D. Shelden

The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 18. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1861. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

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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

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

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

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

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
NEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

CHARLES MANNING,
BLACKSMITH, Fourth street, between Main and West Streets, Coudersport, Pa., is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on the most reasonable terms. Produce taken in payment. 12:39

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has 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 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 work being invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work 12:35.

L. BIRD,
Prepared to do jobs of Surveying in Genesee, Hector and Pike Townships, and elsewhere within 8 or 10 miles of my home, can undoubtedly give satisfaction, having had over 6 years experience.
L. BIRD.
Genesee Land, (Cushingville), *Potter Co. Pa.* Nov. 4, 1860. 7tf.

POETRY.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The wet trees hang above the walks,
Purple with damp and earthish stains,
And strewn by moody, absent rains
With rose-leaves from the wild-grown stalks.

Unmown, in heavy, tangled swaths,
The ripe June-grass is wanton blown;
Snails slime the untrodden threshold-stone,
Along the sills hang drowsy moths.

Down the blank visage of the wall,
Where many a wavering trace appears
Like a forgotten trace of tears,
From swollen eaves the slow drops crawl.

Where everything was wide before,
The curious wind, that comes and goes,
Finds all the latticed windows close,
Secret and close the bolted door.

And with the shrewd and curious wind,
That in the arched doorway cries,
And at the bolted portal tries,
And harks and listens at the blind,—

Forever lurks my thought about,
And in the ghostly middle-night
Find all the hidden windows bright,
And sees the guests go in and out,—

And lingers till the pallid dawn,
And feels the mystery deeper there
In silent, gust-swept chambers bare,
With all the midnight revel gone;

But wanders through the lonesome rooms,
Where harsh the astonished cricket calls,
And, from the hollows of the walls
Vanishing, stare unshapen glooms;

And lingers yet, and cannot come
Out of the drear and desolate place,
So full of ruin's solemn grace.
And haunted with the ghost of home.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. and Mrs. Rasher.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMENS."

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTY.

I wish you wouldn't call it a house-warming, my dear; when people lived in two-story houses, and did their own work, they called such things "house-warmings," and it sounds so old-fashioned. I know you've a *ponchong* for everything old-fashioned: it seems to be a weakness of yours; I expect every day to see you come down with your grandfather's long-tailed blue on—though as for that, you'll scarcely have a chance now, for when we left the other house I sent it to the dogs. You wouldn't have taken fifty dollars of any man's money for that coat? What was it worth, I'd like to know, but just to clutter the closet, and get moths in it? Still, if you feel so bad about it, I'm sorry I sent it off. It went through the Revolutionary War, and you was proud of it? Oh! if I'd have thought about that, I'd have kept it, for it's quite fashionable to have relics of the Revolution. What was your grandfather, my love? A general? "A blacksmith." O get out! "And as brave as the bravest general; who followed the army to shoe the horses, and put shoes on General Washington's own horse many a time, and was wounded twice in battle." La! that's all nice enough, but I'm not going to brag about it before folks. "It's a different style of *forgery* that's the aristocratic thing now-a-days; a man may forge a check, but not a chain, if he wants to keep in good society. Only blow your own bellows loud enough, and you'll be all right with the world." Why, Rasher, I didn't know as you had so much morphine in your nature; you're usually so cheerfull. Come, now, let's talk about my party, or my *fate*, as Mrs. Fitz Simmons calls it. I'd like to make out the list of invitations this evening, so's to get the cards engraved. They ought to be out a week before hand. I'm going to have them very large, and very square, and several of 'em to each person; one small square one, colored, with "Admit the Bearer" on it, and one—what's that? No, it won't be ridiculous, either! Didn't his Royal Highness—what if it was at a public building, instead of a private house? I know it ain't necessary, but it's stylish, and that's enough. Once for all, Rasher, let *me* settle all these little points of etiquette; you're very good in your way, but somehow you've no faculty for comprehending all the little niceties; in other words—there's no making a silk purse of a sow's ear? There it comes again!—those eternal allusions! However, you think the purse is a pretty full one, if it isn't of silk? That's so! Nobody could be more generous or better hearted than you are, my love; and if you'd only get over some of your queer ideas, and quit punning—especially allusions to your business—I should be one of the happiest women in the world You can't guess how uncomfortable you make me when we're in company; I feel every minute as if I was sitting by a powder magazine that was going to explode; I'm so afraid of them terrible little escapades of yours. You thought it was *me* who did all the blowing up? Well, I do it in the strict seclusion of the family circle, if I do; and if you'd confine yourself to the same, I shouldn't mind what you said. Not even if you said your darling Marier wasn't the woman she used to be? No, not even then; I've no ambition to be the woman I was, when one silk dress a year, and two bonnets satisfied me.

But let's get back to the invitations. I shall have no difficulty in making out my list. You've no idea of the people that have left their cards since we changed our residence; dozens and dozens of all the brown-stones up and down the street, and they're all just the sort of folks I want at my *fate*. Mrs. Fitz Simmons knows the most of 'em, and has probably been the means of their calling. As the girls are going to be at home, we must have plenty of young people to dance; Cerintha never looks better than when she's dancing. You don't like to see her whirled around in the arms of them dancing bears? It's not just the way we used to do, to be sure; but this is an age of progression, and what the world thinks is right *is* right.

I haven't written a word to the girls yet about the new house or the party; I intend it to be all a surprise. I've ordered their dresses, and they're being made up now. A maize colored moire antique for Cerintha, with lace flounces; and a white buffed *thull* for Felicia. You should have thought white would have been prettiest for both of 'em, seeing they're only school girls yet? I'll warrant you! A book-muslin, tucked, with pink and blue ribbons, cost, including making up, ten dollars apiece! But girls don't dress in that manner now-a-days. A moire-antique ain't a bit too rich for Cerintha's style, and the color suits with her hair. She *ought* to have a set of pearls, but I won't ask for them till she's out of school, since the house and all had to be paid for this year.

Who are you writing down there?—Your old friends, the Griggses? If you intend to invite the Griggses, then I'll give up the party at once. There! there! there! Now don't get mad, and tear the paper in two; if you want to keep on friendly terms with them, I shall have no objections to making a nice little tea party *espeially for them*, and ask the Fishers at the same time. I don't want to have it said that I've forgotten my friends, and I can have them here often, in a quiet way, but not to my *fate*. It would spoil every speck of pleasure I might take. Mrs. Griggs used to be a very good neighbor when we were first married. Many's the afternoon we've set, and sewed, and talked together; but she always was rather a common woman, and her husband had bad luck, and she'll have nothing to wear, if she's asked, but her old black silk, and she'll feel bound to come, for fear we'd be hurt if she shouldn't. La, how blind some people are! If she had any delicacy, she'd feel that—because you've made money in the pork business, and Griggs has failed in the hardware line, there ought to be no farther intimacy between the fat and the fryinfi-pan? What a trying man you are, Rasher! It's in your line to be trying? Go on with your list, go on. "Mr. and Mrs. B. Baker." There, you needn't try to help me about the invitations; I'd rather make them out myself. One would think you were obeying the injunctions of the Scriptures literally, to ask in the beggars of the street, when everybody knows that if the Bible wasn't entirely figurative, we couldn't get along at all.

What are you leaning back on the sofa and sighing in that melancholy way for? I'm not going to offend your old cronies. If you want to ask Griggs to a cigar and a glass of sherry in the dining-room, when you're alone of evenings, I shall not object; and I expect to have to ask his wife here three or four times a year. And the same with the Bakers and the Fishers. You think I ought to send Polly Griggs a new dress to wear to the party, if she hasn't got any, instead of slighting her on that account? Well, if you ain't the oddest man! Who ever heard of such a thing? I'm sure it would never have come into anybody's head but yours. If you feel like dressing up your neighbors in silks and satins you'd better begin at once. But do remember that charity begins at home. Here's Cerintha in want of that set of pearls, and I haven't treated myself to that camel's hair shawl yet, and you're talking about giving Mrs. Griggs a silk dress fit to wear to my party! You remember when she used to lend me her white crape shawl when I would go out a calling? *Mr.* Rasher, will you take your heels down off that satin damask rose-colored sofa, and try and sit up like a gentleman? You're tired? Indeed, and what's tired you? I think a man worth as much money as you might afford to hire other people to do his work. As long as you're in business you'll have to attend to it, and you're not rich enough to quit off yet, 'specially at the rate the money is flying? There it comes—reproaches a-ready! I don't believe a woman ever gave a party in the world that her husband didn't reproach her for it—except the wedding party, which they're always glad enough to attend. You didn't intend any reproach at all—you're perfectly willing I shall be happy my own way? Come, let's go into the library. If you're tired you can lounge there as much as you please. Oh, I forgot to tell you the silver came home to-day, and it's splendid. Mrs. Fitz Simmons was here when it came, and went down with me to look at it. She said all those little pigs running about on the teapot and everything were sweet and very appropriate. I thought perhaps she had reference to your business, so I told her they weren't pigs at all; that the wild boar occupied a conspicuous place in the old country heraldry, and had been the crest of your family ever since the Conquest. She asked me what Conquest, and I told her I didn't know. She said it must have been the Porcine War, and I told her quite likely. She asked me the meaning of "*Salve Lardum*," for Mrs. Fitz Simmons don't understand Latin as well as she does French, and I told her it signified that "Discretion was the better part of valor;" which she thought was a very pretty motto, and very suitable to anybody in the mercantile line. *Her* husband's a lawyer, but he don't make a quarter the money you do, so we've very good reasons for being friends—she likes my money, and I like her influence, and if she says impertinent things, once and a while, I have my little revenges.

But if I don't get about my list, I'll never get all the names down. Mrs. Fitz Simmons says, if I want to make myself popular, and have my parties successful, I must have *perfect* suppers and plenty of wine. The music must be good, but the wine must be better—that the young men who give life and spirit to such occasions only ask plenty to eat and drink, and music to dance by, and girls to dance with, to be satisfied—if they are treated well in these respects, they'll praise me and come again. Very modest of 'em? Don't talk about modesty, Rasher, if you don't want to be ridiculous. Mrs. Clarence Cornell says it's immodest to talk about a thing's being immodest, for, if we were all as pure as we ought to be, everything would be pure to us, which is the reason the very most respectable ladies can dress and behave as they do, which seems to me to be very good reasoning, indeed, and I hope you wont be going and making a fool and a bad man of yourself, and proving yourself to be full of evil thoughts, by being prudish about matters that all fashionable people know are proper. You're suited, if the women are? What's that tacked up against those books, like a notice of a sheriff's sale against a wall? Read it and see?

WANTED, A Governess, for two full-grown people, who, having suddenly become wealthy enough to purchase a library, want somebody to xplain it to them. She must understand the history of Grease, French, Hog-Latin and Politeness, and be capable of giving the butler orders when the lady of the house is up a stump. Celery satisfactory.

Now, Rasher, that's your handwriting and your spelling too: how long has it been up there? That friend of Mrs Cerulean's was here to-day, that literary gentleman, that she thinks such a lion. What's that? *see*-lion, you guess, by the way she shows him up as if he were at Barnum's. Oh, hush, *he* was here this very afternoon, looking at the books, and I know now what he was laughing at, though he pretended it was something else. If you will play practical jokes, play 'em on somebody besides me. Oh, you needn't go to hugging me like a bear; that's a certain sign you feel guilty.

Well, Cerintha, the party's over. The butler's putting away the things, and there's a plateful of grease on the dining-room carpet, I saw this morning, when I went in to take a cup of tea to clear off my headache. I had your and Felicia's breakfast sent to your bed, for I knew you wouldn't want to get up till noon. It's twelve now, and I couldn't wait any longer to come in and talk over the affair. Did you enjoy yourselves, girls, as well as you expected? I think it was a splendid affair. If it hadn't been for that accident, which really made your father angry, and if it hadn't been for two or three things he would say, and his atrocious puns, I should think the party was a great success. Mrs. Fitz Simmons congratulated me before she went away. She said she hadn't been to a party this season that cost so much—the supper was exquisite—and who furnished the liquors? You know I didn't let your father see my dress until I was all ready for the evening, and then I let him in my chamber to get his opinion. He said I looked as nice as if I'd been corn-fed.—What did you say? *You* think it wasn,t exactly in good taste for the hostess to be dressed so much—*Magenta* velvet and white plumes? Why didn't you say so before, then, and I would have altered my style? You danced better than any girl in the rooms, and Felicia looked the prettiest. And I don't think you need to be ashamed of your mother last night, girls. Everybody was complimenting me, and my girls, and furniture, and my house. Mr. Easably asked me where I got so fine a collection of pictures, and whether I bought them by the square yard or by the piece. I was glad to tell him what a bargain I got in them, and he congratulated me on it in the pleasantest manner. Your father was in the best of humors, full of his jokes and talk, but for my part, I'd rather he'd a been more silent and retiring, for, though he made a good deal of laughing, he made so many *faux pas*, he kept me in a constant state of reprehension.

When Mrs. Girand lost off that elegant necklace she wore, he told her "she was casting her pearls before swine," which wasn't very flattering to those nice young men who surrounded her.—Which reminds me again of the accident. The butler tells me those young gentlemen who cut the ropes, had first gone up stairs to the private liquor room, and drank too much brandy-and-water, and they felt so funny and full of mischief, that they didn't know what to do with themselves; and happening to pass the dumb-waiter, one of 'em said it would be a duced good thing to cut the ropes, and the rest laughed, and thought it would, and two of 'em did it, and down went the waiter with all them fancy bottles and cut-glass on it, and that splendid punch-bowl, and a lot of my finest porcelain.

When we heard the crash, I turned quite pale, for I thought some of the floors had broke down, or something awful; but when your pa saw the mischief and found out how it was done, he was real angry about it, which isn't very common for him. I begged and implored him to say nothing, and he finally got good natured again; but I heard him telling Senator Brown, at the supper-table, he thought it was "cutting it rather too fat," and if the young men tho't they could treat him in that manner, they'd got the wrong pig by the ear; they should never be asked to his house again. But I must coax him out of that, for those very young gentlemen belong to the cream of our set, and they only happened to take a little too much. Of course, if they'd have been in their senses they wouldn't have done it. You hope he won't offend young Spangler? I noticed he danced with you twice last night my dear; so I went straight to Mrs Fitz Simmons and asked her, confidentially, all about him. He lives rather high, and belongs to one of the real *old* families; but they're not very wealhty and she don't know where he gets all the money he spends. He's after a rich wife, and I persume he'll propose on the first opportunity. I don't think your father would like to see his money going to pay that young gentleman's debts and extravagancies. Still he's got *style*, and style is—. You don't intend to marry him, but you want the *éclat* of his attentions? Oh, very well! I see you can take care of yourself, my love. Felicia, here, is such an innocent little thing, she's after her father's own heart. I shouldn't wonder, yet if she married some clerk or music-teacher, because she imagined herself in love with him; when, if she'd only—"*husband* her resources, she'd be all right!" Goodness, gracious me, Rasher, what brought you home this time a day, and up into this chamber. "She can find plenty of scoundrels ready to husband her resources, and when they've got them, won't care whether they husband your pretty Felicia or not." You're such a croaker, you'll make your daughters believe the world's full of designing men after their fortunes. What's that, Felicia, darling? If you get as good a man as your papa, you ll be satisfied? And well you may! He's always been a good provider, and an indulgent husband. I've only three faults to find with your father: the first is, his being in the pork business—the next his habit of playing practical jokes—and the last, his dreadful, utter want of style. He has no air. He isn't hurt at my saying it, for he knows it himself. Put on the best broadcloth of the latest make, Janvin's gloves, and Genin's hat, it don't make a bit of difference, he's still the same plain, fussy, short little man, a biting the fingers of his gloves, and looking as if he wasn't to home in his own house nor his own clothes. He has no air.—It's the trial of my life, but I can't help it. What did you say, Rasher? You're like the Englishman's scalded pig? Clear out of this chamber! I won't permit my daughters to hear such foul allusions;—. It wasn't a fowl allusion, it was a piggish one? Go along down stairs before I take the broomstick to you. I've forgotten the use of the broomstick? Come, come Rasher, the chambermaid may be listening at the door. I wish you wouldn't refer to the past so frequently. You may stay if you'll behave yourself, for I want to ask you about the party. But first tell me what brought you home? The stage? Nonsense! what did you come home for? For the rest of the day? But what was your object in coming so early? You didn't object? I'll quit asking you questions, if I'm to be bothered in this manner. You've come home to see your little girls? Oh, well, that's natural enough, I suppose, seeing you had so little chance of talking to them yesterday. But they're not little girls any longer, you see. Cerintha's shot up like a bean stalk. As for Felicia, she'll always be little like you; but she's got her full growth.

Everybody complimented our table last night, Rasher. The new silver made a gorgeous appearance; everybody looked at it, and got everybody else to look, and noticed our coat-of-arms, and told each other the motto. I heard young Flummery whispering to Mrs. Clarence Cornell that he couldn't have believed his own ears, if he hadn't have seen with his own eyes. There were so many smiles and whispers at first, I was afraid something was wrong. I asked James if anything had gone wrong, and he said there had not; he'd never waited on a nicer table. Fummery made himself very polite to me after I noticed him laughing with Mrs. Cornell. He helped me to salad, and put cream in my coffee when I told him I took it. As he held the cream-jug in his hand, he looked again at our coat-of-arms. "*Salve Lardum*," said he, very gravely. "I was not aware of the Rasher device till this evening, though I've been quite a student of heraldry. What is your receipt for curing bacon, Mrs. Rasher?" "Curing bacon, Mr. Flummery!" I exclaimed, beginning to be offended, as I always am at such allusions. "Yes, madam," he replied, "I supposed that curing it was the surest manner of saving it; though doubtless, your ancestry saved theirs by taking to their heels at the proper moment." "It is an article," said I, "that I never have in my house; I do not remember now that I ever tasted any. I have no receipts for curing it." "Mrs. Rasher," said he, suddenly, "you have no sugar yet." And he turned to the waiter to get me some. Just then, I noticed you poking that Senator Brown in the ribs, and laughing outrageously. I knew you was telling him of some of your practical jokes; your very countenance showed it, and I involuntarily tried to look at my back to see if you hadn't labelled me with some motto or something, in your usual good taste. Now, husband, I want to know what you and the Senator were having so much fun about. If you've been playing any trick on me, I want to know it; if I ever find it out, you'll repent it. I declare, if you ain't laughing again at the very remembrance of it! I'll ask the Senator myself the next time I see him. I'll tell you another thing young Flummery said to me, though I'm sure I don't know what it means. I don't comprehend half he says, but he's excruciatingly polite, and has the reputation of being witty.—Mrs. Fitz Simmons says she couldn't think of having even a small social reunion without him, though I must confess, privately, I don't fancy him so much as she does. Says he, "Mrs. Rasher," says he, "have you read the late popular work, "Darwin on the Origin of the Species?" And saysI, "No, Mr. Flummery; I've been so busy lately getting fixed in the new house and all: but I expect it's in the library, for I told the man to have all the popular things.' And says he, "I was just thinking it might be possible your family were decended remotely from their own coat-of-arms." And I said, "Of course we were!" with a good deal of emphasis, and asked him if it was a book of heraldry, and he smiled, and said it was, the most reliable book of heraldry extant.

I've only one lasting regret with regard to my first party. To be sure, I'm sorry for that prank of the young gentlemen, breaking up the crockery so, which was rather wild of them; but youthful indiscretion must not be judged too severely, especially when committed by the members of our first families. You wish they had spared your punch-bowl? You and Griggs would have had fine times over that punch-bowl this winter, wouldn't you? I'm sorry it was broken, I'm sure for it would have been a comfort to me at the opera and other places where you don't choose to go along—"and where I don't choose to have you"—to think you were comfortable at home.

But, as I was saying, I've only one lasting regret, which is that I didn't succeed in getting the Liverpools here. I'd set my heart on having them, which I knew would be the means of fixing my position in society. What's that? If there's any danger of my slipping out, I'd better be fastened in with a bottle of liquid glue? What a tormenting man you are, Rasher! You've no more sympathy with my peculiar feelings than—don't hug me, don't! I ain't your spare-rib! get out! call me your duck or your goose, if you want to, but don't dub me your spare-rib any more. I can't stand it.

Mrs. FitzSimmons says that our cards of invitation were very unique. I told you I understood such matters, and that they would be just the thing. Did I have "Complimentary" printed on all of 'em, or were the reserved seats one dollar extra? Don't be inquisitive, my love. Come into our room and let the girls dress. Hurry yourselves, my darlings, for there will be floods of company here