The Potter Journal.

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Thos. S. Chase,

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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

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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, 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 GHLON,

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.

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 N. Y. Evening Post.

BY AND BY.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Oh! wonderful visions of long ago,
Lighting so the young warm brain,
You've lost your aura of golden glow,
You're tarnished now by the touch of pain.
Can love retint where rust hath lain?
Can it kindle again for the eager eye?
Oh, beautiful dreams will you live again,
Will you live again in the by and by?

They who began life's race with me,
The amber-haired, the dewy-eyed,
Who made life sweeter than dreams can be,
Alas! how many of them have died.
The old, old story—beside the way,
In low, cold houses, mute, they lie;
When all come forth to immortal day,
Shall we love again in the by and by?

The tangled web of our mortal life,
Will Jesus' pitying hand untie?
That error and evil, mingle strife
Despite His love, will He tell us why?
Why glorious promises stranded lie?
Why hearts are wrecked on this lower coast?
Why heirs of a God-born destiny
Reel into chaos, rayless, lost?

Many who love in silence here
Walk as strangers, far apart,
Never naming the name most dear,
The being born their twain in heart.
In God's after-day will it all be clear,
The story of fate, and its sorrowful "why"?
The loved, and longed for, waiting here,
Will they know and love in the by and by?

Choice Reading.

From "Steps Towards Heaven."

IMPERISHABLE BEAUTY.

T. S. ARTHUR.

It was a very plain face. My eye rested upon it, for a moment or two, and then wandered away to the countenance of another maiden, whose beauty ravished the eyes of every beholder; and as I gazed with a feeling of delight, upon its transcendent loveliness, an impulse of thankfulness stirred in my heart—thankfulness to the Creator of beauty. The first maiden sat alone; around the other stood a group of admirers. So marked a contrast between the two, as well in features as in the impression made thereby, excited, first, something like pity for her whom nature had endowed so poorly; and I turned to look at her again with a kinder feeling in my heart.

There she sat all alone. Yes, her face was very, very plain; but it did not strike me as repulsive. The mouth, which had nothing of the ripe fullness that gave such an enamoring grace to the other maiden, was placid; and though not encircled by a perpetual wreath of smiles, calmly enthroned the gentle spirit of content. Her eyes were small, the lashes thin, and the arch above them faintly visible. Arch? I can scarcely give it that graceful designation. I had not yet seen the expression of those eyes. As I looked towards her, with that strange consciousness of observation which all have remarked, but which few can explain, she turned her eyes from another part of the room, and looked at me. They did not flash brilliantly, nor strike me, at the first glance, as having in them anything peculiar. They were the common eyes we meet at every turn—no soul in them. I give my first impression. My second was different. I had turned my eyes away; but something I had seen, caused them almost involuntarily to wander back to the maiden's face. A friend whom I highly regarded—a young man of more than common worth—had crossed the room, and was standing before her. She had lifted her eyes to his face, and there was a new light in them—not a dazzling, but a soft, winning light, that purity and love made almost beautiful.

They were conversing, and I watched, for some time, the play of that unattractive countenance—unattractive no longer.

"Ah!" said I, "there is a beautiful soul within that casket."

And as I spoke thus, in the silence of my own thoughts, I looked towards the other maiden, who was still surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

"Her beauty is wonderful!" I could not help the utterance of this tribute to her charms. Yet scarcely had I spoken the words, when she turned to one of the group which had gathered about her, a slight curl of unlovely scorn upon her lips, and threw at him an arrowy word that wounded as it struck. She saw that it hurt, and a gleam of pleasure went forth from her brilliant eyes.

A slimy veil came between me and that countenance, which, a little while before, had shone with a loveliness that was absolutely enchanting. I turned again to the other maiden. My friend still stood before her, and her eyes were lifted to his face. She was uttering some sentiments—what, I did not hear—but they must have been good and beautiful in conception, to have filled every lineament with such a winning grace.

"Ah!" said I, the real truth dawning upon my mind, "here is the inner, imperishable beauty. The beauty, which, instead of losing its spring-time freshness, forever advances towards eternal youth."

A few weeks later, and my friend communicated to me the intelligence, that his heart had been won by the charms of this unattractive maiden. Once he had been a worshipper at the other shrine—the shrine of beauty; and I knew that, only a few months before, hand and heart were ready to be offered. Accepted they would have been, for he had personal beauty, attractive manners, wealth, and above all a manly, honorable spirit.

For all I had seen, I was scarcely prepared for this. The maiden might be good—I did not question that—but she was so homely; and this homeliness would be only the more apparent in contrast with his elegant exterior. It was almost on my lips to remonstrate—to suggest this thought to his mind. But I prudently forbore.

"You know her well, I hope." I could not help the utterance of this caution.

"She is not thought to be beautiful," he replied, seeming to perceive my thoughts, "indeed, as to features, she is plain; yet, in person, she is tall, graceful, dignified, and with a carriage that a queen might envy."

This was true to the letter. I had not thought of it before. Nature had given at least this compensation.

"But the higher beauty," he added, is of the soul. All else is soon diminished. Scarcely has the blushing girl stepped forward through the opening door of womanhood, ere we see the lustre of her blossoming cheek beginning to tarnish in the social atmosphere, or to pale from disease. But the soul's beauty dims not, wanes not, dies not. It is as imperishable as the soul itself. Our bodies die, but the soul is immortal."

"If she possesses this beauty?"

"I know that she possesses it," he answered, somewhat warmly. "I have seen it looking forth from her eyes, wreathing about her lips, and giving to every lineament a heavenly charm. It is musical in every tone of her voice."

"Goodness alone is beautiful," I said.

"And she is good," he replied. "I never met one who so rarely spoke of herself, or who seemed to take so loving an interest in humanity."

"That is God-like."

"Is not God the very source of all beauty? To be God-like, then, is to be beautiful. Ah!" he added, "I have found, indeed, a treasure! Morning and evening I thank the good Giver, that he opened my eyes to see deeper than the alluring surface. I was dazzled, once, by a glittering exterior; but have a clearer vision now."

"Win her and wear her, then," I replied, "and may she be all your fancy pictures."

"She is won," he answered, "and I shall wear her proudly in the eyes of all men."

There was a world of surprise when it became known that my handsome friend was about leading his chosen bride to the marriage altar.

"How could he throw himself away upon such an ugly creature?" said one, coarsely.

"He might have taken his choice from the loveliest," remarked another.

"He will tire of that face in a month. All the gold of Ophir would not bribe me to sit opposite to it for a year."

And so the changes rung.

But my friend knew what he was doing. I was present at the wedding.

"If she were not so homely!" I heard a lady remark, as she stood beside her handsome young husband. "What can he see in her to love?"

I turned and looked at the speaker. Nature had been kind in giving her an attractive face; but the slight curl of contempt that was on her lip marred everything. I glanced back to the young bride's countenance; her pure soul was shining through it, like light through a veil. To me, she seemed at that moment more beautiful than the other; and far more worthy to be loved.

The brilliantly beautiful maiden of whom I have spoken, gave her hand in marriage about the same time. Her husband was a young man of good character, kind feelings, and with sufficient income to enable them to live in a style of imposing elegance. A series of gay parties was the social welcome given to the lovely bride. But such honor did not attend the nuptials of her plainer sister.

A few years later, and the spiritual qualities of each were more apparent in their faces. I remember meeting both, in company, ten years after their marriage. I was standing at one end of the room, when an over-dressed woman, with a showy face, came in, accompanied by a gentleman whom I knew, not as an acquaintance, but as a man of business and the husband of the beauty. I should scarcely have recognized the latter, but for him. What a change was there! At a distance, the face struck you as still beautiful, but, on a closer view, the illusion vanished. The mouth had grown sensual, peevish, and ill-natured; the eyes were bright, but the brightness repelled rather than attracted. After awhile, wondering at the change, I drew near and entered into conversation with her. The music of her voice I remembered. There was no music in it now; at least none for my ears. A certain abruptness in her manners, born of pride, or supercilliousness, was to me particularly offensive. I tried her on various subjects, in order to bring out some better aspects of her character. The Swedish Nightingale had just been here, and had sung to my heart as no living man or woman had ever sung—I spoke of her. "Too artificial," was the reply, with an air of critical vanity, that gave to my feelings a ripple of indignation. I referred to a new poem, admirable for its purity of style; she coldly remarked with depreciation on some of its special beauties, merely repeating, as I knew, a certain captious reviewer. I was in doubt whether she had read even a page of the book. Then I spoke of a lady present. She tossed her head, and arched her lip, saying, "She's too fond of gentlemen's attentions."

I varied still my efforts, but to no good purpose. The more I conversed with her, the less beautiful became her face, for the unloveliness of her true character was perpetually gleaming through and spoiling the already sadly-marred features. I left her side, on the first good opportunity, glad to get away. Ten years ago, in all companies, she was the cynosure of every eye. The praise of her beauty was on every lip. But so changed was she now, that none bent to do her reverence. I noticed her sitting alone, with a discontented look, long after I had left my place by her side. Her husband, for all the attentions he paid her during the evening, might have been unconscious of her presence.

But there was another lady in the room, who, was, all the while, the centre of an admiring circle. None, perhaps, considered her face beautiful; yet to every one who looked upon it, came a perception of beauty that associated itself with her individuality. In repose, her features were plain, yet not repulsive in the slightest particular. But, when thought and feeling flowed into them, every eye was charmed. There was a nameless grace in her manner that gave additional power to the attractions of her countenance.

I was half in doubt, at first, of her identity, as I gazed upon her from a distant part of the room; she looked, in my eyes, so really beautiful. But the presence of my old friend in the group, my old friend who had been wise enough to prefer beauty of soul to beauty of face, removed all questions, and passing over, I added another to the circle which had gathered around her.

There was nothing obtrusive in her conversation; nothing of conscious pride; but a calm, and, at times, earnest utterance of true sentiments. Not once during the evening did I hear a word from her lips that jarred the better feelings.

"The good are beautiful!" Many times did this sentiment find spontaneous utterance in my thoughts as I looked upon her; and then turned my eyes to the discontented face of another, who, a few years before, carried off, in every company, the palm of loveliness.

Yes, here was the imperishable beauty! Maiden! would you find this beauty? No matter if your features were not cast in classic mould, this higher, truer beauty may be yours if you will seek for it in the denial of selfishness, and the repression of discontent. "The good are beautiful." Lay that up in your thoughts. Treasure it as the most sublime wisdom.

Gather into the store-house of your minds sentiments of regard for others; and let your hands engage in gentle charities. To do good and to communicate forget not. If tempted to murmur, think of your many blessings; if to repine, of the thousands that are sick and in suffering. Be humble, gentle, forgiving, and above all—useful. These are the graces that shine through the outer coverings of the soul, and reveal themselves in light and loveliness to all eyes.

The good never grow homely as they grow old. The outer eye may become dim, and the cheek loose its freshness, but in the place of earthly charms will come a spiritual beauty, unfading as eternity.

A Short Sermon.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

The universal fact based on universal experience, is that there is nothing in the world that makes so poor a return for its cost, as sensual pleasures. No man ever traded extensively in this line without becoming a bankrupt in happiness. It does not pay, and cannot be made to pay, and every man should see and understand this if he would keep an account of his receipts and expenditures. Let me help you to open a book of this kind. Credit sensual pleasure for a spree—a night of hilarity, produced by drinking and feasting; and then turn to the other side of the account, and debit it with the solemn details of cost—money enough to furnish bread for a hundred hungry mouths; a day of languor, pain and indolence; a damaged reputation which may interfere with the projects and prospects of a whole life; a loss of self-respect, and a deadening of moral sensibility; a reduction of the capacity of enjoyment and of the stock of vitality;—the sullen pangs of a reproving conscience, the tears of a mother and the severer anguish of a father—all these, and more, for an hour of artificial insanity! How does the account look?

Suppose we try another: Credit Sensual Pleasure for the illicit indulgence of a powerful passion. Then place the cost upon the debit side of the ledger: shame and fear, conscious loss of purity, the possession of a foul secret that is to be carried into all society, and into all relationships, disease and remorse, or, what is more than all these, hardness, brutality and the formation of habits whose only end is ruin. I may not, through fear of giving offense, enter into all the details of the debit side of this account. They may be found and read of all men in graveyards, in hospitals, in brothels, in garrets, and cellars, in ruined families and ruined hearts and hopes. Now does the thing pay?

I have presented only the private side of this account, and that but imperfectly. There is a public side. The innumerable paupers whose life is supported by the State, owe their pauperism, directly or remotely, in three cases out of four, to sensuality—to strong drink, licentiousness, or some form of extravagance that proceeded from a devotion to sensual pleasures. Idiots begotten in drunkenness, lunatics through various forms of sensual vice, criminals who are caged in every jail and prison, like wild beasts; diseased creatures, alike loathsome to themselves and others, crowded into numberless pestilent hospitals—all these are public burdens, imposed by the sins of sensuality. If we run through the whole catalogue of crimes we shall find them all growing directly or indirectly out of this comprehensive vice. In fact it may be said that all crime, with all its consequences, is but a manifestation of the dominance of sense over reason and conscience.

In this view—and no one knows better than its victims that it is the correct view, Sensuality rises into the position of the grand scourge of mankind. It is the mother of disease, the nurse of crime, the burden of taxation, and the destroyer of souls. Oh, if the world would rise out of this swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and dark with deadly vapors—full of vipers, thick with pitfalls and lurid with deceptive lights, and stand upon the secure heights of virtue where God's sun shines, and the winds of heaven breathe blandly and healthfully, how would human life become blessed and beautiful? The great burden of the world rolled off, how would it spring forward into a grand career of prosperity and progress? This change for this country, rests almost entirely with the young men of the country. It lies with them more than all other classes, to say whether this country shall decend still lower in its path to brutality, or rise higher than the standard of its loftiest dreams. The devotees of sense, themselves, have greatly lost their power for good, and comparatively few will change their course of life.

Woman will be pure if man will be true. Young men, this great result abides with you. If you could but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stalk of self-denial, you would give the plant the honor it deserves. If it seem hard and homely, despise it not, for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, and gladden your closing eyes with their marvellous loveliness and fill your soul with their grateful perfume.

Woman without Religion.

A man without religion is at best a poor reprobate, the football of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wondrous eternity that is begun within him; but a woman without it is even worse; a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors, with weak, shifting ground tackle to business or to the world; but a woman without that anchor called Faith is a drift and a wreck! A man may clumsily continue a kind of moral responsibility out of his relations to mankind; but a woman, in her comparatively isolated sphere, where affection, and not purpose, is the controlling motive, can find no basis for any system of right action but that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thought and brain to trustfulness in such a poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in Heaven? And that sweet truthfulness, that abiding love—lightening them with the pleasantest radiance, when the world's storms brake like an army of cracking cannon—what can bestow it all, but a holy evil-lie to what is above the storms, and to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a Christian mother but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?

CIVILIZING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A southern gentleman lately related an anecdote, which would indicate that some of the newly imported Africans may require more efficient instruments for their training and civilization than have usually been relied on for imbuing our southern-born negroes with the virtues of activity and fidelity. A planter ordered two of these sons of the East, who are uncorrupted by the strange abolitionism which pervades some of the plantations. As they entered the yard a bloodhound, one of the instructors and police of the establishment, regarding them as intruders, leaped upon one of them. The fellow was a large, muscular negro, and belonged to a tribe who sharpened their teeth.

Nothing daunted by the attack, he entered upon the contest with the greatest zeal. So successfully did he use his fists and heels and pointed teeth, that the fierce dog was obliged to cry for mercy. The animal even slunk away under a building, but the negro crept in after him, dragged him out, and would have killed him had he not have been stopped. The astonished planter looked upon his pounded and maimed bloodhound, and then upon the triumphant African, reflected a moment, and gave orders for his new couple to be marched away from his premises forthwith. He dare not trust the civilizing influences which he had at his disposal.

CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.—The law of divorce decreed by the French National Convention had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbors as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich and married to a lover without fortune, but a few days after the divorce had taken place, they were again united in wedlock; a transition which, exciting considerable suprise, was thus explained:

Their first union having been what is called a love-match, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had the whole fortune settled on the wife absolutely independent of the husband, whose moments, in the giddy rapture of the honey-moon, rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflection had sobered his senses he complained that his hands, by the illiberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyment, by occupying those intervals of life which are otherwise so apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils this excellent wife saw and provided a remedy. By dissolving their first marriage she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of her liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on the second marriage, the unfettered master of all she had. The happy husband was thus enabled by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happines or harrassing inquietude, to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant and useful occupation.

STRUMOUS or Scrofulous affections are the curse, the blight, the potatoe rot of mankind. They are vile and filthy as well as fatal. They arise from contamination and impurity of the blood, and are to be seen all around us everywhere. One quarter of all we meet are tainted with them, and one quarter of these die of them: die foolishly too, because they are curable. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cleanses out the Scrofulous corruption from the blood, renders it pure and healthy, and effectually expurges the foul contamination from the system. No longer glisten under your Scrofulous disorders, since the irresistable AYER has provided his masterly combination of curative virtues that he calls SARSAPARILLA.—*Democrat, Waterbury, Ct.*

THE author of "Daily Beauty," in the last *Atlantic*, speaking of matrimonial shows, says: "Any woman will break her neck to see two people, for whom she does not care a hair pin, stand up, one in white and the other in black, and mumble a few words that she knows by heart, and then take position at the end of the room and have society parade up to them by solemn little corporals with white favors, and then file off to the rear for collations of Perigord pie and champagne."

WEDDED AT LAST.—Some wag states that Mr. Buchanan is no longer a bachelor. He has become wedded to Miss Covernment. This is from the Missouri