The Potter Journal.

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Thos. S. Chase,
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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 promptness and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second door, 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 of non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:39

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. 8:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 10:2

E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oil, 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. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALERS 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. P. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor. Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
NOBLE H. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

From the Y. N. *Evening Post.*

NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

No longer young! how sad it seems,
To mark our morning's waning beams,
To *feel* our dreams are only dreams.

To hear in mirth of girls and boys
The refrain of our early joys,
To seem to old for simple toys.

To catch a shadow in the glass—
A flitting shadow as we pass—
A face no longer young, alas!

Love's prophecy young years enfold,
Time steals its glow with fingers cold—
There's something sad in growing old.

It never comes again, in sooth,
With manhood's wisdom, age's truth,
The pleasant fever of our youth.

We find, while memory's sea we sound,
'Mid rarest treasure wreaked around,
How much we've missed, how little found.

Once from Life's miser hand we bought
Joy, wilder than our wildest thought,
But ah, she kept the joy we sought.

For no new gift we still may bow;
She binds upon our faded brow,
No opaline crown of promise now.

We bear no more the exultant palm,
Triumphant, toward our zenith's calm,
But groping graveward, sing a psalm.

The self-asserting soul will crave
The song-like joy, it sought to save—
Twill shrink back from the drear, dark grave.

Age hath its pleasure, age its pain,
The ripeness of Time's soberer reign,
The sated eye, the burdened brain;

The palsied pulse, the measured mien,
The yearning for what once hath been,
The waiting for the dread unseen!

How happy if with whitening hair,
And face all limned with lines of care,
The soul looks upward young and fair.

Choice Reading.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Prohibited Book "On Love."

Literary men of poetic tastes and amorous temperaments are apt to experience a strange longing, a peculiar fascination, to write a book dabbling in sensuous fancies, exploring the deepest secrets of woman's nature, analyzing the combinations of morality with earthly instincts, and the beautiful with the bestial. M. J. Michelet, the great scholar, has experienced this good, and the result has been a book on LOVE—a most extraordinary work—one evidently written *con amore*, and as we are told that the author was more than twenty years engaged in compiling materials for it, it will be justly conjectured that it is not only well written, but presents some most curious observations.

This work has been recently very well translated by Dr. J. W. Palmer of New York, author of the Golden Dagon, California and India, and other works. A few extracts, which we give, will induce the philosophical reader to read the whole. It may be observed that the translation is executed with wonderful fidelity, delicacy and strength.

The following extract contains what is fearfully true, not only for Paris, but for our own great cities. When it is remembered that the proportion of old maids in our Atlantic cities is actually greater than in Paris, the reader will acquit us of exaggeration:

"We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times the inclinations have undergone profound changes. The causes of this are numerous. I will state two only, mental and physical at the same time, which, going straight to the brain and deadening it, tend to paralyze all our moral faculties.

"For a century past, the increasing invasion of spirituous liquors and narcotics has been marching irresistibly, with results varying according to the population—here obscuring the mind, hopelessly depraving it—and there, penetrating deeper into the physical economy, reaching even with the race itself—but everywhere isolating man, giving him, even in his home, a deplorable preference for solitary enjoyments.

"No need to him of society, of love, of family; in their stead the dreary pleasures of a polygamic life which, imposing no responsibility upon Man, not even protecting the woman, (as the polygamy of the east does), is therefore more destructive, indefinite, limitless, stimulating and overrating continually.

"Marriages are steadily on the decrease (*vide* the official reports.) And, what is not less serious, the woman is not married until very late. In Paris, where she is precious, and marriageable at at early age, she does not become a wife before her twenty-fifth year. Hence, eight or ten years of waiting, most frequently of misery, sometimes of disease or broken health, in consequence. Marriage is not even binding enough to warrant desertion.

"An inhuman state of things is that where love is but a war upon the woman, profiting by her misery, debasing her; and, when debased, casting her off to starve."

The following extracts setting forth the advantages of marriage, conveys a sound moral:

"Fortunate is he who rescues a woman, who frees her from the physical fatalism in which she is held by nature, from the weakiness imposed upon her by seclusion, from so much misery, so many drawbacks! Happy he who instructs her, elevates her, strengthens her, and makes her his own! For in delivering her, he also delivers himself.

In this mutual deliverance man must, of course, take the initiative. He is stronger, in better health (especially in not having to endure the great malady of maternity.) He has a solid education. He is favored by the laws. He has the best occupation to himself, and earns much more than woman. He is his own master; if not suited in one place, he can go to another. Poor Andromeda, alas! must die on her rock; if she were clever enough to free herself and get away from it, we would say: 'She is an adventurer.'

But once delivered by you, dear Perseus, from what will she not rescue you in return? Let us enumerate:

From the servitued of your base passions: If your home is a happy one, you will not go under the smoky lamps of a ball-garden in quest of love, nor to the street of intoxication.

The servitude of weakness: You will not drag yourself feebly along, like your pitiful comrade—that young old man, so pale, debased and broken down, whom the women ridicule. True love will preserve you from this, and consecrate your strength.

The servitude of melancholy: He who is strong, and does a man's work—he who, in going out to his daily toil, leaves at home a beloved creature who loves and thinks of him alone, is by that very fact inspired with cheerfulness, and he is happy all the day.

The servitude of money: Receive for a truth this exact mathematical maxim—*Two persons spend less than one.*

I see many bachelors who remain such from sheer fright at the expensiveness of matrimony, and yet spend infinitely more than a married man after all. They live very dearly at the cafés and restaurants, and at the theatres. Havana segars, smoked all day, are to their solitude an extravagant necessity.

Why do they smoke? "To forget," they say. Nothing can be more disastrous. We should never forget. Woe to him who forgets evils, for he never seeks their antidotes. The man, the citizen who forgets, ruins not only himself but his country. A blessed thing it is to have by your hearth-stone a reliable and loving woman, to whom you can open your heart, with whom you can suffer. She will prevent you from either dreaming or forgetting. We must all suffer, and love, and think. In that is the true life of man.

Some men call themselves bachelors. But are they really so? I have long sought, but I have not yet found that mythical being. I have discovered that every body is married; some by temporary marriages only, it is true—secret and shameful these, lasting sometimes for months, sometimes for a week, and often only for an hour. These marriages of hourly duration, which are the utter degradation of the woman, are not effected at a less cost to the man. It is easier to feed a whale than a *Dame aux Camélias.*

If the wife has no female friends whose rivalry incites her to extravagance in dress, she spends almost nothing. She reduces all your expenses to such a degree that the formula given above is no longer correct. We must not say "two persons," but "four persons spend less than one." She supports the two children besides.

When the marriage is judicious, entered into with forethought, when the family does not increase too rapidly, the wife, far from being a hindrance to liberty of action, is on the contrary, its natural and essential element. Why is it that the "Englishman emigrates so easily, and to so much advantage for England herself?" Because his wife follows him. Except in sickly climates (like India) the Englishwoman, we may say, has sown the whole earth with solid English colonies. It is the strength of the family which with them has made the power and the grandeur of the nation."

There are some singularly original reflections in the next extracts.

"Captive love, entrenched in walls, caste in spite of itself, is barren. It turns against itself. Its flame but adds to its torture, and never grows. The boasted age of celibacy (the Middle Ages) was *only productive of really great results in* MARRIED MEN. Abelard was married; so was Dante. The Free Masons, who have found and realized their proper art, lived around the churches in families, and continued those great works from century to century by hereditary labor.

"Marriage is the only thing which at once supplies Genius with its two essential powers; harmony by pure happiness, and at times brilliancy by voluntary abstinence, and a free postponement of pleasure."

Michelet's idea of the husband as he should be, is this:

"Nothing has been of more service to me than the friendship of those to whom everything is told—I mean physicians. I have been intimately acquainted with several of the most illustrious of this century. I have been, for ten years, more than the friend, I may say the brother, of an eminent physiologist, who carried with him into the natural sciences an exquisite sense of moral things.

I learned much from him on many subjects, but especially of love.

One thing struck me in this very delicate and gifted man, the systematic perfection of his domestic life. He had a wife, comely but graceful, ignorant but charming, (a native of Savoy.) He had found means to engage her in his ideas, his researches and his discoveries.

He worked with no display of instruments, no laboratory, near her and by his fireside—inventing such a reduced and convenient apparatus as to carry on in a common room experiments, often complicated, which, on a large scale, would have taken him away from home and from his wife, and thus broken up this union and harmony of minds.

A great trial come upon him. His wife, in consequence of a family malady, became insane, and continued so for a year or two. He kept her with him, and continued his labors in the midst of this harrowing distraction.

Her madness was mild enough, but she talked continually. She dreamed wide awake. She was troubled with vain fears. She interlarded all conversation with queer speeches, and hardly permitted you to follow the thread of an idea. Her husband's patience never failed him. One day I expressed my admiration of his conduct. He said to me: "In an asylum, where they would treat her harshly, where they would not put up with her little whims, she would become entirely mad, and would never recover. But well treated, not being startled or frightened, seeing only a friendly face, hearing only connected and sensible words, she will be cured at last without any other remedy." And so, in fact, it did really happen.

I do not believe that a more remarkable example of affection can anywhere be found. Young men, in their first transports for a young and pretty mistress, who has nothing but roses for them, think themselves very far advanced in love. "They would give their life for her." I dare say. Life itself is often easy to give, and to give is but the affair of an instant; but the persevering gentleness of a well-tried patience, which endures for years the pains of continued interruption, the tranquil endurance which ceaselessly rectifies, reassure, strengthens a poor wandering and diseased mind, possessed by evil dreams, is, perhaps, a proof of the greatest, of the highest love.

What surprised me more than all was the obedience that he obtained from her as to matters she could not understand. A result of the complete harmony and perfect moral development in which she had lived. With a body very much impaired, a mind utterly bewildered, something still remained in her, surviving all the rest—companionship and the necessity of pleasing; in a word, Love.

I felt assured by this fact, and by others analogous to it, that between the prescribed world of physiologists, and the world, more or less free, wherein moralists abide, is a mixed sphere, which I may call that of voluntary fatality—that is to say, of habits indulged, and free at first, which through love, become at last a happy necessity and a second nature.

It is the great work of love to create this.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

The Scandal Monger.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.

Aunt Lizzie was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every *gurl* in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had *hard luck*, made every child in the house set *cross-legged* until the luck changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with "the way of transgressors is hard;" "poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was,) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some such very *soothing* reflection. Aunt Lizzie was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds," &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbors and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, or thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon as Squire P. was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzie was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the Squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by "what's your hurry, aunt Lizzie? walk in." The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following conversation soon commenced.

"Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversations, as the good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzie, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—"When ye fast, be not as the *hypocrites* of a sad countenance, but anoint thy head and *wash thy face* (aunt Lizzie began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear not unto *men* to fast."

"Now, there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the *scripter* at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, Aunt Lizzie, I don't see that your "*professors*" as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in *private.* I respect a *sincere* profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that *she is no better than she should be!*"

At these innuendoes, Aunt Lizzie's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know who you mean—the trollop—I didn't like so many curls about her head when she told her experience."

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth both of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression "in *private*"—this was a *dear* word with Aunt Lizzie.

"Now, Aunt Lizzie, will you take a Bible oath, that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most inviolable secret?"

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magister in the whole country."

"Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Susey B. and Dolly T., and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzie; there was a whole lot of passengers—But, but"—

"None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trollop"—

"But, Aunt Lizzie, I'm afraid you'll bring me into a scrape—"

"I've told you over and over again, that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I ain't leaky—"

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I was going to say for the world—why, Aunt Lizzie, if she should know it—"

"Well, don't be afear'd Squire, once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shan't never as long as I live, know a lisp on't."

"Well, then—if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!!!"

Aunt Lizzie drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susey B.—likeliest!—this comes of being flustered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—'the way of the transgressor is hard;' but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, Squire, for sartain as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzie took her departure, the Squire gave another caution and a sly wink, as she said "good-bye—let me alone for a secret."

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G., requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzie called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s, requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Susey B.—Mrs. P. stared and Susey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Susey B., which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness—after painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzie in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make ackdowledgment for violating a Bible oath? Aunt Lizzie's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Too haker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzie, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would hear or retail slander. All eyes were now alternately on Susey B. and Squire P.'s wife—Aunt Lizzie enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, to whom he alluded, *was his own lawful wife!*

Aunt Lizzie drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susey B. and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and Parson G. afterward acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village which all his preaching could not have done.

A Thousand Miles a Minute.

"A thousand miles a minute!" said my little son as he raised his eyes from conning his geography lesson; "a good deal faster than we traveled on the cars when we went to Ohio; we were only traveling at the rate of twenty-five an hour, I heard some person say."

"Yes, my son, the earth in its revolution round the glorious luminary of day travels infinitely faster than any car, and yet you never heard of the earth running off the track, or a collision between it and other planets, or an explosion and thousands of people being killed. The planetary systems are God's machinery. He originated the design, and was the grand architect. He commanded, and it stood fast. These immense trains have been whizzing onward for six thousand years, and God's omniscience has been most completely demonstrated in their harmony and perpetuity. The works of man are lauded in the most glowing colors, and yet how they sink into insignificance when compared with the grand designs of the Almighty! Neither need we in our imaginations, my son, soar away to the planetary systems for evidence of his wisdom and skill. The little violet, as it is just now lifting its head from the bosom of the cold earth to the genial sunshine; the fruit trees which you may behold from the window before which you are sitting, every bough laden with the thousand buds just ready to burst into full bloom; all, all testify in mute eloquence to the wisdom and goodness of God. Your eyes also, with which you have just surveyed the fruit trees—your hand with which your grasp your book, evince their wonderful adaptation to the purpose for which they were designed: the eye combining the wonderful properties of a microscope; the hand subject to our volition, and yielding implicit obedience to our slightest wish. Thus, my son, when we look abroad upon the works of God we are impressed with the fact that it is an act of condescension in the Almighty Potentate of the universe to lend an ear to our feeble ascriptions of praise."

A man's wife lately died in New York, and upon exhumation of the body, not a trace of poison was found in it. This is regarded as a remarkable proof of the advancement of virtue and domestic happiness in that exemplary city.