The Potter Journal.

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

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

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

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.

A. J. 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,
D. 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.

IDLE WORDS.

I.

O idle words!
Why will ye never die,
But float forever in the sky,
Dimming the stars that shine in memory,
Destroying hope and causing love from earth
Ill-omened birds. [to flee,

II.

O idle words!
Preying upon the heart,
Leaving with wounds a deadly smart;
Expiring breath that taints the very air,
Will ye forever leave your victims to despair?
Ill-omened birds.

III.

O idle words!
How many are the tears
That ye have caused to flow: the fears
Ye have begot and made to mountains grow,
Crushing the innocent beneath a weight of wo,
Ill-omened birds.

IV.

O idle words!
Your flight is ever on.
In heaven darkening the sun;
By wearying journeyings without delay,
To wend your dreary way unto the judgment-
Ill-omened birds. [day,

—*Knickerbocker, March.*

COME!

BY "W. A. D."

Come to my bedside, mother:
List! there's an angel band
Singing, in low sweet voices,
Songs of the peaceful land.
List to their soft notes sighing—
Lulling me to my sleep—
Farewell! but repeat it softly,
Else might the singers weep.
Grief might silence their tones so sweet—
And the song is so lovely—"We part to meet!"
The waves were singing on the shore;
We heard nothing—nothing more,

Pass your hand over my brow,
Cold fingers press my eyes;
The light is fading slowly
From the summer skies;
The tender flowers are trembling,
Cold winds begin to moan
O'er that pathway dreary
Where I must walk alone!
Alone, upon the pathway wide,
And you are not by Ida's side.
We see no path—'tis warm and mild—
No fingers press your eyes, my child.

Mother, their songs again I hear,
Like echoes softly sounding!
Come with me to that radiant light
O'er the cold and storm abounding.
A pathway more genial and pleasant
Seems opening to my view—
And beautiful, white-winged angels,
Now beckon me there from you.
Their friendly hands will guide me there;
"Come, tender lamb!" I plainly hear.
We saw no path, we heard no sound,
But Ida sleeps 'neath a grassy mound!

—*Constellation.*

Choice Reading.

Skipper George's Story.

A Touching Adventure on the Coast of Newfoundland.

[The following story we extract from a new novel, entitled, "The New Priest in Conception Bay," in Two Vols., Price, $1.75; published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson and Co., Boston. The authorship of the work is attributed to Robt. T. S. Lowell, brother of the Poet Lowell. Skipper George's Story is but one of the many similar gems with which the work abounds. The poetic grace of the style, and the absorbing interest of the story are highly pleasing.]

"You have the best lookout in the neighborhood," said Mr. Debree, walking to the spot on which Skipper George had been standing and looking abroad from it. "This tree didn't grow here," said he, looking up at the grey trunk glistening in the moonlight.

"No sir; 't was set there," said the fisherman.

"Is it a landmark?"

"'Is, sir, it may be, in a manner; but not for s'ilun on those waters. 'T was set there when riches was taken aw'y. Riches came again, but 't was laved, for 'e'd larned partly how to value riches."

The gentleman looked, as the moonlight showed, interestedly at the speaker; "Another story with a lesson in it?" he said. "If it were not for keeping you out so late, I would ask you to do me the favor of telling it."

"Ay, sir," said Skipper George. "I said there were amany lessons sent us.—This one comed nearer to me again than the tother.—I hope I've larned somethun by that story! Fishermen don't heed night hours much; but it's late for you as well, sir. Mubbe 'ee'd plase to walk inside a bit?" he asked, with modest urgency, "It's a short story, only a heavy one!"

"Another time, perhaps," said the strange gentleman; "not now, if you'll excuse me; but if it wouldn't be too much trouble I would thank you for it where we are. One hour or another is much the same to me."

At the first words of this answer, Skipper George turned a look of surprise at the stranger, and when the latter had finished speaking, asked,

"Be'ee stayun hereabouts, then, sir?"

Perhaps he may have thought it strange that one who looked so like a clergyman should be staying for any length of time in the neighborhood, without being better known.

"I am a clergyman," said the gentleman, frankly; but not of your church; and I don't feel free until I'm better known."

Skipper George apparently weighed the answer. He did not urge his invitation; but his open face became clear and kindly as ever.

"Then, sir," said he, "ef 'ee'd plase to be seated here, I'd tell the story. I know it well."

Before beginning it the fisherman cast a look at his house, and then gazed awhile upon the restless waves which here glanced with the gleam of treacherous eyes, and then were dark as death.

"Do 'ee mind about ten years ago, in Newfoundland, sir?" began Skipper George, turning his steady eyes to his hearer, and speaking as if the date or the years since the date had been painful to him; "the hard year that was when they had the 'ralls,' they called em?"

"Yes; though I was in England at the time, I know pretty well what happened in Newfoundland. It was a sad time."

"Ay, sir, 't was a sad time. Many people suffered; some wanted food, and more agen got broken in spirit, (and that's bad for a man,) and some got lawless like. 'T was a sad time indeed!" Skipper George, having lingered thus before his tale, began it abruptly: "Well, sir, 't was on the sixteenth day of January—a Thursday 't was—I was acomun down Backside from the Cosh, hau'ling a slide load o' timber, an' my youngest son wi' me. It had abeen a fine day, first goun off (for a winter's day,) wi' just a flurry o' snow now and agen, and a deal o' snow on the ground, tull about afternoon it began to blow from about west, and by nothe, or thereaway, heavy and thick, an' growun heavier an' heavier, an bitter cold.—Oh, 't was bitter cold! We didn't say much together, George an' I, but we got along so fast as ever we could. 'T was about an hour or two before night, mubbe; and George says to me, 'Let's lave the slide, father!' 'T wasn' but we could ha' kep' on wi' it, though 't was tarrible cold, hard work; but 't was somethun else!

"So we turned the slide out o' the way and laved her, and comed on. 'T was blowun gales up over Backside; we could sca'ce keep our feet; an' I hard somethun like a voice—I suppose I was thinkun o' voices—an' I brought right up into the wind. 'T was just like beun at sea, in a manner, and a craft drivin' right across our wake, an' would ha' been out o' sight an' hearun in a minute. Then I knowed by the sound 't was the Minister—(we did'n have e'er a reverend gentleman of our own in the days; but 'e lived over in Sandy Harbor and e'd oose to go all roun the Bay.) We could sca'ce bide together, but I was proper glad to meet un, (for a minister's a comfort. 'e know sir;) an' 'e said, *'Is anybody out?'* 'There's two o' brother Izik's orphans, sir, I'm afeard, and others along wi'em,' I said. So 'e said, 'God help them! Where are *your* two other boys, James and Maunsell?' 'Along wi' brother Izik's two,' I said. 'T was blowun tarrible hard, and cold, and thick; and the minister turned wi' us, and we comed up, ploddun through the driftun snow, and over the rudge. When we opened the door first, the mother thought there were four of us; and so she said, 'James!' for we were all snowed over; but she said there was only three, and 't was the minister wi' us two. So she begged his pardon, and told un our poor boys were out agunnun, an she was an old punt they had. We were all standun (for we didn't think o' nawthin but the boys) when two comed into the door, all white wi' snow. 'T wasn' they two, sir, but 't was my nevy Jessee and another. 'Have n't they comed?' 'e said.—Dear, what's keepun they?'

"Jessee had abin out, too, wi' Izik Maffeen and Zippity Marchant, and they were over to back-side o' Sandy Harbor together; on'y our poor young men were about three parts of a mile further down, mubbe. So, when it comed on to blow, Jessee and his crew made straight for Back Cove and got in, though they were weak-handed, for one had hurted his hand-wrist—and so, in about three hours, they got round by land, and thought the tother poor fellows would do so well.—'What can us do Uncle Georgie?' 'e said; for he's a proper true-hearted man, sir, and 'e was a'mos' cryun. 'First, we can pray,' said the minister; and so he said a prayer. I make no doubt I was thinkun too much over the poor young fellows; and the wind made a tarrible great bellowing down the chimley and all round the house, and so I was rather aw'y from it more an'd I ought. Then the Minister and Jessee and I started out. My mistress didn' want me to go; but I couldn' bide; and so, afore we'd made much w'y up harbor agen the wind and growun dark, (though 't wasn' snowun,) we met a man comun from tother side, Abram Frank; and 'e said last that was seen of our four was, they were pullun in for Hobbi's Hole, and then somethun seemed to give way like, wi' one of 'em rowun, and then they gave over and put her aw'y before the wind, and so as long as they could see anything of 'em, one was standun up scullun astern. (That was my James, sir!")

A very long, gently breathed sigh here made itself heard in the deep hush, and as Mr. Debree turned, he saw the sweet face of Skipper George's daughter turned up to her father, with tears swimming in both eyes and glistening on her cheek. She had come up behind, and now possessed herself quietly of her father's hand.

"So we turned back, and the minister wi' us, ('t was a cruel night to be out in;) and the wind almost took and lifted us, and sot us down by the foot o' the path over the rudge; but when we got atop here, and it comed athwart, it brought us all down kneelun, and we could scarce get over to the door. The poor mother got up from the chimley-corner and came forward, but she needn' ask anythin'; and there was a pretty young thing by the fire, (*this* girl was a little thing, asleep, but there was a pretty young thing there) that never got up or looked round; 't was Milly Ressle, that was troth-plight to James. They was to have been married in a week, ef the Lord willed; and 't was for 'e's house we were drawan out the timber. She just rocked herself on the bench. She's gone, leug enough ago, now sir!

"So the Minister took the Book and read a bit. I heard un and I didn't hear un; for I was aw'y out upon the stormy waters wi' the poor young men. Oh, what a night it was! it's no use! blowun and bellowun and freezun, and ice all along shore to leeward!

"Well, then, sir, about two hours o' night there comed a lull, and then there was a push or shake at the door, and another—and another—and another—(so it was, we all thought,) and then the door banged open.—'T was nawthing but cold blasts comed in, and then a lull agen for a second or two. So I shut to the door; and the poor mother broke out acryun, and poor Milly fell over and slipped right down upon the hearthstone. We had a heavy time of it that night, sir; but when the door banged open that time, this child, that was a little thing then, lyun upon the bench sleepun, made a soart of gurgle like, when the first sound comed to the door, and when the flaws o' wind comed in she smiled, and smiled agen, and laughed as ef a body m'y be sayun pooty things to her in d'y time. Jesse sid it, and plucked me by the coatsleeve, and I sid it, too.

"Well, sir, night passed; 'ee may be sure we didn' sleep much on'y cat naps; and once or twice I falled into a kind of dwall, and started, thinkun *they* was speakun to me.—Mornun comed slow and cold, colder than night. So the neighbors comed in at mornun, and sat by; and now and agen one 'ould say they were fine young men; and after a bit another 'd say James was a brave heart, and how he saved a boat's crew three years ago, scullun them into B'y Harbor; and so they said how he began to teach in Sunday School Sunday before; and how brave 'e was when they sid the last of un scullun aw'y round the point and over t'e b'y, for t' other side, or for Belle-Isle, or some place to leeward. So they said James 'ould take 'em safe, plase God, and we'd hear of 'em some place over the b'y in a d'y or two.—Then they said they wondered ef the young men could keep from freezun their hands, and said mebbe they wouldn' git touched, for they was all well-clothed, and James 'ould keep up their spirits, and brother Izik's little George was a merry boy, and a great playgame for the rest; and my Maunsell and 'e's tother cousin, John, were steady young men, and wouldn' give up very easy; but they were both quiet, and looked up to James, though John was a good bit older.

"Wull, sir, the day went on, cold, cold an' blowun heavy, an' the water black an' white, wi' white shores, an' slob-ice all along; an' more, agen, an' heavier, to leeward, sartenly. We could n' stir hand or foot that day, nor next; but the Lord's day came in softer, an' we got a good crew an' a stout punt to sarch for the four poor boys that had been three days a missun, and old Mr. Williamson, the clerk that is now, sir, made a prayer over us before we laved. When we came to put off, they left me standun; I make no doubt but Jesse maned to spare me; but I called un back for I said, why should I be settun wi' my hands folded, or walking about, lookun out over the water, and I may just as well be doun somethun like a father for my sons an' for my brother's orphans?

"We made for Broad Cove; for so we thought the wind would ha' driven the poor young fellows a-Thursday; but we couldn' get into Broad Cove, for the slob an' cakes of ice. The shore looked tarrible cruel!"

Skipper George sate thoughtful a moment, and then began again.

"At Port-gal Cove," he continued, looking over the water, "they didn' know about e'er a punt, an' no more they didn' at Broad Cove, nor Holly-Rood; for we stad three days, an' walked an' sarched all over. An' so, a Thursday morn agen we comed back home;—'t was cold, but still. So when we comed round Peterport Point, (that's it over at the outside o' Blazun Head, yonder,) every man, a'most, looked over his shoulder, thinkun mubbe they'd got in; but 't wasn, so.—They hadn' come, nor they hadn' been hard from. So my mistress, an' Milly, an' George, an' I, an' this maid kneeled down after I'd told 'em how 't was, and prayed to the good Lord.

"An' so we wai ed, an' didn' hear from the four poor boys, not for a good many days."

Skipper George stopped here again for a while.

"Awell, sir, then there comed word over that some men had abin found at Broad Cove!—it wasn, known who they were; but we knowed. So they got Mr. Worner's boat, and a crew of 'em went round, and Skipper 'Enery Ressle, and Skipper Izik Ressle, (that was Milly's father,) and Skipper Izik Marchant, (he was n' Skipper then, however,) but a many friends goed in her—I couldn' go that time sir.

"'T was about sun-go-down she comed in. Never a word nor a sound! She looked black seemunly; and no colors nor flag. 'T was they! Sure enough 't was they!

"A man had sid a punt all covered wi' ice and hauled her up; and when he comed to clear away the ice, there was a man, seemuly, in the for'ard part! He called the neighbors; and sure enough, there 'e was, and another one along wi' un; and both seemunly a-kneelun and leanun over the for'ard th'art. They were the two brothers, John and little George, frozen stiff, and two arms locked together! They died pr'yun, sir, most likely; so it seemed. They were good lads, sir, and they knowed their God!

"So, then, they thought there wasn' no more—."

The fisherman here made a longer pause, and getting up from his seat, said, "I'll be back after a bit, sir;" and walking away from Mr. Debree and his daughter, stood for a little while with his back toward them and his head bare.

The maiden bent her gentle face upon her knee within her two hands. The moonlight glossed her rich black hair, glanced from her white cap, and gave grace to her bended neck. At the first motion of her father to turn about, she rose to her feet and awaited him. Upon him too—on his head, bared of its hair, above, on his broad, manly front, and on his steady eye—the moonlight fell beautifully. Mr. Debree rose, also to wait for him.

Skipper George came back and took up his broken story.

"Bumbye, sir, when they comed to the after part of the boat, there they found a young man lyun in the starn-sheets, wi' no coat, and his—and his—his poor, lovun arm under his brother's neck;—and the tother had the jacket rolled up for a pillow under his head, and I suppose he died there, sleepun upon the jacket, that his brother rolled up for un."

The voice of the father was very tender and touching; but he did not give way to tears.

"So, that young man had done his part and sculled 'em safe right along wi' the tarrible cruel gale, aw'y over a twenty miles or more, to a safe cove, and his hand-wrists were all worn aw'y wi' workun at the oar;—but he never thought of a cruel gate of ice right afore the cove: and so we made no doubt when he found that, in dark night, and found he could n' get through, nor he could n' walk over, then he gave hisself up to his God, and put his tired arm round his brother; and so there they were, sir, in short after that, (it couldn' ha' been long,) there were four dead men in their boat, awaitun, outside o' Broad Cove, tull some one 'ould come and take their poor bodies, and strip aw'y the ice from 'em and put 'em in the ground, that comes more nat'ral, in a manner, sir!

"They did n' find e'er oar, whatever becomed of 'em, but they found their poor guns, and the two orphans had their names cut, 'John Barbury,' and 'George Barbury,' and one of 'em had 'Pet—,' for Peterport, and could' cut no more, for cold and death.

"There was three guns cut; and one had 'James Barb—,' that poor Maunsell must ha' cut, poor fellow, afore the deadly cold killed un. So the kind people that found the poor boys, they thought James was a respectable young man, and when they came to lay 'em out, in the school-house, (they were proper kind, sir,) they put a ruffle shirt on him o' linen.

"So, sir, the Minister comed over and buried the dead. Four coffins were laid along the aisle, wi' a white sheet over every one, because we had n' palls: James and Maunsell, of George, and John and little George, of Izik; and we put two brothers in one grave, and two brothers in another, side by side, and covered them!

"There was two thousand at the funeral; and when the minister could n' help cryun, so I think a'most every one cryed, as ef 'twas their own; and so we hard people that lived on Kelley's Island, hard singun goun by in the dark, like chantun we have in church. They said 'twas beautiful, comun up an' dyun aw'y wi' the wind. It 's very like, sir, as Paul and Silas sang in prison, so they sang in storm!

"Then Milly, poor thing, that never goed back to her father's house, took a cold at the funeral, seemunly, and she h'ed in James' bed a three weeks after! She was out of her mind, too, poor thing!"

After another silence, in which Skipper George gazed upon the restless deep, he said,

"I brought home wi' me the best stick from the timber, and laved the rest, and no one ever touched it, and there it staid. So next winter, sir, my tother poor young man died in the woods o' masles, (thank God!—we never had to move in till I lost my fine boys,) and the next sixteen' day of January I set up my pillar as Jacob set his pillar, and this is my pillar, sir. I said the Lord gived, and the Lord have tookt away;—Blessed be the name of the Lord. All the riches I had I thought 'twas gone."

"You said riches came again," said Mr. Debree, deeply interested and affected.

"Ay, sir. My maid is gone back to the house I can' tell 'ee what she is, sir;—There's plenty in the harbor will speak o' Lucy Barbury, sir. I hope 'ee'll excuse me for keepin 'ee so late."

"I thank you with all my heart, for that beautiful story," said Mr. Debree, shaking the fisherman's hand. "Good night Skipper George! You have learned me a lesson, indeed, and, with God's grace, it shall do me good. It is a noble lesson!"

"The Lord showed me where to find it in my Bible and my pr'yer book, sir. I wish 'ee a good eveun, sir."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Recently, a small lad not apparently over ten years of age, knocked at the office door of the jail, and asked permission of Mr. McLean to visit his father who was confined within. His form was slight and fragile, and but illy defended from the cold by a few scanty rags. Poverty was depicted in every feature—his cheeks hollow and wan, as if the very hues of life had forsaken them. The request was acceded, and passing through the outer entrance he paused before the ponderous grated door within, and extending his hand through the opening between the iron bars, addressed one of the motley group shut up within as "Father." The lad deeply felt for the parent's disgrace, and casting his eyes downward, remained for a length of time fixed and as immovable as a statue—and only aroused by him within asking, in a gruff voice, "What do you want?" Starting up, but still holding on to the hand, the lad said in sweet but almost heart-broken accent "Father, Mother's dead." The words acted like a charm—the criminal was suddenly transformed to a loving husband and father; his head sank upon his bosom, and he realized in a moment his degraded situation. Tears thick and fast—the first, perhaps, for many a year—flowed down his cheek, and turning about motioned his boy away. Sorrowfully the lad left the jail to wander back, to keep alone through the night a weary vigil by the side of his mother's corpse.—*Cincinnati paper.*

THERE are many professing Christians who are secretly vexed on account of the charity they have to bestow, and the self-denial they have to use. If instead of the smooth prayers which they do pray, they would speak out the things which they really feel, they would say, when they go home at night, "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day, a miserable, unwashed brat, and I gave him a sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since; or, O Lord, if I had not signed those articles of faith, I might have gone to the theatre this evening. Your religion deprives me of a great deal of comfort, but I mean to stick to it. There's no other way of getting into Heaven, I suppose." The sooner such men are out of the church the better.—*Beecher.*

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN uses no tobacco, General Cass drinks no "Bourbon," Senator Douglas uses no pepper, and the Postmaster-General eats but two meals a day. N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard, Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. R. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his *extemporaneous* addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but rarely takes wine; Longfellow smokes a meerchaum. The smallest-sized poet in America is Holmes, the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—*Gleason.*

IT is reported that Dan Rice has offered to contribute about $20,000 to the Mount Vernon Fund, provided the Hon. Edward Everett consents to travel with his circus for a single season in the capacity of a clown.