The Potter Journal.

PUBLISHED BY } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { THOS. S. CHASE.

VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 1. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1857. TERMS.--$1,25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

Thos. S. Chase,

To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

Terms--Invariably in Advance: $1,25 per Annum.

Terms of Advertising.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion, - - -	50
1 " " 3 " - - -	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months, - - - - - - -	2 50
1 " six " - - - - - - -	4 00
1 " nine " - - - - - - -	5 50
1 " one year, - - - - - - -	6 00
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
Every subsequent insertion, - - - - -	50
1 Column six months, - - - - - - -	18 00
1 " " " - - - - - - -	10 00
1 " " " - - - - - - -	7 00
1 " per year, - - - - - - - -	30 00
1 " " " - - - - - - -	16 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Auditor's Notices, each, - - - - - - -	1 50
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, - - - - - -	1 50
Marriage Notices, each, - - - - - - -	1 00
Business or Professional Cards, each, not exceding 8 lines, per year, - -	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

☞All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and 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 floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter an M'Kean Counties. 9:13

A. P. CONE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co. Pa., will regularly attend the Courts o Potter County. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,

SUSVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

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

C. S. JONES. LEWIS MANN. A. F. JONES.

JONES, MANN & JONES,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY. Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

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 st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

E. R. HARRINGTON,

JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoonmaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:24

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)

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

Selected Poetry.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

'Tas a tiny, rosewood thing,
Ebon bound, and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank and bright,
Downy pillowed, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, and scent and gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting, empty—ah! for whom!

Ah! what love-watched cradle bed
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft, pillowing breast,
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still, and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch enfold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Bleeding mothers' hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "AGED TWO!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darksome as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our startled dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel's face!

Selected Tale.

From the Portland Transcript.

Money is All.

This is what they say, I know, but that doesn't quite make it so. Money is an excellent thing, and has done a great work for the world—as the drunken sailor said water had for navigation; but sometimes it so happens that when a man secures all he aims at, he is as discontented as before he had a dollar in the house.

The girls make the most of the mischief in this matter; for they will hardly look at anybody who is not "rich" and hence many a young fellow, who is competent to make a woman happy all her days, is obliged to take up with a shivery bachelor's commons, till he is either in luck or in his grave. And that is often just about the same thing.

Sarah Storms was one of a family of seventeen daughters; and that family unfortunately chanced to be poor. Hence the mother kept a sharp eye on all the opportunities that offered for "matches." She grew as keen as an operator in State street, and didn't disguise it one half as much, either. Sarah ought to have been married long ago, said her mother. She was—I am not going to guess how old; but old enough to take the prefix, Mrs., certainly. Her mother had been looking out for her, and she had been looking out for herself. Two or three energetic, enterprising and likely young men had bestowed their favors in vain, and two or three more had concluded that it was no use for them to try either. So there she was, pretty well ashore, as you can see for yourself. What to do, she didn't know, till along came a rich old bachelor—both rich and old—who seemed to have moved into the place expressly for the purpose of relieving the worthy Storms family of their trouble. He was a stranger to everybody. All that was known of him was, that he was rich. And for Mrs. Storms, and Sarah, too, that was enough. It was enough for all the money hunters besides. To find a rich stranger come to settle among them, was like waking up some fine morning, and finding the whole menagerie—elephant and all—right before their doors.

It would make a deacon laugh in meeting, to tell him the many little devices that were practised by the mother Storms, to first enlist, and then engross the attention of Mr. Mulligan, the rich stranger. And they did it; of course they did, though every other female in town cut them off from their friendship in consequence. Then, having secured his acquaintance, how they watched, and worked and contrived, to win over his—well, his partiality—and they did that too.—All the world could not have stopped them. Other girls were jealous, and held back; this only gave the Storms a clearer field for operation. What did Mrs. Storms know about Mr. Mulligan's disposition? Nothing. What did she care? Less. What did she think of, but the swiftest way of marrying off her darling daughter, and marry her *so well?*

And she succeeded in that, too. Sarah Storms had a pretty, infantile face, and showed a row of teeth as white as curds whenever she laughed. She had a rather tall and graceful figure too, and took pains to show a pretty foot as often as Mr. Mulligan was in the way of seeing it. And what did he know about women—or matrimony—or any of the finer and fairer qualities that are so essential to domestic felicity? Nothing — nothing — nothing. Sarah was a pretty girl, and he liked her looks—she appeared to be very attentive to him, and his fancy bewildered and deluded him. So he stole over one evening, and offered himself plump. She didn't refuse him, and you needn't think she did. Nor did her mother sit down after he had gone until Sarah had told her the story, and cried an hour or two about it. No, kind reader, you know better as well as I do. They made a family Thanksgiving over the event, hoping that every other family in the town felt like instituting a Fast.

They were married. Sarah Storms was straightway Mrs. Mulligan. Some of the girls said they never would own such a name; but it is fair to say of them that they were envious. How could they help it, when Sarah had drawn the only prize, and they but abominable blanks? They made a great party on the occasion, and a great fuss. All the town and country were set in an uproar, just because an old man was going to marry a young girl—as if that would mend the matter at all, when there was no such thing as mending it in the world. Mr. Mulligan moved his new young wife into a nice house, nicely furnished, and told her there she was, meaning, I suppose, that there was no help for her. But she thought he only meant that she was the *mistress*. Everything was in order. Everything was fine. The rooms were newly furnished, but lacked the cozy look of home. The walls were high and chilly. The atmosphere was a strange atmosphere, and Sarah didn't know for a time whether she was going to get used to it. But there she was, alone and thoughtful. Before this, she believed that as soon as she was married, all her old friends would flock in to see her and express their envy of her good luck. That would have made her so much *happier*, you know. But not a living soul came near her. A few middle-aged people, old housekeepers themselves, dropped in to make wedding calls, but as for young folks, her schoolmates and playmates, they kept away from her, and looked askance at her in meeting.

"Never mind!" thought she to herself. "At least, I can make up for it, by having my sisters and my mother around me." Yes, she tried that experiment, and tried it thoroughly. This was the way of it. She could not bear to be left alone so much—no young girl could. Therefore, she sent for her family to come and share her good fortune freely. And they came. Susan, and Julia, and Ellen, and Fanny, and Mary, they were all there, with their mother, and Elizabeth besides. They were there every day. Some of them stayed to dinner; some stayed to supper; some were there all through the evening. They took the house by storm, without trying to come short of a pun by a single letter; overhauled the kitchen, the parlor, the pantry. In all her domestic arrangements, great and small, they had busy and energetic hands. They arranged the table, and hunted over Mr. Mulligan's wardrobe. They wondered, and held up their hands, and admired: in truth, *they*—the Storms family—and not Mr. Mulligan's wardrobe, became occupants of his newly bought and furnished house. Mr. Mulligan began to grow nettled.

"Sarah, said he, one day, "don't go to your mother's so much." It did not sound like a request; it was an *order*. She looked up at him in surprise.

"I think your friends are here altogether more than is for your good." And he plunged his face in a newspaper.

The strangest feeling came over her. Did she ever stop to think that her husband would address such language to her as that—and so soon after marriage too? Not long after, Sarah's mother sent her a nice pudding for dinner. "See here," said the young wife to her husband. "See what the folks have sent in."

"A pudding, hey! Well how many do they expect you to send back again?"—and utterly refused to taste a bit of it.

Sarah's heart was cut again. A young girl like her had never thought such things of her husband, especially as she knew beforehand how rich he was. He could have fed the Storms family the year round, and not have felt it; the trouble was he *wouldn't*.

Christmas came along. "Mr. Mulligan," said she, teasingly. He grunted a monosyllable at her, and listened. "I want to make mother a present, you know she has been so kind to us since we were married."

"Altogether *too* kind," he answered.

Her eyes filled instantly. "But I can't help wanting to do something for *my own mother*," said she.

"Then why don't you do it? but not with *my money*, let me tell you."

There it was. She had married his pile of money, without stopping to consider what kind of a man she was likely to get along with it; and now she was learning at a terrible cost of her happiness. Of course, the Storms family heard of his sentiments toward her. But she was satisfied for a time to ponder upon it by herself. There was ever so much pride in the way to begin with; and how could she make a needless fuss before the public? Therefore, she concluded to be silent, to see how matters would come out. One evening again, Sarah made a little party unbeknown to her husband; she thought that thus she could avoid irritating him. For he seemed to have grown so crabbed and cross of late, there was no use trying to do anything with him.

They were all assembled in one room, and having the gayest time of it you can think of. Susan, and Julia, and Ellen and Fanny and Elizabeth—they were there in the best of dress and the highest of spirits—together with Mrs. Storms, of course. She had engineered this little affair herself, all with her own hands and brain. This she meant as a sort of *coup d'etat* to show Mr. Mulligan, the husband of her daughter Sarah Mulligan, that there were some things that could be done just as well as others, and that she knew how to do them too. So there was her whole family, except *Mr.* Storms, but *he* was nobody. Such a time as they were having. The "best lamps" were lighted, and made day of the darkest corners.—The fire glowed in a mass of living coals, warming every hand and heart there was there. Sarah looked as composed and courageous as she possibly could, while her mother kept one eye on the rest, and the other—and the better one—on the door. If Mr. Mulligan came in, she was to assume responsibility, authority, everything else. Sarah was to go just for nothing. "I'll break him of this habit of growling," thought Mrs. Storms; and the sooner it's done the better for him and for us. I'll let him know that I am still my daughter's mother, and that I never threw her away when I consented to let her marry him. We shall see who rules, and see pretty soon, I'm thinking."

The fun went on—games, plays, romps, chat and laughter. The room was a little world of life and happiness. Mrs. Storms pretended to take a part in them herself, but still she was uneasy, not to say uncomfortable. Sarah didn't know exactly how she did feel. She felt like anybody but the mistress or even the vicegerent of her own house. She was thinking of her lord—thinking she had a great deal rather he would stay out a while, than come in. But her thinking about it made but little difference, for before even mother Storms herself was aware of it, the door opened and in he bolted. He stood still for a moment, surveying them all. Then he marched straight to his chair by the fire, and thumped down ino it with a rich man's emphasis. Mrs. Storms ventured to accost him first.

"I'd like to know whose house you think this is," he replied to her.

"Mr. Mulligan," said she, assuming a vast deal of dignity, "your wife is my daughter."

"And that's *all* the relationship. I wish you'd remember it. I didn't marry the *whole family*."

The mother grew red and lost her temper. "Do you mean to say, sir," she asked, "that we are not at liberty to come into her house?"

"This is *my* house."

"And as much hers as yours."

"Never! Just recollect that if you please, I own my own property. I promised only to support her. And here I find I have the whole family on my shoulders. It appears too much like beggars."

"Beggars! sir?" demanded Mrs. Storms. "Do you call us beggars, sir."

"It's getting to be not much better, I can assure you."

"Sarah, do you hear that? Do you intend to sit and hear your mother and your own sisters insulted before your face, in your own house, too? Will you submit to that, my daughter?"

"You have no authority, madam," said Mr. Mulligan. "You had better leave. I am master here."

Upon which she got up in a rage, and bade all her daughters to follow her, Sarah inclusive.

"I command you to stay here with me! said the husband to his wife." Sarah set up to cry.

"Come along with your mother," said the latter, going forward and taking a persuasive hold of her.

"If you go, I forbid you this house forever," said he. "You leave at your own peril."

The mother was too much for her.—Even she, designing as she was, forgot the consequences, and trooped off with the rest. She hoped that Mr. Mulligan would come round in the morning, and be sorry for it. So in the morning, she sent for some of her daughter's clothes. But the determined husband would not let a single rag go.

He said he knew his rights, and intended to maintain them. And he did.—The consequence of it was, that a separation at once took place; the matter became public scandal; Sarah was a poor, broken down woman; her mother fretted her own and her family's happiness all away; and Mr. Mulligan moved off to other and distant quarters. And so this bubble of Mrs. Storm's own blowing, had broken, and fallen a mere tear drop to the ground. But not a girl in all that town has thought to give away her heart or her hand since, without first making particular inquiry in relation to the *temper* as well as the *pocket* of her future husband. All the other young ladies would do well to take a hint or two from their example.

HOW THE BEAR CAME TO HAVE A SHORT TAIL.—A Norwegian fable satisfactorily accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tail. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurt you a little," said the friendly adviser, "for a sensation of pain is a sure sign that you have a bite. The longer the time, the more the fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite, be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage to the present day.—[*Frazer's Magazine.*

MR. SUMNER.—At the latest accounts, Hon. Charles Sumner was in Paris in a greatly improved state of health. He considers his complete restoration at hand.

Young Lady in a Scrape--Hoops and High Heels in Church.

The Richmond *Whig* says:

"A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown in a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skillfully found the page, and with a quiet smile that sent his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and in this posture perplexed our friend to know which most to admire her beauty or her devotedness. Presently the prayer ws concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she looked up, she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a furtive glance at his charmer and was astonished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely, and saw she was much affected, trembling in violent agitation no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painfull to behold, but he still gazed like one entranced, with wonder and astonishment. After a minute the lady raised her face, horetofore concealed in [illegible]shion, and with her hand made [illegible]nstakeable beckon to our friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her, and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something.

"Please help me sir," she whispered, "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the cause of of the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles; and in this position the highest *hoop* of her new fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter she was bound; so she was constrained to call for help.—This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking, no doubt, that she was not in *praying costume.*

DEATH TO BE ABOLISHED—There is a community of Perfectionists at Oneida, New York, whose community of interests extend to the domestic relations. The last number of their organ, the *Circular*, anonunces that "without any direct reference to Scripture proof, it might be demonstrated that, under the *regime* of Bible Communism, death will ultimately be abolished. The good office which death performs is, to keep a constant check upon the parasite life of Satan in this world, by removing the different actors from the scene, thus prolonging the contest between good and evil. If this is the office of death, it is very easy to conceive a state of things in which its ministration will not be necessary. Where there no longer exists the necessity for scattering and weakening the forces of human nature for the sake of destroying the evil, there death can no longer subserve the purposes of God, and will be abolished."

CONVICTION OF MCKIM.—The trial of McKim, for the murder of Norcross, was concluded at Hollidaysburg on the evening of the 7th inst., by the delivery of a long and elaborate charge by Judge Taylor. The jury, after an absence of an hour, rendered a verdict of guilty in the first degree. On Friday morning the prisoner was sentenced to death. He denied his guilt most strenuously. The Governor has appointed the 21st of August next as the day for his execution.