

The Potter Journal

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

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* Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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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 corner of West and Third streets.

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F. W. KNOX,
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O. T. ELLISON,
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C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States, and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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DISEASES of the Nervous, Seminal, Urinary and sexual systems—new and reliable treatment—reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 23 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1871.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, in its glories glides away,
And the sterna footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting dreams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
The path alone, of all unthought,
Is found of all.

See! then how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight
The cheeks pure glow of red and white
Has passed away,
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,
The step that trove so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and wo!
When age comes on.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

"House full? Why, how much company have you, Louise?"

Mrs. Louise Anstie, our pretty hostess, who was on her knees before my trunk, engaged in admiring my wardrobe while she chatted, turned immediately to my sister.

"My dear Julia, we are actually crammed," said she. "There hasn't been such a summer rush for the Maples since I can remember. First came the Athertons and the Wilsons; then little Hattie Latimer and her sister; then Harry Vernon, Charlie Wayne, Fred Lawton, and his pretty little cousin, and consequently her ardent admirer, Mr. Maynard."

"I thought we were certainly full, and James was just saying last night, that he couldn't possibly accommodate anybody else, when a carriage drove up, and out sprang Hugh Cheston!"

"Hugh Cheston?" said I, my face flushing.

"Hugh Cheston?" exclaimed my elder sister, Gertrude, who was tumbling over the contents of her trunk in search of something. "Oh, I am delighted!"

"He's the best catch I know of, Louise," said Julia.

"Well, of course he has come to spend a week or two, and James was just as glad to see him as if there wasn't a soul in the house and we had whole suits of rooms," replied Mrs. Anstie; "but I was at my wits' end for a place to put him in. At last I remembered what a good little son you are, Mattie, and so ventured to let him have the chamber I had preserved for you. You won't think it is an imposition, will you, dear?"

"No, indeed, I can manage capitally with you, Julia," I said.

"It's very good of you. He's just returned from the continent," continued Louise. "Oh what a love of a berth, Mattie!—and has brought home a French valet who is almost as handsome as his master, who is turning the head of every maid in the house. How delightful it is to hear them talk French—master and man! Mattie, where did you find this perfect tripping?"

"I haven't seen him for nearly five years," said Gertrude; "but I used to be desperately in love with him. Such handsome eyes as he had!"

"He is very rich, which is much more to the purpose," said Julia, whose twenty-six summers had brought her to appreciate the practical part of life. "Mattie, you little homely thing," she added, "what are you dreaming about?"

I got up from the floor where I had been sitting for the last ten minutes, with my hair about my shoulders and went to the mirror. I did not want them to see what a bright color there was upon my cheeks.

My sisters were dressed in a few moments more, and went down stairs with

Louise. When the sound of their voices had died away I threw myself upon the carpet by a chair and fell to dreaming—
Five years before—it did not seem long—I had seen Hugh Cheston, and for the only time in my life. It was on the night of a party given at my father's house, in honor of my sister Gertrude's eighteenth birthday. Little more than two years before I had lost my dear mother, and the idea of a crowd of gay people thronging the room where she rested in her coffin on that last sad day filled my heart with grief and indignation. But no one took any notice of me. I knelt there by the window of my little room, which was in the wing of the house and overlooked the terrace of the main building—my face wet with tears, and the most wretched feeling I had ever felt lingering around me. Suddenly a light from the ball-room streamed out broadly upon the darkness, as some one drew the wide drapery aside, and an instant afterward two persons stepped out upon the terrace. It was my sister Gertrude and a gentleman. I could hear their words plainly as they passed backward and forward. They talked gaily and carelessly about a great many things, some of which I could understand, and others I could not. At last I was startled by the words of my sister's companion.
"What is that?" he said.
"What?" said my sister. "What do you mean, Mr. Cheston?"
"I thought I caught a glimpse of a child's face at that window," replied the gentleman. "And if I am not mistaken it was wet with tears."
I drew back quietly with a beating heart, but I heard my sister say, "Oh, 'tis Mattie, my little sister, I suppose. The child is averse to our giving this party to-night, and declares that we are all heartless and forgetful of my dear mother. Of course, as you are aware, the idea is very absurd, but no one could make her believe it, and she has shut herself up and cried all day."
Gertrude had told the truth. If her words had called forth a smile from her companion, I should have hated him forever; but peeping carefully from behind the curtain I saw his face as he passed the lighted windows, and it was as grave and gentle as I could have wished. He made Gertrude no reply.
A few moments afterwards they stepped through the window into the room again. Leaning back into my old place I dropped my head into my hands and fell to thinking, but not of my troubles. Suddenly I was startled by hearing my name called. After a moment's bewildered hesitation I leaned forward and looked out. Mr. Cheston was standing alone upon the terrace.
"Won't you come down a moment?" he said, smiling at my frightened face. "I want to talk with you."
Springing up, I left my room, and tripping lightly down the stairs, stepped through the hall door upon the terrace, and stood before him with a beating heart.
He took my hand and stooping down he looked kindly into my face.
"What have you been crying for?" he said, gently.
"You know," I replied, laconically.
"So I do, little Mattie," he said smilingly, "and I called you down because I tell you that I don't think it foolish at all, as the others do, and I'm very sorry for you."
I allowed him to kiss me, which was a liberty I should have indignantly resented under any other circumstances.
"In a few months I am going away, and shall be gone several years," he said, after a pause, during which he looked keenly but kindly into my downcast face.
"When I come back you will be a young lady, Mattie."
"I know it," said I. "And I am sorry for it."
"For what?" he asked.
"They are so foolish," I said. "They talk about nothing else but dress, and gentlemen, and parties, and are always the coarsest people in the world to me."
The idea that Mr. Cheston was laughing at me flashed into my mind as I finished speaking; but glancing up quickly in his face, I saw it was unusually grave.
"Your opinion of your sex is not a very flattering one, however truthful it may be," he said. "Do you believe all young ladies are like these, whom you see every day?"
"I don't know," I said.
"Do you think it necessary that they should be?" he asked.
"No, sir," I said, "for I don't think my mother was such a young lady."
"Don't you think that you can grow up to be a sensible, useful woman, if you were to try?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," I said.
"Will you try?" he asked.
"I will," was my earnest reply.
"And I hope you may succeed, my dear Mattie, both for your sake and my own," said Mr. Cheston. "Now I must leave you. Will you kiss me good-bye?"
I astonished myself very much by the act, when I pressed my lips to his, as he bent down. Something in my face attracted

his attention a moment after, and he sighed.
"You're a queer little thing," he said. "What would you tell me if I were to ask you if you liked me?"
"The truth of course," I replied.
"Then I'll spare your blushes, you remarkable morsel of Womanhood," he said. "But Mattie," he continued, more seriously, "will you kiss me when I come back?"
"Yes, sir," said I.
"You will be a young lady then, remember," he said.
"I will be myself just the same," I said.
"So you will," he said. "I shall hold you to your promise. Remember it.—Now, good-bye."
He turned away as some one came upon the terrace, and flew back to my room. And this was the scene I was thinking over as I sat upon the floor of my room at the beautiful country-seat of the Ansties—a girl of seventeen, dark, plain, shy and sensitive.
"Mattie, what for mercy's sake are you doing that you are not dressed yet?" "Tis nearly dinner time," said my sister Julia, dashing into the room for something, and stopping short when her eyes fell upon me. "Have you been asleep?"
"No," said I, sullenly, getting up and going to the mirror.
"Oh, you queer child," said she. "Now do be quick. You will find me in the drawing room if you ever get ready to come down," and she swept.
I think there are few persons in the world who can understand what I suffered when I entered the room where Mr. Cheston was. Every thing was a blank to me as I crossed to the window where my sister was. I realized nothing in existence but the heavy pulsation of my heart, which seemed as if it would beat out my life. When I came to my senses I was sitting by good Mrs. Wilson, who was always kind to me, and whom I sometimes thought I loved better than either Julia or Gertrude.
"You did not expect to see so many people, dear, and were frightened," she said with a smile on her kind motherly face. "I saw it the moment you opened the door."
I answered only with a glance, and slipped my hand into hers.
"Mrs. Wilson," said my sister Gertrude, "if Mr. Cheston comes this way again I want you to take Mattie around to the other side of you. You will, won't you?"
"No, my dear; that's very ungenerous of you," replied Mrs. Wilson, "I shall warn Mr. Cheston that you have serious designs on him."
"I don't see the necessity of warning a person against a danger of which he is already aware," snipped a young lady with very black eyes, who stood behind the sofa on which we sat.
Gertrude turned around with a crimson face.
"What is the subject of your discussion? Won't you admit me to your confidence, ladies?" said a familiar voice, so near my ear that I started in fright.
The black-eyed young lady slipped aside to give Mr. Cheston a place near us. Several persons were presented to him; I among others. He paid no particular attention, and took a chair beside Gertrude.
"Don't you inquire what we were talking about, Mr. Cheston?" said the black-eyed young lady.
"I believe I had the audacity to do so," he replied, smiling. But the smile was very different from the one I remembered to have seen upon his face.
"We were speaking of kisses," said Gertrude, quickly, with a saucy smile.
"And Hattie Latimer declared that she didn't believe you cared for them."
I started. I had never heard my sister utter a deliberate falsehood.
"I am very sorry that Miss Latimer thinks me so indifferent to the most perfect luxury in life," he replied, glancing up at her.
"Victory, Hattie! Mr. Cheston does believe in kisses," cried Gertrude, with a smile so bright as to dazzle the eyes, so that but two of us saw the hidden malice.
I think Miss Hattie was about making an attempt to struggle out of the position into which my sister had thrust her; but Louise Anstie, who had sauntered up a moment before, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Cheston, don't you remember that you once attended a forfeit party, and wore the most dissatisfied face I ever saw in my life, all the evening?"
"But Mrs. Anstie, that was because I consider forfeits a sacrifice of the cause," he replied. "It is converting the beautiful into the useful, and ruining its peculiar value by so doing. I regret, however, that my face betrayed my feeling. I assure you that the rudeness was not intentional."
"Mr. Cheston is apparently unconscious that several ladies are looking at him very admiringly," said a low voice near me.
I turned round. It was Mr. Maynard, who was in a fever of jealousy because

Rose Lawton's bright eyes were fixed upon the gentleman in question.
"Take care, Mr. Cheston," cried Gertrude. "I'm afraid you don't know what you are bringing upon yourself. Having declared yourself so much in favor of the 'most perfect luxury in life,' we young ladies may have you quite at our mercy. According to your assertion, I doubt if you could resist the reward of a kiss from a pretty girl who might be suing for a favor. Could you?"—"Yes," he replied.
"How so?" she asked.
"Because a kiss given in that way would be of little value," said Mr. Cheston.
"I consider that a very unkind speech, coming as it does from the lips of a man who is well aware that kisses are a lady's favorite bribe," replied Gertrude, flushed, but laughing. "It is a most ungallant speech, Mr. Cheston; you must stand trial for punishment."
"I will make it short by choosing Rose Lawton for my judge," he replied, laughing, and glancing up into the smiling eyes of the little beauty.
"Your chastisement shall be to confess whom you kissed last," said she, gaily.
"That's not fair," he said.
"Why?" she demanded quickly.
"Because," said he, "the lady is present, and the punishment would rather fall upon her than me." Whereupon they all burst into a merry laugh.
"Well, then, you can tell whom you intend to kiss next," said Rose.
"That will not do, either," said he. "I should never be able to put my intentions into effect."
"Do you keep an account of your kisses as you do your expenses, Cheston?" called out Mr. Maynard.
"Yes," replied Mr. Cheston, quietly.
"Now I have it!" cried Rose Lawton. "You shall tell us how many ladies you have kissed during the last five years."
"I will do so on condition that my word will not be doubted," he said gravely.
"We will believe you, certainly," said Rose, "Now listen, good folks."
"Not one," said Mr. Cheston, quietly; upon which everybody looked astonished.
"Oh, Mr. Cheston, you amaze us!" cried Rose.
"Hugh is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him before," said Mr. Anstie, who had been listening quietly for some moments.
"Exactly," said Mr. Cheston, rising with a bow, and turning away to some one who called him impatiently.
Oh, the significant glances and exclamations of wonder that was circulated through the group after his departure!
"And what are you, thinking of, little mouse," said Mrs. Wilson, bending toward me. "Your cheeks are as red as roses."
She would have been overwhelmed with astonishment if I had told her.
Three weeks passed, and Mr. Cheston and I were on no more intimate terms than we had been on that first evening. We rarely met except at the table or in the drawing room on an evening, and he seldom addressed me when we did meet. By degrees I overcame my shyness and sensitiveness regarding him. He had forgotten, I thought, the romantic incident of my childhood, which had always had such a charm for me, and I wondered at myself for ever supposing that he had remembered it beyond the moment. It made me a little sad to know that all my pleasant thoughts concerning it were castles in the air, and slightly humiliating, taken in connection with his polite indifference to me, to know that those thoughts were so many.
Mr. Cheston was a great lion among the party at "The Maples." The ladies liked him; the gentlemen were jealous of him while they strove to imitate him. Everybody talked of him; everybody admired him, either secretly or openly.
The summer wore gradually away. Several of our party had returned home, and one clear September morning Mr. Cheston informed Mr. Anstie at the breakfast table that he should be obliged to return to town the next morning. It frightened me to know how shocked and pained I was, and at the first opportunity I rose and left the room.
That evening when the drawing-room was deserted by the few that remained of the gay company, and I could hear their voices far down the moonlit park, I strolled out into the dark, and silent room, and sank upon a cushioned seat. Instantly some one started up in the dusky light, and coming forward, sat beside me. It was Mr. Cheston.
"Mattie, said he, 'I intend going away before six o'clock to-morrow morning, and shall probably not see you again.' I did not reply, and he continued—'Haven't I a right to ask for a good-bye kiss?'"
The light was not so dim but that I could see a laughing light in his eyes.
"You have the right which the promise of a child gives you, I suppose," I

replied, somewhat annoyed by his manner. It was so little for him to say good-bye to me. It was so much for me to say good-bye to him.
A child in years you certainly were, Mattie, but more of a woman at heart than thousands twice your age," said he. "Do you know that you made a conquest of me, little one, when you kissed upon the terrace in the darkness that night?"
"A conquest!" I said, startled.
"I carried that kiss away with me," he replied. "I loved the remembrance of it as I did my life. I would not have parted with it for all the wealth in the world, for it was a sweet hope on which hung all my light of the future. The lips of no other woman have been pressed to mine since then. I said to myself that until I kissed another, your kiss remained. Do you understand?"
My eyes were full of tears, but I tried to smile.
"You were a sweet child, Mattie," he continued, "and have grown into a sweet woman—such a woman as I have been waiting to find that I might marry. Now I ask for that promised kiss, and if you give it to me I shall take it for granted that you give me yourself with it."
Mr. Cheston was sure of what I had never acknowledged to myself—my love for him. I felt it in the confident gleam of his eyes; and content that he should read the heart of which he was certainly the master, I acted my simple self and gave him "The Promised Kiss."
FRIGHTENING THE MINISTER.—I was preaching one evening, writes a clerical friend who relishes a good thing richly, "from the passage in the history of Moses where he with his two friends, Aaron and Hur, were standing upon a hill and beholding a battle between Israel and Amalek. My text was 'Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands; and I argued the duty of the people to hold up the hands of their minister, from the example of these good men of old, who thus supported Moses."
"On my way homeward from church one of the leading men of my parish joined me, and after expressing his great satisfaction in my discourse, begged leave to suggest one point that I had quite overlooked.
"Ah!" said I, "and what can that be?"
"I mean," he answered, "the powerful argument in favor of female influence."
"I confess that do not perceive that the subject is hinted at; how do you discover it, my dear sir?" I asked.
"Why, does it not read, 'said he, with some surprise, 'that Aaron and her held up his hands?' I suppose the woman helped as much as the man."
A SENSATIONAL DRESS.—At Compiegne, where the French court is now residing, great efforts are made by a few of the guests to have something quite different from what everybody else wears. The last toilette which produced this much desired sensation deserves a description. It was made of two skirts of white tulle; the upper one was draped, and both were elaborately ornamented with puffs of tulle and satin, trimmed with an infinite quantity of small larks' heads, the beaks of which were used for fastening down the tulle and satin puffs. The head-dress consisted of a spray of diamonds and a lark. We have heard of lark pies, but never before of dresses trimmed with larks. But birds of all descriptions are fashionable; the most tasteful headdresses are made in Paris of peacocks' feathers, ravens' wings, and magpies' tails.
A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is the Sabbath, to the man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week; who is off in the morning while little eyes are closed in slumber, and back at night till they are again sealed by sleep? What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of the Sabbath? What honest working man's child will ever forget this day, when clean and neat it is his privilege to climb father's knee, put his hand about his neck, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow little world. Narrow did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sabbath is for the working man's children! Some would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, and home influences when, at little hand, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.
A parsimonious sea-captain answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad exclaimed, "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? they ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."
The oil fever has "carried off" thousands of men—to prospect for oil.