The Potter Journal.

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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 floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

C. L. HOYT,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:39

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. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS SMITH, E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10;1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

MARK GILLON,
DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

H. 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.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

LADY BYRON'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON'S "FARE THEE WELL"

Yes, farewell, farewell forever,
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom,
Bade Hope's sweetest blossom wither,
Never more for me to bloom.

"Unforgiving" thou hast called me,
Did'st thou ever say "forgive"?
For the wretch whose smiles enthralled thee,
Thou didst seem alone to live.

Short the span which Time hath given,
To complete thy love's decay;
By unhallowed passions driven,
Soon thy heart was taught to stray.

Lived for me that feeling tender
Which so well thy verse can show?
From my arms why did'st thou wander?
My endearments why forego?

Wrapped in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head hath lain,
In thy love and truth confiding;
Bliss I cannot know again.

When thy heart by me "glanced over"
First displayed the guilty stain,
Would these eyes had closed forever,
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.

But, by Heaven's recording spirit,
May that wish forgotten be;
Life, though now a load—I'll bear it
For the babe I've borne to thee.

In whose lovely features, (let me
All my weakness here confess,
While the struggling tears permit me,)
All her Father's I can trace;

He, whose image never leaves me,
Whose remembrance yet I prize,
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrows rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I shall teach her to say Fa-her,
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Wakes me from a widowed bed,
In another's arms no sorrow
Wilt thou feel—no tear wilt shed!

For the world's applause I sought not
When I tore myself from thee,
Of its praise or blame I thought not—
What is praise or blame to me?

He in whom my soul delighted,
From his heart my image drove,
With contempt my truth requited,
And preferred—a wanton's love.

Thou art proud—and mark me, Byron,
I've a soul proud as thine own,
Soft to love, but hard as iron,
When despite on me is thrown.

But, farewell, I'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never, wish thee ill,
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,
If thou can'st—be happy still.

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.*]

Unadulterated, or unaffected modesty is a certain, fine-wrought, chosen vail, with which the feeling fair seeks to conceal herself; But, through the strange, endearing medium of which, she is more truly seen, and more deservedly admired. Otherwise that remarkable address to women would not have been left on standing record.—See 1 Pet. iii. 1—6——"That your own husbands may be won, while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—which is, in the sight of God, of great price. After this manner the women of old, who trusted in God, adorned themselves: Even as Sarah, whose daughters ye are, if ye do well."

4. HUMANITY.

Amidst irresistible loveliness, it must be acknowledged that commiseration or piety, is an essential ingredient, and beams impressive charms on all the rest. As refreshing rain upon a rose, and as overflowing dew on green flowers; so engaging, so beautiful is the brimming of her eye—who heaves a humane tear unforced, a sincere tribute to another's woe. It is in Milton's phrase,

Heaven in her eye.

Or, in other words, it recalls to mind her great divine Original, *who heareth the young ravens when they cry.* To all objects of distress—men, beasts or insects, she lends a sympathetic ear, and would fain reach a soothing hand.

This female virtue, in particular, once attracted the attention of the wisest of men: Among whose emphatical expressions of commendation you will find the following, "She stretcheth forth her hand to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hand to the needy." How tender and endearing the impressions which shall long survive her, in the hearts of friends—especially amidst their adverse vicissitudes!—That she had been so bountifully kind and chearfully ready, to pour the healing oil of symyathy into the wounds of the afflicted. Even as the daughters of Israel, who went once a year to bewail, or to mourn with, the daughter of Jephthah. And that, in administering to the needy, (*esteeming it more blessed to give than to receive*) she had been like the pious Dorcas; who spent much of her time in making coats and garments for the poor. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

5. INDUSTRY.

The amiable woman early imbibes it from advice, or learns it from experience, that the general, sovereign preservative of innocence, health and sprightliness, is employment. And that idleness is a fruitful resource of each unhappy reverse. And it is said of her, that she always smiles, because she is always innocent: And that she is always sprightly, because she is never unimployed.

Visits and dress, leisure time and idle talk, therefore, do not intoxicate the fancy or engross the chief attention of the virtuous fair.

As she had opportunity in docile childhood, and in tender youth, she was industriously attentive to her education; to the counsels of her much loved parents; and gratefully susceptible of useful instruction, from any one. As she advanced towards the arduous summit of mature age—or finds herself encircled by a complicatiou of cares at the head of a family—she indulges a cheerful and practical recollection of those wise maxims, "Idleness will reduce one to a piece of bread. Through idleness the house falleth. Prov. vi. 26.—Eccles. x. 18.——Therefore, "She looketh well to the ways of her household. She worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ship; she bringeth her food from afar."

Henee, "She eateth not the bread of idleness. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the Elders of the land: She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. HE shall have no need of spoil: And SHE shall rejoice in time to come." See Prov. chap. xxi.——*In time to come;* that is, in future time; in winter, in sickness, &c. She hath laid up in store for every change of season, health or years. And she shall rejoice in old age, in death, and at the judgment: Yea, before the throne and before the Lamb; amidst the lasting acclamations of that blessed multitude of triumphant worthies: Who, being clothed in white raiment, and having palms in their hands, shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, "That they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them." But this brings up to our view another important quality, in an accomplished female, which deserves a distinct consideration. And is,

6. PIETY.

Early persuaded that religion is the one thing needful, she seeketh first the kingdom of heaven. As her greatest ornament, she seeks the white robe of the meek and lowly Jesus; and that his banner might be over her. She that is, in one place, styled *a prudent woman* is, elsewhere, by divine inspiration, said *to fear the Lord.*

Indeed, that prudence ill deserves the name, which doth not foresee, which doth not escape the wrath to come. We expect, therefore, to find the prudent woman devoutly attentive to all divine institutions; that she embraces seasons of social and public worship as sacred privileges; and that she discovers a readiness in attending to devotion in general. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Her own works praise her in the gates. Her husband riseth up and praiseth her."

In real piety she finds a bosom friend, an unfailing guardian; for which there is no equal substitute. Especially, as it is to be expected that a thousand cares, anxieties and vexations will mix in with a married state: That a female endures many sorrows unknown to any mortal but herself: And that, in the midst of many sufferings, it will be sometimes incumbent to assume a cheerful and serene countenance—even when her heart profusely bleeds with anguish—and she is well nigh sinking in despair! Here it is resigned peaceful piety alone which can prepare her to endure—and shew her lovely, even in the adverse moment.

Religion hath taught her to sober down imagination;—not to look for more than moderate joys and transcient felicities in this life. She is not, therefore, so much disappointed by the caprice of the world, and vicissitudes of fortune, the insincerity of professed friendships, the allays of real attachments, or the imperfections inevitably attending all human affairs,—but that she can still relish rational pleasures, and find a due share of fortitude and resolution to encounter unavoidable calamitics.

It hath been said that domestic misfortunes have been born with more fortitude by women than by men. And one reason which has been given is, that there is a greater proportion of women who have the consolations of religion, than there are of men.

The pious woman, or a prudent wife, can summon animation to pursue and have real pleasure in prosecuting the same important ends in wasting sickness, and on a death-bed, which she had projected and pursued in health.——Thrice happy woman, who can live as tho' about to die; and die as tho' about to live! And doubly happy he, who hath received a prudent wife.

Religion, in the accomplished fair, benignly sheds a nameless charm on each attendant virtue: And serves the whole up with exquisite relish.

Its worth or beauty charm the fight,
Beyond the pearly price or lilly white,
The rain-bow brightness, or the morning
light.

It is the last touch of the divine Workmanship; The high fraught polish, and the speaking grace.

When all the gentle virtues, soft graces and good qualities once meet, as in the prudent woman—how deep the gentle and delightful impressions on susceptive hearts of favored friends! How soft the ties of love!—Alas!——But I forbear, and own my duty to instruct the living. Nor will I be silent to an objection which may occur to some, viz.

Obj. *A female thus accomplished will share too great an influence.*

Ans. It is not *the greatness* of one's influence, but *the wrong kind* which is dangerous. The more extensive, the better the influence; if it be proper or good in its kind. Man stood in need of a good genius to attend him; of an agreeable, energetic influence to soothe his cares, arrest his attention, and chear his heart. And as such the woman was presented to him. Nor will it be easy to prove that a woman's proper influence is threatning to the true honors, prerogatives or pleasures of her husband; until it is proved that Christ is the less glorious and blessed—because of the great influence of the church over him.

Ans. 2. The proper spheres of the different sexes are distinctly different: Even as much so as their persons. The sphere of the one sex cannot be infringed, till that of the other hath been deserted. Great accomplishment in a lovely woman can not induce her to forsake what is praise-worthy in her own sex. Is it not clearly impossible then that a woman, acting wisely in her own sphere, should so boldly infringe on the rules of propriety as to usurp a single pregrogative of the man? If so, is it not also to be feared that true believers will one day arrive to such a degree of perfection—as to attempt to wield the septre or assume the authority of Christ. But,

Ans. 3. It must be owned that women may be so accomplished, as that their influence will be very great: But is it unnatural to suppose that the growing influence of men would be raised also in its full proportion?

As the woman was bestowed as an essential assistant to man, so reason teaches that, the more influence she hath with him as woman, or as an accomplished woman, by so much the more it is to be expected that the true dignity of man will appear. And fact hath fully shewn that the gentle, still, small voice of woman's energetic, proper influence is the most sovereign, finite mean—to moderate the roughness of rash man; to brighten up true genius; to raise the philosophic thought; to elevate poetic strains;——to charge home courage in the field of Mars; Or, indeed, to summon forth, enlarge and strengthen all the powers of mind, in man—by vigorous exertion. Nay, without that society of females, which alleviates innumerable infelicities in life, man's brightest talents droop—and nature wears a tearless face.

Led, but not Driven.

A mother, sitting at her work in her parlor overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many believers, in good standing," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling."

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two, at the parlor door. The tone and look implied that it was his only morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid her work down in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well, this morning?" said she in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well too, and when I woke up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse! asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now? how it goes beating?"

"Y-e-s,' said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can, but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety—and another pause ensued.

"So when I woke up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope He will take care of me, and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of *me?*"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask Him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful, and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple, broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of Heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother, overhearing the same words, calls the child into the room.

"Did I not hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes, he did," says his sister, behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back, now, and say them, like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation and ill will. —*Mother's Magazine.*

An Item for the Times.

[We extract from "Randall's Life of Jefferson," the following letter from the great sage to his daughter Martha, hoping that it may have some good effect on the public mind, as regards the subject it treats of.—ED. P. JOURNAL.]

TO MARTHA JEFFERSON.

PARIS, *June* 14, 1787.—I send you, my dear Patsy, the 15 livers* you desired. You propose this to me as an anticipation of five weeks allowance; but do you not see, my dear, how imprudent it is to lay out in one moment what should accommodate you for five weeks?—that this is a departure from that rule which I wish to see you governed by, thro' your whole life, of never buying anything which you have not money in your pocket to pay for? Be assured that it gives much more pain to the mind to be in debt, than to do without any article whatever which we may seem to want. The purchase you have made is one of those I am always ready to make for you, because it is my wish to see you dressed always cleanly and a little more than decently. But apply to me first for the money before you make a purchase, were it only to avoid breaking thro' your rule. Learn yourself the habit of adhering rigorously to the rules you lay down for yourself. I will come for you about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Hurry the making your gown, and also your reding-cote. You will go with me some day next week to dine at the Marquis Fayette's. Adieu my dear daughter.

Yours affectionately, TH. JEFFERSON.

[**A Livre* is equal to 17 cents. Imagine a girl of the present day living in the "first circles" of Paris—or, even a country village—$2,55 for *five weeks!*—ED. JOUR.]

A Curious Love Story.

Says the Easton *Argus*: "First love, the world generally admits, is always the most sincere. An instance illustrating the truth of this recently came to our knowledge, which is worth repeating. Forty-five years ago, a young man named Peterson served his apprenticeship at the printing business, in the office of Christian Jacob Hutter, of this place. Whilst in his employ he became interested in a young lady of our town, and proposed marriage. He was accepted, but the mother of the girl opposed the match and broke it off. After finishing his trade he went to one of the Southern States, and married a sister of Hon. John M. Clayton, former United States Senator from Delaware. After having two children, his wife died and left him a widower. He then emigrated to Canada West where he became quite a wealthy and prominent man, and filled the office of County Recorder, a life appointment, at Guelph. There he married a second time and became a second time a widower. Last summer he passed through Easton, on his road to Wilmington, where his daughter was at school, and whilst here made inquiry after the sweet-heart of his younger days. Ascertaing that she was a widow and residing in Philadelphia, he called upon her, renewed his acquaintance, and after more than forty years separation, again proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. He was to have come here on this very week to be married, but was taken suddenly sick about ten days ago with an attack of pleurisy, and died after a short illness. A few days before his death, he wrote to the object of his first affection, telling her that he was doubtless on his dying bed and never expected to see her again on earth."

"THERE is nothing very odd in my feeling nervous when I happen to lie awake and get listening for sounds. Just keep your eyes open any time after midnight, when you are lying in bed in a lone attic of a dark night. What horrid, strange, suggestive, unaccountable noises you will hear! The stillness of night is a vulgar error. All the dead things seem to be alive. Crack! That is the old chest of drawers; you never hear it crack in the daytime. Crack! There's a door ajar; you know you shut them all. Where can that latch be that rattles so? Is anybody trying it softly? worse than anybody, is——? (Cold shiver.) Then a sudden gust that jars all the windows—very strange!—there does not seem to be any wind about that it belongs to. When it stops, you hear the worms boring in the powdery beams overhead. Then steps outside—a stray animal, no doubt. All right—but a gentle moisture breaks out all over you; and then something like a whistle or a cry—another gust of wind, perhaps; that accounts for the rustling that just made your heart roll over and tumble about, so that it felt more like a live rat under your ribs than a part of your own body; then a crash of something that had fallen—blown over, very like——*Pater noster, qui es in cœlis!* for you are damp and cold, and sifting upright, and the bed trembling so that the death watch is frightened and has stopped ticking!"—*O. W. Holmes.*

☞Some of the young lads who attend pic-nics frequently act in a rude and unbecoming manner. A little wholesome advice from parents would probably have the effect of improving their conduct. Boys, such conduct will never do. Rudeness and vulgarity are but the stepping-stones to wickedness and crime. No boy who respects not his innocent little sisters sufficiently to behave well in their presence, can ever grow up to be a useful or respected man. And the probabilities are that his manhood will be marked by guilt and dishonor, and his old age be spent in remorse and misery. Let every boy who reads this, think of it when he is tempted to commit a rude or unworthy act.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece," to the "contemptible articles in the New York *Ledger*," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time.