The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XI.--NUMBER 46. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1859. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.
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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes 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 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. M. 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.
B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

H. J. OLMSTED. H. 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.

For the Potter Journal.

MORN.

O, lonely hills! O, valleys dim,
Sprinkled with blossoms shining white,
Thank God for Morning's golden sun,
That floods your shadowed bowers with light!

Sweet odors from the violets rise
And float with the cool breezes by;
Strange bird-songs gush from mead and wood;
Soft clouds drift through the sea-like sky.

I lie upon dear Nature's breast,—
Whose heart beats pulse to pulse with mine,—
And feel, through all my thrilling veins,
The impulse of her life divine.

No longer poor, no more alone,
Since Love the cross of Life hath borne,—
To me, as to the waiting Earth,
Breaks, full and clear, the glorious Morn.

June 16, 1859. EVI.

From the Tioga Agitator.

A SULTRY SUMMER EVE.

BY DR. JOHN M'INTOSH.

Stretched, listless, in the evening sun,
The cat purs half asleep,
While o'er her glossy silken coat,
The shadows slowly creep.

The vines hang drowsy on the heights;
The grain nods on the lea;
And, roving upon lazy wing,
Skims by, the droning bee.

O'er-hanging me, a rosebush swings,
A rosebush rich in bloom;
The lounging zephyrs loiter round,
Amid the rich perfume.

Behind the trellis, gentle JEN,
My wife, her needle plies,
A-watching as she does, the while,
Our baby's slumbering eyes;

Who, rosy, fat, luxurious rogue,
In milky dreams lies blest;
Just mark his pouting restless lips,
A rosebud in unrest.

JEN never looked so sweet before:
God bless thee, gentle JEN;
I sit here by my cottage door,
The happiest of men.

TOWANDA, PA., June 1859.

Choice Reading.

Farmer Heath's "Extra."

The old farm house wore a quiet, pleasant look, as the setting sun gilded its small windows, over which the luxuriant grape-vines were carefully trained. In the open door sat the former, with a little morocco covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the last hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account books, which he always kept with scrupulous care, he always set down in his little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses, (no very complicated amount by the way,) and all he had received during the year, in the metal as he said, not by the way of trade.

The last account he had just reckoned up, and the result was highly satisfactory, if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face as he turned to his wife and addressed her by her pretty, old fashioned name.

"Millicent," said he, "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought when we moved to this place, twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred dollars a year out of the rocky, barren farm."

"It does pay for a good deal of hard work," she said, "to see how different things look now from what they did then."

"Now, I am going to figure up how much we have spent," said Mr. Heath; "don't make a noise with your knitting needles, 'cause it puts me out."

The wife laid by her knitting in perfect good humor, and gazed over the broad rich fields of waving grain which grew so tall around the laden apple trees, that they looked like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her own name kindly spoken led her own thoughts far back, to the past; for after the lapse of twenty-five years the simple sound of the name she bore in her youth means more, to a wife, than all the pleasing epithets of dearest and darling, so lavishly offered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was the retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had on it some rough places, and some hard trials, but no domestic strife or discontent marred its sunny aspect. There were faces on it—happy children's faces, without which no life is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded gladness, and wavy hair floated carelessly over unwritten foreheads. She forgot for a moment, how they were changed, almost fancied herself again the young mother, and tiny hands stole lovingly over her bosom, and young heads nestled there as of old.

The illusion vanished quickly, and she sighed; she thought of her youngest born, the reckless boy who had left her three years before for a home on the sea. Once only had tidings reached her of the wanderer. The letter spoke of hardships and home sickness in that light and careless way that reached the mother's heart more surely than repining and complaint. To know that he suffered, with a strong heart with noble and unyielding resolution, gave her a feeling of pleasure, not unmingled with pride.

"He will surely come back," murmured the affectionate mother to herself; and I read the paper so carefully every week, that if it says anything about the ship *Alfred* sailed in, I shall be sure to see it."

"Mrs. Heath," said her husband, interrupting her meditations somewhat rudely, "we have spent thirty dollars more than usual this year; where can it have gone too?"

"The new harness," suggested Mrs. Heath; "that don't come every year you know."

"Well, there's twenty dollars accounted for."

"We had the carriage fixed up when you bought the harness," continued his wife.

"Well, that was eight dollars; that's twenty-eight we don't spend every year,—but the other two, where can they have gone?"

Glancing his eye over the pages of the memorandum book, he exclaimed—

"Ill tell you what 'tis; the newspaper costs just two dollars, and we can do without it. It isn't anything to eat, or drink, or wear. I don't do anything with it, and you only lay it away up in the chamber. It may as well be left out as not, and I'll stop my subscription right away."

"Oh," said his wife "You don't know how much I set by the newspaper. I always have a sort of glad feeling when you take it out of your hat and lay it on the kitchen mantel-piece, just as I do when some of the children come home; and when I am tired I sit down with my knitting work and read, I can knit just as well when I'm reading, and feel so contented. I don't believe Queen Victoria herself takes more solid comfort than I do sitting by the east window, on a sunny afternoon, reading my newspaper."

"But you are just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of anything else to say.

"I never neglect anything else for reading do I?" asked Mrs. Heath mildly.

"No, I don't know as you do," answered her husband; "but it seems an extra like—I shall stop it," he added, in a tone that showed plainly enough he wished to stop the conversation.

"I shall take the paper," remarked his wife, "if I have to go out washing to pay for it."

This was not spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her usual quiet "as you think best," that he actually stopped a moment to consider whether it was at all likely she would do as she said.

Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that indefinite description is generally understood; that is, he did not beat his wife, and always gave her enough to eat. More than that, he had certain regard for her happiness, which already made him feel ashamed of his decision, but like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he could not bear to retract anything, and above all to be convinced that he was wrong by a woman.

However, with a commendable wish to remove the unhappiness he had caused, he suggested that, as the papers were carefully saved, and she had found them interesting, she could read them over again, beginning at January, and take one a week through the year—they would just come out even, he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that they should do so.

Notwithstanding the admirable proposition, he still felt some uneasiness. It followed him, as he walked, up the pleasant lane to the pasture, and it made him speak more sharply than was his wont, if the cows stopped when he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it was greenest and sweetest on the sunny slope. It troubled him till he heard his wife call him into supper, in such a cheerful tone, that he concluded she didn't care much about the newspaper after all.

About a week after, as Mr. Heath was mowing one morning, he was surprised to see his wife coming out, dressed as if for a visit.

"I am going," said she, "to spend the day with Mrs. Brown, I have left plenty for you to eat;" and so saying, she walked rapidly on.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself, "she don't go a visiting to stay all day once a year hardly, and it is strange she should go in haying time."

Very long the day seemed to him; to go in for luncheon, dinner and supper, and to have nobody to speak to; to find everything so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual, he thought; the brood of pretty white chickens that were almost always peeping around the door, had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet; he even missed the busy click of the knitting needles that were apt to put him out so, when he was doing any figuring.

"I am glad," he said to himself, as he began to look down the road at sunset, "that Millicent don't go a visiting all the time as some women do—there, she is just coming.

"How tired you look," said he, as she came up; "why didn't you speak about it and I'd have harnessed up and come after you."

"I am not tired," she answered, but her looks belied her; indeed her husband declared she looked tired for a day or two after.

What was his great amazement to see her go away the next Tuesday in the same manner as before.

To his great dissatisfaction everything seemed that day to partake of his wife's propensity for going away. "A man don't wan't cold food in hay time," said he as he sat down to dinner. In the same grumbling mood, he recounted the mishaps of the morning, which seemed to be much after the manner set forth in a certain legend of olden time, for he embellished his recital by illusion to

"The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn,"

adding that they wouldn't have been there if Mrs. H. had been at home, because she'd seen them before they got in, and halloed. She would have seen the oxen before they got across the river, and saved him the trouble of getting them back. But after tracing all the untoward events to her absence, he said to himself consolingly, "I guess she won't go any more, she always was a home body."

Mrs. Heath did go again though, and again, and the day she went for the fourth time, her husband took counsel with himself, as to what he should do to "stop her gadding." Seated on the door step, in the shade of the old trees, he spent an hour or two devising ways and measures, talking aloud all the time, and having the satisfaction of hearing nobody dispute him.

"It is hard to think of her getting to be a visitin' woman," said he, "and it's clear it ain't right—keep her at home, I've read in the Bible, (old Richard's Bible knowledge was somewhat confused, his quotation varied slightly from the scriptural phrase, 'keepers at home,') but it says too," he added, with the true, sincere man, "that husbands must set great store by their wives and use them well. I won't scold Millicent; I'll harness up and go for her to-night, and coming home, I'll talk it all over with her, and tell her how bad it makes me feel, and if that don't do, I'll—something else."

In accordance with his praiseworthy resolution, he might have been seen about sunset, hitching his horse at Mr. Brown's door; for strangely enough, Mrs. Heath's visits had all been made at the same place. Going up to the door, he stopped in amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen, just taking off a woolen wash apron, and putting down her sleeves which had been rolled up for washing. He listened and heard her say as she took some money from Mrs. Brown, "I won't be so that I can do your washing again."

"It has been a great favor to have you to do it while I have been poorly," said Mrs. Brown, "and I'm glad to pay you for it. This makes four times, and here's two dollars. 'Tis just as well that you can't come again, for I think I shall be well enough to do it myself."

"Two dollars, just the price of the newspaper," exclaimed Mr. Heath as the truth flashed across him. Rather a silent ride they had home, till at last he said—

"I never was so ashamed in my life."

"Of what?" asked his wife.

"Why, to have you go out washing; I ain't so poor as that comes to."

"Well I don't know," replied the wife, "when a man is too poor to take a newspaper, his wife ought not to feel above going out washing."

Nothing more was said on the subject at that time, though some ill feeling lingered in the heart of each. The making up was no mawkish scene of kissing, embracing and crying, such as romantic writers build their useless fabrics with; but as Mrs. Heath was finishing her household duties for the night, she said quietly—

"I don't think I did quite right, Richard."

"I don't think I did either," responded the husband, and so the spark was quenched which might have become a scathing flame, blighting all the domestic peace under their humble roof.

The sequel shows that Millicent paid her two dollars, and continued to take the paper, and by it heard of the return of the ship her son sailed in. She immediately proceeded to the city at which it had arrived, and there, after diligent search, found her son Alfred, prostrate upon a bed of sickness, among strangers, apparently neglected, and near unto death's door. But by the kind attentions and untiring watchfulness of a fond mother he was restored to health and to his beloved home.

From that time forward the farmer appreciated the value of, and always took the newspaper, and paid for it, and considered the two dollars which he thus paid yearly, the most *valuable* investment he made of his money.

From the Lewistown, (Pa.) Gazette.

Catalogue of the World's College.

FACULTY.

SATAN, President and Professor of Iniquity.
ALCOHOL, Professor of Tippling, Brandy Smashes, Mashed Heads and Noses.
SWINDLE WILDCAT, Professor of Engraving, Penmanship and Forgery.
VIRGINIA UPLAND, Professor of Chewing and Smoking.
BEELZEBUB FOULMOUTH, Professor of Lying and Swearing.
JEZABEL OILYTONGUE, Professor of Seduction.
PETER FUNK, Professor of Stuffed Watches, Mock Auctions and Bogus Jewelry.
LAZY LOUNGER, Professor of Idleness and Tutor in the Street Schools.

This old and hitherto flourishing institution is still in progress. Its objects and claims we will present for your consideration.

The College year is not divided into sessions, as is the case of other institutions of learning. There is but one session, and that continues throughout the year. However, the number of pupils differs during the seasons.

Candidates for admission into our halls of learning must bring some testimony of immoral character. One of the best evidences of immorality that can be produced by juvenile candidates, is the ability to smoke a "Havana," to eject with grace the colored fluid from a mouth well filled with "Honeydew" or "Pigtail," or to quote Scripture in such a manner as to give foul expression to language and make young people *appear* manly. Upon evidence that you are lazy, and, as a necessary consequence, out of employment, we will enter your name upon our list of aspirants to the highest honors our institution can confer. No one will be admitted into the Preparatory department until he is "able to run in the streets" and steal pennies and cakes from his mother. It is desirable that applicants be in their teens, but any age will suit us. In fact we claim all children who can tell good from evil, and knowing the evil, do it with all dilligence. We particularly advise those youth who are out of funds to join our College classes, for our policy is to give employment to all who enter our lists, so as to enable them to accumulate great fortunes by means of lotteries, forgeries, shoplifting, counterfeiting, burglary, murder, incendiarism, liquor selling, gambling, circuses, &c.

The whole catalogue of crime will be thoroughly indoctrinated into our pupils.

In order to further the interests of our cause, we would call the special attention of parents to the fact that if they wish their children to graduate with the highest honor—the gallows—they must be sure to set an evil example before them continually. You must encourage them in all manner of petty theft, always take their part when they are wrong, let them be on the street at all hours of the night, select for them the worst companions in the community, teach them to "swear, smoke and chew," keep them from attending Sabbath school for fear they well learn something good, and teach them how manly it looks to swallow a glass of brandy in the public bar-room. It is not essentially necessary that candidates for admission should be expert in all these branches, as they will be thoroughly instructed therein after they enter.

COURSE OF STUDY.

Freshman Class.—Disobedience to Mothers, Disrespect to Fathers, Lying and Petty Stealing, Swearing begun, Application of Mathematics to Pecuniary Advancement commenced, Chewing and Smoking begun.

Sophomore Class.—Gambling begun, Lock Picking, Laziness, Counterfeiting begun, Drinking Ardent Spirits, Sabbath Breaking, Evils of Religious Training, Fanaticism of Preachers and Uselessness of Doctors of Divinity.

Junior Class.—Counterfeiting completed, Forgery, Robbery, Adultery and Fornication, Drinking continued, Gambling completed.

Senior Class.—Murder, Incendiarism, Forgery completed, Seduction, Rape.

Public examinations will be held quarterly before his Honor the Judge of the Quarter Sessions, and those meriting honors will be promoted to the County Prison or a seat in the Penitentiary, according to the faithful diligence and progress of their studies. The highest honor will be a seat in the "Eastern Palace" at Philadelphia, or a swing between heaven and earth.

Certificates of honor will be given during the College course which will enable the recipient thereof to enter the society of the ignorant and wicked. These certificates of honor consist of black eyes, red noses, bloated faces, swelled heads, defamed characters, and delirium tremens.

EXPENSES.

Parents wishing to send their children to our College need not give themselves any uneasiness about funds, as our institution has a perpetual endowment by which we are enabled to instruct our students gratis, and which, together with the numerous profitable vices, enable us to succeed in a pecuniary point of view. Moreover, the State and County always come to our relief when we fail in raising the wind. This is one of the most encouraging features of our Institution.

RESIDENCE AND BOARD.

Our College edifice encloses the whole world. Our recitation rooms are the streets and dens of iniquity. Our boast is that so many of our students "are brought up on the street." Pupils can board and reside wherever they see fit, or where they can best steal or sponge a meal and be in the way of good and benevolent people. Our greatest pride is that our College has accomplished more for the advancement of our cause than all the institutions of learning and religion have done for the promotion of the kingdom of God upon earth.

Through our instrumentality one-half of the lawyers, doctors and judges are employed. Our patronage supports all the liquor sellers, peoples our almshouses, prisons and penitentiaries, supplies and keeps open the houses of prostitution—in short, we encourage and increase all manner of wickedness. A. T. H.

A FAITHFUL PICTURE.—The following, which we find in an exchange is a faithfully drawn outline of distillery history; yet it is incomplete in details:

"What if the history of a distillery could be written out—so much rum for medicine of real value; so much for arts of real value. That would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery. Then, so much rum sold to the Indians, to excite them to scalp one another; so much sent to the Africans, to be changed into slaves to rot in Cuba or Brazil; so much sent to the heathens in Asia, and to the islands of the ocean; and so much used at home. Then, if the tale of every drop could be written out—so much diminution of productive power in man; so many houses burnt, ships foundered, and railway trains dashed to pieces; so many widows made doubly widows because their husbands yet live; so many orphans—their fathers yet living, long dying on the earth—what a tale it could be! Imagine that all the persons who had suffered from torments engendered on that plague spot came together and sat on the ridge-pole and roof, and filled up the large hall of that distillery, and occupied the streets and lanes all about it, and with their tales of drunkenness, robbery, unchastity, murder, written on their faces and foreheads—what a story it would be!"

Letter from a Lady to her Husband.

The following letter from a gifted lady now abroad, conveys a lesson that should be pondered:—

"*My Dear Husband*—Greatly to my surprise and pleasure, the postman brought me another letter this morning. The reason your last did not reach me as soon as it should have done, was that the carriers are dull about a name they are not familiar with. You remember speaking of giving a dinner to your friends at the Astor House on your return home; but to have one given to you was tenfold more gratifying. The attentions that are everywhere shown to you, coming as they do from respect to your virtuous life, your correct principles, and your honesty of heart and integrity of purpose, are far more precious to me than would be the crown of an emperor. Money I prize for the sake of the power it gives; but I could enjoy it only when gained in an honorable manner. 'To be right is better than to be President,' was the motto of one who was an honor to his country. There is no great merit in doing well, but not to do well is a misfortune. To be the wife of a man who is respected for his talents and loved for his virtues, is the summit of happiness for me. You know from the time I was married my ambition was all for you. A woman seldom rises above or falls below the position her husband gives her."

I THINK we are in great danger of tergiversation, and miserable, petty indirections in morals. The want of manly honor, of simple, truth-speaking honor, of fair-dealing honor, of upright, conscientious honor—the want of that fairness which we find among the men of the world, is painfully felt in matters of religion. These ecclesiastical morals!—nothing in the world is more detestable. Christian morals are manly morals, and there are none others.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A QUESTION.—"Mamma, said a little child, "my Sabbath school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a-while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see any one preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and aunt Ellen is preparing to come here. But I do not see any one preparing to go there. Why don't you try to get ready? You scarce ever speak about going."

THE Violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yield the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.