The Potter Journal.

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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 in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

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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

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

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

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

MARK GILLON,
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.

E. 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,
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 Sts, 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 Poetic Gem.

In a novel being published in *Blackwood*, entitled "The Light on the Hearth," are some very beautiful ideas. We have not for a long while met with anything more sweet than the piece of poetry we copy below. It is suggested by the appearance of Little Rose—the pet of the neighborhood, the darling of the household—in the garden playing among the flowers and with them decorating the large Newfoundland dog, Domingo, who, taking upon himself the office of guardian, watched her every movement, and seemed proud of her attentions. "All the elements in her little world," says the novelist, "yielded and ministered to the young life. She was even allowed to make free of all the sanctuaries in the church-yard—might pluck blossoms from the favorite shrubs—weave daisy chains on the graves, or strew buttercups on the immaculate paths, without reproof; and old Will, (the grave-digger,) would lean on his spade and look at her, unless observed, when he would return to his misanthropy." This lovely phase of life thus inspires the author:

She comes with fairy footsteps;
Softly their echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade,
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
And as a wild young bird she carolleth
The burden of a song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet.
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger
Above that holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh! how lovely light and fragrance
Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly they co nestle
Round the soul that knows no sin!

She comes, the spirit of our childhood—
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet bearing still a breath of heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes, in bright-robed innocence,
Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passes by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
The gifts of heavenly love;
They stand betwixt our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit-world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
With the presence of their youth.

BRIDAL HYMN.

The choicest wedding ever known,
Was held in Eden fair;
For there, as priest, the Lord appeared,
To bind the happy pair.

He led the woman to the man,
And, peerless, as she stood,
Behold my crowning work! He said,
And called her "very good."

"Thy crown!" so thought the first of men—
So thought the Angels, too,
And chanted the first Bridal Hymn
Creation ever knew.

Wilt thou this woman take, he said,
Thy loving mate to be?
Yes, he replied,—bone of my bone,
Heart of my heart is she.

A blight has fallen on Eden since,
But still the altar stands;
And by it the same angel waits,
To wind the silken bands.

His blessing on this favorite pair
We humbly now invoke,
Sweeter and sweeter be their joys,
And welcome, aye, the yoke.

—*Boston Olive Branch.*

Choice Reading.

From the Constellation.

A Skating Adventure.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I am not philosopher enough to comprehend fully the curious and sudden changes of temperature incidental to almost every climate; and there is something particularly unaccountable in the extraordinary severity by which the seasons are occasionally characterised. The winter of 18—, was one of these, and will remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. One week especially was intensely cold; the sky was clear and blue, the air had a delusive calmness that beguiled some victims forth to death. A walk across the street affected us with acute pain in the temples; a moist hand would freeze instantly to the iron baluster of the steps—stage-drivers and hackney-coachmen were found stiff and dead upon their boxes. The student's ink congealed by the fire; the affluent, with all the appliances of wealth, could not keep themselves comfortable; and the heart aches to recall the condition of the poor, shivering and trembling around the cheerless fire-places of their dilapidated dwellings, half-naked, hungry and destitute—it was, indeed, a dreadful winter for them. Many perish; some directly from the cold, while, although others lingered till the weather moderated, yet sickness and exposure had broken down their constitutions, and the soft breath of spring blew over their graves.

The snow in the street had a granite consistency, sparkling like diamonds in the brilliant sunshine, which shone all day with the ineffectual fervor of the moon upon its unmelted wreaths and rocky banks. Those who could, kept in doors. Those whom business called abroad, could scarcely be recognized through the multiplicity of garments. Over-shoes and moccasons, buffalo-skins, and blankets, shawls, fur gloves and caps, and voluminous cloaks over great cloaks, every where met such eyes as could penetrate through the rich and curious frost-work which accumulated with every breath upon the window-panes.

Of course the city was locked up in ice. Canals and rivers all over the country were closed up. A silent bleakness and desolation reigned on land and water, worthy of the polar regions. The Hudson spread out a solid field; and even the bay—a very unusual event—presented to the eye one vast mass of motionless ridges, interspersed with plains of glassy smoothness; broken masses of ice, which the tide, in the act of congelation, had forced up in heaps; and hills of snow, the remnants of a heavy storm by which this extraordinary period of cold weather had been preceded. The southern mails were conveyed from the Jersey side in sleighs instead of a boat, and the papers mentioned, as a curious fact, that a pedestrain had crossed to the city from Staten Island, with only the loss of one of his ears.

The excessive cold terminated as suddenly as it had commenced. A southern wind one morning blew over the city with a more moderate breath, the sun regained its warmth, and, in a few days, the eaves of the houses began to drip, and ponderous masses of snow to slide from the slanting roofs, to the imminent danger of the foot passengers below; the wooden sheds and house-tops reeked with the steaming evaporation—the streets grew wet and sloppy, and all things relaxed under the influence of a general thaw; still, however, although the bay began to discover indications of a breaking up, under the combined power of the sun and those rapid which rush, in opposing currents, from the East river and the Hudson, yet the latter remained bound in its bright prison, affording a strong temptation to persons fond of skating—an amusement which the mud-gutters and mill-ponds render almost peculiar to boys, yet which, in the present instance, was found irresistible to large numbers of our population of all ages.

I was at that period a stripling of twenty, of rather a solitary turn of mind, though not averse to sport, of which skating must ever be considered one of the most agreeable varieties. It is an exercise full of fiery excitement and exhileration. Distance is traversed with velocity incredible—every muscle of the form seems laid out with unaccustomed force upon the power of motion—you glide, you float, you fly—you pass through space with a thought—wheeling, circling, darting—and rivaling the shallow in its airy gambols. The bosom rejoices as if in the possession of newly discovered power.

The sun was about an hour above the horizon, when, after a light dinner, I took a pair of skates under my arm, and bent my way down to one of the wharfs on the western side of the town. The cold had now, in a great measure, abated, and I found thousands of men and boys enjoying themselves upon the ice, darting by each other in every direction, wheeling and flying with ceaseless velocity and various motions, which resembled the play of a swarm of insects in the summer air.—Here a troop of little fellows limped along on one skate, there another glided with both feet equipped for the sport; at one moment approaching within a few yards of the land, and again hurrying away off till they lost themselves amid the busy multitude.

Every boy bred in New York knew how to skate; but the faculties for practicing this inspiring sport are passing away so effectually and rapidly under the jurisdiction of our street-cutting, house-shifting, hill-levelling, pond-filling corporation, that I fear the time is nigh at hand when the art will be almost extinct.* The very climate itself is growing more even and insipid, as if a member of the conspiracy to exterminate our ancient favorite amusement. Be that as it may, on this memorable occasion I entered into the enjoyment with all my soul. The ice presented a great variety of surface on the part selected by the skaters as the most convenient for their purpose. Between the rough cakes and hills which sometimes obstructed our career, there wound little narrow passages, of silver smoothness, which again expanded into fields fozen in furrows and ridges, as if the congelation had arrested the water in the act of lifting its waves. I skated leisurely along, musing upon the peculiarities of the scene, till at length I wandered far from the shore, anxious to escape the riot, jostle, boisterous laughter, and shouts of the crowd, and to reach newer ice; that upon which I had been skating being much cut up by the innumerable tracks, and also a little wet and sloppy. On, therefore, I went, finding ample companionship in my own thoughts and observations, till at length I awoke to the sudden consciousness that the sun had set, the night shades were gathering around, and nearly every individual of the vast numbers who, when last I looked towards the shore, were swarming around me, had disappeared. I myself had been lured on by a sheet of ice unmarked by a single track, and shining with the perfect, unbroken beauty of a mirror, much farther than I intended.

"By my faith," I thought, as I aroused myself for a hasty return, "this would be a rare place to spend the night in, truly, and I away down the bay, full three miles from the shore. I have been overventurous here."

The last glimmer of day faded from the sky, which had stretched in broad yellow radiance above the dimly-seen hills of New Jersey—but the night being without a moon, the stars crowded out in soft rich clusters, beaming and sparkling above my head with beautiful and unwonted splendor. As I gazed up a sensation of weariness came over me. I had exerted myself much beyond my strength, and now that the evening breeze blew upon me, I felt chilled, tired, and exhausted. Anxious to reach home, however, I called up all my strength, and made the best of my way toward the city, which lay far before me—the countless lights flashing out from its dark, heavy mass. But the maxim of the inspired Roman poet, however oft quoted, I found again sadly applicable to my present condition. *Facilis descensus Averni*, &c. I recalled my steps with great difficulty, and, among many obstructions, I found it a laborious task to gain a way with my feet through the icy masses which now appeared to lie around me in great numbers. I sometimes had to pick my steps with toil and awkardness, where my skates were rather an encumbrance than an assistance,—and at length, in climbing over a line of confused broken pieces of ice, a strap which bound the skate to my right foot snapped asunder, and I found every endeavor to repair it fruitless. I was compelled then to disembarrass both my feet, with the agreeable prospect of finishing my expedition by walking—an exercise which, even on *terra firma*, I did not care to have thus unceremoniously thrust upon me—but which now, hungry, faint, fatigued, far from home, and on ice, was a peculiarly unpleasant mode of conveyance. My chagrin was considerably enhanced too, and some serious fears flashed across my mind, with a force which rendered all my previous troubles comparatively insignificant, on finding that the ice was evidently undergoing a thaw—its surface being half an inch under water, which, in some places, appeared of a much greater depth.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed aloud, now truly and justly alarmed, "the ice is breaking up!"

I looked anxiously around. Not a being was to be seen. No boat, of course, of any description could penetrate here—no vessel was in my neighborhood; and if there had been, of what use would she be to me, if, as I now feared, the ice was melting. I examined the surface around me. It was evidently yielding to the influence of the warmth of a remarkably mild evening, and perhaps the restless and powerful tides. In many places more elevated, it was still wet and soft; and at length, to my unutterable horror and despair, I perceived that I stood upon a mass which was almost detached from that above me, and swayed around with a heavy slow motion—a mere island—about to float off to sea. I shuddered with cold horror. My heart beat quick. My eyes glanced wildly around in fruitless search of some means of escape. I could not swim, and not even a plank appeared in sight. "Is it possible?" at length I tho't. Has my time at length arrived? Shall I cease to exist before morning? Shall I never see the sun again? Those dear friends, who are waiting for me now at home, can it be that I have parted from them for ever—for ever and ever?" These thoughts rolled tumultuously through my mind, while I was striving continually to dash through the little sea which began already to encompass me. I tried in twenty places to regain the main fields, which I hoped might yet be attached to the shore: but wherever I advanced, the water spread around me, baffling my endeavors, and, in several places, the unstable material on which I stood, bent fearfully beneath my tread. Once my foot broke through, and the cool element chilled me with a feeling of approaching death. Wet, exhausted, hopeless and desperate, I felt that it became me to collect my energies and perish—if I must perish—with the composure and dignity of an honest man and a Christian. I addressed a prayer, therefore, to the merciful Power which had called me into being, and then climbed up on a hill of wet ice, several pieces of which crumbled at my touch. With the blood curdling in my veins, I here saw the piece upon which I had been encompassed, gradually, and with a heavy crash, disjoined from the rest, so that the flood of the river, swollen by a long restrained current, gushed up upon the fragment, and almost flowed to my feet.

"The God of heaven receive me," I murmured, closing my eyes and clasping my hands convulsively together, as I felt myself in motion, and saw the clear, cold water, now on every side of me, washing against my frail bark, and sparkling in the dim star-light. I was aroused by a voice. A rush of tumultuous hope poured in upon my soul. I sprang up and shouted; the voice replied:—

"For God's sake, who is there? I am in danger of my life. Can you aid me?"

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, tears of anguish bursting from my eyes at this cruel disappointment. "We are both lost, then: I am drowning. We must perish together."

I heard a groan of horror, and then dimly through the dark shadows I could discover a horseman dismounted.

"You have a horse," I said, a hope of life again shooting through my heart.

"I thought," replied the stranger, "that I could cross the river on horseback, but I am adrift."

"Leap into the water with your horse," I said; "he can carry us both to the shore."

"He is already spent," replied the man, "and I dare not leap into the cold water; I should freeze to death or drown. May heaven have mercy on our souls! for this is our last night."

"Do not die," shouted I, "without an effort. Your horse will carry us safely across. Try him, if you would ever see daylight again."

My words aroused him. I saw him mount the animal, who started, as if himself fully sensible of his danger.

"I will take the leap, friend," he cried; "but should I perish, promise me, in case of your escape, to go to ——, and inform my wife and children that I blessed them in my last moments. I have seen many nights of peril, but never before one like this."

After giving to me a promise of a nature similar to that which he had exacted, he dashed the rowels into the flanks of his affrighted steed, who reared again, and started back from the brink. At length, however, a deep heavy plunge announced that they were committed to the flood. A groan and shriek arose above the rush of the river, then for a moment all was still. I listened in an agony of suspense. There was again a splashing, and smothered screams, bubbling, as the waters died around their victim, I heard no more, except the measured strokes of the steed, and a snorting and peculiar neighing, singularly expressive of terror. In a little while this, too ceased, and everything was silent. I flung myself down, and buried my face in my hands, stunned. It was a blessing that my senses left me.

* * * * * *

I awoke with my dear mother's hand upon my forehead. I had been discovered at day-break upon the fragment of ice, which had been lodged near Governor's Island, and a small boat had taken me off. For a week I had been raving, and my life nearly given over. I heard, with curious feelings, my mother subsequently remark upon my good fortune in having escaped, as she had learned from the papers that a man, on the same night, had perished in an attempt to cross the river with a horse.

*We can assure Mr. Fay, who has been now several years resident abroad as American Minister, that the Art of Skating is now entirely renewed.—*Ed. Constellation.*

The Riches of the Poor.

"Is he dead?" that fearful question drew us near the little group who stood at the corner of the street.

"Fell from the scaffolding," we heard at our elbow. We glanced up at the half-built house, and then with a shudder looked from the scaffold to the ground expecting to see a laborer who had fallen from his post. Alas! there was before us no man, cold and dead, but a little child, poorly clad, of obscure birth. He had seen some four summers, and, with childish daring had climbed the scaffold to see "papa" build the house. His little face was set, and the fearful pallor of death was spread over the small features. By his side, as he lay on the cold stones, knelt a rough man, down whose sunburned checks the tears poured as he moaned,

"Oh, Lorny! Lorny! Who'll tell your mammy, unavourneen?"

No need to tell her—such sore news travel fast. Even while we stood there, she came through the crowd, her arms covered with soapsuds, her cheeks pallid, her tearless eyes wild with that awful news. Her first cry was, "Oh Jimmy! how can you let him lie on the cold ground?" and she caught the poor little body to her mother's heart. Then the tears came—and seated on the stones, she rocked to and fro with her sad burden clasped close to her breast, moaning and wailing for her only child.

Kind friends gathered around. Rough faces softened, and hard voices sounded sweet with words of sympathy. One comforter whispered—

"He's better off now, honey. You are very poor, you know."

The mother looked up, and oh! the pathos in her voice as she said—

"Yes—*he was all the riches we had!*"

Temperance in the Kansas Legislature.

[We find the following in the Lawrence *Republican*, among the proceedings of the Territorial Council of Kansas. Pennsylvania legislators can find many items of common sense in it; and even the whisky-bibbers of Potter county will do well to consider some of the arguments directed against a license law, contained therein.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Interesting Debate on the License Law.—Whisky vs. Lager Beer, &c.

House went into Committee of the Whole on Bill No. 22, being a bill for regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks—a license law.

Judge Wright moved to amend the 3d section, to allow fermented and vinous liquors to be sold without reward. He was decidedly in favor of lager beer, but opposed to whisky and strong drinks.

Mr. Scott moved to amend by allowing license to be granted for the sale of beer, &c., at one half the usual rates.

Dr. Danford opposed the amendment. He considered lager beer and kindred drinks worse, even, than the stronger drinks. Those who learn to tippie with these lighter drinks, are paving the way for the drunkard. The only difference between these drinks is, that one makes a man drunk sooner than the other. Lager beer contains 10 per cent. of alcohol. He did not wish to offer a premium upon these 10 per cent. dosts. The foundation of drunkenness is laid in this wine and beer drinking. He was in favor of going to the root of the evil.

Mr. Wright was not the advocate of drunkenness or rumselling. He had always been a temperance man. In Sweden and Ireland, every man is drunk who can get liquor enough to get drunk on, because they use whisky. But in Germany and France, where they use lager beer and wine, you don't see men drunk. The Germans don't get drunk here until they become Americanized, and learn to drink corn whisky. He hated the rumseller, but he did not want to go too far.

Mr. Scott wished to take practical ground. He wished the matter referred to the people. Is a teetotaler himself. When he traveled in Germany, he never uncorked his bottle of wine, although it was set by his plate each day at dinner. He would not give his example to wine drinking.

Mr. McDowell did not consider this a temperance bill, nor a prohibitory bill, but a bill for increasing county revenue. All were agreed as to the evil of the sale of intoxicating drinks: but the remedy?—*that's* the question. Thought that, under the amendment, lager beer would be extensively mixed with whisky.

Mr. Roberts, of Leavenworth, said that he had no speech to make on this subject, but would propose the following form for a license to be given in case the bill should pass.

To A—— B——: You have been recommended to us as a suitable person to engage in the enterprise hereinafter discribed and defined; therefore,

For and in consideration of ten dollars paid into the County Treasury, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, you are hereby authorized and empowered to open a school in your house, in——, for the purpose of teaching your friends and neighbors the best mode of sowing the seeds of discord, in the neighborhood in which your school is located; to cause men to lose their self-respect, and to prepare them to accomplish, in the most approved manner, the following things, viz: to beat and abuse their wives and families, and to reduce them to beggary and destitution, and as such, to throw them upon the hands of the community, to fill our poor-houses, jails and penitentiaries, and to supply the gallows with victims; in a word, to promote, to the best of your ability, all kinds of crime, and, in every way possible, to augment the aggregate of human misery.

And, for all this, you have this, our warrant, which shall be your sufficient authority, and a complete pardon in advance, for all such crimes to which you may be accessory.

He thought this was just the question at issue, whether, for ten dollars, we would authorize men to commit such crimes. If such a thing had come down to us from the dark ages, we should look upon it with abhorence. It was like the indulgence granted by the Pope for the commission of crime. This evil was the most dreaded, the most terrible, that afflicts humanity. No pestilence nor famine could compare with it. Yet, we propose to *license* men to do these things.

The committee postponed the farther consideration of the bill, until a report on this same subject can be had from the Committee on Vice and Immorality.