The Potter Journal.

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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 oppasite 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.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

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.

[*Continued.*]

2. Sincerity.

Sincerity is the rare, true greatness—the heroic and resigned—the spirited and impressive particular, in the accomplished fair. In this she nobly stems the tide of lapsed nature; and patiently withstands the force of custom, in corrupted times. The prudent, accomplished woman discloseth not the secret of a friend to any one; And is faithful to the confidence of all. She giveth not her hand with the fair speech of friendship; while there are seven abominations of inconstant or divided affection in her heart.——Prov. xxvi. 25.

The word *sincere* properly signifies, *pure, without mixture, without fraud, without dissimulation.* And it seemed to have been a favorite maxim with the ancient Poets, "That no falsehood could dwell in the soul of the lovely." And we have also the corresponding testimony of an ancient Moralist—"A tale-bearer" saith he, "revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." Prov. xi. 13.

The prudent woman hath paid more attention to the virtues of her mind, than the ornament of her person. She, indeed, is not ignorant that natural beauty and outward accomplishments are valuable in their place, or when properly connected or improved: But knows they have not a necessary connexion with real worth, and that they may be possest without mental excellence. Being fully sensible that outward beauty, made familiar to the eye, is vain—that it soon proves empty, looses its charms and is little noticed—in comparison with other accomplishments: She, therefore, seeketh not the gain or loss of those who, by the mere tinsel glare, or outward garnish, of a sepulchre, would fain persuade—that all is lovely, is beautiful, and pure within.——She considers that a fit of sickness, and a thousand accidents may mar the greatest, personal beauty. That there is no escape from the ravages of old age and death; which cannot be far distant. That such beauty alone is frequently the fatal means of seduction and ruin to the person. And that, at least, there are many fears, against a single hope—that she will invite in vanity and pride, disgraceful and disgusting, to fill her vacant mind.

Where females have been destitute of mental excellence, natural beauty and outward graces have frequently become unlovely and offensive. Hence, the prudent woman accounts to herself for most instances of disappointed affection, in a worthy husband: While she herself is vastly more assiduous to deserve the esteem of a Friend, than to attract the attention of an Admirer. And she wisely avoids those connected, poignant ills, (the rewards of the dissolute) which might "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

Finally, she encreases not the number of *the groaning many, who have been cast down wounded by deceitful lips.* Prov. vii. 21, 26. Hence, she will become greatly, lastingly endeared—in the respectful and affectionate esteem of her acquaintance. And, in the circle of her more particular friends, they mutually enjoy *a loving favour, which is greater to be chosen than great riches.* And a joy of grief survives her last—*last silence.*

3. Modesty.

This important particular seems to be a negative virtue, because it appears in the agent without design: But it is nevertheless peculiarly ornamental. It exhibits a beautiful combination of the excellent and amiable graces in women.

Delicacy of manners and purity of speech are so much expected from an amiable or modest female, that she who dispenses with them shall name herself *a strange woman.* She shall be in danger of the Judgment, of Solomon. Nor may she think it strange should the fearful advertisements of the Wise Man pursue and detect her, in every place;—under the description of, "Fire coals in one's bosom; live coals of fire under one's feet; a deep pit; the top of a mast; the midst of the sea; and the chambers of death."

The modest fair one does not even think of that conversation in a female, which boldly deviates from the laws of purity or the rules of delicacy, without sensible pain and fixed abhorrence. And hence, when unhappily obliged to be spectator of such improprieties—she has been seen to shrink in unaffected confusion, and her blushing innocence hath undergone a complication of distress. *Whatsoever things are pure, lovely, praise-worthy and of good report,* she relishes, she contemplates, she practices.

Modesty in females implies also the mild and gentle opposite of all that which is bold and ferocious, rough and daring. A woman of fine feelings cannot be insensible that *her constitutional condition is secondary and dependent among men.* Nor can she long want conviction that the sure way to avoid any evil consequence, which might otherwise accrue, (to the thus dependant) is *to yield the front of the battle to the hardier sex:* While she heartily embraces those privileges, and patiently waits for that protection, which hover about *a confessed dependance.* In this way man is effectually disarmed of every disagreeable, even in a supposed superiority: It being not possible that man should yield up his strength, his influence, his interest, or his own personal ease more cheerfully, than when he designs them to protect the dependant and lovely.

For a female, therefore, to realize her dependance is to build her strong tower. For when she is defenceless, then is she invincible. Hence the relation subsisting between husband and wife, is introduced as a just representative of that which subsisteth between Christ and the Church. The Church, through a heartfelt sense of her dependance, and by a cheerful acknowledgement of the same, secures the friendship and protection of the divine Jesus:—which he expresses in terms full of love, saying, "Fear not little flock, it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

That therefore which partakes of the rough and daring, bold and threatening, in conversation or deportment, totally destroys, or aims to destroy, that which is essentially the privilege—and peculiarly the prerogative—of a lovely, happy woman. And the female who hideth not herself from the grossness of such improprieties, may not expect the high-wrought, affectionate love of her husband. He may indeed regard her as he would any one, who should prove robust and faithful in his business; but not as an amiable woman, in the tenderest relation in life.

Mildness, moderation and kindness towards all, secures one's own dignity, with the affections and good services of all about us: The contrary is vulgar and disgusting—extremely so in women.

As man is, by constitution and employment, more robust, so by indulgence his manners usually savor more of a rugged fierceness than those of females. Hence, in an imperfect state, it might be expected,—and hence, alas, it is found that his manners are too often uncomfortably rough. Now, to apply that happy influence which is most likely to moderate and cure such over-grown grossness in men, let an helpmate be found in the woman: For to her it belongs, not by a brazen brow, but by a soothing hand, to tame what is wild, and conquer what is fierce, in man.

Rough manners, bold address, and ferocious airs, are far from being pleasing in men: They must, therefore, set with illest grace on females. And in them they must meet a most unwelcome reception. Else it would not have been the painful result of the wise man's experience, "That one might better enjoy himself on an house-top, exposed to the tempest, and the thunder in the heavens, than with a clamourous brawling woman, in a wide house."

The modest fair one, or the prudent woman, reluctantly hazards an expression, which can be set to account, of ironical pertness or ill-natured wit: And hides herself from the guilt of severe, random, defamatory speeches; and from idle, trifling, clamorous breath: From which a world of evil may be kindled up; but in which no good can be proposed.

Still there is a great and never-failing variety of subjects, which indulge to her the utmost, unrestrained sociability. Thus, while she speaks with cautious circumspection to the disadvantage of any one, she is not deprived of any conscious innocence or real pleasure which the most unrestrained, social glow can give: And thus her acquaintance will often have occasion to recollect that favorite saying of the Wise Man, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom." Prov. xxxi. 26.

It hath been justly observed, that there is such a thing as being awed with majesty, in a female, when we cannot be soothed by her graces; as being struck, by *her* whom we cannot love; and as being astonished, where we cannot be charmed. But in the truly modest we cannot but notice more of the mild than the dazzling; more of the amiable than the great; more of the engaging than magnificent; and more sweetness than authority. In short, she hath dignity without meanness; is open and frank, yet not talkative and boisterous; is sentimental, yet not disputacious; and free with the good qualities of all characters, while she allows herself to be severe with but a few. And it is characteristic of her conduct in general, *That she is more solicitous that others should be suited with themselves, than to procure her own applause.*

In the female whose reading and education hath been chosen by good taste, whose studies consequently have been rather elegant than abstract, and more sentimental than abstruse; who can be attentive without ceremony, and frank without clamour: And, in a word, *modest without affectation:* In such an one, I say, there cannot but reside a blest assemblage of the soft and guardian graces—

Comely as a rain-bow
On a charming concert,
Of blushing dew drops.

In the gentle train of modesty appear—the pure charms of lenity, sweetness, affability and ease, the fair daughters of meekness; with refinement of person, an artless taste in dress, blushing innocence, unshaken chastity, and a cloud of sister graces.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE NILE OF GRACE.

The sources of the Nile in secret lie,
Unknown to man, like God, a mystery.
The human soul and Egypt's flooded mould,
By inundating grace their germs unfold.
The seed is moistened; soon from growing sprout
Upshoots the lofty stalk, its leaf buds out;
The husk, brown tasselled, cloaks the golden grain,
And labor plucks contentment once again.
The soul drinks grace, the vine entwines the tree
Of faith, with tendril love and charity;
Its blossoms sweet shall, culled by Him, outpour
In Piradise their fragrance evermore. L. H.

[Below we give the article sent us by "C.," noticed in our last week's paper.—Ed. Journal.]

From the Congregational Herald.

A Plea for Intellectual Women.

"Intellect is to a woman's nature what her watch-spring skirt is to her dress; it ought to underlie her silks and embroideries, but not to show itself too staringly on the outside." Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Has the Professor come off second best in some mental tournament with that "dear unmarried aunt" of whose education he gave us years ago, so pathetic an account?

Does he shiver with horror at the very thought of a *bas bleu*, and his delicate organization become convulsed with agony under the inflictions of Lucy Stone and her admirers?

Would he recommend for a woman's perusal any works besides the Bible and Miss Beecher's domestic economy? Or is even the latter so orthodox, that, like the former, it needs to be "depolarized," its ideas "shelled out" and reproduced in new form?

If intellect should be the frame work of woman's character, how deep should it lie, beneath the "silks and embroideries?"

What precise position should it take so as "not to show itself too staringly on the outside?"

In this age of extravagance and frivolity, do we need warnings against strong sterling intellectual good sense, in contradistinction to the ornamental and superficial?

Because there are "intellectual women" as they are called, whose faults and deficiencies of character are patent to all observers, is that any reason why their example should be held up forever after, as bugbears to frighten all those who should dare cast a timid glance toward the forbidden tree?

We knew a woman once—an authoress, and a mother—whom misfortune and, a want of prudence had reduced to poverty. Instead of meeting it with a brave heart, as a true woman, would have done, she folded her hands in dreamy reverie, while nearly the whole care and labor of a household of seven children fell on the eldest daughter, a girl who had not numbered half her teens.

That one instance, probably, will serve scores of persons with an illustration of the danger of the cultivation of literary talents in women for the remainder of their lifetimes. But where is the record of other helpless and extravagant women in the various walks of life? Obliterated by the waves of circumstances, or at the longest, buried in their graves, with scarcely an exception. We doubt whether it can be proved that a majority of literary women are neglectful of those home interests which should be first in every woman's heart. But grant that the popular impression is true, as regards those whose time is occupied with the weighty cares of authorship, why should the prejudice be extended to all those who happen to possess a taste for Euclid and Newton, or Whately and Butler, or Herschell and Davy?

Is an intelligent cultivated woman of necessity a bad, or even indifferent wife and mother? Is she lost to all the graceful adornments of life or incapacitated to give it those finer touches which only a woman's hand can bestow?

Did not Lady Jane Gray leave to the world a pattern of all that is noble and good and beautiful in female character?

If the danger lies in the direction which the Professor's sly warning against strong minded women seems to intimate, should we have been startled and disgusted by the disclosures of a Sickles trial or pained and astonished at the manner in which they were flashed over the land and the avidity with which they were devoured?

If we would not see the next generation dwarfs in heart and mind—degenerate sons of degenerate mothers—let all who wield the pen, put in a special plea for a higher intellectual standard, and men in such stations as "the Professor's" chair do any thing, rather than advocate a continuance of such glaring superficialities as meet us in every stratum of society.

Next to religious faith, our great hope for the renovation and elevation of woman's character lies in the substitution of intellectual stamina for the mental inertia which is now her curse. When she has both—the wings of faith and intellect—may she hope to rise against the downtuggings of sin and shame, and soar toward the heaven of love and light.

But to return to our text; the intellectual must and ought underlie something. Let it be the foundation, deep and broad, for an overarching structure of love and hope and joy, with a keystone of faith and holiness; not a skeleton for the display of flimsy fineries and tinseled trappings and overwrought adornings, which those who should and do know better, would fain persuade themselves the highest excellence consists.

When such foundation shall underlie such superstructure in woman's character, what strides may not the world make towards the millennium. God speed the time. B.

Fresh Life Thoughts.

From recent Discourses by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

I believe that the phenomena of nature are just as much a part of God's school-house for teaching us about Him, as the blackboards and books are a part of the school-houses in which we impart knowledge to our children.

I hear a great many people talking about the "holy influences of beauty," and the "divine and sacred influences of music and art." Now, when these things are employed with proper explanations, they are not without use in worship; but where they are raised up and deified, and put instead of the personal presence and influence of God, such worship becomes a miserable idolatry.

Anything that will take a man and carry him up, so that his whole mind is lifted into higher spheres than before, so that every part of his mind will act on a higher plain, this will produce higher moral states in him for the time being. So, although the admiration of nature is not religion, nor is the love of art or of music, yet they are persons whose minds are so lifted up by nature, or art, or music, that they can thus get higher ideas of God than at any other time. Now I declare the Christian's liberty in these things. Whatever will produce these higher states in you, you have the right to avail yourselves of, whether any minister ever told you you might or not. And what is your right in these respects is your duty, too.

When a person says to himself, "You ought to feel grateful, and you know it. Now do feel grateful"—instead of that's making him feel so, it snubs the feeling, and if there is any way to keep the feeling away that is the way to do it.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." How our translation does mar and despoil the beauty of the following sentence. Our translation says: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." But the thought of the Hebrew is that the day standing like a sentinel upon its mountain top, when its watch is done and it comes to lay down its burden, looking over all that has been done through all its hours, declares it to the night that is coming on; and the night in its turn tells its story to the day, and so the white-plumed sentinel of the day and the raven-plumed sentinel of the night are ever uttering unto each other the knowledge of what God has done on earth.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

A Relic of the Revolution.—A few days ago an old tavern sign, dated 1789, was found in the loft of an old house, which workman are repairing in South Milford. We went in company with a friend to look at it, and discovered that beneath the painting of 1789, there was an older painting and letters The last painting was a black horse with a groom holding him by the bridle. Having washed this paint off we found about the middle of the sign a lion standing on his hind feet with a large crown on his head. In front of the lion a man is kneeling and holding the paw of the lion. A curved scroll starting from the man's mouth has on it,—

"*You have lost your dignity farewell.*"

On the left stands Washington, and the scroll eminating from his mouth has on it,—

"*Peace upon honorable terms or war perpetually.*"

The other side contains a large red rose with stem and leaves. The wood of which the sign is made is cedar, and has washed where there was no paint, and thus left the figures and letters elevated. We can make out only one figure of the old date. The farewell to the British government, personified by the lion and crown, and the declaration—"*Peace upon honorable terms or war perpetually,*" shows that it was painted during the revolution. The lettering and old painting appear to have been tolerably well done, and, we cannot conceive why in 1789 it was daubed over with a horse and groome about like those ten-year-old boys make with pen and ink. Any one having a curiosity to see this old affair can do so by calling at the *News* office.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

The Baptists *versus.* the Fugitive Slave Law.—A recent number of the *American Presbyterian* says:—"Ezekiel T. Cox, father of S. S. Cox, the Democratic Congressman from Ohio, who made himself so notorious in Congress, a few years ago, is U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of Ohio, and was concerned in the recent fugitive slave case of Charley Jackson. He has been a member of a Baptist church at Zanesville for twenty years, but has been excommunicated for his official action in the slave case. The church summoned him before them for violating the doctrine of the Bible, as laid down in Deuteronomy xxiii. 15, 16: 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee.'"

The apparent motion of the earth is from the rising to the setting sun, when her real motion is from the setting sun towards the rising. So it is with man, he fancies himself journeying from life to death, while in fact he is traveling from death unto life.

Temperance is heart-health expressed.