The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,

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Thos. S. Chase,

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

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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

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L. P. WILLISTON,

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

A. P. CONE,

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

R. W. BENTON,

SURVEYOR 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 sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

E. R. HARRINGTON,

JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & 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 COTTAGE HOME.

Air—Susanna.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
When all around was still,
I thought I saw my cottage white,
Upon yon flowery hill.
The grass plat green before the door,
The porch with vines o'ergrown,
Were lovely as they were before,
When that cottage was my own.

Oh, Rumseller,
That home, that home of thine!
That pleasant home, that happy home,
That cottage home was mine!

The gravel walk so white and straight,
With flower-banks upon each side,
That led down to the wicket gate,
Where Willy used to ride:
The locust o'er the path that grew,
The willow boughs that swayed—
All told me with a tale most true,
That there my Mary played.

The silver lake so calm and clear,
Along whose banks I've strayed
So often with my Lucy dear,
To watch the sun-light fade;
The pearly streams that sweetly run,
The garden foot along,
And murmuring fount as bright as then,
All sung the mournful song.

The window towards the garden gate
That looked out to the west,
Where that loved being used to wait,
That made that home so blest,
Was clos'd—the sombre curtains hung,
And no lov'd form was there,
Nor voice the evening song that sung,
Nor heard the evening prayer.

Silence hung round that happy home,
Where once so light and free,
My laughing children use to come
And dance upon my knee;
And she who was that home's delight,
In constant beauty shone
Around the cheerful hearth-stone bright—
Now all was still and lone.

Yes, that loved wife has gone;
In death her heart is bound;
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,
Beneath yon grassy mound—
And I am wandering lone and free,
No master of my will;
My home, my happy home, is changed
To a hut behind the still.

Choice Reading.

From the National Magazine.

The End of the Rainbow.

In my childhood nothing gave me greater delight than the rainbow, and though I have still much pleasure in seeing it, I have lost the juvenile faith I once had in my ability to find the end of it.

Many a time have I run across the pasture that fronted our eastern windows, frightening the simple sheep in my haste to gain the hill top, where I was sure the rainbow came to the ground, and as often have been disappointed, but not in the least disenchanted. Shining through the sun-lit rain I could see it so distinctly, just a little way before me—if I could but climb to the green top of the wood I should, without doubt, be able to wrap about my head such a beautiful turban as was never seen—made in fact of the red end of the rainbow!

It was a harmless fancy, productive of much childish delight, indeed, causing me to dream dreams, and see visions that were beautiful exceedingly; for at the end of the rainbow I had no doubt but that a great bag of gold had a local habitation. What I should do with such a treasure puzzled my brain not a little, and I spent hours forming plans that were destined never to go into execution.

In the course of time I came to know that the end of the rainbow was not to be found on the hill in the sheep pasture, nor yet in the green top of the woods beyond; nowhere, in fact, this side of that gloomy river whose still ferryman we all dread so much. But I saw, meanwhile, with sorrowful surprise, men and women about me who had not outgrown their childish credulity, yearning and striving for happiness which this life does not contain, and so shutting up their senses to its real comforts. To be leaning and reaching after blessings, is a mistake fatal to all blessings; for while they evade the most diligent search, they come unawares to those who, in the earnestness of a good work, are forgetful of them.

Alas, alas! we take off our baby garment of faith in imppossibilities, and hang it on the wall of truth with great reluctance; all of us, and for the most part indeed, keep it tied and strained around us, till, stumbling over some great, ugly fact, we actually burst out of it.

Day after day our thoughts go travelling "round about this pendent world" in search of treasures no less fabulous than the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, and night after night they come back to us wearied out with the profitless journey, and we go to bed, less to have our eyelids touched by "nature's sweet restorer," than to dream of divining rods, and of "fairies who speak pearls."

Sabbath after Sabbath our preachers pray for blessings to be showered down upon the congregations, till Heaven exhausted of patience, seals up its hearing, and the vain words become a mumble in the mouths of the petitioners. And no wonder Heaven is tired of the much saying, "God be merciful," and the never saying, "God be praised."

"Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not: he passeth on also, but I perceive him not.—Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Which maketh Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south. Which doeth gaeat things, past findidg out; yea, and wonders without number."

The seasons are his handmaids, and we say to them, "Ye come only by chance." Winter lays down at our feet her great white book, and we give it to the sunbeams to take back, without having written on its pages, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Spring plants the fertile valleys with herbs, and violets, and hollyhocks, and wheat and corn, with furrows of needful waters between, and we go into barren places and ask for miracles. Summer sweetens the air with apple-blossoms and hay-fields, wild roses and mint, and we call on the far isles to drift to our windows their spicy odors. The fall comes with new corn, and yellow pears, and melons, and red peaches; lighting up all the hills with the splendor of its woodlands—calling the cheerful cricket to the hearth, and our families to the thanksgiving table, where we give, really, but miserable thanks. We groan out our complaints to one another of the hardships and trials of life, and reach down through the blessings that surround us like the common air, to fetch up out of the darkness all the disappointments we have had to encounter—all the crosses we have had to bear.

For my part, I wonder we are not oftener than we are forced out of the socket of accustomed happiness, and *made* to feel how more than good God has been to us.

We sit under the weight of blessings until they become a burden, and suffer the fruitful branches of our vines to darken our understandings till Providence breaks them off in their greenness and lets in the light.

We greatly more need to pray for wisdom than happiness; the wild ass's colt can enjoy, but men and women should be able to live without happiness, save, indeed, that best happiness of all that comes in our conflicts with evil and our victories over it; that steadies up the soul in the time of temptation, and finds place in the heart that is obedient to God, however crowded with miseries it may be.

If we accustomed ourselves to take up the realities of life, and strip them of their delusions, we should find a great augmentation of real comfort; we should not be making profitless journeys after the end of the rainbow, as so many of us are doing now.

We expect too much of this world; the inevitable disappointment chills and discourages us, and we say life is not worth living. The roses we bind up in our arms have briers among them; tares will grow up with our wheat, and blight fall upon our corn; the path of duty will sometimes grow hard and bare, and pain that we cannot shoulder aside, fasten itself upon us as we go along, and our only hope is to bear it bravely. Sighs and lamentations are of no avail to lighten suffering, much less to detach it from our souls, a part of whose inheritance it is.

Life is indeed a sharp struggle, and unless we arm ourselves betimes, and battle bravely, we shall be borne down.—Outside of ourselves, and the strength that flows into our souls through Divine truth, there is little help for us. We must not be so much looking for something on which to lean, as learning to stand alone. Who can say to our consciences, be still? Who can help us through death, or answer for us at the judgement?

Beauty, and honor, and authority, may be stripped from us at any moment, and our poor selves be left naked and helpless, unless nothing shall be able to divide us from that searching light that shines up over the steep sides of the pit. With all the beauty of its springtimes, the glory of its harvest, and the splendor of its winters; with all the delights of its courtships, the joy of its marriages, and the comfort of its homes, earth is not heaven, and rainbows cannot be set over our lintels as they are in the clouds.

But while this knowledge presses upon us from every side, we shut up our understandings against it, and think when we have hidden our eyes that we have destroyed the sunshine, or the plaguespot, as the case may be.

It is well to keep before us a cheerful day star of hope, to trust to our friends to visit us when we are sick, to clothe us when we are naked, and to bury us when we die, but never to weaken this reasonable trust by impositions on their kindness while we are able to help ourselves. It is well to cherish a healthful faith in the protection of Providence, and extremely foolish to weaken it by going after soothsayers, or cheating ourselves into the belief that the red shadow of the evening is another sunrise, or the patch of millet on the next hill-side is the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Correspondence.

THE GREAT WEST.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Apologetic—The Business of St Louis—Effect of the Emancipation Movement—Towns on the Mississippi—Their Rapid Growth—St. Charles Market—Be Contented in Little Potter.

[Correspondence of the Potter Journal.]

St. Charles, Iowa, May 28, 1857.

Friend Mann—When at Cincinnati I wrote you that I would give you an occasional inkling. I intended to have written from St. Louis, in Missouri, but I was taken sick, and was not able to until I left that place.

St. Louis is a large place, and at present the most extensive in business operations of any of the western cities.—During my three days stay in the place the steamboats were crowded to the wharf stern foremost, side by side for a mile or more in extent, loading, and unloading; the streets a perfect crowd of men and teams, mostly mule teams, fronting the wharf, the street 10 or 12 rods wide and much of the time stowed with goods and articles of commerce so that teams could with difficulty pass. Had not Missouri been bound by the curse of Slavery, it would have been one of the foremost of the western states. Its natural facilities and local advantages are second to none; the mineral resources, the mildness of the climate, the fertility of soil, the healthfulness of its population have all been in its favor, yet there is no free state where real estate sells as low as it does in that. Farms can be bought in that state, with good soil, in good fruit growing district, under good cultivation, for less money than the buildings and other improvments can be made for. The people in the state are begining to understand their position and to realize that slavery is the great clog that holds them behind the freee states. As sure as self interest is the main-spring of action, so sure Missouri will abolish slavery, and the free state men say within five years; but perhaps not so soon as that; but ten years is enough to put the time for the state to become free.

The emigration to Kansas is beyond calculation. I saw a statement in one of the western papers putting the free state emmigration for the present year to that territory, at seventy thousand. I will give a discription of this part of the great west. I left the Mssisippi at Dubuque, and before I proceed, I will say there are many flourishing towns on the river. I will only mention a few of them, Quincy, on the Illinois side, is a beautiful town, surrounded by a beautiful country. Among others, Keokuk, Burlington, Muscatine and Dubuque, all of which would take those accustomed to the progress of Pennsylvania by surprise; although I had calculated the growth to be fast, they far surpassed my calculations. The celebrated Mormon city of Nauvoo is dead. It remains just as they left it, except the destruction, by fire, of the great Temple, whose blackened walls remain just as the fire left them. The large three story hotel commenced by the Mormons, built of brick, remains without a roof just as ahey left it, and many other buildings are in the same unfinished state. Dubuque County in Iowa, a part of the lead region, after leaving the river, is broken with ravines and small bluffs untill about 10 miles back, when it becomes more level, and finally becomes a vast expanse of beautiful prairie, with very little timber in sight and that a very light growth of grove timber, without a tree large enough for a saw log. The soil is various—some sandy, some loom, some low and wet, but all black, and where cultivated produces heavy crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, and finally most of the crops necessary for comfort. Fruit tree culture, as far as tried where I have travleed, has been a failure; the winters prove too hard for the trees. As near as I can learn, our Potter county winter before last was a fair sample of their Iowa winters as far north as this latitude; its southern part is much warmer.

The time to make fortunes by removal to the west has, in my opinion, passed. People in general immigrating from the east have little knowledge of the difficulty in procuring land. The western lands have mostly been subject to auction sales, and have passed into the hands of speculators, and prairie landsheld at $5 to $20 per acre, timbered from $10 to $25. I will suppose a matter of fact case: an immigrant from the east finds government land. Well, he wants prairie, of course, and if he gets land he can only get prairie (for all the timber is bought up fifty miles ahead of civilization); well, he must buy timber, and pay at least $10 per acre for it, and of course he wants something tho live in, (to say nothing about a comfortable home). Well, perhaps the nearest timber he can find to be bought is from one to five miles off, and the poor lumber they have here costs from $20 to $25 dollars per M ft. Now how long must it take to get a house to live in, and the cost of building, all considered, makes it hard for the inhabitants of this region. One thing is favorable, good quarries of stone are abundant, mostly lime.

Prices at St. Charles.—Wheat, $1,50 ℔ bushel; Corn, $1,00 ℔ bushel; Hams, 25 cts. ℔ lb; Flour, $4,50 ℔ cwt.; Potatoes, $1,50 ℔ bushel; Prairie Hay, (the only kind in market) $10 ℔ ton; Beans, $4,00 ℔ bushel; Groceries at corresponding priess; Oxen, from $100 to $150 ℔ pair; Cows, from $30 to $50 each; good Horses, $200 @ $250.

I have but little more room; just enough to say to the citizens of Potter who are doing well, to be contented before they venture to try uncertainties of the West. I find the farming community are far behind the villages; the land is 9-10 of it in the hands of speculators, and the inhabitants too far apart for schools; not over one acre out of 200 is cultivated, in the five or six counties through which I have passed, and that is a fair specimen of northern Iowa.

When I find something of sufficient interest in my travels I will write again. My next travels will be through northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. By-the-bye I wil say that the Indian difficulties at Spirit Lake are of no very great extent.—It is believed no more difficulties will be experienced. The inhabitants are returning to their homes on the Blue Earth River and other places near the seat of troubles. Although so near the place of troubles, no reliable evidence can be had of the extent of Indian depredations, but it is generally admitted that the whites were the first aggressors. S. P.

For the Journal.

Humphrey Center N. Y. June 15th, 1857.

Mr. Editor.—The first number of the Potter Journal has just arrived at my new home in the state of N. Y., among the Republican hills of Cattaraugus and its appearance sent a thrill of joy through the family equal to the return of a long absent friend; and as to the future course of the Journal, (of which the past is a recommendation to all lovers of Freedom) I see it was be independent of the opinions of the learned Supreme Judges of the United States or more properly speaking Judges of the Sourthern States or Joint heir with Douglass Stringfellow &c.

The "Dred Scott decision" has caused quite a sensation in this part and not a few of the southern democracy here say they will bow no longer to the God of the South (slavery) nor pay tribute to the "Cincinnatti Platform." And I think if the "Black flag of Ulysses"—was sent here bearing the inscription "Buchanan, Breckenridge and free Kansas," it would not redeem them, save the Union, or preserve their "Ostend Manifesto." But such hand bills as were printed to gull the most ignorent is a fair sample of the party that scattered them broodcast throughout the land dedicated to Freedom but consecrated to slavery. But let them fuse—they are like the poisonous reptile that will sting itself until it dies.

But friends, my being a resident of N. Y. does not prevent me from being a friend and well wisher of little Potter and her republican principles and I feel that a few words from a non resident will not come amiss if it is not so well spoken yet it comes from a true heart and one that will not waver when southern threatening or northern doughfaceism is crying the "Union will bust if you vote against us." I generally say let it bust and deposit my vote. Potter County is looked upon in this section as a star of the first magnitude in Pennsylvania and one whose "Spartan Band" is worthy of imitation by places of larger note, but friends let the cry be Down with Slaveocrocy and doughfaceism of the North and remember Bunker hill, Concord and Lexington. Rush on the republican car of Liberty until its wheels shall crush out every vestige and stain of slavery, the curse of an enlightened community, and a bye-word and reproach upon Free America. J. L. W.

—A Pennsylvania editor says that marriage has broke out in his neighborhood and that it is spreading with frightful virulence all over the northern end of the county, carrying off hundreds of his subscribers. Hundreds of cases, he says, have come under his observation, all of them hopeless—once seized, the victim is a case; the only thing that can be done is to call in a clergyman to prepare him for his fate. Having had the complaint before is no protection against it. A widow who had caught it years before, and was recovering from its effects suffered a relapse and is now lost beyond recovery.—She has married a second time.

Newspaper Postage.—The Post Master General has recently decided that bona fide subscribers to weekly newspapers can receive the same free of postage if they reside in the county in which the paper is printed and published, *even if the office to which the paper is sent is without the county*, provided it is the office at which they regularly receive their mail matter. This will be an item of interest to subscribers living near county lines.

☞Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.—*Warnock.*

If you have no sister of your own we advise you to love somebody else's sister.—*Bardtown Gazette.*

☞An infamous old bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied 'No, but I once saw a marriage.'