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 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. 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

Poet's Corner.

From the New York Independent.

ONLY A PICTURE.

Only a picture—and is that all!
Only a picture upon the wall:
The smile so becoming, the cheek so bright,
The eye so dancing with sunny light,
I almost fancy my baby boy
Is springing to me in his pride and joy—
But 'tis only a picture upon the wall,
A silent picture—and that is all!

Only a lock of silken hair
Lying alone in its casket there!
Where is the head that in sportive glee,
Was wont to toss it so careless and free?
The baby head that upon my breast
So lovingly nestled each night to rest!
Only a locket of silken hair
Is lying alone in its casket there!

Only a shoe that is soiled and torn!
But where is the foot that that shoe has worn?
The darling foot, so dimpled and small,
That made music so merry in chamber and hall?
Oh, to catch of that little step one sound,
How wildly now would my pulses bound!
But there is only a shoe that is soiled and torn—
The foot comes no more that that shoe has worn.

Only these relics—and nothing more!
Can nought to our arms that lost restore?
Must we hopeless yearn, as the years go by,
For the bounding step and the beaming eye
And all that beauty and life and grace,
So fondly cherished, retain no trace
Save these relics? Oh, nevermore
Will the grave to our arms the lost restore?

Oh, woe for love, when from all its store
It points to these tokens, and nothing more
When the vacant hall and the silent chair
But echo the groans of its wild despair,
And from all the voices in earth and sky,
Comes back no words to its living cry,
Save the mournful echo—"Oh, nevermore
Will the grave to thy arms the lost restore!"

Oh, joy for love, when it yearns no more
For that which the grave cannot restore!
When it upward stretches its drooping wings,
And in darkness and sorrow still sweetly sings
Of the brightness and bliss of the better home,
Where the lost are found, and no parting comes:
Oh, joy for love, when its priceless store
There safe is garnered ever more.

Miscellany.

How to be Miserable.

"How to be happy," is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young. I have seen it in the paper so often that I should not think of writing upon it. But I believe I have never seen anything in print to tell young folks how to be miserable.

"How to be miserable! Well, I guess we don't want to be miserable."

Don't want to be miserable? How so? Then why do you take such pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth, who is free from care and trouble and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable without trying very hard to be so. But as I have seen a great many young persons who not only seemed determined to make themselves miserable but everybody around them also, I thought, perhaps, they would thank me for telling them how they may do it easier.

In the first place, if you wish to be miserable be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one that is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak slightingly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be very watchful against it; and if any comes near your things snap at them like a mad dog.—Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold.—Never yield a point.

Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of all your friends lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they seem to neglect you, put the worst construction on it you can, and conclude that they wish to "cut," your acquaintance; and so, the next time you meet them, put on a sour look, and show proper resentment. You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with friends.—You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself.

Be very touchy and irritable. Cultivate a sour, cross, snappish disposition. Never speak in good nature if you can help it. Never be satisfied with anything, but always be fretting. Pout at your father and mother; get angry with your brothers and sisters; or if you are alone, fret at your books or your work or your play. Never look at or admire anything that is beautiful and good: but fix your eye on the dark side of everything; complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the lookout for whatever is deformed or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half these things you will be miserable enough.

Ye Editor Man.

The papers are attributing to the Boston *Transcript* the profound apothegm that "it is easier to get twenty good writers than one good editor." If the Boston *Transcript* said that, then the education of the Boston *Transcript* has been sadly neglected, especially in that chapter of political economy which treats of the relation of values; for every Yankee man, now-a-days, writes Yankee-English, and "eventuates," God forgive him, and the breakers of Priscian's head, (his fellow-sinners,) in a book, a pamphlet, or a lecture. Fossil remains of the English tongue are now and then found in the mud and ooze of this word-deluge, which show strangely enough by contrast. Now and then a Shakesperian vertebra turns up gigantic; or Daniel Defoe's big toe sticks out above the slush, like the foot of a mastadon in a modern museum of promiscuous trash. For the rest, these later voices are a kind of witch dance of longtailed words, and Johnsonian and Websterian abominations. But, *sessa!* let the world slide. If the time be "out of joint," no such "cursed spite" is on us as being "born to set it right."

This, and nothing more, is now for us to do—*videlicet*, to take a shy at the *Transcript's* apothegm. This, and nothing more, is our syllogism. Every Yankee-man writes now-a-days. But to be an editor is to be one man picked out of ten thousand Therefore, it is easier to get nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine writers than one editor. Q. E. D. For what, in good sadness, is it to be an editor? Look not to have us answer with brilliant novelties. What it hath aforetime been said and sung in *la belle* France, and merrie Englande; and eke in witty America, so touchingly that rather our memory than our fancy will labor in the definition. Whoso, therefore, indeth a scrap of his own in our alms basket of words, let him not growl or grow angry; but, with the benevolence of one truly of an affluent wit, pass it cheerily along to a poorer brother.

The editor, then, is the last of the martyrs He is that pitiable creature, the most ill-used man of his day. He inherits a literary estate, mortgaged for twice its value. The laurel wreath of his day dreams turns to a crown of thorns in daily realities. His power is a practical joke; his pride a solitory impersonality, and his pleasures what other men esteem pains. He labors in vain, and spends his strength for naught. The empty echo of every popular fallacy, he affects to govern public opinion. From his labors other men get power and profit; his unsufruct is the risk, the responsibility, and the hourly chance of having the hardness of his head tested by a slung shot, or his thorax perforated by a bullet. Whatever is bad in his paper, no one doubts is his own; whatever good, is credited to "an able contributor." He is popularly supposed to do nothing more than mechanically divide the work of cleverer fellows than himself into paragraphs, and read proof for erratic genius.

An editor puffs the empty bladder of political, artistic, financial, literary, social, and ecclesiastical reputations, till they are full and rise above the heads of the multitude, "who fall back to gaze on them" with awe and wonder, as they shoot skyward; but he never gets a lift in any of the gay balloons his plenteous gas inflates. He spends his life in making other men great, but never adds an inch to his own public stature. Like Dame Fortune, in old Dekker's play of "Fortunatus," he can cry:

"I paint ten thousand images of loam
In gaudy silken colors: on the backs
Of mules and asses I make asses ride,
Only for sport, to see the apish world
Worship such beasts with sound idolatry!"

His paper is the common vehicle in which ambition rides to fame, whilst he sits on the box at a monthly salary, which is commonly less than a footman's wages, and drives for them those well-broken roadsters, the public. Half the world abuses him for what he puts in his paper, and the other half for what he leaves out of it. A good judgement is popularly supposed to be the first requisite for his trade; but no two men ever agree that any one editor has common sense enough "to go into the house when it rains."—Author, actor, literateur, office-holder, get a jolly good puff. Next day, betimes, they rush down to the office to find out what contributor wrote it. They get their deserts and an honest scoring, and lie awake all night, revolving in their anxious minds whether they shall cowhide the editor or blow his brains out!—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Miraculous Escape--Man Carried 100 feet above the Earth.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* soberly relates the following startling incident. If true, it certainly deserves record as a remarkable accident and escape:

The most frightful, and at the same time the most remarkable accident we have ever seen on record, occurred at the Catholic Church, yesterday morning.—Some twenty persons were engaged in putting up the new bell which arrived from Pittsburg the evening before. There was a windlass erected on the ground, to which was attached a snatch-block and shieve. Immediately above the open space in the cupalo, to which the bell was to be drawn up, there protruded a beam, to which was attached another snatch-block and pully, and the bell was to have been conveyed to the top by the means of strong ropes, working through these shieves by the power of the windlass and cylinder upon the ground. The bell had been raised in this way almost up to the open space in the cupalo, and the men were just ready to pull it in.

A man named Thomas Newton, was below, engaged in guiding the folds of the rope as it wound round the cylinder. To do this, he had a firm grasp upon the rope. When the bell had reached a great height from the ground, one of the cogs in the wheels of the windlass fixture gave way. Another revolution of the wheel ripped off all the cogs; the bell fell to the ground, and Newton, who had hold of the lower end of the rope, was carried up, with frightful velocity, a distance of one hundred feet from the ground, and about four feet above the aparture where the bell was to have been taken in. For the instant, every one was surprised beyond measure, and before those engaged in the work could comprehend what had happened, Newton, with his hands all lacerated and bleeding, worked himself down opposite the aperture, and called for help to those within. Bishop Whelen, who was on the platform in the cupalo, reached out at the risk of his life almost, and seizing Newton by the waist, pulled him from his awful position.

The accident struck everybody with amazement, and all but the eye witnesses were loth to believe in the incredulous feat. The bell weighed three thousand seven hundred pounds, and as it fell without hindrance, some idea may be formed of the rapidity with which Newton ascended. He says he thought of letting go the rope, but before the thought cleary defined, he was at the beam, a hundred feet above. He *had not time* to let go his hold upon the rope. Some cogs and pieces of machinery were hurled a distance of two squares from the church; and a Mr. Smith, who was standing near, received an ugly wound in the face from a flying particle. Mr. Newton was taken t the office of Dr Hupp. where his wounded hands were dressed. The flesh was all torn from the palms of his hands, even to the bone, which is supposed to have been done by the death grasp, and his sliding down the rope during the swift passage into air. Altogether, we suppose there is not a more startling or remarkable accident, or a more miraculous escape on record.

Pleasure at Home.

A child may as easily be led to associate pleasure with home ideas, as to think of it in connection with the home of his playmates. Certainly, if allowed to do so, he can as readily connect happiness with parents, brothers, and sisters, as those of other kin. And the child will do so, unless happiness and pleasure, when he calls for them under the parental roof, respond—"Not at home!" All home pictures should be bright ones. The domestic hearth should be clean and joyous. If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, working-time, play-time, books, games, household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there. Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawings will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in all the business of after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books, to read to them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them; for the impression made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day—like the birds—*at all proper times.* Have them mutually interested in the same things, amusements and occupations; having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles &c.—all their plays, books and work—while the parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and their loud voices blend in loving accord.—*Life Illustrated.*

The Ohio House of Representative has passed a bill to punish seduction under promise of marriage, when the seducer is more than eighteen and the seduced less than eighteen years of age. The penalty is imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Heart of Woman.

There is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the hard and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted and fairy thought, to which the things of this turbid and troubled life have no entrance. What to her are the changes of state, the rivalties and contentions which form the staple of our existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow slowly into truth. Her soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seem in the common day; they are things like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else is still, and busy when earth's laborers are at rest! They are

Such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded by a sleep.

A DESPERATE FIGHT IN A RAILROAD CAR.—We learn from passengers who arrived yesterday morning from the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad that a desperate and bloody rencontre took place on the night train, a short distance above Wellsville, in which one man was shot in the leg and another beaten so badly that he had to be carried out and medical aid called. It seems, from all we can learn that Moore of this city was occupying a seat by himself, when a farmer, living in the vicinity of Sloan's Station, came up and either trod upon or kicked his leg, probably unintentionally. Mr. Moore raised up and made some offensive remark, to which the other replied in the same tone. A cross-firing of words continued until the former, in answer to some epithet, struck Mr. Moore, when the latter drew a pistol and fired twice at his assailant, lodging two balls in his thigh. At this point one or two of the passengers, including the man that was shot, pitched into Moore and beat him most unmercifully, mutilating his face and person without stint. The excitement on the train was the most intense bordering with equally as great success. It was much regretted by the conductor in charge, as well as the officers of the railroad company, who know the affair to have been as rare as it was unavoidable.—*Wheeling (Va.,) Intelligencer, Ap. 13.*

A RAT-SKIN SUIT.—An ingenious individual, of Liskeard, Cornwall, England, has, for some time past, been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself; it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately around the tail of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing about six hundred tails and those none of the shortest.—*Scientific American.*

EGGS-TRAORDINARY FEAT.—Report says, a man named Philetus Stutor, of Andover, went into the store of Mr. Bradley of that place a few days since, and seeing a quantity of eggs on the counter, enquired of him what he would take for as many as he could eat at one time.—Bradley, not suspecting his powers of gormandizing, replied, about fifteen cents. Stutor went at it, and after eating twenty-two boiled, by way of dessert, swallowed fifty raw. If Mr. S. did not feel *eggs-ill*-erated after stowing away seventy-two eggs in his stomach, his digestive powers must be akin to the darkey's in New York, who offered to bet he could eat a whole sheep raw, and six pounds of candles, at a single meal.—*Wellsville Budget.*

STAMPING LETTERS.—A gentleman who took offence at a Postmaster who refused placing stamps on his letters, at a time when his office was crowded with people, addressed a note to the first Assistant Postmaster General, asking whose duty it was to attend to stamping letters and pamphlets. He received this reply:

Post Office Department, April 9, 1859.

Postmasters are not expected to put postage stamps on prepaid letters, when the writers could have done so without inconvenience. Stamps are kept for sale at every Post office and great facility is thus afforded for procuring them. It is presumed that the cases will be rare, in which Postmasters can be rightfully expected to do for letter writers, what (unless under peculiar circumstances) they might so easily have done for themselves.

Yours Respectfully, HORATIO KING.

RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.—Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances. These are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God among the duties and trials of the world: the guiding of our course amid adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life.

HOW TO MAKE A MORTAR IMPERVIOUS TO WET.—Provide a square trough, say 8 feet by 4 feet by 1 foot 4 inches: put a quantity of fresh lump lime in; add water quickly. When the lime is well boiled, having assisted that operation by frequent stirring, add the tar (the heat of the boiling lime melts the tar,) stir it well, taking care that every part of the lime is intimately mixed with the tar: then add sharp sand or crushed clinker, and stir well as before, after which, in about twenty hours, it will be fit for use.—*Scientific American.*

News Items.

HAIR OF CHILDREN.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread but with a piece of ribbon.—*Scientific American.*

☞A novel proceeding, says the Lancaster (Pa.) *Express*—novel at least in this State—took place in the Court of Common Pleas, on Saturday. Catharine Zellers, a German woman made formal application, and was sworn and admitted as a citizen of the United States. Some think she is one of the "strong-minded," and is getting ready to vote in "the good time coming;" but the more probable supposition is that she wants to sell "red-eye," and has taken this preliminary step towards applying for a license.

ECONOMY OF LANGUAGE—The small quantity of language that a man can do business with, is really surprising. A friend of ours at the Isthmus says that for four weeks after he had arrived, he only knew seven words of Spanish; and yet, with even them, he managed in less than a week to quarrel with his washerwoman, stick his landlord, and run away with an heiress! To effect the latter he says it was only necessary to use six, "fall in my arms, my love," and she fell in.

SENTENCED.—In the U. S. District Court, at Philadelphia, on Thursday, Judge Cadwalder sentenced ex Judge Vondersmith, of Lancaster country, to twenty years imprisonment and to pay a fine of $5000. After pronouncing the sentence the Judge said that if the prisoner would pay into the Treasury $30,000, he would sign a memorial asking the President to remit ten years of his imprisonment. The offence for which the extraordinary sentence was given, was the systematic and long continued forgery of land warrants.

Letter from Minnesota.

For the Potter Journal.

BLUE EARTH CITY, MINN., April 24, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: Supposing that your readers, and especially that part of them who desire to emigrate westward, may be interested in an enumeration of the advantages of Minnesota over the other western states, I will endeavor to enlighten them on this subject. I will remark that I have resided in your county and have a clear idea of its peculiarities. I left it in the Autumn of 1856 for this place, and have resided here since. My opinion is that Minnesota is the most attractive to the emigrant, and has the most advantages of all the new States. In the first place we have a more healthy climate than Illinois or Iowa. Fever and Ague (that fearful eye-sore to emigrants) is almost unknown. People will be more likely to die of old age or laziness than anything else.

Secondly, we have remarkably mild winters. The first winter of my residence here 1856-7 was the most severe of the three. The snow was two feet deep, and there was a heavy crust. It come (the snow I mean) on the second of December, and remained till about the first of April. Persons who have lived in this state for years, assure me that that winter was uncommonly severe, and that such was the case, I infer from the further fact that the two succeeding winters have been as genial as could be wished.

Thirdly, we have more timber than Iowa or Illinois, and more and better prairie than Wisconsin. This fact requires no proof with persons who are familiar with the states mentioned.

Fourthly, we have a system of railroads commenced which, when completed, will bring every part of the state within convenient distance of a railroad. These roads must be finished before 1867, or the companies having them in charge will forfeit all title to the immense grant of land now in their possession.

That Minnesota offers great opportunities for the poor class of the eastern states, is attested by the fact that for seven years (from 1850 to 1857 when the last census was taken) the increase in her population has been about 130,000. I have no desire to exagerate things for the truth is hardly received by eastern people. I recommend all who wish to emigrate, to see Minnesota before settling elsewhere, and if they do not feel amply repaid for their trouble, they must be hard to satisfy indeed. Now, if you can consistently publish this letter, you will oblige me by doing so. ARTEMAS L. M. DECKER.