The Potter Journal.

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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 door, 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

CHARLES REISSMANN,

CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.

Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

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

A. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.

D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,

DEALERS 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

A. 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,

S. 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

LYMAN HOUSE,

T. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-1y.

D. L. & M. H. DANIELS,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Ready-Made Clothing, Crockery, Hardware, Books, Stationery, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, &c., &c., Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. ☞ Cash paid for Furs, Hides and Pelts. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for trade.-12:20.

Z. J. THOMPSON,

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞ All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1:35.

Poet's Corner.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of etherial spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat.
This place was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure, long forgot.
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shown the bright and busy eye;
But, start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gloamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed.
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in Night.

Within the hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue,
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it would not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke!
This silent Tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of Duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with Angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Choice Reading.

BOY LOST.

[From childhood to manhood was never more beautifully word-pencilled, than by the author of the following—who was a *real* mother, or we mistake the evidences of womanly grandeur.—Ed. Jour.]

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on. He had a habit of whistling and asking questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor; of tumble down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and table turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy-making and corn-popping; and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"How quiet you are here; ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous once

They say—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for." But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or main-sails, and then to hem the same; I want to make little flags and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me.

They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures and parties; no confinement for you." But I want confinement, I want to listen for the school bell mornings; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch, from the window, nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once. * * * *

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick, black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boy's militia? He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty, round face, was the chosen favorite of my litte boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat. Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy soon will be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night gown, lying in his li le crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back f om his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be. How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold. I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children. I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown up one.—*Waverly Magazine.*

"Kiss me Mamma do Kiss me."

The child was so sensitive—so like that little shrinking plant, that curls at the breath and shuts its heart from light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful blue eyes. I had been trained by a stern, strict, conscientious mother, I was a tardy plant, rebounding at every shock, misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, said:

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks and her lips quivering. Presently I was sent for—"Oh mamma, you will kiss me. I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That is the way I had been trained until I was a submissive child, and I remember how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course. I knelt by her bed—"Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me.—Her hand touched mine; it was very hot; but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her grevious face to the wall. I blamed myself, so the fragile form shook with suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes Ellen will mind her better after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive I ran to the child's chamber. I had had a fearful dream. Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glance. From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what do you think was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart? "Oh kiss me, mother, *do* kiss me. I *can't* go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you? I *can't* go to sleep. I won't be naughty, if you'll kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I *can't* go to sleep.

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one gray morning, and never woke again again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes—whiter, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mother, if you only forgive me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate and unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers, that she might know, if only once, that I would have yielded up my very life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose bush at her feet—there grow sweet summer flowers; there wave the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky shone down to day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said, "There are plants that spring into great vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth.

Temperance in 1710.

[If wines were poison a century and a half ago, when such a thing as adulteration was unknown, for heaven's sake, what must they be now, when the most refined tipler or the most illiterate drunkard ought to know that every draught he swallows is a compound of positive poisons? Steele, one of England's greatest and most erudite essayists, thus bears test to the quality and effect of the wines of the forepart of the eighteenth century. We find the article in No. 241 of *The Tatler*, bearing date Oct. 24, 1710.—Ed. Jour.]

On Drinking.—A method of spending one's time agreeably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is Drinking. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess this way, were there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gayety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who, then, would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves, when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious; for, if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him, who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considered that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear and given up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror. But when he looks still further, and acknowledges, that he relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all; what words is not only expelled out of all the can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death; so I think I may add to the non-existence of drunkards, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison. In my last Lucubration I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at this very season. But as there are some whose cases, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay, I have used my interest in several wards of the city, that the wholesome restorative above-mentioned may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the morning-draughts-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon. For a further restraint and mark upon such persons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, the words 'Provided also, that the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture.'

I am not without hopes, that by this method I shall bring some unsizable friends of mine into shape and breadth, as well as others, who are languid and consumptive, into health and vigour.—Most of the self-murderers whom I yet hinted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and make it mix pretty well with their food. But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenness at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth, but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three-and-thirty, which is the grand climateric of a young drunkard. I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose but to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honor, and comes home overloaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself anything more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenness and chastity. The wretched Astræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the gift of Astræa to that Bacchanal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word by allowing that he who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

The Massacre of Christians in Syria.

The New York *Herald*, of July 29th, says:

"We published yesterday the account of the massacre of a whole village by the Druses, who put upwards of two thousand males to the sword, and sparing only the women and children, who, to the number of eleven hundred, had taken refuge on board two British ships of war, in which they had been conveyed a distance of twenty miles to Beyrout. Only about thirty men escaped, who had fled to the house of the American missionary, Mr. Bird, who was protected by the chief of the Druses. The refugees say that the Turkish soldiers, so far from protecting the Christians, helped the Druses to butcher them, and the Sultan's troops were the only men who offered insult or injury to the women. It appears that these troops first disarmed the Christians, and then not only permitted them to be slaughtered, but aided in ths pious work. The sending of a body of new troops, therefore, by the Turkish Government, to put a stop to the massacres, is more likely to increase them. The correspondence of the London *News* says: 'The Turkish troops and officials are far more dreaded in Syria than the Druses themselves."

Besides the cold-blooded murders which may be counted by thousands, twenty thousand Christians had been burned out of house and home; and the latest intelligence states that the British Government had received despatches giving an account of a fearful massacre at Damascus, where five hundred Christians were killed, among whom was the Dutch Consul, and the American Consul was wounded. The outbreak in this ancient city was retarded by the exertions of the famous Algerian warrior, Abd-el-Kader, who had been living there in retirement. From a letter to the Boston *Traveler*, it appears that at Beyrout, where there are forty thousand Christians, they do not know the moment they will be put to death. The American and British consuls had invited their countrymen to take refuge on board the ships of war in port, and the American consul had further called a meeting of the Americans, at which he warned them of their danger, and advised them, on the first alarm to proceed to the American printing office, a large strong building, well calculated to protect them, and which had been provisioned for a siege. The writer says that the next mail will probably bring us an account of Beyrout being blotted out!—French and British and Russian ships of war are there, and they will, no doubt, bombard the city and lay it in ashes if the Christians shall be attacked; but that will be too late to save them. It had been suggested to land a force; there seems to be a want of unanimity among the consuls. Probably any force that could be landed would be totally inadequate for the protection of the Christians, and would be uselessly sacrificed.

There is no doubt that the Turkish Government sincerely desires to put a stop to these massacres, well knowitg its own danger from the combination of England, France, Russia, and Austria; for this last power, we just learn, has also despatched men-of-war to the Syrian coast. But it it is out of the power of the Sultan to do anything with those wild mountainous tribes, who combine chivalry and daring courage with their fanaticism. To add to the difficulty, the Moslem population are taking part with the Druses, and invoking their aid to exterminate the Christians. The very troops of the Government not only sympathize, but lend a helping hand in the work of slaughter.

The Boston *Traveler* of the 28th, also says:

The American Board have nine missionary stations in Syria, nine out-stations, eleven missionaries, one printer, thirteen female assistant missionaries, three native preachers, thirty-six teachers, and other native helpers. All, or nearly all of these missionaries were gathered at Beyrout, at last accounts, having left their stations for a place of greater safety; and as Beriot is now the rendezvous of a large European naval force, no fears need be entertained for their safety.

The steamer Canadian, with one day's later European intelligence, her latest dates being of the 27th ult., passed Father Point yesterday. The efforts made at Newfoundland to restore the Atlantic Telegraph Cable have failed—the Cable breaking as it was hauled in. The outer coating of iron-wire was found to be eaten away, but the gutta-percha and the copper wire were perfectly sound. Military preparations for the Syrian expedition are going on in France with activity, and it is stated at 25,000 men besides artillery and cavalry. The latest dispatches from Paris say that a convention had been signed by the Embassadors of the Great Powers, including Spain, which determines the conditions and propositions of each Power to the intervention. The Porte had given its acquiescence. The expeditionary force was to be embarked at once. Nothing authentic is known of the movements of Garibaldi, though the correspondent of *The London Times* says it is surmised that he has reached the main land, and no one would be surprised to learn that he had got as far as Naples without striking a blow, and that the Royalist Army had fraternized with his volunteers. The Neapolitan Government had asked the mediation of Great Britain to stop the progress of Garibaldi, on condition that if Garibaldi refused, then the forces of France and England should be used to compel him. Her Majesty's Government had refused to accede to the proposition. A letter from Rome states that the Pope has refused to adopt any of the measures recommended by the French Embassador, and declares that if they are forced upon him, he will abandon his States. Fears were entertained that Garibaldi would suddenly appear on the Papal territory. The advices from Syria are to the 7th of July. They contain nothing new, but affairs were still in a serious state.—*N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 8.*

Prof. Bond on the Meteor.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Mr. Editor:—The evidence collected from a larger number of observations does not materially change the path of the great meteor, as communicated by me to the *Advertiser* of the 26th. It indicates, however, that instead of falling upon our globe, or being consumed, like most bodies of its class, before reaching it, it may have passed beyond the limits of the atmosphere, and resumed its original character as a wanderer in the planetary spa e. The accounts from the seaboard agree tolerably well in describing its disappearance as gradually fading away, at a considerable altitude above the horizon, sufficient to carry its path, when prolonged, quite clear of contact with the earth. If the velocity, relative to the earth's surface, of 20 miles a second be admitted, it follows that the greater part of the apparent motion of the meteor was due to our motion in the solar system, and that the major axis of the orbit of this little asteroid, and the period of describing its complete circuit about the sun, must have been less than those of the earth.

A telescopic view of the meteor was enjoyed by Mr. C. A. Damon of Boston, who had the singular good fortune to catch sight of it in full course, with a telescope of 5 inches aperture.

G. P. Bond.

Observatory of Harvard College,
July 28, 1860.

These Juvenile Temperance Societies are getting to be an institution in the country. Make all the children members, and keep them members, and keep them honest members, and we shall have no fear for the temperance morals of the next generation of men. We should not, in our efforts to carry out the prohibitative laws of the country, forget the younger generations. The Cadets, Bands of Hope and Sabbath Schools, these are some of the recognizable moral forces of society Since these juvenile temperance societies have commenced, they have greatly increased in numbers. In England and Scotland, a million of children have joined them, and there are therefore two millions of juvenile hands to work against the huge vice of the world. Let us have ten millions of hands here, to do that work.—*Boston Visitor.*

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