The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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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

ROLLINS 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.

S. 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. 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.

NEVER MIND.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Should misfortune dog your track,
Never mind;
Make no rainbow of the back,
Never mind.

Turn not to the left or right—
Quail not at a menaced blow,
Onward, upward in your might,
Shout this motto as you go:
"Never mind."

Foes may frighten friends away,
Never mind.
Fear not what traducers say,
Never mind.

Single-handed fight it through;
Trust not in the countless throng,
One a legion may subdue,
With that legion in the wrong;
Never mind.

Should you meet with pointless slurs,
Never mind.
Every fool by *instinct* errs,
Never mind.

Let spawns scribble if they will;
Men of nerve are never slain
By one's firing through a quill
"Paper bullets of the brain;"
Never mind.

Each shall get just what he earns,
Never mind.
Roads are long which have no turns.
Never mind.

Yeilding up the other cheek,
Dropping humbly on the knees,
Closing lips when dared to speak
Will not do in times like these;
Never mind.

MEDLEY FROM THE POETS.

Some "funny feller," who does not fear or respect the copyright laws, "mixes up" the poets after this quaint fashion:

The moon was shining silver bright,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Exclaimed, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke.
A bumble-bee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread its pall upon the sky.

His echoing axe the settler swung,
He was a lad of high renown,
And deep the pearly caves among,
Giles Scroggles courted Molly Brown.

Loud roars the wind in constant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even,
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed;
Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bull-frog croaks his serenade.

My love is like the red, red rose,
He bought a ring with posey true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

Choice Reading.

How we may Judge Friendship.

1. True friendship can only be made between true men. Hearts are the soul of honor. There can be no lasting friendship between bad men. Bad men may pretend to love each other, but their friendship is a rope of sand, which shall be broken at any convenient season; but if a man have a sincere heart within him, and be true and noble, then we may confide in him. Spencer sings in fine old English verse—.

"Ne, certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and good be the style,
That doth ill cause or evil end enure.
For Vertue is the band that bindeth Harts most sure."

* * * * * * *

2. *Faithfulness to us in our faults* is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend. You may depend upon that man who will tell you of your faults in a kind and considerate manner. Fawning hypocrites, insidious flatterers, are the sweepings and offal of friendship. They are but the parasites upon the noble tree. But true friends put enough trust in you to tell you openly of your faults. Give me for a friend the man who will speak honestly of me before my face; who will not tell first one neighbor, and then another, but who will come straight to my house, and say, "Sir, I feel there is such-and-such a thing in you, which, as my brother, I must tell you of." That man is a true friend; he has proved himself to be so; for we never get any praise for telling people of their faults; we rather hazard their dislike; a man will sometimes thank you for it, but he does not often like you any better. Praise is a thing we all love. I met with a man the other day who said he was impervious to flattery; I was walking with him at the time, and turning round rather sharply, I said, "At any rate, sir, you seem to have a high gift in flattering yourself, for you are really doing so, in saying you are impervious in flattery. "You can not flatter me," he said. I replied, "I can if I like to try; and perhaps may do so before the day is out." I found I could not flatter him directly, so I began by saying what a fine child that was of his; and he drank it in as a precious draught; and when I praised this thing and that thing belonging to him, I could see that he was very easily flattered; not directly, but indirectly. We are all pervious to flattery; we like the soothing cordial, only it must not be labeled flattery; for we have a religious abhorrence of flattery if it be so called; call it by any other name, and we drink it in, even as the ox drinketh in water.

* * * * * *

3. In the next place, there are some things in his friendship which render us sure of not being deceived, when we put our confidence in him. True friendship must not be of hasty growth. As quaint old Master Fuller says, "Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath." It is even so. I think it was Joana Bailie said—

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.
Though planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."

In vain thou trustest the gourd over thy head, O Jonah; it will not be of much use to thee; it came up in a night, it may wither in a night. It is the strong still oak, of ages' growth, which shall abide the tempest; which shall alike put out its wings to shield thee from the sun, and shall afterward find the a hovel in its heart, if necessary, in its grey old age, when its branches tremble in the blast. Friendship is true when it begins; but we must have a man's friendship long before we can say of him that he will stick closer than a brother. * * * * * * *

4. But note, further, the friendship which lasts does not take its rise in the chambers of mirth, nor is it fed and fattened there. Young lady, you speak of a dear friend whom you acquired last night in a ball room. Do not, I beseech you, misuse the word; he is not a friend if he was acquired merely there; friends are better things than those which grow in the hot-house of pleasure. Friendship is a more lasting plant than those. You have a friend, have you? Yes; and he keeps a pair of horses, and has a good establishment. Ah! but your best way to prove your friend is to know that he will be your friend when you have not so much as a mean cottage; and when, houseless and without clothing, you are driven to beg your bread. Thus you would make true proof of a friend. Give me a friend who was born in the winter time, whose cradle was rocked in the storm; he will last. Our fair weather friends shall flee away from us. I had rather have a robin for a friend than a swallow; for a swallow abides with us only in the summer time, but a robin cometh to us in the winter. Those are tight friends that will come the nearest to us when we are in the most distress; but those are not friends who speed themselves away when ill times come. * * * * *

5. Again, *a friend who is acquired by folly is never a lasting friend.* Do a foolish thing, and make a man your friend; 'tis but a confederacy in vice, and you will soon discover that his friendship is worthless; the friendships you acquire by doing wrong, you had better be without. O! how many silly friends there are springing up, the mere fruit of a sentimentalism, having no root whatever, but like the plant of which our Saviour tells us, "It sprang up because it had no depth of earth." * * * *

Under this head may I likewise observe, that *the friendship of ignorance is not a very desirable one.* I desire no man to call himself my friend, if he doth not know me. Let him love me in proportion to his knowledge of me. If he loves me for the little he knows, when he knoweth more he may cast me aside. "That man," says one, "seems to be a very amiable man." "I am sure I can love him," says another, as he scans his features. Ay, but do not write "friend" yet; wait a wee bit, until you know more of him; just see him, examine him, try him, test him, and not till then enter him on the sacred list of friends. Be friendly to all, but make none your friends until they know you, and you know them. Many a friendship born in the darkness of ignorance, hath died suddenly in the light of a better acquaintance with each other. You supposed men to be different from what they were, and when you discovered their real character you disregarded them. I remember one saying to me, "I have great affection for you, sir," and he mentioned a certain reason. I replied, "My dear fellow, your reason is absolutely false; the very thing you love me for, I am not, and hope I never shall be." And so I said, "I really cannot accept your friendship, if it be founded upon a misunderstanding of what I may have said."—*Spurgeon.*

From "Street Thoughts," by the Rev. Henry M. Dexter.

The Old Man and his Son.

I say, Frank, who is that old fellow with a second-hand hat, and a great coat that looks as if it had been made by the Queen of Sheba's tailor as a present to Solomon's gardener, and had been in the family ever since, who keeps eyeing you so closely from the other side of the street?"

"I don't know, I am sure. I never saw him before."

"Well, I hope he ain't a policeman in disguise, who is after you for some of your pranks. Take care,—good by," laughingly said the first speaker as he turned off into a side street, and left his *visced* friend to walk on before us.

From the movements of this "unexceptionably got-up" youth thus preceding us, we very soon became satisfied that, despite his denial, he *had* seen the old man on the other side before, and was in momentary expectation of seeing him again. His eye shot uneasy glances across; and as that venerable, and fine looking, though very plainly and unfashionably dressed person, began to show symptoms of crossing over, he cast a hurried look up and down the street, apparently to see if any of his boon companions were in sight anywhere,—to witness and report the disgrace of the impending interview. As the two faces, young and old, were thus projected in profile before us, as they exchanged stares, we made up our mind that the same blood was in both, and were querying the reason for their singular demeanor, when we heard a loud voice approaching from the middle of the street.

"Francis Ebenezer, my son, dew tell if that are's you. I've been a watchin' on you this half-hour; and you've got on such a kind o' spruced-up riggin', and so much hair on your countenance that I couldn't tell, ef I'se to be skinned, whether 't was you or not; and yet I 'most knew that are nose couldn't be nobody else's. How de dew?"

A fine young man that, coolly to deny that he ever before saw his own father because that father happened to be dressed more sensibly (though less *a la mode*) than himself! But there are some men—and women—who appear to think that the attention of the entire universe is concentrated exclusively upon them, whenever they show themselves upon the sidewalk. As a matter of course, a proper respect on their part for the said universe, and for themselves, requires that they exercise the utmost care as to costume, conduct, and companionship, that no suspicion of commonness of any sort may attach to them. Three hundred and sixty-five pairs of gloves per annum, are essential to their peace of mind. Their accumulation of pantaloons is prodigious.—Their superfine hats are renewed or ironed with a frequency very gratifying to the hatters, and extremely encouraging to that branch of domestic industry. To see one of them, when he has been fully prepared, and indulges the town with his society for a promenade, you would suppose that one of those dummies—wooden within, and waxen without—which Parisian *artistes* use for the display of their handiwork had been animated and endowed with locomotion, or that Oak Hall had sent forth a promenading advertisement; and you feel a well-nigh irresistible inclination to pin a label, calling attention to 34 North Street, to his coat tail.

Non omnia possumus omnes, says Virgil. We cannot all do everything. It is a great truth. Peacocks have more tail than brains. And if we have read natural history aright, those four-footed beasts, and fowls, and creeping things, which have the most astonishing outsides, compensate therefor by internal leanness, insipidity, and uselessness. The same great law prevails in regard to humanity. We have seen old books wherein, by the similarity in the shape of the sixth and nineteenth letters of the alphabet, the words *foppy* and *sappy* could with difficulty be distinguished. It struck us as an instructive fact. A fop-head and a "sap-head" are much alike in several other things beside their orthography. And that a man who prides himself mainly upon "a good port and bearing in society" should ignore his own father, if he happen to be unfashionably dressed, is a thing to be naturally expected, because love to parents is an affair of the heart; and a dandy has no more heart than a dummy aforesaid, which the carpenter knocks up out of common stuff, without much regard to the interior, but merely to furnish a scaffolding to support the goodly and simpering outside, upon which the tailor, and the hatter, and the boot-maker can advertise their wares.

But it is a sad thing to see a young man given over to the clothes mania. "Once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb," was a maxim of Dr. Johnson; and he who begins life by fearing to go into the street in any comely, clean, and common-sense clothes, lest some fool or other should think he is not as well dressed as he ought to be, will be very apt to die, eventually, leaving the largest part of his assets in the shape of tailors' bills, the largest part of his influence among the old clo' men, and the largest part of his memory among the denizens of the street.

The Doctor says he Wont Die.

We heard this on a door step. A blue-eyed child said it—a bright, glad-faced, beautiful child. She smiled as she spoke. Her little hands came together in glad clasp. There was a look of heaven in the sweet expression that told of more than one joyful heart in that house.

"The doctor says he won't die." Was it the babe? the tender lisping babe? If so, we saw a vision of the cradle, and the watcher who had sat wearily beside it all through the long night. But in each cheek there was the crimson touch of hope, and in either dim eye a tear upspringing from the deep fount of joy.—That was the mother. In what other face on earth could blend that mingling of awe—of joy—of tenderness? And the babe—his lips were parted and moist—and the color of the rose bud faintly struggling out of its green sheath had crept over their delicate outlines. The darling hands no longer lay in rigid rest, the glazing of disease had fallen from the blue orbs—and he had smiled his farewell to the angels who had come to carry him to their children's playground, where blossoms never fade—if it had been the Master's will.

"The doctor says he won't die!"

Oh! what a throb in the mother's heart when these words were spoken. She will press him again to her breast—watch him in his fitful sleep—hold his little hands in her bosom—make the white robe—*but not for his coffin!* Did ever footsteps sound so gentle as those of the kind physician as he moves softly from the room? Was ever a mother so blessed before?—Did God ever seem so great—so good?

"The doctor says he won't die!"

It might have been the father—the strong man. He came home feverish—said his head felt strangely: he could eat no supper. He pushed the babe from his knee—he was not wont to do so. The wife looked on wondering—and when she smoothed the pillow on the lounge, felt an unnatural heat. The morning come; he said he must go to work—but his hand trembled—his limbs refused to do their office—the coat was not taken from the wall that day; his cane stood in the corner—a carriage before the gate. Dawn after dawn whitened the heavens and the earth—there was no change. The wife slept not—her love watched and waited, and cried yearningly to God for his life. But there are glad tidings; rejoice even as you trembled, sweet wife:

"The doctor says he won't die!"

Perhaps we did not hear aright. It may be the child exclaimed:

"The doctor says she won't die!"

If it was the mother! She upon whose hands, whose feet, whose heart, whose every faculty a little world depended for its sunshine, almost for its continuance, doubly dear the gentle assurance of the good doctor!

Did you ever feel a silence more oppressive and omenous than reigns in the household when "mother's sick?" The babe mourns at his play—the children look about absently in a hopeless kind of way—the very furniture seems mutely asking where she is whose care it has so long known. Every footstep echoes hollowly, every heart sighs involuntary, and seems asking of itself if it has done that which the sight of a green grave would condemn. There are prayers going up all over the house—the husband comes in hurriedly—asks no questions—answers no queries, but goes stealthily to the darkened chamber, and there, perhaps, when heart and hope almost desert him, he hears the blessed words:

"The doctor says she won't die!"

He looks just as grave when he goes down; he tells the news gravely to the children—but seems brighter as he leaves the house. There is not a man he calls his enemy. He smiles as he enters the store; there is a blessedness within his bosom such as he never felt before, and strangers say as they leave him:

"There is something unusually pleasing about that man."

So there is! They are right there.—That vision of a grave has gone, and flowers are springing up in its stead. He does not shiver as he passes the window where the coffins stand—"The doctor says she won't die!"—and he has faith.

Thus light springs up in darkness—and after the sorrow of night, joy cometh.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

How to Cook a Husband.

A lady reader sends the *Boston Olive Branch* the following valuable recipe:

"The time has arrived in the year, for the preparation of many good things, and I have no doubt but that the following will prove to be one of the most valuable in the catalogue of recipes. To cook a husband, as Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, so as to make a good dish of him, is as follows:

"'Many good husbands are spoiled in the cooking; some women go about it as if their children were bladders and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother them in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows:—Get a large jar, called the jar of faithfulness, (which all good wives keep on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love, let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear, but above all let the heat be constant. Cover him with affection, kindness and subjection, garnished with modest, becoming familiarity, and spiced with pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secresy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize what an admirable dish a husband makes when properly cooked.'"

[We highly approve of the above method—especially the confectionery. It is our opinion, however, that *wives* will be equally delicious, if managed in the same way. We would ike to undertake the management of one—provided the supply of confectionery was proportioned to the cost of managing.—ED. P. JOURNAL.]

THE Pittsburg *Gazette* in a controversy with the *Catholic*, of that city, makes the following pretty allusion to Florence Nightingale:

"The *Catholic* refers to Florence Nightingale, and we are willing to take her as, in this respect, a true type of womanhood. She sheds a genial influence around her wherever she goes; she delights the hearth by which she sits; she enjoys the beautiful and contributes of that enjoyment to others; she wears no repulsive weeds; she lives in society to bless it and to adapt herself to whatever condition of life, so she may make the world better. She does not force her benificence into one channel, but permits it to flow out on all sides, as the mountain that lifts its sun-crowned head to the skies, sends abroad to the extremities of continents its glad tributes to bless and fructify the earth. Her good deeds are not done in accordance with a "creed" or a "ritual!" She needs no "veil," no new name, no imposition of priestly hands, no peculiar garb, no vows said before men, no stone walls behind which to withdraw and beyond which to push the world she was born to live in and to bless! Bell, book or candle, crucifix, beads and genuflexions, stone cells and mourning weeds are not for her, but a glowing heart, a pure mind, a ready hand, a faith in the Great Creator and in his Son our Saviour,—these, which are the gifts of God and which need no confirmation of clergy or church ceremonial to sanctify or to render effective, are hers, and their influence is felt everywhere, inspiring the good to nobler deeds, soothing and cheering the broken hearted, and encouring the weak and fallen. To dim or conceal one ray of this effulgent character would be to deprive this poor world of what it cannot well do without. Put her in a Convent, bind her by a creed and the world loses a great deal of her influence. She becomes a sort of machine, doing good by rule, according to certain regulations and in certain ways marked out by men, whereas she now labors in her Lord's vineyard, doing whatsoever her hands find and as her true heart dictates. No Convent could contain her; for such, the world is the field of labor and the free heart the director."

THE NATIONAL S. S. CONVENTION.—The interest of the Convention continued till the last, if we may judge of the Thursday evening from the report of the morning meeting.

A great many speeches were made, of which the papers give us a close abstract.

The resolutions, which were all adopted, were as follows:

Resolution 1 declares that the Sunday School, in connection with the teachings of home and the pulpit, is able to bring the youth of the country under Bible influences.

2 declares the teacher's love of his work to be indispensable.

3 declares the teacher's preparatory study of the weekly lesson to be essential to success.

4 urges punctuality and regularity both in teachers and pupils.

5 declares that order must be kept in the schools.

6 declares that every moment of school hours should be appropriately occupied.

7 urges frequent visits of teachers to scholars at their houses.

8 recognizes the Holy Spirit in the schools.

9 states that the teachers should set a good example.

10 urges that the early conversion of children should come nearer the Bible standard. This resolution was widely discussed by Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, of Philadelphia, Mr. Taylor, of Portland, and Mr. Thompson, of New Jersey.

11 recommends weekly prayer meetings.

12 recommends weekly lesson reviews.

13 recommends frequent Teachers' Meetings, Conventions and Associations, and local book depositories.

14 recommends the preparation of lessons before scholars come to school.

15 recommends the committal to memory of the Scripture lessons.

WHAT HAS RUINED THE KING OF PRUSSIA?—Champagne has been the ruin of the King of Prussia. When he first ascended the throne he was an elegant, accomplished gentleman. His amiability, his high moral character and his acquirements were known throughout Europe, and in Prussia he was as popular as a monarch could be. In 1848, he commenced drinking champagne, and is now an idiot.—*Ex.*

The King of Prussia is not the only man whom wine has hurled into idiocity. The world is full of such folly, and will be so long as money and interest suborn reason in lawmaking and in legal and social practices.