

The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES,

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

FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XII.—NUMBER 6.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1859

TERMS.—\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications
should be addressed, to secure attention.
Terms—Invariably in Advance:
\$1.25 per Annum.

Terms of Advertising.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion, . . .	50
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months,	2 50
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	4 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	5 50
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 00
Rate and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
Every subsequent insertion,	50
1 Column six months,	18 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	40 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	7 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	30 00
Double-column, displayed, per annum	18 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	35 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	16 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	6 00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1 00

of 10 lines, each insertion under 4, 1 00
Parts of columns will be inserted at the same rates.
Administrator's or Executor's Notice, 2 00
Auditor's Notices, each, 1 50
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1 50
Marriage Notices, each, 1 00
Divorce Notices, each, 1 50
Administrator's Sales, per square for 4 insertions, 1 50
Business or Professional Cards, each, not exceeding 8 lines, per year, 5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line, 10
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Business Cards.

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 to 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. 10:29-1y*

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, Smetheport, 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, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

Poet's Corner.
From the Atlantic Monthly, Oct. OLD PAPERS.
BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As who, in idly searching o'er
Some sad old-fashioned garret shed,
Might, with strange pity, touch the poor,
Moth-eaten garments of the dead.
Thus (to their weary owner once allied)
I lift these weeds of banished woe—
These relics of a self that died
So sadly and so long ago!
'Tis said that seven short years can change,
Through nerve and bone, this knitted
frame,
Cellule by cellule waxing strange,
'Till not an atom is the same.
By what more subtle, slow degrees
Thus may the mind transmit its all,
That calmly it should dwell on these,
As on another's fate and fall!
So far remote from joy or bale,
Where'er each dusky page is rife,
I seem to read some piteous tale
Of strange romance, but true to life.
Too daring thoughts! too idle deeds!
A soul that questioned, loved, and sinned!
And hopes, that stand like last year's weeds,
And shudder in the dead March wind!
Grave of gone dreams!—could such convulse
Youth's fevered trance?—The plot grows
thick—
Was it this cold and even pulse
That thrilled with life so fierce and quick?
Well, I can smile at all this now—
But cannot smile when I recall
The heart of faith, the open brow,
The trust that once was all in all;—
Nor when—Ah, faded spectral sheet,
Wreath of long-perished wrong and time,
Forbear! the spirit starts to meet
The resurrection of its crime!
Starts,—from its human world shut out,—
As some detected changeling elf,
Doomed, with strange agony and doubt,
To enter on his former self.
Ill-omened leaves, still stage apart!
No further! 'tis a page turned o'er,
And the long dead and coffin'd heart
Throbs into wretched life once more.

Miscellany.

THE DIAMOND BREAST-PIN.
"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna!" said George Blakely to his young, proud and extravagant wife. The tone in which he said this showed that her request had startled him. "I know it well. But what are two hundred dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's voice was half contemptuous. "Mary Edger's diamonds cost over a thousand dollars."
"Just one thousand dollars more than her husband could afford to pay for them," said Mr. Blakely.
"He's the best judge of that, I presume," retorted his wife.
"But that doesn't signify. You cannot, Anna."
"What do you do with your money, pray?"
The young wife turned sharply upon her husband, and her words and tone stung him into rather a harsh reply. But this only aroused her anger and made her more unreasonably persistent.
"O, very well," said her too yielding husband at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the pin. Tell him to send in the account on the first of January and it will be paid."
Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a diamond ring or breast-pin and until she was the owner of one or both, she could no longer hold up her head in society. Her husband was receiving-teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per annum, when he married, which was about a year before, and he still occupied the same income. For a young man in his position he had not married wisely. The handsome face and captivating manners of a dashing belle bewildered his fancy.
He proposed in haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the marriage altar not a true woman, but a transformed into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain creature, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish and narrow-minded to feel the influence of honorable principles.
An extravagant love for dress and ornament characterized her from the beginning and she would harken to none of her husband's gently offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income she spent during the first year of their marriage, in dress and jewelry.
The demand for a two hundred dollar breast pin, coming upon young Blakely as it did, at a time when he had just made the unpleasant discovery of a deficit in his income, when compared with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sadly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough to meet the exigency, and therefore weakly yielded to a demand that should have been met by an unflinching refusal.
The first of January found Blakely short of funds by considerable more than the price to be paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came in and must be settled. It would not do for him to hold back in the matter of payment, for the

jeweler was an acquaintance of more than one of the directors of the bank, and questions might be asked, and inferences drawn prejudicial to his standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind and strong temptation, the young man made a false entry which enabled him to abstract two hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.
This was only the beginning of defalcations which ran through many years before the exposure came which always follows such a crime. It was easier now than to supply the extravagant demands of his wife whose annual wardrobe, and bills for jewelry, for which she had that passion which is characteristic of weak minds, almost reached the full amount of his salary.
But the end came at last. One morning seven years from the day they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera, when the bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely started and turned pale with a sudden presentiment of evil.
"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw the singular change in his countenance.
Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening at the door. Men's voices were now heard, and tread of heavy feet along the passage. There was a start and a hurried movement by Blakely; he then stood still as if riveted to the spot.
"Who are they? what is the meaning of this?" asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same moment two men entered the room.
"You are arrested," said one of them; "on a charge of defalcation."
Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.
"George, George! This is false," exclaimed Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could not stoop to crime!"
"It is true," he answered, in a low and despairing voice. Then laying one of his fingers on the diamond pin that glittered on her bosom, he added speaking to her alone—
"You gained that at the price of your husband's dishonor! You demanded it. I remonstrated and said I could not afford so costly an ornament. You repeated your demand, and I, weak fool that I was, permitted the contraction of a debt that could only be cancelled by dishonest means. I thought, when I married you, that I had obtained a wife whose virtues might help me upward to Heaven, but you have proved only a tempting fiend, dragging me daily nearer and nearer the brink of destruction, over which I now fall to helpless ruin. I have robbed the bank, but it was for you!"
Then turning to the officers he said, in a calm voice—
"I am at your service."
The words of her husband had stunned Mrs. Blakely. She never saw him afterwards. That night he passed to his account before a higher tribunal than an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and disgrace.
The story is one of every day life. Geo. Blakely is the representative of a class. Not all of them rob banks, or defraud their employers. But all of them support idle, extravagant wives in costly establishments—costly in comparison with their means—spend more than their earnings for profits, and fall in the end to pay their just obligations.
A modern young lady, fashionably educated, and with modern notions of style, fashion and domestic opinions, is altogether too costly an article for a young man of small means or a moderate salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rosewood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred dollar houses, opera balls, fashionable parties, Saratoga and Newport, and success in business, are altogether out of the question. If young men would unite the latter and matrimony, they must look into another circle for wives. A girl who is independent enough to earn her own living as a teacher or with a needle, is a wife worth a score of such butterflies of fashion; a rising young man, who has only his industry to rest upon for success in life is a fool to marry any other. Useful industry is always honorable.

Thoughts in a Saw Mill.
Happening recently to visit a large and well managed saw mill in a rural district, we were much struck with the economy of time, labor, power and material which was there exhibited. The water power, more than sufficient to drive the main saw, was applied to lathes, drills, and circular saws, the latter of different sizes. The log out of which board and plank were sawed, was of course first dressed of its outside cuts, or "slabs." These refuse, as far as boards are concerned, were immediately cut up into necessary lengths, and then run into "chair stuff." Thence the sawed stuff went to the lathes, and thence to the drills. Thence such as required bending were carried to be steamed into ductility, and driven into a frame which gave them the requisite curve, were placed in the sun to dry; or, if not fit for this purpose, the waste wood was sawed into "paling" and "plastering lathes." What could serve no other useful purpose was thrown into a pile for fire and kindling wood. There seemed a use for every scrap, and the mill was cleared of its rubbish hour by hour. The clearing was effected by putting everything to some profitable application. A huge pile of sawdust gave indication that something at least must be thrown away to vindicate the slovenly habits of our forefathers. But even this we are told was carried off by the farmers, for stable litter. By such use, itself a fertilizing agent, it is thoroughly saturated with other substances, and becomes one of the most useful of fertilizers.
Necessity is said to be the mother of invention; and it certainly is the parent of economy. In one of Cooper's best novels, the Pioneer, a prodigal laughs at the owner of the village property, for desiring to save trees, as if such common affairs could have any value, or possibly become scarce. The feeling of indifference to such economy was all but universal, not many years ago. Now, however, the destruction of our forests has brought people to a practical knowledge of the value of lumber. Such persons, especially, as are required to build, though on ever so limited a scale, discover that lumber is money. Machinery of various descriptions, for the manufacture of sash, panel work and other purposes, comes in, most opportunely, not only to save labor, but time and stock. Day wages with hand tools, and the hap-hazard hewing of old times, would make the most common house exceed the present cost of an elegant residence.
The saw mill and machinery constitute a type of what is now done in almost every department of industry. In many things there is still unnecessary waste, but the ingenuity of our countrymen, proverbially inventive, is constantly devising means to meet the problem of an increased demand, depressed by the increased price of the crude material. Only allow us a fair chance in the struggle, by the protection of industry, and the threatened dangers of over population will diminish with the increase of people. Every year reveals some mode of bringing into service substances hitherto neglected or thrown away. We have yet much to learn. Necessity will teach us; but the stern admonitions of such waste require to be seconded by the gentler process of encouragement.
There never existed a nation with more glorious opportunity than we enjoy for keeping up the value and dignity of man in the plainest republic, while at the same time we may distribute among this whole people such comforts and conveniences as monarchs of old could not enjoy. Slaves toiled to create the luxuries of the ancient despots. Modern science makes the elements minister to the production of such conveniences for the industrious millions, as enable the worker to receive the benefit of his own labor. But just so far, and so far only, as we encourage and develop productive industry, may we realize the advantages within our reach. The system which we have noted as regulating the saw mill, is that which true civilization and just government provide for the benefit of the people. Every man has his place and his value. Nothing is wasted, whether mental ability or physical power, and industry and healthy competition are the agents which keep the great machinery of the political and social fabric in safe and profitable motion.—North American.

Manures in Winter.
No mistake is more common, than to suppose that manures undergo no deleterious change from inattention during winter. It is true that, from the immediate surface of the manure-heap, the escape of ammonia is not so great as during the summer; but all who have observed the fact know, that the non-conducting power of the immediate surface enables the center or greater bulk of the mass to decompose with rapidity; and in properly conducted manure-sheds the current manures of the winter may be decomposed as well as in summer.
Those who are supplied with properly constructed sheds, including a cistern for the liquid drainage of the manure heap, and a pump for its frequent distribution and return to the top of the heap, can continue the making of compost, with a certainty of its being ready for spring use, that condition known as "short"; but in the absence of a pump and cistern arrangement, much manure is wasted by fire-fanging, even in the coldest weather. A well arranged compost-heap may receive manures from the stable each morning. Muck may be continuously added during the winter; and when the drainage of the heap proves insufficient for its frequent wetting, water should be added to the cistern, and pumped on top of the mass. The quantity should be sufficient, if great to insure the necessary amount of drainage for re-wetting the heap twice in each week. It will not be diffi-

cult for every farmer to understand that, as this fluid sinks down through the heap, the same interstices which permit the passage of the fluid, will necessarily admit the atmosphere; and thus all the conditions for rapid decomposition must take place. Those portions which are rich in soluble matter, necessarily will imbue those of less comparative value, such as muck, long litter, etc.; and all being above the surface of the soil, and presenting a much less amount of surface than when spread broadly in a barn-yard, will part with less ammonia. No turning of the mass will prove necessary, as the frequent filtration of the fluid portions will continually supply all those requirements which forking is supposed to furnish. Should an escape of ammonia be observed, it is only necessary to add a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the cistern, which when pumped upon the heap, will change the escaping ammonia to a sulphate, and thus render it non-volatile. This, however, will not be found necessary where a sufficient amount of swamp-muck, head-lands, pond-mud, river-bottom, charcoal-dust, or other material capable of receiving ammonia, and retaining the valuable portions of fluid manures, are used. Manures so treated, will be found by spring to be of much greater value than those exposed in the open barn-yard, while the quantity will necessarily be greater.—Prof. Mapes, Working Farmer.

Blondin Challenged.
Nichols, the local of the McKean Citizen, is a "phony pheller"—a very "Doctstick." Here is his latest "ephusion."
"A single telegraph wire shall be extended from the American to the Canada shore, without a single guy, directly over the cataract at Niagara Falls. The 'Local' of this paper wearing a pair of sew-hide boots and dressed in the costume of a female dutch cook, will proceed to the middle of the wire, with a common clay pipe as a balancing pole, driving before him a hog and cow, and carrying on his back a cooking stove, a coop of chickens, a bed and bedding, a keg of lager beer, a barber's chair, and various cooking utensils. He will then, unload himself and immediately go to bed. After a snooze of fifteen minutes he will rise, dress himself, take a glass of beer, milk the cow, kill the hog and dress it, cook fresh pork for breakfast, after which he will eat a wolf's meal. He will then throw one hundred and thirty summer-saults, sucking an egg while in the air at each evolution, alighting the last time on the tip of the cow's horn, and while in this position will take the chicken coop, and after having taken the chickens out one at a time and wrung their necks consecutively, will balance the coop on the tip end of his nose, balance the cooking stove on his right hand thumb, balance the bedstead on his left thumb, at the same time finishing the beer, and making a Dutch speech to the admiring crowds on either shore. After which—after the manner of Levi North's celebrated one horse act—the 'Local' will perform the one cow act. The foreman of this paper will then come out on the wire, blindfolded and shackled, walking on his hands. Then there will be a representation of Heenan and Morrissey's prize fight in which the 'Local' and foreman will exchange sundry knocks and kicks, and black eyes. The last scene will be both parties standing on their heads, and will, in this predicament, play a rub of twenty one games of old sledge for the treat of all hands. The whole to conclude with a representation of some of the loving scenes in Romeo and Juliet.

Life-Thoughts from a New Book
by Miss Mutch.
MY DEAR.—Dear, a pleasant adjective—my, a pronoun of possession, implying that the being spoken of is one's very own—one's sole, sacred, personal property, as with natural selfishness one would wish to hold the thing most precious. My dear—a satisfactory total. I rather object to "dearest," as a word implying comparison, and therefore never to be used where comparison should not and could not exist. Witness "dearest mother, or dearest wife," as if a man had a plurality of mothers or wives, out of whom he chose the one he loved best. And, as a general rule, I dislike all ultra expressions of affection set down in ink. I once knew an honest gentleman—blessed with one of the tenderest hearts that ever man had, and which in all his life was only given to one woman; he, his wife told me, had never, even in their courtship days, written to her otherwise than as "My dear Anne," ending merely with "Yours faithfully," or "yours truly." Faithful, true, what could he write, or she desire more?
WOMAN'S WIT.—Conscience, tender over dead heroes, feels not the smallest compunction in writing the angry injurious line, when she thinks of that odious camp which has been established near us for the education of the military mind, and the hardening of the military

body. Whence red costs swarm out over the pretty neighborhood like lady birds over the hope gardens—harmless, it is true, yet forever flying in one's face in the most unpleasant manner, making inroads through one's parlor windows, and crawling over one's tea table. Wretched red insects! except that the set would be murder, I often wish I could put half a dozen of them, swords, epaulets, moustaches and all, under the heel of my shoe.
A THEORY.—Men may be jealous, and cross, and wretched; but they do not absolutely hate one another on a woman's account unless she has been in some degree to blame. While free and showing no preference, no one can well fight about her, for all have an equal chance; when she has a preference, though she might not openly show it towards its object, she certainly would never think of showing it towards anybody else. At least, that is my theory.—"A Life for a Life"

Medical Advice.
There is nothing which mankind are so anxious to preserve, and of which they are so negligent as life.
Cleora had learned of the fame of Dr. Gregory, the Scots Esculapian, and posted to Edinburgh, to consult him about her health. As soon as she got there she sent for the Doctor, and talked of lassitude. He told her it was owing to her journey. She said she had no appetite in the evening. The Doctor ordered her to eat but little dinner. She complained that she was subject to watching; he desired her to go late to bed. She asked why she became so heavy, and what remedy for such languor? The doctor replied that she should rise more early, and take more exercise. She protested that wine hurt her; he told her to drink water. "But my eyes hurt me," said Cleora. "Make use of spectacles," replied the Doctor.
"My strength likewise (added she) begins to fail me, and I am not so healthy as I have been."
"Because you grow in years," answered he.
"And what remedy for that weakness?"
"The shortest, madam, is to pay the debt of mortality, as so many beauties have done before you."
"Learned physician," said Cleora, tossing up her head, "is this all the comfort you can give me? Is it for these few maxims that you are so much renowned? You have told me nothing but what I knew already."
"Why did you not, then, make use of your knowledge?" replied the Doctor.—
"I pretend to no divination. If you want mysterious remedies, you might have found them in London, and have saved yourself the trouble of so long a journey."
The following which we find in the Philadelphia Bulletin gives the way of doing up weddings in Lancaster county, in "the times that tried men's souls." Wonder how the gallants of the present day would like to "face the music" required by the "Whig Association of the unmarried young ladies of America" in 1778?
A WHIG WEDDING.—[From "Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet," Lancaster, June 17, 1778.] "Was married last Thursday, Mr. William Clingan, Jr., of Donegal, to Miss Jenny Roan, of Loudon-derry, both of this county of Lancaster—a sober, sensible, agreeable young couple, and very sincere Whigs. This marriage promises as much happiness as the state of things in this, our sinful world, will admit. This was truly a whig wedding, as there were present many young gentlemen and ladies, and not one of the gentlemen but had been called on in the service of his country; and it was well known that the groom in particular had proved his heroism, as well as Whigism, in several battles and skirmishes. After the marriage was ended, a motion was made and heartily agreed to by all present, that the young unmarried ladies should form themselves into an association by the name of the "Whig Association of the unmarried young ladies of America," in which they would pledge their honor that they would never give their hand in marriage to any gentleman until he had first proved himself a patriot, in readily turning out when called to defend his country from slavery; by a spirited and brave conduct, as they would not wish to be the mothers of a race of slaves and cowards."

Mr. HORACE H. DAY, of India-rubber immortality has invented elastic suspenders for ladies, so that they may hang their petticoats from their shoulders, instead of fastening them about their hips. A good thing, we dare say.
The expenses per annum to each person of the population in supporting the President of the United States, by paying his salary, is—one fifth of a cent; or four-ninths for the term of four years. This must be the reason why some don't care a cent who is President.