The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 20. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 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

E. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.
D. E. OLMSTED & CO,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

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

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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

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 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 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. 12:35.

L. BIRD,
am prepared to do jobs of Surveying in Ulysses, Hector and Pike Townships, and anywhere within 8 or 10 miles of my home, and can undoubtedly give satisfaction, having had over 6 years experience.
L. BIRD.
Brookland, (Cushingville), Potter Co. Pa. Oct. 24, 1860. 7tf.

POETRY.

From the Home Journal.

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

[A beautiful poem, from the pen of a new contributor, from whom we hope to hear again.]—EDS.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee add Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,—

Is it strange that Wille said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear;
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—*rockers at the side!*

MISCELLANY.

HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way which Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin—May Stephens that has been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other purpose than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and have pleaded to the possession of curiosity. I see no reason why it should not be indulged. With this resolution I set forth, one evening, when we three, Morgan, May and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled for a talk.

"Mr. Morgan,'—I usually called him Charley, but I was desirous of showing that I was in earnest—"Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them on the old plan, and laughed as though the words I had spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few moments brought them both to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing more seriously than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and I that brings the laugh; to us it is a droll remembrance, but perhaps in telling it there would be nothing to amuse any one."

The explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and with a smile I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long have you excited my curiosity that even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane shall have the story May; I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with:

"Now, Charley, that is really too bad! You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself."—and then after a pause, she said—"when we are alone."

"You shall do no such thing, Madame May," was Charley's laughing response; "you shall do no such thing. This time I shall have my way, and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any longer, without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that in some way Charley was to come off victor; so I, merely saying that I would be back in a few minutes, stepped out of the room and walked about the garden until I felt sure that the point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds, and laughing the old laugh, as usual. As I entered Charley drew up the rocking-chair and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story about how I first met my wife:

"It was just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for a month from my desk and went down with my chum Horace Hyatt, to his home in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality, the solid, old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which within a couple of days after my arrival I was put in possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me to do just what I pleased with. There were a plenty of fish, and we fished; a plenty of woodcock and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood I do not mean Horace's twin sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess they were luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot though I should not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure that with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls that I ever had seen; and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident, for I suppose I must call it so, though seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell you in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished by the young ladies upon a once schoolmate of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Nettie and Carrie; but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new born passion. I formed, at last, an imaginary May Stevens; and, do what I would, the figure was with me. At last I worked myself into an agony of curiosity and trembled with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the two sister's continued conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me to say, had I not heard one morning as I entered the breakfast room the startling words from Nettie:

"And so she is coming at last. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at that moment, I cannot say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupleing it with Nettie's words I knew that the hitherto only heard of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century; and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion, of nearly two weeks duration for Carrie and Nettie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Carrie and Nettie, but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsel of wardrobe should be offered at the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of a business neglected, and faithfully promised Carrie and Nettie that the next day should see me down at Hyatt's again, to stay the one month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day to create a grand *ensemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at the first glance strike the beholder with silent admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing 'Paradise Lost,' was nothing to it."

"It was early in the day when I arrived at my city-rooms, and for six hours I dressed and re-dressed, compared and rejected and selected; and at the end of that I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens."

It wanted still several hours to sunset. Having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's, instead of remaining over till morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocation of sleep. So I found it when the shades of evening fell; for to the best of my recollections, I was in the very midst of a dream, in which May Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue, appeared in a purple cloud, and admiringly inquired who my tailor was? Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded, or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—2:26—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition of lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make matters worse, I was eight miles from my destination, though, as it afterwards appeared not a mile from the next village where I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper, and beds could be had.

"I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that with some twenty more of the male gender, I must be content with chairs, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night. It was a beatiful moonlight, and verging to ten o'clock. By Jove, I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done.—Giving my carpet bag into the hands of the landlord with the most emphatic charges for its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning at my expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight I went up the lane that led to the house. They were early folks at the farm—early to bed and early up. I walked around the house trying each door and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence—my bed room window looked out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened I would tap and awaken Horace, who was my room-mate and bed fellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and placing my hand on the window which yielded, in an instant I stood in my own room. By the moonlight that streamed in, I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a heavy sleep. I would not, therefore, awaken him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious. What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hill and scattered the grey mists of the morning. My bedfellow was breathing heavily but it was broad daylight, and there was no sleep for me, so I determined Horace should wake up and hear the story of the railroad breakdown. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion my bedfellow, who had laid with his back toward me, sprang to a sitting position.

"There are such surprises as are without a terror, which actually deprives us of our speech, until the brain has time to act and reason Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by opened mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and bedfellow, as we sat upright and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the neatest little night cap that ever was She had gathered the bed clothes with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in such cases, but if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with:

"How came you here?"

"The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction, spoke;

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time calm, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return till to day. That is how I was put in this room."

So here I was sitting *vis a vis* to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction and a nice style of toilet! And she—she by this time was as cool as the 31st of December, and sat looking me right in the eyes as I made some rambling explanation of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrevalent matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out the window as I came in," said I in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end, I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly with:

"No, that will not do, there are people moving about and you will be seen."

"It was now my turn to stammer out:

"What is to be done?" For I saw that the little hazel eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"You must lie still here while I get up. When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity," was her response delivered in a quiet, business like manner.

"And so I did. Under May Stevens' commands I buried my intruding head under the bed clothes, and kept it well covered till I heard the retreating footsteps on the stairs, which was but a few moments, though it seemed an age; then with a desperate bound I sprang from the bed and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartments more stealthily than I.

That morning we met. May Stevens and I, at the breakfast table—I in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astonished every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh which we never fail to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up.

"And now, Cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife."

INFANTS AND AIR.—Parliamentary returns show that of twenty eight hundred infants annually sent to various hospitals to be taken care of, twenty-four out of the twenty-five died before they were a year old. A law was immediately passed that they should be sent to the country thereafter, when it was found that only nine out of twenty five died the first year, that is, instead of twenty-six hundred and and ninety dying, there were only four hundred and fifty, a difference of twenty-two hundred and forty.

This simple, unvarnished statement of an indisputable fact ought to impress the mind of every parent deeply, with the importance and the duty of using all practical means for securing to children the habitual breathing of the purest air possible, being careful to avoid a radical mischievous and most prevalent error that warm air is necessarily impure.—Warmth is as essential to infantile health as pure air. How best to secure both should be our constant study. There are more deaths under five years of age, in New-York, than there are from five to sixty years owing to three things—a want of pure air, of suitable warmth, and proper food. In these three wants are found the overwhelming majority of causes for the fearful statement above-named. Let every parent in city or country, in hovel or mansion, mature these things.

To die childless, after having been once blessed with dear children must be one of the most terrible of all calamities of the heart; yet in countless multitudes of cases, the sufferers are the authors of their own crushing sorrows, by reason of their unpardonable ignorance or moral or criminal neglect.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ANECDOTE OF THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.—The following fact was recently given by a lady of Philadelphia, a grand daughter of Judge Peters. It is therefore reliable:

"During General Washington's Southern campaign, and while Richard Peters (subsequently Judge of the District Court of the United States) was Secretary of the Board of War, he met, at an evening entertainment, Robert Morris, who observed the gloomy expression of counterance and his usual demeanor, and urged him to conceal his anxieties, lest the cause in which all were so much interested should be injured by such an appearance of despondency.

"Mr. Peters replied, 'that he was in great embarrassment, having received an order from the commander-in-chief for amunition, and having exhausted all available supplies, even to the lead pipes from some of the dwelling houses, he was unable to meet the demand.'

"'Cheer up! cheer up!' replied Mr. Morris, 'I have just heard of one of my ships being below—her ballast is lead. I will give you an order for it.' They both left the party, and before morning the bullets were casting which aided in accomplishing the 'defeat of Cornwallis.'

"The news of this surrender reached Philadelphia between one and two o'clock at night. The watchmen in those days were in the habit of calling the hour. They were all Germans, and the welkin resounded with: 'O' Bast two o'glock, und Cornwallis ish taken!' Windows were thrown up by ladies in night caps to catch the sound, and forthwith *every house was illuminated!*"

BLACK DAYS.—Have you ever known days that were black? Have you ever known days in which everything went wrong, as though some invisible hand turned your whole life topsy-turvey? Did every sharp instrument you handled pierce or cut you of its own accord? Did some undiscoverable individual throw your neatly arranged work into confusion, and abstract the book in which you were deeply interested? Did the current of your thoughts, which usually flowed with pleasant freedom, suddenly become stagnant? Did the person you least wish to see force themselves into your presence, and those you loved best remain absent? Did you labor with more than wonted zeal, yet accomplish nothing? Such unbalanced days when life seems all a game of cross purposes, will come to most of us; and how is this unholy spell to be broken? Very often the presence of some being gifted with a strong, pure heart, genial temperament, and sympathetic nature, will chase all the shadows, restore serenity to the ruffled temper, and evoke order out of confusion even as the voice, the look of one single angel can put to flight a legion of evil spirits.

A FEARFUL RETRIBUTION THREATENED.—The blockade of the Mississippi River is producing its natural effect in arousing a bitter feeling throughout the northwest. Measures of retaliation begin to be talked of. The Cincinnati *Gazette* goes so far as to recommend the destruction of the embankment on the river. It says:

"By breaking down the embankments we can easily overflow all the country of the lower Mississippi and drown out the towns and plantations."

The terrible effect of crevasses on the southern plantations in former years are not yet forgotten, and this threat from the West bears a peculiar significance. We may look for curious developments in this warfare of the river, but it is to be hoped that extreme measures on either side will be avoided.

THE *Conductor* says of moral suasion and prohibition:

"There is nothing uncongenial in the two principles, but they are intended as auxiliary to each other—one saving the tempted, the other punishing the tempter—one agitating and contending for a great principles the other maintaining and securing the truths contended for. Wherever the principles of our reform shall achieve a perfect victory; there will we find wrapped in close embrace, the inseperable weapons of success—moral suasion and legal enforcement."