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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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 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

C. L. HOYT,

CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,

SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

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. N. 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,

J. 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

Poet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal.

EVENING THANKS.

Thanks, for the sunset's golden hues,
That tint sweet Nature's face;
Thanks for the evening's gentle dews,
Distilled by heavenly grace.
The golden gleams, so fair and bright,
Will smiling Joy impart;
And twilight dews, those showers of night,
Refresh the drooping heart.

Thanks for pale Luna's light we owe
Our Heavenly Father, dear;
For myriad stars, that nightly glow
In beauty round our sphere.
Thanks for repose, which soon I'll seek,
To renovate this frame--
The evening zephyrs fan my cheek—
For these I thank His name.

Thanks for this quiet, woodland home—
Its birds, its streams, its flowers,—
Say, heart of mine, would'st ever roam?
Or dream of childhood hours?
No! banish past scenes from thy sight,
The present hour to love,
And kindly bid the world "good night,"
With thanks to God above.

OSWAYO, April 1859. S. M. L. W.

ECHO'S ADVICE.

[The following is a song of Addison's, found amongst some old music:]

"Echo tell me, while I wander
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
If my shepherd still grows fonder,
Ought I in return to love him?
Echo. Love him, love him.

"If he loves, as is the fashion,
Should I churlishly forsake him?
Or, in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?
Echo. Take him, take him.

"Thy advice, then I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him;
And with Henry shall not fear to
Marry, if you answer, 'wed him.'
Echo. Wed him, wed him."

Choice Reading.

Bub's New Pants.

"Oh, it snows, it snows—how glad I am?" shouted little Harry Lee, in a gleesome tone, as emerging from the warm blankets, beneath which, for twelve hours, he had been enjoying that calm, sweet sleep, which the frame kneweth only in its spring-time; he beheld the pure, white snow lodged on the window sill. Very fleetly did his little bare feet carry him across the room and mount him into a chair, and sweeter grew the smile that dimpled his cherry lips, and brighter the light that beamed from his clear blue eye, as he marked the snow-flakes falling thick and fast, and saw how they lay piled against the fences, and how lovingly they had encircled each twig and bough with a wreath of beauty.

"Get up quick, Nelly and Sallie, quick, quick! Winter's come back! Oh, I am glad, I am glad," and hurriedly dressing himself, he ran down stairs, and bounded into the kitchen with the same gleesome shout with which he had first greeted the storm—"It snows, it snows!"

"Ain't you glad, mother?" asked he seizing her dress as she was about entering the buttery," "ain't you glad; father will take his dinner, and then you know—but here his little throat was so full of fun and joy that there was not a bit of room for another word to pass; and laughing all over his face, and away down to the ends of his toes, he ran out to measure the drifts, and lay out a railroad with the points of his little boots.

When breakfast was over, and the father had taken his dinner—as he always did when the day was stormy—nicely packed up in a little basket, and covered by one of the whitest napkins, and gone to his day's work, and the mother had washed the dishes and swept, and made the beds, and done the hundred and one little things that crowd into a house-keeper's morning duties, and finally sat down on her low rocker to rest a few minutes, little Harry stole softly to her side, and pressing a very sweet kiss upon her neck, whispered:—"I am so glad it snows, 'cos you know, mother, what you promised, don't you?" and he bent his eyes eagerly upon her.

"I don't remember, Harry; what did I promise?"

The exultant smile half faded away from the beautiful face, but then beamed again, he said earnestly:—"Why, don't you remember mother, you said the very next time it snowed, you would make them new pair of pants Uncle Charley gave me. You know you said so once before; and then you didn't, 'cos you wanted a new cap, and took that day to make it; but you said then, that the very next time it snowed you would make my pants; and I do want them so bad, mother, 'cos, you see, these are all so patched up, you can't hardly tell what they ever was made of; and to-morrow, when all the boys are coasting, I want to go too, with my new sled; and I don't want to, either, with my old pants; 'cos, you see, they will call me 'Patch upon-patch-patch-patch,'! and that always makes me feel like doubling fists; and when I feel so, I don't feel a bit good. You will make them to-day; say yes. That's a good mother, won't you?"

"If I promised you, Harry, 'certain sure,' as you say, why I'll do them, tho' I was going to do something else to-day. I need a new dress, about as badly as you need new pants, and I was glad when I saw the snow, because I thought I should have a good time to finish that one Aunt Lizzie sent me, and which has lain now, cut and basted, these three weeks."

The little son did not answer right off, and the mother felt a gush of great warm tears drop on her face; she was about to speak, and say if he felt so very bad, she would yield her case to him—for nothing would touch a true-hearted mother quicker than the wet eyes and suppressed sobs of her children—when mustering his emotion, which was to him a mighty effort, Harry said, half sadly, half cheerily:—"Well, mother, I won't be stingy; I'll give up again; but you did promise;" and he walked off quickly, lest she should see the great hood of tears that rolled down his cheeks.

Left alone, the mother sat for some time irresolute. The case stood thus:—She was the wife of a worthy man, but of one whose pecuniary means did not allow her to employ much help, and having four children, all too young to be of much assistance, she found it pretty difficult to perform all her duties as a housekeeper and seamstress to a family of six. Stormy days were a blessing to her, because then her husband, being of rather a delicate constitution, always carried his dinner, and a cold lunch sufficing for herself and children, she had double the usual time to devote to sewing. She remembered now perfectly well that she had promised Harry she would make his pants the next stormy day, and she certainly meant, at the time, to fulfill her promise, both because of the joy it would give her boy, and because he greatly stood in need of them. But last evening, Squire Mason's wife had called and invited her to a party, which was to come off the following Tuesday, and the very little pride she had left, made her desire to appear at that time in her new dress. It was not all pride, either, she argued to herself, as she sat there alone in the kitchen, her cheeks yet damp with the tears of her disappointed boy, for it was almost Spring, and her merino, after two winter's wear, did look rather bad; in fact, the velvet trimming was quite threadbare in several places; it was not fit to wear to Mrs. Mason's. No indeed; and then her new delaine, sent from Boston, was "such a love of a pattern," and of such a becoming color, that she must make it up, and wear it then! Hadn't she sat up till midnight, the evening before, after Mrs. Mason left the invitation, to make the skirt? And wouldn't it be silly now, just because she had promised Harry his pants, to stop and make them, and go to the party in her old Merino, all the rest of the guest would be clad most likely in silks? Yes, it would do so, and she resolved to make the dress that day, and on Wednesday, after the party was over, to make Harry's pants, storm or no storm.

Forthwith, the sewing basket came into requisition, and the bundle with the waists and sleeves was unroiled, and presently her fingers were dilligently plying her needle and thread. But somehow she did not feel as happy as she expected. Do what she could to fix her thoughts on the party, they would not stay there, but wander off after the little sorrowful face that had looked into hers and said, "I won't be stingy." And musing on that little face, somehow—she could not have told how if she had tried—but somehow, an old long slumbering memory was awakened, and she saw a little girl mat her long curls over her wet eyes, and steal off with smothered sobs to a dark room, and hide herself in its shadows, and there weep silently, and yet as though her very heart would break. And why? O, her mother had promised her that Saturday evening, when she went out to do errands, that she would buy her a pair of bright red shoes, and she should wear them to church next day, but had come home without them, not because her purse had failed, but because she had forgotten them. And she remembered, that the little girl had said, the next Monday morning, when the shoes were tossed into her lap: "I'm glad to get them now, but I ain't half so glad as I should have been, if I had got them when you promised them. If ever I get to be a woman, and have a little boy or girl, and make them a promise, I'll keep it just when I said I would, because there is no use in promising if you don't."

Memory is a beautiful monitor sometimes. It was now. The echoes of her own sobs, of her own voice, came pealing back to Mrs. Lee, through the long dim aisles of the past; and as they swept the chords of the heart, they woke such low sweet music tones, that the good angel who lay there half sleeping, half waking, bestirred itself right cheerily, and with its sunny wings troubled the deep fountain till the healing wave rose with a pure white crest.

Awhile sat Mrs. Lee, with her pretty dress upon her lap, and her needle in her hand; but it was only a little while. With a sweeter look upon her face than it had worn for many a day, she rolled up the bundle, and laying it carefully away, unfolded another, and the one, too, that contained her boy's longed-for pants, and was soon stitching away at them, as though she was working for wages.

About two hours after, little Harry came back, his feet and hands stiff with the cold play he had been engaged in, but his cheeks rosy with leaping blushes. What a bright flash quivered in his eyes as they fell upon his mother's work? He forgot that he was tired and almost frozen, but with one bound, sprang to her side, and clasping her waist, neck, arms, and showering her face with kisses, cried out joyfully:—"I knew you would; I knew you would—such a good mother as you would never say a thing and not do it. O, I am so glad—I shant be a "pitch-patch" no longer. O good, good, I'm going to have new pants."

Didn't the mother's fingers fly merrily after that? I guess if you had seen them you would have thought so. And I guess when, in the latter part of the afternoon, Harry stepped proudly out in his new pants, it would have been pretty hard to say which was the happiest, son or mother, albeit, the shabby merino dress was all the one she had to wear the next day at Mrs. Mason's party.

"Oh dear, I've got the best mother in the whole world," shouted he to his father when he came home to tea; "the very best, no mistake either. Don't you think she wanted ever so much to sew her own dress to wear to the party, and didn't though, 'cos you see she'd promised to make my new pants the next time it snowed. I'll pay her though when I get to be a man; I'll do something for her that will make her glad, see if I don't.

"I wouldn't be so proud of my pants if they were new," said Sallie, as, after the table was cleared, little Harry marched up and down the room, trying to keep time to the tune his father was whistling.

"I guess you would, then, Miss Sir, if you was me, and had wanted a pair as long as I have. I have got a right to be proud of them;" and thrusting a hand into each pocket, he drew up his little form to its utmost height, and resumed his march.

"Well, but my Sunday School teacher told us we must never be proud of our clothes," said Nell.

"Well, I guess if she'd worn patched trousers as long as I have, she would be proud when she first got on a new pair, 'cos she couldn't help it. I ain't proud, neither," said the little fellow, after a moment's thoughtfulness, but I'm dreadful glad that I've got them. And I'll just tell you Miss Nell, I'm very proud of the mother that made them, 'cos she didn't want to do them a bit; but she did do them, 'cos she'd promised, and she was so good she wouldn't tell a story."

"Bub's new pants seem to have made him perfectly happy," said the husband to the wife, when little Harry had again crept under his sheltering blankets; "it is strange what a trifle will satisfy the heart of a child."

"A trifle will satisfy, and a trifle will almost break it," responded the wife solemnly. "If we parents would only remember oftener than we do, the joys and sorrows of our childhood, our children would, oftener than they do, rise up and call us blessed."

Political.

Mr. Graham's Speech.

The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Post* says that Graham's speech is regarded there as "an eloquent and powerful production"; but in Boston (where they are better judges, perhaps) they think otherwise, as we infer from the following editorial critique of the Boston *Courier*:

"The world has had Mr. John Graham by telepraph for the last twenty-four hours. We shall not consider ourselves rash, if we venture to say that a stranger opening argument has never been made, even by a New York criminal lawyer, than that of Mr. John Graham in the Sickles trial, which at present fills the newspapers of the country with its verbose and farcical solemnity. Mr. Graham seems to be one of those fluent speakers of whom Campbell remarks, that they have not so much command of language as their language has command of them. No matter how simple or axiomatic a statement is to be made, he wreathes around it so many artificial flowers of rhetoric; he overlays it with so much tawdry ornamentation, that the wearied mind refuses to search for the hidden point. His argument seems only adapted to a justice's court of the time of Methusaleh, when the life of man was nine hundred years, for it is quite out of proportion to the present allotted age of three score and ten. Passing, without comment, over the absurd and impious argument drawn from the Bible—passing over his statement to the jury, that they were 'to pronounce the estimate of an American jury on the value of the marriage bed'—passing over his comparison of the killing of Key to the execution of the condemned Baltimore murderers—passing over his unchristian remark, that to an injured husband there remains only suicide or murder—we must protest in the name of the women of America against the insulting estimate put upon female chastity and strength of virtue by the argument of Mr. Graham. He commenced by telling the jury that, had Key not been slain, their own wives and daughters would not have been safe; that they might have been marked for seduction, and that they would have been called upon to 'satisfy the insatiate appetite of the deceased.' He then told the twelve intelligent men before him that if an action for damages was to be the only redress against the adulterer, their wives lived in a very perilous atmosphere, and they might as well let the infamy come at once; he next stated that woman was the weaker vessel, that her name was frailty, and that the strong arm of her husband was needed to restrain her within the paths of rectitude; and so on, through his entire address, he was constantly implying that the general character of women was such that a libertine had only to beckon to her and she would follow him with eager wantonness to her own destruction. It is impossible for us to know from whom Mr. Graham has gained his ideas of female virtue; but either his associates have been most unfortunate, or else his own nature is deplorably incapable of appreciating the character of woman. There is no fortress so impregnable as the citadel of a virtuous woman's heart; there is a power in the silent influence of female chastity to make a strong man quail and become as an infant. Are we to be told that the only protection we have against the adulterer in heart is the fear he has of the husband's avenging arm! That our wives and sisters have no safeguard in the purity of their own souls, but that if our physical protection is removed they will fall at once into the palpable snare! The remarks of the counsel referred to are insulting to the dignity of every virtuous woman in the land. Shame on that man who dares to judge of female honor by the conduct of that wife and mother who would go from her husband's house at the wave of a handkerchief to a place of deliberate assignation, and there give herself to the embraces of a paramour! As a compensation for weakness of body there is given to women a strength of soul more mighty than the strength of armies, and in the defence of her purity she will awe by her moral power the boldest libertine that ever defied the laws of God or man. Yet Mr. Graham seems to think that bolts and bars alone can keep her from the degradation of lust. We pity him upon whom no better appreciation of the nobility of woman has ever dawned."

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

How they Manage in France.

When a shopkeeper, a milkman or any dealer in provisions is detected in France in selling adulterated articles, he receives a most exemplary punishment. In some instances noted down before us, we find sentences recorded which seem to show a clear and wise appreciation of the iniquity of selling adulterated food, and of the real value of public health. Thus in one instance, a milkman who had been convicted for the fourth time on a charge of "falsifying alimentary substances," was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. The same relative judgment was awarded to others, each villain being also doomed to have six placards posted up in different places, so that the public might thoroughly know what sort of food might be expected from them. This was, in fact, just enough. People who have once resorted to mean and ingenious deceit, are not to be trusted. It is better that they should be placed in some occupation where opportunity to cheat is less frequent. The following cases, extracted from a great number, show the tariff of punishment adopted:

"The widow Bainaldy, milkwoman, for the falsification of milk by adding 30 per cent, of water, was sentenced to three months imprisonment and 80 francs fine. Mr. Pharisen, milkman, 22 street St. Benoit, milk falsified by the subtraction of cream, six days imprisonment and fifty francs fine. M. Cordier, wine merchant, 14 Rue Bouteurie, wine falsified by the addition of water, six days imprisonment and 50 francs fine. M. Villin, grocer, 36 Rue Papincourt, coffee falsified with chicry, six days imprisonment and 50 francs fine."

If such punishments be awarded by a government which is not certainly cruel in its criminal code, what measures of correction should we here in America mete out to those who deliberately manufacure and sell poisoned intoxicating drinks? Within a week three new apparently well-authenticated cases have been recorded in the papers of people who died, after a brief struggle, in consequence of drinking strychnine whiskey. If druggists and chemists, in the scientifically delicate operations of the laboratory, can make, in spite of every caution, deadly mistakes, what are we to expect from the gross intoxicating atmosphere of those infernal dens where poisons of the most deadly kind lie around in abundance, and where ignorant quacks, the refuse of the chemical profession, work, half intoxicated, at their dirty business? We say the refuse; for what decent chemist, the member of a learned profession, would work at counterfeiting—at a business morally wickeder and viler than forging money or bank-notes?

If in France, mixing water with milk receives eight months imprisonment, three thousand francs fine and posting, what does a man deserve for putting strychnine in whiskey? Put it in a mathematical formula and cipher it out! As milk and water is to the most deadly poison, so is the punishment recorded to that which ought to be awarded to giving the latter.

We commend attention to this subject to a discerning public, and with it a candid comparison of the French principle of punishing and the American of tolerating or virtually rewarding adulteration. We would beg leave to call attention to the fact that the poison dealers advertise openly in newspapers their preparations and essences; that they have published several books of recipes which are to be had by any one who wants them; and finally that deaths from "trifling mistakes" are making up their recipes are rapidly increasing. Certainly our criminal code is not as yet "improved about enough!"—*Phil. Bul.*

Young Men, Take Warning!

A writer in one of our New York exchanges states that in the winter of 1854-5 four young bank clerks used to meet for euchre playing alternately at their residences in Brooklyn. These meetings continued pleasantly for a while, the party keeping early hours, and no gambling being allowed. A year later the party was not re-organized, but met accidentally on Christmas eve, at a raffle in Brooklyn. The downward path was already entered upon. The results sum up as follows: One of the young men is travelling in Europe, his bondsmen having paid $3,000 for him, in which sum he was in default at the bank where he was employed. Another is in Sing-Sing prison for forgery. The third is Oscar S. Field, the recent defaulter in Brooklyn, and now wandering with the mark of Cain upon his brow—the murderer of his own peace and of the happiness of his family. The fourth communicates these facts and concludes his story thus:—

"And as the latter casts a glance over the past, a shudder creeps through his frame as he thinks over the fate of his companions, and thanks a merciful God that saved him from the abyss into which he had almost plunged himself. There were other bank clerks among the party, and ere long their defalcations must come to light, for they have been possessed of money which they could not have come by honestly."

PICTURES.—A room with sundry pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls with nothing on them; for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading in to other scenes and other spheres. It is such expressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

FUNNY.—A right funny story is told as happening down in the rural vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Virginia, not long since. Not far from Mount Pleasant, back in the country like, there is a tavern called the Franklin House. Mr. Franklin, the proprietor has two deaf and dumb daughters, sprightly, intelligent and interesting. By signs they often carry on animated conversations, especially with each other and members of the family. Last week, two foot travelers stopped for the night, at this house, and after supper with the family, were shown to a room in which was a good fire and a bed for their accommodation. The kind host on entering the room in the morning found that the bed had not been occupied and that his guests had flown. He, however found on the table money for their supper, and a note, stating that in consequence of signs made at the supper table by the young ladies, they did not think it safe to go to bed, and therefore paid the bill and took their departure.