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

F. W. KNOX,
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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.

E. 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.

"LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG."

[A correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* finds the following in a book of old English songs. It was originally printed in 1569-70—nearly 300 years ago.]

Love me little, love me long;
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still, I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold—
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent,
Is enough with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land, or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempest on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee farewell.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Choice Reading.

"The Professor" on Good-Breeding.

[*From the Atlantic Monthly, June.*]

I began,—The whole essence of true gentle-breeding (one does not like to say gentility) lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable. Good-breeding is *surface-Christianity*. Every look, movement, tone, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another is habitually excluded from convers tional intercourse. This is the reason why rich people are apt to be so much more agreeable than others.

* * * * * *

——I had meant to make this note of our conversation a text for a few axioms on the matter of breeding. But it so happened, that, exactly at this point of my record, a very distinguished philosopher, whom several of our boarders and myself go to hear, and whom no doubt many of my readers follow habitually, treated this matter of *manners*. Up to this point, if I have been so fortunate as to coincide with him in opinion, and so unfortunate as to try to express what he has more felicitously said, nobody is to blame; for what has been given thus far was all written before the lecture was delivered. But what shall I do now? He told us it was childish to lay down rules for deportment,—but he could not help laying down a few.

Thus,—*Nothing so vulgar as to be in a hurry*,—True, but hard of application. People with short legs step quickly, because legs are pendulums, and swing more times in a minute the shorter they are. Generally a natural rhythm runs through the whole organization: quick pulse, fast breathing, hasty speech, rapid trains of thought, excitable temper. *Stillness* of person and steadiness of features are signal marks of good-breading. Vulgar persons can't sit still, or, at least, they must work their limbs or features.

Talking of one's own ails and grievances.—Bad enough, but not so bad as insulting the person you talk with by remarking on his ill-looks, or appearing to notice any of his personal peculiarities.

Apologizing.—A very desperate habit,—one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcoming is from his apology. It is mighty presumptuous on your part to suppose your small failures of so much consequence that you must make a talk about them.

Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander,—sl yness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions,—to be *light in hand* in conversation, to have ideas, but to be able to make talk, if necessary, without them,—to belong to the company you are in, and not to yourself,—to have nothing in your dress or furniture so fine that you cannot afford to spoil it and get another like it, yet to preserve the harmonies throughout your person and dwelling: I should say that this was a fair capital of manners to begin with.

Under bad manners, as under graver faults, lies very commonly an overestimate of our special individuality, as distinguished from our generic humanity. It is just here that the very highest society asserts its superior breeding. Among truly elegant people of the highest *ton*, you will find more real equality in social intercourse than in a country village. As nuns drop their birth-names and become Sister Margaret and Sister Mary, so high-bred people drop their personal distinctions and become brothers and sisters of conversational charity. Nor are fashionable people without their heroism. I believe there are men that have shown as much self-devotion in carrying a lone wall-flower down to the supper-table as ever saint or martyr in the act that has canonized his name. There are Florence Nightingales of the ballroom, whom nothing can hold back from their errands of mercy. They find out the red-handed, gloveless undergraduate or bucolic antecedents, as he squirms in his corner, and distil their soft words upon him like dew upon the green herb. They reach even the poor relation, whose dreary apparition saddens the perfumed atmosphere of the sumptuous drawing-room. I have known one of these angels ask, *of her own accord*, that a desolate middle-aged man, whom nobody seemed to know, should be presented to her by the hostess. He wore no shirt-collar,—he had on black gloves,—and was flourishing a red bandanna handkerchief! Match me this, ye proud children of poverty, who boast of your paltry sacrifices for each other! Virtue in humble life! What is that to the glorious self-renunciation of a martyr in pearls and diamonds? As I saw this noble woman bending gracefully before the social mendicant,—the billows of her beauty heaving under the foam of the traitorous laces that half-revealed them,—I should have wept with sympathetic emotion, but that tears, except as a private demonstration, are an ill-disguised expression of self-consciousness and vanity, which is inadmissible in good society.

I have sometimes thought, with a pang, of the position in which political chance or contrivance might hereafter place some one of our fellow-citizens. It has happened hitherto, so far as my limited knowledge goes, that the President of the United States has always been what might be called in general terms a gentleman. But what if at some future time the choice of the people should fall upon one on whom that lofty title could not, by any stretch of charity, be bestowed? This may happen,—how soon the future only knows. Think of this miserable man of coming political possibilities,—an unpresentable boor, sucked into office by one of those eddies in the flow of popular sentiment which carry straws and chips into the public harbor, while the prostrate trunks of the monarchs of the forest hurry down on the senseless stream to the gulf of political oblivion! Think of him, I say, and of the concentrated gaze of good society through its thousand eyes, all confluent, as it were, in one great burning-glass of ice that shrivels its wretched object in fiery torture, itself cold as the glacier of an unusual cavern! No,—there will be angels of good-breeding then as now, to shield the victim of free institutions from himself and from his torturers. I can fancy a lovely woman playfully withdrawing the knife which he would abuse by making it an instrument for the conveyance of food,—or, failing in this kind artifice, sacrificing herself by imitating his use of that implement; how much harder than to plunge it into her bosom, like Lucretia! I can see her studying his provincial dialect until she becomes the Champollion of New England or Western or Southern barbarisms. She has learned that *häow* means *what*; that *thinkin'* is the same thing as *thinking*; or she has found out the meaning of that extraordinary monosyllable, which no single-tongued phonographer can make legible, prevailing on the banks of the Hudson and at its embouchure, and elsewhere,—what they say when they think they say *first*, (*fe-eest*,—*fe* as in the French *le*),—or that *cheer* means *chair*,—or that *urritation* means *irritation*,—and so of other enormities. Nothing surprises her. The highest breeding, you know, comes round to the Indian standard,—to take everything coolly,—*nil admirari*,—if you happen to be learned and like the Roman phrase for the same thing.

If you like the company of people that stare at you from head to foot to see if there is a hole in your coat, or if you have not grown a little older, or if your eyes are not yellow with jaundice, or if your complexion is not a little faded, and so on, and then convey the fact to you, in the style in which the Poor Relation addressed the divinity-student,—go with them as much as you like. I hate the sight of the wretches. Don't for mercy's sake think I hate *them*; the distinction is one my friend or I drew long ago. No matter where you find such people; they are clowns. The rich woman who looks and talks in this way is not half so much a lady as her Irish servant, whose pretty "saving your presence," when she has to say something which offends her natural sense of good manners, has a hint in it of the breeding of courts, and the blood of old Milesian kings, which very lively runs in her veins,—thinned by two hundred years of potato, which, being an underground fruit, tends to drag down the generations that are made of it to the earth from which it came, and, filling their veins with starch, turn them into a kind of human vegetable.

I say, if you like such people, go with them. But I am going to make a practical application of the example at the beginning of this particular record, which some young people who are going to choose professional advisers by-and-by may remember and thank me for. If you are making choice of a physician, be sure you get one, if possible, with a cheerful and serene countenance. A physician is not—at least, ought not to be—an executioner; and a sentence of death on his face is as bad as a warrant for execution signed by the Governor. As a general rule, no man has a right to tell another by word or look that he is going to die. It may be necessary in some extreme cases; but as a rule, it is the last extreme of impertinence which one human being can offer to another. "You have killed me," said a patient once to a physician who had rashly told him he was incurable. He ought to have lived six months, but he was dead in six weeks. If we will only let Nature and the God of Nature alone, persons will commonly learn their condition as early as they ought to know it, and not to be cheated out of their natural birthright of hope of recovery, which is intended to accompany sick people as long as life is comfortable, and is graciously replaced by the hope of heaven, or at least of rest, when life has become a burden which the bearer is ready to let fall.

Underbred people tease their sick and dying friends to death. The chance of a gentleman or lady with a given mortal ailment to live a certain time is as good again as that of the common sort of coarse people. As you go down the social scale, you reach a point at length where the common talk in sick rooms is of churchyards and sepulchres, and a kind of perpetual vivisection is forever carried on, upon the person of the miserable sufferer.

And so, in choosing your clergyman, other things being equal, prefer the one of a wholesome and cheerful habit of mind and body. If you can get along with people who carry a certificate in their faces that their goodness is so great as to make them very miserable, your children cannot. And whatever offends one of these little ones cannot be right in the eyes of Him who loved them so well.

After all, as *you* are a gentleman or a lady, you will probably select gentlemen for your bodily and spiritual advisers, and then all will be right.

This repetition of the above words,—*gentleman and lady*,—which could not be conveniently avoided, reminds me how much use is made of them by those who ought to know what they mean. Thus, at a marriage ceremony, once, of two very excellent persons who had been at service, instead of, Do you take this man, etc.? and, Do you take this woman? how do you think the officiating clergyman put the questions? It was, Do you, MISS So and So, take this GENTLEMAN? and, Do you, MR. This or That, take this LADY?! What would any English duchess, ay, or the Queen of England herself, have thought, if the Archbishop of Canterbury had called her and her bridegroom anything but plain woman and man at such a time?

I don't doubt the Poor Relation thought it was all very fine, if she happened to have been in the church; but if the worthy man who uttered these monstrous words—monstrous in such a connection—had known the ludicrous surprise, the convulsion of inward disgust and contempt, that seized upon many of the persons who were present,—had guessed what a sudden flash of light it threw on the Dutch gilding, the pinchbeck, the shabby, perking pretension belonging to certain social layers,—so inherent in their whole mode of being, that the holiest offices of religion cannot exclude all its impertinences,—the good man would have given his marriage-fee twice over to recall that superb and full-blown vulgarism. Any persons whom it could please have no better notion of what the words referred to signify than of the meaning of *apsides* and *asymptotes*.

MAN! Sir! WOMAN! Sir! Gentility is a fine thing, not to be undervalued, as I have been trying to explain; but humanity comes before that.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

The beauty of that plainness of speech and manners which comes from the finest training is not to be understood by those whose *habitat* is below a certain level. Just as the exquisite sea-anemones and all the graceful ocean-flowers die out at some fathoms below the surface, the elegances and suavities of life die out one by one as we sink through the social scale. Fortunately, the virtues are more tenacious of life, and last pretty well until we get down to the mud of absolute pauperism, where they do not flourish greatly.

For Ladies Only--Is This Becoming?

M. Chevreul, the Callic Owen Jones, has recently published a work entitled "The Laws of Contrast of Color." Among the subjects treated is one of universal interest—female clothing. M. Chevreul discusses this with all the care it demands. And first, he establishes certain distinctions; that of the two types known as brunette and blonde; that of the juxtaposition of the articles of toilet, whether pertaining to the hair or to the complexion; and that of modifications of the complexion, by colored rays emanating from the head-dress, and which, being reflected on the skin, tinge it with their peculiar color. He says:

"The color of light hair being essentially the result of a mixture of red, yellow and brown, we must consider it as a very pale subdued orange brown, the color of the skin, although a lower tone, is analogous to it, except in the red parts. Blue eyes are really the only parts of the fair type which form a contrast with the whole; for the red parts produce, with the rest of the skin, only a harmony of analogy of hue, or at most a contrast of hue, and not of color; and the parts of the skin contiguous to the hair, the eyebrows and eyelashes, give rise only to a harmony of analogy, either of scale or of hue. The harmonies of analogy, then, evidently predominate in the fair type over the harmonies of contrast.

"The type with black hair shows the harmonies of contrast predominating over the harmonies of analogy. The hair, eyebrows, eyelashes and eyes, contrast in tone and color, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the red parts, which in this type are really redder, or less roseate, than in the blond type; and we must not forget that a decided red, associated with black, gives to the latter the character of an excessively deep color, either blue or green."

Of the colors of the hair and head-dress we are told:

"The colors which are usually considered as assorting best with light or black hair are precisely those which produce great contrasts; thus, sky blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the color that approaches nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions. Two colors, long esteemed to accord favorably with black hair—yellow, and red more or less orange—contrast in the same manner with them. Yellow and orange red, contrasting by color and brilliancy with black, and their complementaries, violet and blue-green, in mixing with the tint of the hair, are far from producing a bad result."

The following, on the colors of the complexion and the contiguous drapery, affords several valuable hints:

"The juxtaposition of drapery with the different flesh tints of women offers to portrait painters a host of remarks, which are all the results of the principles already laid down. We shall state the most general thus:

"Rose-red cannot be put in contrast with even the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Rose-red, maroon and light crimson have the serious disadvantage of rendering the complexion more or less green. This is shown in the following experiments: Place two sheets of paper of either of the above colors beside two sheets of flesh-colored paper, when it will be seen how much they are mutually injured, the lighter becoming greenish, and the darker rather of a violet hue. By substituting light green for the red, we shall find them mutually heightened and improved. The height of tone of the green influences the result; a very deep green, acting by contrast of tone, so enfeebles the complexion, that the slight contrasts of its colors will be inappreciable; a deep red, by contrast of analogy, blanches the complexion. It is necessary, then, to separate the rose from the skin, in some manner; and the simplest manner of doing this, is to edge the draperies with a border of tulle, which produces the effect of gray by the mixture of white threads, which reflect light, and the interstices, which absorb it; there is also a mixture of light and shade, which recalls the effect of gray, like the effect of a casement-window viewed at a great distance. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than the latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

"Delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without disadvantage. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy; nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

"Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it rosy by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

"Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus it imparts some greenish-yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green-violet. This, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by contrast of tone.

"Blue imparts orange, which combines favorably with white, and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is thus suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

"Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

"Lustreless white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it.

"Very light white draperies, such as muslin or lace, appear more gray than white. We must thus regard every white drapery which allows the light to pass through its interstices, and which is only apparent to the eyes by the surface opposed to that which receives incident light.

"Black draperies, by lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but vermillion, or rosy parts, are somewhat distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to the same drapery redder than if not contiguous to the black."

Personal Appearance of Literary People.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

Emerson looks like a retired farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers. And thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "female" literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. E. F. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Francis S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean we find Madame de Staël was a fright; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Langdon pretty; Mrs. Hemans wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular, and though she has magnificent eyes, her *face* is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Brönte had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first-class craniums—Shakespeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely. Bulwer nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but covered with jewelry he can but look like a simpleton.

☞ A Mrs. Young, died in England, recently, from excessive joy at the election of her nephew to the House of Commons.