

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 9.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860.

TERMS.—\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

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Single insertion, 10 lines	50
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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
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. 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 AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-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 promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Croceries, 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

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,
F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, 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 re-established 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 MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public. It is 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. 1:25.

POETRY.

For the Potter Journal.

AUTUMN.

Oh! the merry brown wood-birds are singing,
In the valleys of Autumn to-day,
With voices as sweet and as tender
As sung through the forest of May:
And the leaves, dropping slow through the
sunshine,
Are flushed with the Autumn aglow;
Alas! that their glories are shrouding
The flowers that lie blighted below;
The beautiful blossoms of Summer
Strown, dead, over mountain and plain!
No odorous breath of morning
Will wake them to beauty again.
Oh! the birds of God's mercy are singing
In our heart's sad Autumn, to-day,
With voices as loving and tender
As rang through our childhood's sweet May;
But the fancies that drift thro' our dreaming,
With Hope's radiant beauty aglow,
Are the shrouds of the spirits' dead blossoms
That lie in the silence below—
The beautiful loves and believings
That charmed us from sorrow and pain—
Will no odorous breath of Heaven's morning
Recall their sweetness again?
Oct. 26, 1860. EVA.

MISCELLANY.

From God's Lady's Book for November.

WELL-DRESSED.

A woman fond of dress is a term of opprobrium. What does this condeannatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, while she trims tawdry yellow with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat, clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbors. Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the rivaletta. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonizes with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly imitative; and when you put her into the wide-awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, and her laugh loud.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of color. Why should we not have these charming combinations in woman's dress? How often a little bit of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of color—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of color; we see this in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colors which are so harmonious that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colors, but, as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient; but these being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but, then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and more than all, how well they suit each other! Not one color swearing at another color. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet how little we have succeeded in learning from them! If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes." "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it is soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a

carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsaleable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged is that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon woman's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering

The difference of climate and complexion. The colors which go best together are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short: you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat: don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an ungraceful gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are: not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy than the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colors that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arblay's Camille in a dress of peach colored silk, covered with India muslin and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows should do some duty; they should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, tulle, etc. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission is a fault. Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's description of Delilah does not possess us in her favor—"Sails fill'd and streamers waving, Courted by all the winds that hold them play." Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this, much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited, and put across the forehead part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers

would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast table, but the simpler and neater the costume, the better. All jewelry in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds before which the Kooi-noor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, the English imitated the French in wearing almost entirely stone-colored or gray dresses; but neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink with which they enlivened those gray colors. Another great mistake is to suppose that a ball dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening dress. There are some small folk who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves adds wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett, in his work, "Advice to Young Men," says: "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat; a slipshod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depends upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin name" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

[The scene of the following interesting Dialogue is that of two farmers on opposite sides of a fence. Mr. Smith, who has beside him a basket of very small potatoes, is leaning on the fence looking wistfully over at Mr. Jones, who is digging a splendid crop of big Potatoes. A picture of the scene was prepared with the original dialogue, and should be here, but we have not the engraving at hand. The dialogue is pleasing and instructive, and should be read by every one.]

"The Potatoes, they are small."

Over there, over there.—Old Song.

Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that?

Mr. Jones—I manured this field with brains.

Mr. Smith—'Pshaw.—All the Cincinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten-acre field.

Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of which there are plenty.

Mr. Smith—Nonsense.—Now don't make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and Providence has sent you a good crop.

Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my own brains on this field.

Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's.

Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself; I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in this crop.

Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but I don't understand it.

Mr. Jones—Well, when we began here 20 years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor.

Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "book farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments. I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try anything for improvement.

Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had clubbed together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of how different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper and have done so every year since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has not cost the produce of a single acre. Why I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand thoughts, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away.

Mr. Smith—But does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil and with different climate, suit your wants?

Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly, perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and compost them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way, I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked me to write out just how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will.

Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper.

Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it. You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. One hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year.

Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobacco, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How little a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper.

Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper?

Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics. It is devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden crops, Animals, etc., and has, besides, a good deal about Woman's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My John says he can pay for it easy with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land I should still want it for my wife and children.

Mr. Smith—Does the editor know anything about farming?

Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has besides, traveled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners, and Housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they do gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it. Then, too, every paper has engravings, which show one exactly how animals and plants, and implements, and household furniture look, much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan other; and also many very fine large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume.

Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers.

Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his readers. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent machines, and all kinds of humbugs.

Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?

Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soil and crops and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate editors in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly warning his readers against humbugs, telling bow sharpeners take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up

as a humbug in this paper. But I can not stop to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.

Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage to save two cents a week.

Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost, for my boys to keep.

Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper is called?

Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturist. It is published in New York City. The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing, and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient.

Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?

Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, County, and State plainly, and direct to Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City.

Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?

Mr. Jones—The Twentieth volume begins, Jan. 1st., but all who send in the dollar now, get the remaining numbers of this year, in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen months' papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers. Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of our German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have so many potatoes to dig, I can not get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time, showing the paper evenings and election day. Send in your subscription and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums. I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them a lot of choice garden and field seeds.

Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them?

Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free, except the postage. They are of the best kind and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper.

Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, anyway; if half what you say is true it will be a good investment.

Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true.

Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it.

Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day, I must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the Agriculturist.

Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the Dollar?

Mr. Jones—To Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City.

It is worthy of remark that the only man elected to the State Senate by the Democrats in the late contest is Henry S. Mott, the old Canal Commissioner, who was a Know Nothing in 1855, and was elected to the above named office when Pollock was chosen Governor.—*Eric Gazette.*

It is also a significant fact that he comes from the "Tenth Legion," (Carbon Monroe, Pike and Wayne,) which gave 1,995 majority against Curtin—only one county (Wayne, 73) giving a majority for Curtin. He is a fit representative of the darkest district in the State.

THE reason why the number of students attending the Iron City College is so much larger than in other schools, their work is so complete in style and finish, and their success in business so uniform and complete, is because each student receives the direct personal attention of the Principals throughout the entire course of study.—*Daily True Press.*

"BROTHER, these are refreshing seasons," Squiggle gazed vacantly at the speaker, and groaned inwardly. The brother pursued: "It is good to be here." Squiggle, still absorbed in reverie, groaned again. "Brother, do you often think of your future state?" At the word "state," the eyes of our Democratic friend lost their dreamy look, and his jaw clashed into place like a rat trap. "State," he exclaimed, bringing down his clenched fist with an emphasis: "It is its gone Black Republican by 15,000 majority!"