The Potter Journal.

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Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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Thos. S. Chase,

To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

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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 promptly 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. P. 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.

THE PEASANT'S PRAYER.

"God dwelleth with the humble,
His arm sustains the poor—
Sheds the blessing of His love
Within the humblest door."

Thus thought I as I paused to hear
The peasant's humble prayer—
If virtue has a home on Earth,
It surely must be there.

His gratitude, as incense, rose
For gifts that seemed so few,
—Descending on my listening ear,
Softly as falling dew.

His little ones around him knelt,
His Ella by his side,
With brow upraised divinely fair,
And calm as eventide.

Roses clustered round the door,
As if to catch the strain;
A lilly bowed its reverend head
Beside the broken pane;

The zephyr seemed to hold its breath,
While passing through the tree
That canopied the dwelling-place
Of Love and Piety.

Unseen, I slowly turned away,
Yet, often my spirit there
Has wandered back at eventide,
To listen to the peasant's prayer.

God dwelleth with the lowly,
Who seek but Virtue's meed;
They who dwell with Him in love,
Though poor, are rich indeed.

ENCILDOON, PA. M. M.

From the New York Evening Post.

A REASON.

We walked upon the village green,
Did SUSAN JONES and I:
We talked of birds and flowers, and trees,
Of babbling brooks and humming bees,
Sue's ringlets sported with the breeze,
And, oh, my heart was ill at ease,
But how could I tell why?

"Alas, alas, why is it so?
I said abstracted and sad,
And fixed my eyes upon the grass.
(LOVE knows not how the moments pass.)
I raised my eyes, and, by the mass!
She spoke: "*The reason I'm a lass*
Is, 'cause I aint a lad."

THOMAS BROWN.

Choice Reading.

The Husband and Wife of the Eighteenth Century.

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

[When we visited home last winter, we selected from the library of our deceased grandfather,—the Rev. AMOS CHASE, late of Centreville, Crawford Co., Pa., a Presbyterian minister,—three or four volumes, as typographical curiosities, printed, respectively, from 1721 to 1791. In looking through them since our return, we find the following Sermon, preached by him on the occasion of the death of his first wife; and we re-publish it now, (sixty-eight years after it was preached, and ten after its venerated author's death), confident that our readers will find it sufficiently interesting to follow it through the four or five numbers of the JOURNAL through which we extend it in order not to encroach too much upon the other departments of our paper. We retain the orthography and syntax, and, as nearly as our types will admit, the typographic construction of the original. We begin its publication with Vol. XI., No. 49.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

ON FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

OR

A DISCOURSE, in which Good Character in Women is described; and the worth and importance of such character, contemplated, by Amos Chase, A. M., Pastor of the Second Church in Litchfield. Occasioned by the Death of his Wife, And delivered at Litchfield, South-Farms, on Lord's Day, March 6th, 1791.

"Give her of the works of her hands."
—*Solomon.*

A SERMON.*

PROVERBS XIX., 14:

Houses and riches are the inheritance of fathers; and a prudent wife is from the Lord.

Were it not that good character in Women should really deserve a sober, particular, grateful consideration—the passage before us would not have found a place in sacred page: It would not have commanded the attention of the greatest of kings. However rare, therefore, it may have been to hear such subject canvassed from the desk—let no one think it unimportant or improper.

The words invite our attention; in the first place, to enumerate some of the essential, shining and endearing qualities of a prudent woman. And, secondly, to consider, why a prudent wife should be said to be *from the Lord*; while house and riches are only to be styled *the inheritance of fathers*.

I. Let us enumerate some of the essential, endearing qualities of a prudent wife.

So wide a latitude hath been indulged in the use of the word *prudent*, that it would engross too much of the present hour to recollect its several and various significations. Suffice it, to give you the plain and important meaning of the word which hath been adopted in the Proverbs of Solomon. *The prudent man fore-seeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished*——See chap. xxii. 3. and xxvii. 12.

This succinct, indubitable explanation of *prudence* insisteth,—that Virtue hath more frequent occasion for severe exertion, in hiding *from* evil, avoiding or preventing it,—than in the direct and successful performance of positive good. And it is emphatically true, in regard to an amiable woman, that the principal efforts of her virtue are called forth in the prevention or resistance of evil. Indeed, where is the man—who is he, that is candidly conscious, to himself, of the direct, successful atchievement of extensive, positive good?—But there is no one virtuous character, who hath not been arduously employed and painfully assiduous, in shunning or resisting evil.

In such a world as this—mortals are raised on a pinnacle of danger: And females more especially! But the greater part, yea and the more formidable kind of evils, to which even *women* are obnoxious, may be fore-seen. And, if *fore-seen*, may I not say, *avoided*!

The name, indeed, of ills that threaten is *Legion*. Yet by a due attention to a few of those guardian monitors—destined to attend the exposed in a christian land, the most of them may be descried at a seasonable distance, and consequently from a safe retreat.

The obvious nature of things in general, constantly announces the faithful admonition: And this again is seconded by *the obvious nature of lapsed man, in particular; the advice of good parents or judicious friends; the dictates of Divine Revelation; and a quick, instinctive sense of exact rectitude within.* By this quick, instinctive sense within,—I mean something more than conscience—a certain, instant, faithful monitor, which holds a residence in special in the *female* breast.

Such means as these, so much made ready to her hand, and so essential to her preservation, the prudent woman early embraces, with eager grasp. Nay, by the faithful consultation of such full resources—as her adopted monitors to preservation, and as sure directors of virtuous conduct, they soon ingratiate themselves so deeply in her favor that,—she is ready *to tie them about her neck, to bind them on her fingers, and to write them with indeligible energy, on the tables of her heart*: Saying, *When she goeth they shall lead her, when she sleepeth, they shall keep her, and when she awaketh they shall talk with her.* While in the view of others, *they are an ornament of grace about her head, and chains about her neck; For so shall she find favor and good understanding, in the sight of God and man.* Prov. iii. 4.

Alas, that of probationers so fair, it should be said of any one, *She is simple.* Alas, that she should ever prove so deaf to all the faithful guardians of her charms; that whether she fore-sees impending punishment or not, she passes head-long down the road to guilt! That, that which hath so fair a destination to the most endearing attachments in the heart of man, should ever once become the hated object of his just abhorrence and unmixed contempt! Yea, that, that which hath been organized to such superior, quick and exquisite sense of rectitude, should cheaply part with innocence;—and undergo a perplexed confusion, in the soul-felt punishment!

But I shall not do justice to the subject, to the expectations of my audience, or to my own feelings, till I shall have been more particular.

And yet, fully to describe a prudent woman; to cause that certain, amiable, most excellent, overcoming loveliness—to stand forth,—compleatly enrobed with all its native charms—is impossible, but by *the life itself.* It cannot be done by describing the several qualities; *one by one.*

For, although every whole is made up of particular parts, yet the whole *in unison* may appear very differently from the whole disjointed and discordant: Coals collected gather life and ardor;—part them, and the fervor dies.

So when we have all the connected concert of lovely qualities in an accomplished woman, presented in one view—harmoniously, gently moving on, to their important destination—we feel the charming influence. But no sooner do we proceed to examine each attribute along, than each hath lost its most delightful hue—the radiance reflected, from the whole.

Hence, in the dull employ of calling up good character in females, through the inverted order—of viewing each ingredient, as discerped from the rest;—one feels as though his hands were robbing the accomplished living, or daring to disturb the ashes of the virtuous dead.——Notwithstanding, being not unmindful, that such method of description may be useful to the young, who must attain that admirable whole by distinct degrees; I venture on, to the deliberate particulars: Which I shall preface by a general observation, viz.——*Those things in a prudent woman, which have most tended to secure the ardent, virtuous and steady, esteem of her intimate acquaintance, in her life time: And which, at her death, are best suited to embalm her in the tender, respectful and lasting remembrance of those who survive her,—are the proper, particular, leading qualities in her character.* As,

I. GOODNESS.

By *goodness* I mean the *disposition*; the heart that is practically distented with benevolent regard for mankind. A soul—full of friendship—towards all around her. An endearing, unforced expression; some how, of all that is gentle, kind and generous, impartial and noble in a female mind: Especially where female virtues have early received the grateful aid of good education; and where afterwards a virtuous connection may have encouraged a bounteous diffusion.

Her *manner*, in her friendly and liberal attention—her gentle, courteous, well-bred air and obliging deportment—engages the attention; and commands one's heart.

If she had been conversant with people of genius and sentiment—she, at once, discovers and cultivates a *true taste* in rejecting *the austerities*, while she retains *the graces* of an improved education.

It is not the most finished natural beauty, but the most pleasing *manner* that most engages. It was this that the Wife Man so much admired, in a good hearted, accomplished woman, when he said, *In her tongue is the law of kindness.* Or, there is something in *the manner*, by which she expresses good will and impartiality, that wears the energy of law: While it commands the steady, encreasing esteem and constant good wishes of her acquaintance.——In short, she is an exact reverse of that unnatural, notorious partiality, so forbidding in a female: And she avoids the connected guilt and deserved punishment.

Hence, as the full moon in Autumn,—to benighted pilgrims; so welcome and chearing is her valued life-time—among her acquaintance. And,

As nature wide bemoans the setting sun;
As then the tearful dew drops thicken o'er the lawn.
So swells the general grief—at her death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Houses and riches are the inheritance of fathers; and a prudent wife is from the Lord.

Were it not that good character in Women should really deserve a sober, particular, grateful consideration—the passage before us would not have found a place in sacred page; It would not have commanded the attention of the greatest of kings. However rare, therefore, it may have been to hear such subject canvassed.

*Mrs. REBECCA CHASE, was daughter to the Rev. Levi Hart, of Preston—and grand-daughter to the Rev. Joseph Bellamy, D. D. of Bethlem. She was married to the Rev. Amos Chase on the 30th of November, 1788; and died on the 25th of February, 1791, in the 26th year of her age. The disorder of which she died was a dropsy; and proved very distressing during the last three months of her life.——Her mind took a serious turn at about the age of fourteen: From which date, her singularly conscientious life did honor to the religion of the meek, compassionate and benevolent Jesus. Especially, in the last ten weeks of her sickness—there was a rational and resigned, a steady and astonishing composure of mind—in setting her house in order! And she hath left a savor of that good name behind her, which is better than great riches.

"No, she would not."

"I am surprised. When was it?"

"Last Monday morning."

"Monday morning! You did not go to her for a tub on Monday morning, did you?"

"I did. And what other time should I want a tub?"

"Yes. But she would of course want it herself then, and you could not expect her to lose a whole day, just to do you a favor."

"Well I only asked her for it, and it was mean of her not to let me have it, after we have done so much for her."

We guess John wanted to say that, unlike the editorial singular, meant only himself, but he did not wish to stir up any more strife.

"She told me she had clothes in it," continued Mrs. Paley.

"Well?"

"She didn't seem willing to lend it to me; so when she offered to take them out, and let me have the tub, I told her she needn't trouble herself."

"It was very wrong, Mary, for you to ask her to lend you her tub on Monday morning."

"I suppose so; if any one was wrong, I am the one," pouted Mrs. Paley, disgusted with her husband's partiality and injustice.

"Never mind, Mary; is supper ready?"

"No; that wood you got last is such miserable stuff, it won't burn at all."

"It was the best I could get, and the best there is, for that matter. I gave eight dollars a cord for it."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

"A fool and her husband——" But John cut the sentence short, thinking it a little too wicked for the occasion.

"Just like you! if there is a fool anywhere, I am the one."

"Never mind, Mary. Let us have supper as soon as you can. I am going to the caucus this evening."

"You are! You never stay at home evenings, now."

"Why, my dear, I have not been out of the house of an evening for a month."

"Why need you go at all?"

"Because I am deeply interested in the election."

"More so than you are in your wife," she replied, petulantly, as she opened the stove oven to see if the biscuits were ready. "I declare! This is the meanest oven I ever saw. It will not bake worth a cent."

"Have you just found that out?" asked John.

"It never was good for anything."

And so Mrs. Paley went on from one thing to another, regularly and systematically condemning everything upon which she set her hand. She was not suited. Everything and everybody were out of joint. Nothing went right; nobody could do anything to suit her.

John Paley was not particularly happy in his domestic relations. The porcupine temper of his wife was a continued annoyance to him. It was very hard to use his best endeavors to please her and then fail. He had to study her wishes, but they were mere caprices; and, in despair he gave up his attempts. Nothing that he could do would please her; nothing but that she found fault with him.

CHAPTER II.—SECOND DAY.

John Paley was of an easy temper. He was disposed to make the best of things as he found them; but there was no such thing as compromising with incessant grumbling. Unlike many others, he could not be driven to the dram-shop, nor even to the usual haunts of loafers in the country places. He was obstinately bent on staying at home in the evening. He was fond of reading, and home was the center of his thoughts. Even the perversity of his wife could not eradicate his deeply seated love for home.

Still, home was not a pleasant place for him—at least not half so pleasant as it might be. Mary loved him—he could not doubt that. During a long illness, the winter before, she had been unremitting in her devotion. A piece of red hot iron flew into his eye, so that the ball of it had nearly run out. He suffered the most intense agony. Day by day he had groaned with anguish and seen the tears of his wife fall as she witnessed his suffering. By night when he tossed in agony, she had watched by him nor slept for a week. His pain was hers, and while he suffered she never complained of the watching and privation that his illness occasioned; she never used an ungentle word, even when, worn out with suffering, he became testy and impatient.

She loved him; she sacrificed all her comforts for him; and why should he not bear with her infirmity? Should he, who had been so tenderly, so devotedly loved by her, cast her out,—should his affection be alienated from her?

It is true, her fault was a grievous one. It gave him a continual uneasiness. It kept him harrassed from one week's end to the other. It almost embittered his very existence.

"I will cure her," said John when he was going home one day, as a new idea penetrated his brain. "She will find fault with me, when I carry this leg of veal home. It will be either too large or too small, or too fat or too lean, or too good or too bad. I will cure her."

If Mary did find fault with the veal it was too fat, and too large, and too good for persons in their circumstances. But John held his peace, and sat down to his supper.

"What sort of tea is this?" said he, as he pushed the cup petulantly from him.

"What is the matter of it?" asked his wife astonished at such a display of "sulk" on his part.

"It is nothing but dish-water."

"I am sorry it don't suit you."

"It never suits me," he added, as he broke open a hot biscuit.

"Never suits you?"

"No," and at the same moment he threw the broken biscuit back upon the plate.

"Saleratus again."

"What is the matter with the biscuit, John?" asked Mrs. Paley amazed at the singular conduct of her husband.

"There are great junks of saleratus in it. If there is anything I detest, it is the taste of saleratus in bread."

Mary took the broken biscuit to examine it.

"There is only a single speck to be seen in it—I will cut it out—pray take another, John."

John did take another, and broke it open, but perceived another speck of the offensive substance, scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.

"Haven't you got any cold bread?" he asked, as he threw it back upon the plate.

"There is none in the house," replied poor Mary, ready to burst into tears with vexation.

"Give me a piece of pie, then."

Mary brought a nice piece.

"Strong enough of cloves to strangle a fellow," said he. "Strange I can't get anything that's fit to eat."

The poor wife could bear it no more. Her eyes filled with tears, and she sobbed aloud. John was not disposed to carry the lesson any further. Mary, as much as she found fault herself, was extremely sensitive, and she could not endure the slightest censure.

"Mary, my dear, do not weep," said he, going to her and impressing a kiss upon her cheek.

"What is the matter with you, John? you never behaved so before."

"I was only holding up a mirror for you. You can tell now, how I feel when you find fault with everything I do."

"I never will again."

"My own Mary, forgive me if I caused you pain."

"You are too bad, John."

"But no worse than you are almost every day."

Mary thought a great deal that night.

CHAPTER III.—THIRD DAY.

The battle had been fought, and the victory won. Mrs. Paley's heart was full of tenderness and sympathy. She could not have realized the pain that her useless and ceaseless grumbling had caused her husband, or she would never have indulged the habit. She would not make him unhappy for the world, and now, when the lesson had opened her eyes, she set a guard upon her tongue.

Almost always an habitual grumbler is an indolent person. A man or woman whose mind is occupied has no time to be discontented. But Mrs. Paley was a kind of moral indolence. She permitted her noble faculties to sleep for the time, and discontent stole in while the sentinel was off guard. She had chosen a new course of action, but she had to watch with ceaseless vigilance, just to curb the disposition to complain. To be indolent was to lose the battle and fall.

"Forgive me, John."

"I won't say another word, my dear," he added, with a smile that turned it all into sunshine.

"Shall I put more tea in the teapot?"

"No, I only said that the tea is very good."

"Ah! I see what you mean."

"It is all right; you have done nobly, my dear, and by and by you will forget how to complain."

"I hope so, John, for your sake."

And eventually Mary did overcome the habit. She had all the heart of a woman to make her happy—a good home and a kind husband—so that her life might have been perpetual sunshine, if she chose to have it so.

Patience and perseverance will overcome all things, and they will overcome the vilest habit that ever clung to sinning mortal. With her, the palm of victory was disputed inch by inch, and occasionally her husband had to tell her the tea was dish-water, that the cakes tasted of saleratus, or something of this kind, but

CURING A GRUMBLER,

OR,

Three Days at Home.

CHAPTER I.—FIRST DAY.

"There, my dear, I brought you home three quarts of berries," said John Paley, the blacksmith, as he set the basket down upon the table.

"What in the world did you bring three quarts for? I cannot use more than two," replied Mrs. Paley.

"Oh, well, now I think of it, Mrs. Thompson wants a quart, and wished me to get them for her if the man came along to-day."

"Humph! Now I think of it, I want them myself, and Mrs. Thompson cannot have them."

"Never mind; I left a quart at the shop for luncheon to-morrow—she can have them."

"Do without yourself?"

"Certainly; if she wants them she can have them."

"You take good care of Mrs. Thompson," added Mrs. Paley with a slight sneer.

"Because I let her have a quart of berries?"

"That is more than she would do for you or me."

"Oh, no; I guess not."

"I asked her to lend me her wash-tub the other morning, and she wouldn't do it," replied Mrs. Paley, rather spitefully.

"Wouldn't do it?"

"No."

"Wouldn't lend you a wash-tub?"

John Paley was astonished and indignant. Mrs. Thompson was a widow, who lived in the next house, and he had frequently been called upon to perform sundry little chores which her lonely condition required, and now to have her refuse to lend his wife a wash-tub was the highest ingratitude, and he resolved on the spot that Mrs. Thompson should not have the berries.

"She isn't an angel," added Mrs. Paley.

"I never supposed she was. She would not lend you her wash-tub?"