

The Potter

SINGLE COPIES,

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

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COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1889

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- JOHN S. MANN,**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean 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 in his care, with promptness 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-ly*
- 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, McKean 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,**
PRACTISING 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
- 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, Crocker, 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 GILLOU,**
DRAPEE and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England, Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Pa., Pa. Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:25-ly.
- F. J. OLMSTED,** : : : : : S. D. KENNY,
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, Colebrook Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.
BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[We take this beautiful poem from Ticknor & Co.'s "blue and gold" edition of Longfellow's Poems, edited by himself, and the only American edition, we believe, which contains all the early and minor poems of the great American Poet.—Ed. Journal.]

Filled is life's goblet to the brim,
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that start
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel it is wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-inbrowned,
Are in the waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foe's man's face.

Let our unceasing earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight and care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race!

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Languing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

Choice Reading.

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.

[Conclusion.]

Ans. 4. Were the proper influence of the truly prudent or accomplished woman dangerous, the Wise Man, under the guidance of Divine Inspiration would not have extolled it so far above great riches, or the inheritance of fathers, as in the text. But this brings us

II. To consider why a prudent wife should be said to be from the Lord; while houses and riches are only to be styled the inheritance of fathers.

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.]

I. THE subject is suited to charge the mind afresh with the special privileges of conjugal attachments and family connexions. And it should impress those extensive obligations lasting on the conscience and the heart,—which are mutually binding on husbands and wives; highly to respect each other.

Such a friendship is the highest cordial in life. Without it either of the sexes are never what they should be. True dignity and delicacy droop in their manhoods. Morals are ravished of their practical, their highest beauty. And the soul is filled with painful void. All human prospects, and successes, without this friendship, are rootless thorns,—winter, without a spring;—Ah, tasteless pleasures, joyless griefs!—Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church. And, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let wives be to their husbands in everything. Eph. v. 24, 25.

II. The subject teaches that it is not this sphere, in which we are called to act, that makes one most beloved or happy; that secures the greatest pleasure; or affluence,—but the wise and faithful discharge of the duties incumbent. For instance, although according to personal constitution a female partner cannot be the head, in the sense that her husband is, or a candidate with him for certain public stations, which are nominally honorable. Yet, acting in the character of a prudent, useful, lovely woman, "She is the crown of her husband, praised in the

Choice Reading.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION;
OR,
SWISS CHOPPER'S ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

People of strong nervous temperament are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence, people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are unimpaired, and so partially undeveloped,—suffers from this peculiar fact in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority) one-half the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to his arm with a click; the poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon; and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed; a surgeon having merely snatched his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin!

Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of his beef upon the barbed point. His agony was intense—he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor in cutting the coat and shirt sleeve from about the wounded arm! When at last the arm was hauled, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the shirt sleeve from about the wound!

I will not multiply the various facts extant in proof of the force exercised by a misdirected imagination; but will mention one case so judiciously imposing as to cause a pretty broad smile, if not prove otherwise interesting.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks county, Pennsylvania, there lived a cobbler and shoemaker, named Sweighoffer, of German descent, and accent too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the legislature, and was therefore "no fool"; and as he had also long ago commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm; now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the woman and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at

work. Peter was constantly receiving from New York the finest assortment of goods that could be procured in this portion of the country, and he sold them at prices which will

DEER COMPETITION.
SOLE LEATHER,
UPPER LEATHER & KIP SKINS,
FRENCH CALF SKINS, (genuine),
PREGS, NAILS, AWLS, and FINDINGS, of every description, in quantities to suit purchasers.
REMARKABLY LOW PRICES FOR CASH.
All goods sold at our establishment of the Best Quality, and will be WASHED, if desired to give them a better appearance.
Terms Cash Only. Give us your orders to GEORGE T. WELLS, Wellsville, May 19, 1859.—40.
Orders sent by mail, or by Journal Express, Coudersport, will be promptly and carefully attended to.

NEW STOCK
OF
SUMMER GOODS
JUST RECEIVED BY
C. H. SIMMONS,
in Osawayo.
Low Prices
AND
FAVORABLE TERMS
TO
Cash and Short-Time Buyers.
I AM NOW RECEIVING my Summer lamps of which embraces everything God, there is by a Country Merchant—
not life's brooding alone, "to live" is to be followed.
There is a land where CLOUTHS are never tattered, where windings of C's are never woven, where graves are never dug. Blest land beyond the sky! To reach it we must die.—Spurgeon.

The Force of Imagination;
OR,
SWISS CHOPPER'S ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. Gathering up the dry stiff stalks of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stay the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have both legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the weed and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a haycock-coffin!

"Oh! mine Gott! Come, come quick, Jacob. He bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg!"

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"Oh! mine Gott! Come, come quick, Jacob. He bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg!"

"Put on your vest, den; here it is," said the old krait-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made the effort he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end, "like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes—he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a stecco accompaniment.

"O! Jacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Var! Ish nodder shake in your trousers?"

"No—look, I'm sweat all up! Mine vest won't go on my back. O! O! mine Gott!"

"Tander and bliken!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, seized into a most wonderful feat of physical strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter or half a mile to the house.

The young Peter had shinned it home the earliest stage of the dire process, and so alarmed the girls that they were in a high state of excitement when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant. Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die natural as life, when in came the old lady in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on! Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman, ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle-top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a snake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pishened to death. Whatly! See! I'm all pishened—mine vest body!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old woman, "Vat a fool!—You got Peter's vest on!—haw! haw! haw!"

"Boh! Boh!" roared old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. "Boh! Boh! Boh! yst a tax on fool you must be, to say I wash snake bite! Go 'bout your business, gal. Peter bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life. Truth and wisdom are inseparable.

boarded schools, who was generally this disease as to require more than a week's work, was entirely cured by this Specific.

It is the common complaint of the young, but is not cured by the common remedies.

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