The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 6. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1860. TERMS:--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Terms of Advertising.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
" " 3 "	$1 00
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☞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 M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets. 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 on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

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

D. E. 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

H. J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
B. 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,
C. 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.

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has reëstablished a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKEB 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.

POETRY.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in. 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

II.

Come sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in Spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple trees.

III.

I think he loved the Spring; not that he cared for flowers; most meet
Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted then,
One Spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the Spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

IV.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

V.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days that come.

VI.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to say.

VII.

Then she was still; they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

VIII.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost;
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life, s a happy one, at least.

IX.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life;
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee too hast been a wife.

XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin, and now they're gone, all three.

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see;
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Ensebins never cared to farm—'twas not his call; in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young people nowadays
Have sadly fallen off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature, we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

XVIII.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth; she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
T'is hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

MISCELLANY.

Wanted—A Diamond Ring.

I saw it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsal of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-ey-eys by pudgy-trotting—and I stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

Found, this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton Place, &c.

Before noon the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waiving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish—you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—a—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man, I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed in a tone of deep dejection; I must seek farther. Alas what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey!"

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned towards the door. I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing heighth and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgement of the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation, we are accustomed to ramble in the Park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did madam, pick up a ring, but—

"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, sir—handsome and massive but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Delorians. Is it a lion passant or? No I am wrong. Unfortunate that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial. I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir!!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied, yes, actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I wish you a good morning."

Very harrowing, this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door bell.

"Oh, dash it?" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like ninepence for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Don't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow, I've just had 'em shampooned you know, napthaed and that."

"What sort of a ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good.

I intimated that I should be glad to know if *he* knew.

"Not know my own ring eh! I know it's worth a couple o'ponies. Come let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the Governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now I shouldn't care a rap about the things, only it belonged to some defunct party and the Governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come I'll swop you any of these for it, because of the Governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute, if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his Governor, I recommend him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure trove I retired to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eyes rests on the crape about her dress, and her pale beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for other reasons."

"But," I said gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, uneasily, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger; it is the only relict left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost!"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle, I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment; I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out. "The ring, the ring! Oh Alfred, my dear brother."

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was.

"My dear child," (I am forty-five,) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now? Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she had been penciling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one cannot enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open; I read—

DEAR JACK.—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring! I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in! It's mine, the crest is inside; you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance and the motto "Armed at all points." Verily, truth is stranger than fiction! Keep it for me. Thine,

FRED VINING.

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably the "dear Alfred," had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even now embracing in raptitude over that precious relic of that one lost to them so lately.—Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

LOUIL SAND.

A Singular Race.

"He, an intelligent slave at Shoa, told me that to the south of Kaffa and Susa there is a very sultry and humid country, with many bamboo woods, inhabited by the race called Dokos, who are no bigger than boys of ten years old; that is only four feet high. They have dark olive colored complexions, and live in a completely savage state, like the beasts; having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something like an idea of a higher being called Yer, to whom in moments of wretchedness and anxiety they pray,—nor in the erect posture, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or stone. In prayer they say: "Yer, if thou dost really exist, why dost thou allow us to be slain? we do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants and mice. Thou hast made us to be trodden under foot?" Dokos have no chief, no laws, no weapons; they do not hurt. They do not till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey and the like, climbing trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys, and both sexes go completely naked. They have thick protruding lips, flat noses; the hair is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nails on their hands and feet are allowed to grow like the tallons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants, and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw; they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they pierce the ears with a sharp piece of wood.

The Dokos multiply very rapidly, but have no regular marriages, the intercourse of the sexes leading to no settled home, each in perfect independence going whoever fancy leads. The mother nurses her child only for a short time, accustoming it as soon as possible to the eating of ants and serpents; and as soon as the child can help itself, the mother lets it depart whither it pleases. Although these people live in thick woods, and conceal themselves among the trees, yet they become the prey of the slave hunters of Susa, Kaffa, Dumbaro and Kulla; for whole regions of their woods are encircled by the hunters, so that the Dokos cannot easily escape. When the Slave Hunter comes in sight of the poor creatures, they hold up clothes of bright colors, singing and dancing, upon which the Dokos allow themselves to be captured, without resistance, knowing from experience that such resistance is fruitless, and can only lead to their destruction. In this way thousands can be captured by a small band of hunters; and once captured they become quite docile.

In slavery the Dokos retain their predilection for feeding on mice, serpents and ants, although often on that account punished by their masters, who in other respects are attached to them, as they are docile and obedient, have few wants, and enjoy good health, for which reasons they are docile and obedient, have few wants, and enjoy good health, for which reasons they are never sold as slaves beyond Enarca. As diseases are unknown among them, they die only of old age, or through the assaults of their enemies."—*Dr. Kraff's Travels in Africa.*

PROCLAMATION FROM THE POSTAL DEPARTMENT.—We publish the following important regulation for the information of the public as well as postmasters. It interests every citizen in the United States:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, October 8, 1860.

Whereas by an act of 3d March, 1855, the postage upon all letters, except such as are entitled to pass free, between places in the United States, is required to be pre-paid; and whereas the Department, through courtesy, has hitherto, at considerable labor and expense, notified the parties addressed, in all instances in which the writers failed to pre-pay, that their letters would be forwarded on receiving the postage due thereon; and whereas, instead of diminishing, the number of such letters continues to increase, thus showing that the omission to pre-pay is intentional; it is, therefore, *ordered* that from and after the first day of November, 1860, all such unpaid letters are to be sent to the Dead-letter-Office, to be disposed of in like manner as other dead-letters.

J. HOLT, *Postmaster General.*

The Ground Swell.

A non-political friend in one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania writes to the N. Y. *Tribune*, in the course of a business letter, as follows:

"Pennsylvania has spoken decisively in her late election. The politicians of the Republican party itself are astounded at the result. The victory is so great because the *people* achieved it, independently of the politicians. You cannot imagine how deep a feeling exists among the people. Thousands who heretofore did nothing more than merely vote, went among their friends and neighbors, and talked earnestly with them over the great issues of the day. There is a determination in the minds of these men to make themselves felt, that was never known before. Depend upon it, Pennsylvania will give a majority of 50,000 for Lincoln over all the opposition combined.

METEORS FALLING INTO THE SUN.—On the 1st of September last, a distinguished astronomer, Mr. Carrington, had directed his telescope to the sun, and was engaged in observing his spots, when suddenly two intensely luminous bodies burst into view on its surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away; in five minutes they had vanished. This remarkable phenomena was witnessed and confirmed by another observer, Mr. Hodgson, at Highgate, who, by a happy coincidence, had also his telescope directed to the great luminary at the same instant. It may be, therefore, that these two gentlemen have actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun, by the fall of meteoric matter.

A CUBAN CUSTOM.—A young gentleman of highly respectable connections in this city, who stood next in succession to the title of the Conde de Cobiago, committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver last Sunday, in Queen street. As is the custom here, when wealthy persons commit suicide, some person is charged with having murdered them, so that ther property may not be confiscated to the Crown. In this instance, the porter of the house at which deceased resided has been charged with the murder, and has accordingly been committed to prison.—*Havana Cor. N. Y. Times.*