes," she buries her face in his bosom. Nellie, too, awakes, and is added to the group. And as she wonders and looks with smiling eyes from the face of one to the face of the other, she feels that something must have happened while she slept.

Truly, something had. The lost link had been found, and to it "a little child had led them."

Thereafter, in Mr. Parker's house no clouds were seen, and "father is coming" became a sign of greater sunshine.

What's in a Kiss?

"Mother, mother, kiss!" pleaded a little cherub boy, with blue eyes, anxiously searching his mother's unusually serious face, as she tenderly laid him upon his soft, warm bed, and lovingly folded the snowy drapery about him. "*Do* kiss me, mother!" And the rosy lips began to tremble, the tear-drops to gather in the pleading, upturned eyes, and the little bosom heaves with struggling emotion.

"My little son has been naughty today," replies the mother, sadly; "how can I kiss those lips that have spoken such angry words?"

Too much, too much! Dutiful mother, relent! The little heart is swelling, breaking with grief; tumultuous sobs break from the agitated bosom; the snow-white pillow is drenched with penitent tears, and the little dimpled hand is extended so imploringly. Relent!

'Tis enough! Once more the little head is pillowed upon the maternal bosom—once more the little cherub form is pressed to that mother's aching heart, and the good night kiss of forgiveness and love is given two fold tenderer. A few moments and the sobbings cease, the golden head droops, the weary eyelids close, and the little erring one is laid back upon his couch, penitent and humbled by one kiss from mamma.

What's in a kiss—a simple kiss?—Much, very much! More potent than the sceptre—dearer to affection than countless wealth. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity, and not only is it dear to the youthful and ardent, but also to old age, to the withered heart and bloomless cheek.

How to make Home Happy.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtues of another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishmsnts of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem of you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no oneness, where there is no full confidence.—*Woman's thoughts about Women.*

☞Mind is capable of giving as well as receiving. It not only has susceptibilities that are acted on, but it has motives, impulses, volitions, originating within itself and impelling it toward external objects. By virtue of this organization the mind has power to intensify its own action. After placing itself in an attitude to embrace the facts that are embodied in outward things, it can form these materials into new shapes and compel them to subserve higher purposes. It can rearrange and reconstruct, modify and change. By the simple force of suggestion it can argue from the known to the unknown, from the visible and tangible to the abstract and ideal. A hint suffices to open a new world. Above all, it can breathe a wondrous vitality into its own acquirements, and make them much more than mere acquisitions. There is a point in the history of every mental effort at which the receptive exercise of intellect ceases, and at that point all earnest and profound cultivation begins. Then we rise from particular to general ideas, escape from the lower region of the senses, and ascend to the realm of pure and permanent sentiments; see all things less as they appear, and more as they are. Now this is a noble faculty of mind. It is the source of most of our greatest thoughts, and from it proceeds the highest energy of will, the most spiritual asperations, the grand, heroic deeds that renew the wasting heart of the world, and seal its hopes as born in heaven.—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞Too many suppose that intellectual power is located in a fine memory, in a brilliant imagination, in command of language, or extent of knowledge. And so it would be if a beautiful eye were equivalent to a handsome face, or if a good stomach were the necessary consequence of healthy lungs. Strength in one faculty is frequently at the expense of other faculties, like those trees in which an overgrown branch enfeebles the vigor and destroys the symmetry of the remaining boughs. The aim of nature and religion is to build up a force of mind that may distribute itself through any faculty, flow out in any channel, reach any end that is desired.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Miscellany.

[☞We do not know where the Philadelphia *Press* got the following, but it sounds very like a transaction of the veritable John Titus, with whom we have had many a chat, in Pittsburg and at our native village. John's was a large and bony frame, and his strength, when excited, was prodigious. His greatest fault was his incorrigible love of "eggnog whisky," and his tendency to combativeness when under its influence. John was well known as a first-class lumber pilot on the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. We believe he is now dead, but we may be mistaken. He was 68 years old when we saw him last, which was some 8 years since.—ED. POTTER JOURNAL.]

A REGULAR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—Not far from Olean, bordering on the Allegheny river, in the State of New York, is what is termed the "Indian Reservation," which formerly was, and probably continues to be, partially occupied by a remnant of the tribe known as the Senecas. Some years ago, John Titus, one of the tribe, engaged to deliver a certain number of pine logs to a trader in the north-eastern part of our State, for which he was to receive five shillings, New York currency, apiece. The trader, however, upon their delivery, refused to pay over three shillings. The Indian exerted all his eloquence to induce his customer to pay the stipulated price, but without effect—the trader was inexorable. At length, finding all his arguments of no avail, John hit upon an admirable plan for the settlement of the contest. Says he to the trader: "You and me make bargain; you say you give me five shillen for my logs, now you say you only give me three. I tell you what I'll do—we'll fight. If you lick me, then you give me *three* shillen; if I lick you, then you give me *five* shillen."

The bargain closed, and the battle commenced. For a time the success of either party was doubtful; but at length John, by a *coup-de-main*, brought his antagonist to the ground, and holding him down, with his knees placed upon his chest, began a parley: "Now," said he, "you say you give me five shilen I let you up; you say you give me three shillen, *you no see to-day, to-morrow, nor yesterday!*"

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The Cleveland *Herald* makes the following very just comments upon the rights of married women:

"Talk about a man having a right to do what he will with his own! A husband's property is not his own. The wife is as much entitled to it as he is. She, if not directly, at least indirectly, has been as influential in accumulating that property as the husband has, and certainly has had it in her power, had she so chosen, to have kept him a beggar all his life. If the words of cheer, when the horizon looks dark; if the words of caution, when speculation is rife; if the words of hope, when calamity comes; if the words of prudence, when prosperity smiles—could be measured by dollars and cents, every husband would lay the bulk of his fortune at the feet of his wife as an act of naked justice, for her instrumentality in shaping his pecuniary destiny. It is downright cruelty to provide in profusion for a wife's wants during coverture, and—through thoughtlessness and recklessness—leave her at the husband's death in poverty. It is the height of meanness in a man who dies rich, to attempt to hamper his widow so that she shall not have an abundance, and have it, too, absolutely her own, to do with it what she sees fit. Married women have too few 'rights' while their husbands are living, and assuredly husbands should not seek to reach out of their graves to control their widows."

EARLY MARRIAGES.—She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old!

She stood at the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birth-day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immense supply of lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas, Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth and home, and hold lovers at a proper distance, until you have muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for you two or three years, make you presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

☞And as there are human comets which in the course of their eccentric career are seen for a little time above our horizon and then never more return, but may be attracted by other planetary systems, and in their orbit find order and rest, so are there also among mankind nebulosities which never, during their earthly lifetime are able to fashion themselves to a decided nucleus.—*Fredrika Bremer, in "The Four Sisters."*

☞He who turns relaxation, rest, every waking moment, into some channel of necessary endeavor, will, even though his pace be that of the tortoise, accomplish much in life—nay in a single year. And if this unremitting effort is accompanied by the swiftness of the hare, what broad fields of labor will not a single year find passed over—what towering Alps on Alps will not a life-time overcome.—*Henry S. Randall.*

JUDGE PEARSON in a recent charge to the Grand Jury, at Harrisburg, said that those noisy collections of men and boys, called "Calithumpians," who frequently annoy newly married people, are nuisances, and subjected to severe punishment, and that it is the duty of constables to arrest those participating.

MASCULINE.—A number of wood choppers are employed near Baldwinsville getting out cord wood, and among the number is a Belgian woman, who handles an axe as well as most of the men. She fells trees and cuts up a cord of wood each day regularly, besides suckling a bouncing boy who is old enough to run alone. Such a woman would be a valuable helpmate to a new settler.

☞Why are energetic men like emetics? Because you can't keep them down.