The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME X.--NUMBER. 7. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1857. TERMS.--$1,25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

Thos. S. Chase,

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

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

Terms of Advertising.

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion, - - -	50
1 " " 2 " - - -	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months, - - - - - - -	2 50
1 " six " - - - - - - -	4 00
1 " nine " - - - - - - -	5 50
1 " one year, - - - - - - -	6 00
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
Every subsequent insertion, - - - - -	50
1 Column six months, - - - - - - -	18 00
½ " " " - - - - - - -	10 00
¼ " " " - - - - - - -	7 00
1 " per year, - - - - - - - -	30 00
½ " " " - - - - - - - -	16 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Auditor's Notices, each, - - - - - - -	1 50
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, - - - - - -	1 50
Marriage Notices, each, - - - - - - -	1 00
Business or Professional Cards, each, not exceding 8 lines, per year, - -	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

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

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second floor, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,

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

L. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter 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,

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

W. K. KING,

SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required. P. S.—Maps of any part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

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

JONES, MANN & JONES,

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

COLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.

SMITH & JONES,

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

D. E. OLMSTED,

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,

DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third 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.

From the N. Y. Eve. Post.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

"Come here," cries the master, in voice of command,
To an unlucky urchin,—"and hold out your hand;
I'll teach you, you villain to make such a noise;
You're the head and ringleader of all the bad boys."
The boy, blubbering, exclaims, "It was somebody else."

Says mamma to her daughter, "I'm shocked, I declare,
To see you go out with your shoulders so bare,
You attract the attention of all whom we meet,"—
"Dear mama, when the men stare at me in the street,
They no doubt think 'tis *you*—or somebody else."

Says the wife to her husband, "I'm grieved and surprised
To see you so tipsy—I mean so disguised—
Pray, what do you think your neighbors will think,
When a man of your age gets stupid with drink."
"They'll think," says the toper, "T'was somebody else."

"So you're found out at last," madam cries in a pet;
"I saw you last night walking home with Miss Bet,
With Miss Betty Bouncer—deny if you can,
You deceitful and treacherous, wicked old man."
Says he, "My sweet love, it was somebody else."

"When you came home last night it was past twelve o'clock,
And you left me this morning sound asleep as a rock;"
"My dear," cries the husband, I am petrified quite;
My business detained me from home all the night."
"Goodness gracious," says she, "was it *somebody else?*"

The coquette strives, with all her attractions, to win
An admirer for whom she cares not a pin;
On the way to the church to fasten the knot,
She stops, saying, "One thing I'd almost forgot—
I think, on the whole, I'll have somebody else."

The Parson, brimful of doctrine and zeal,
Thinks the hearts of his hearers are harder than steel;
While they, altho' pricked by their conscience within,
Each would shift to his neighbor the burden of sin,
Thinks the Parson, no doubt, means somebody else.

'Tis thus with mankind of every condition,
Somebody's the object of every suspicion,
And if anything's wrong, some one else is to blame—
As somebody else has such a bad name.
I'm truly rejoiced I'm not sombody else.

A True Picture.

A Word about Western Emigration and Western Experience.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Daily Times.

MOUND CITY, Pulaski, Ill., June 30, 1857.

"Mushroom" cities are only indeginous in America, and are not, by any means, the least curiosity the country affords.—The "emigrant" from the East is *prospecting* for settlement—rides over the prairies and plains, "fetches up" at a solitary cabin, and is told he is in Vesuvius City! He stares: but no stump nor house is in sight—nothing but the wide expanse of the plain and the creek coursing through it. *Vesuvius* City! Perhaps it has been blown up and this is the site it once occupied. Ah, verdant New Yorker, you are not a *fast* man, I perceive. The "city" is just in the process of being *blown up*, and soon will be so inflated that it will take a large sheet to map out its beauties and magnificent dimensions. That plain will be all streets and blocks, peopled by thirty thousand inhabitants; that creek will bear richly laden steamers on its muddy bosom, and railroads will sweep in from the four quarters of the horizon with argosies of promise to Vesuvius! So, at least, he is told by the disinterested host in whose cabin he tarries; and won by the facts, figures and fancies, which the shrewd "proprietor" ever has at command, the emigrant invests and goes home for his family, dreaming on his way of the city that is to inflate his purse to huge dimensions. One hundred other strangers are *taken in* and "entertained" by the host of Vesuvius, and next season sees one hundred and one houses on that lately solitary plain—the "mushroom" city has emerged into life!

This is the history of seven-eighths of the towns and "cities" which now dot the maps of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas and Nebraska. And it is but fair to say seven-eights of them are grand successes—for the "proprietor," at least, whose fortune is rapidly made by selling land, which cost him one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, for ten, twenty, forty, fifty and one hundred dollars per foot front, by one hundred feet in depth. It remains to be seen how the purchasers fare. As it is *very* true that fools are not *all* dead, these first purchasers are generally successful in getting rid of their interests at advanced rates, and thus success number two is the result. But the fact stares the studious observer steadily in the face, that, in most instances, these places cannot possibly attain to any very considerable growth, for there is not country enough to support them, supposing the land to be divided up into eighty-acre lots, or, as is most generally the case, into farms of one, two and three hundred acres each. Nor are there the resources of manufactories to fall back upon; for it is a fact, which the intelligent observer will not fail to detect, that the great concentration of capital, machinery, enterprise and appliances necessary for successful competition, are now centering in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, &c., and only in a very limited degree will the interior and "up-river" towns be able to compete with, and live in spite of, the monster enterprises which are now *fully answering to every demand*, in every branch of trade, agriculture and household life. Hence, when a proprietor descants to the new-comer of the trade and commerce which must centre at *the* city, the allowance of ninety per cent. may be safely made—and purchases should be made accordingly. If the "city," by any good fortune, should reach to a population of ten thousand, the *present* prices of the lots are entirely disproportionate to such success. Twenty, forty, sixty and one hundred dollars per foot—common prices of land in these "cities" of which we are now writing—is too much by fifty per cent; for, add to this first cost the necessary improvements of opening streets, grading, of building everything *ab initio*, of taxes and interest, and it will be perceived that property in New York City is cheaper to-day than the *prospective* value of real estate in "Vesuvius City."

It is not our purpose to disparage these enterprises "out West," which are now absorbing so much capital, so much energy, so much talent; but we would prevent misconception in the minds of persons proposing to leave old homes, old associations, old occupations, to seek the new upon these Western lands; we would have them go (or rather come—since we write from the West) with their eyes open, and thus incur fewer disappointments for the future. We have met with so many disappointed persons in our travels that we but repeat what has been told us, confirmed as their statements are, by our own observation. Let us give an instance:

A farmer in New-England, living comfortably by his thirty-acre possession and his trade, that of wagon-maker, thought to better his fortune, and that of his two daughters and son, by emigrating to Iowa. He readily found a purchaser for his snug and really beautiful home, and with three thousand dollars started West. Arrived in Iowa he visited many of these paper towns, and finally made a location in a thriving village, near the geographical centre of the county. Property commanded pretty "steep" prices, but he succeeded in buying out an earlier settler, agreeing to pay one hundred dollars per foot front for the lot, and eight hundred dollars for improvements, consisting of a small one-story frame house, slab shed for horse, well twelve feet deep, and oak-board fence around the premises. He turned the shed into a wagon-shop and commenced work, paying very high prices for every inch of timber which he had to use.—Provisions were very high, and, economize as his good wife would, it was found that ten dollars per week were necessary for his household wants. He could not get money for his work. In a word, he could not make ends meet; and, at the end of the year, he sold out for fifteen hundred dollars what had cost him three thousand dollars. His family were dispirited; but there was now no home for them except in "the West," and he was *en route* for Kansas when we left him.

Now, this is *not* a single experience; it is one of hundreds—nay, we believe of thousands, who part with comfortable homes in the New England States, in in New-York, in Ohio, to try quick fortunes in the West. And we think a five years' experience in frontier life, away from good society, from schools, from market, from all that renders living desirable, will make a sad showing against the farm or business a man *may* successfully open in these new States. Taking into consideration the privations a family must necessarily suffer—the absence from friends and familiar society, the want of good schools and good preaching on the Sabbath day, the great distance from market and consequent low prices which must attend grain-raising—we think the advice to all well-to-do farmers and mechanics in the old States, to *stay where they are*, is good, sensible council, which we give gratuitiously, after considering well upon the question of emigration in all its lights and shades.

Yours, VISE.

Miscellaneous Items.

SPEECH FROM A VETERAN OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS!—The Chicago *Tribune* states that at the Pioneer festival, at Madison, Wis., a very interesting speech was made by Joseph Creelie. He had lived one century and seventeen years, had been three times married, and, of his nine children, only one, the seventh, survives, and she has reached the allotted three score and ten He speaks of "grandchildren almost without number," and says:

"I come down to you, fellow pioneers, from a former century—an old man, with the habits, customs and feelings of the simple-hearted, contented race of a century ago, with few wants, and no ambitious aspirations. I can with truth say that I love my native land; I have cheerfully risked my life in its defence, in repelling the British and Indian foe; and I trust there are none here to-day who will fail to stand by our country in every hour of trial and danger."

Think of the experiences of this white-haired veteran! He has seen this mighty nation burst the bonds of colonial depenence and rise to the first rank among the nations of the earth. He was twenty-five when Massachusetts began hor resistance to the stamp act; he saw the French and Indian wars, the war of Revolution, and was in the prime of life when Washington was elected President. When he was born Frederick the Great sat on the throne of Prussia, and since that day Napoleon Bonaparte has played at Corsica, studied at Brienne, conquered Europe and died at St. Helena.

What a marvellous life! The steam engine, the telegraph, and Republican principles and institutions are younger than he.—*New Haven Palladium.*

SINGULAR EVENT.—On Saturday last, Mr. Samuel M. Dockum, at his furniture manufacturing room in Daniel steet, emptied a hair mattrass from the sack, and rolling up the ticking (about ten yards) in a compact form, placed it on the top of an old secretary, which had been sent in for repairs. The latter article was laid against the side of his work bench, and was slightly elevated above it. On Monday morning on entering the shop the ticking had been entirely consumed by fire, not a single square inch of it could be found. In the piece of furniture on which it was laid was a hole burnt equal to a square foot, and charred beyond, and in the floor was a place burnt of half an inch deep. The mystery could not be solved until it was found that a panorama lens on a pedestal which had been sent in for repairs, had been accidentatlly left on the bench before the window, at just such a distance as to bring the focus of the sun at an early hour of the morning, directly on the cloth, As the shop was closed there was no air to produce a blaze, and it is probable that it was mouldering for half the day at least. Had the building burned down, the suggestion that the fire might have originated in this way scarce any one would have listened to. It is a fortunate circumstance that it is a rule of the shop to have all the shavings cleared up every Saturday night, as the observance of that rule probably saved the building. The escape is as providential, as the cause of the fire was singular.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN—*Injustice of Men towards Women—Necessity for additional occupations for Women.*—The London Morning *Post* says:

"Excepting domestic service, there is no remunerative employment for young women of the humbler classes. Slop-work leads to slavery, starvation and death.—What else is there? Few girls are taught book-keeping, and consequently, few find employment in shops and offices. Even lace, ribbons, and all the leading articles of female attire are sold in our shops chiefly by men, Is not this gross injustice to women? If the only alternative be, on the one hand, idleness and alluring vice, and on the other slop-work and starvation, can we wonder that many, who are by nature loving, sweet, tender, beautiful and good, fall before the cruel and corrupting influences which are made to bear upon them.

"The injustice of men towards women is real, but it is not intentional. In ruder times, the business of life required a strong arm, and capacity for physical endurance. All this is now changed: but, nevertheles, profitable occupations requiring no bodily strength, and which are peculiarly suited to women, continue from custom and routine, to be monopolised by men. Reformatories and missionaries for outcast women do only an infinite small amount of good: still far be it from us to discourage them. Of this, however, we are firmly convinced, that so long as women are not trained and educated so as to be able to exercise those remunerative employments to which they are specially fitted, so long will they be actually coërced into crime and misery. If we cannot rescue many of the present race from their evil ways, we can at least, take measures to save those who are now children from being forced, on reaching maturity, to select the dread alternative of starvation or infamy."

HOW TO EDUCATE OUR GIRLS.—Instead of educating every girl as though she was born to be an independent, self-surporting member of society, we educate her to become a mere dependent, a hanger-on, or, as the law delicately phrases it, a chattel. In some respects, indeed, among whom a plurality of wives is permitted, and who regard women purely as so much live stock; for among such people women are, at all events provided with shelter, food and clothing—they are "cared for," as cattle are. There is a completeness in such a system. But among ourselves we treat women as cattle, without providing for them as cattle. We take the worst part of barbarism, and the worst part of civilization, and work them into a heterogeneous whole. We bring up our women to be dependent, and then leave them without any one to depend on. There is no one, there is nothing for them to lean upon, and they fall to the ground. Now, what every woman, no less than every man, should have to depend upon, is an ability, after some fashion or other, to turn labor into money. She may or may not be compelled to exercise it, but every one ought to possess it. If she belong to the richer classes, she may have to exercise it; if to the poorer, she assuredly will.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!—HOOPS MELTED! Sabbath before last, a violent thunder storm passed over New Jersey. At Jamesburg, near Amboy, the Sabbath School of the Presbyterian Church was holding its meeting in the afternoon, when the fluid struck the building. It entered the roof, making only a small hole and descended by the chandelier to the centre of the church, where it exploded. Quite a number of adults, as well as children were prostrated by it, and their clothes burnt. Yet no fatal result followed, although some hours, and even days, followed before perfect restoration took place. But the remarkable feature of it remains to be told, and this is given by a clergyman who received it from one present. It is stated that the ladies who wore brass hoops in their dresses, were uninjured, *but the hoops themselves were melted!* The electric fluid was thus diffused, and perhaps lives saved by this novel species of *conductor.—N. Y. Evangelist.*

AN exchange says: "The Roman forum is now a cow market, the Tarpean rock a cabbage garden, and the palace of the Cæsars a rope walk."

To which the Louisville *Journal* adds: "And Ashland is the residence of James B. Clay."

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—They have a very curious regulation of the internal police of the school at Muhlinen, in Switzerland, and intended to keep the children from playing truant, which they accomplish effectually by working, not upon the child's fear of the rod, or love of his studies, but upon the parent's love of his money. That is to say, if the children are absent, and as often as they are absent, a cross is put against the parent's name and he is made accountable, and is fined, if he does not give satisfactory reasons for the child's absence. Of course, all the whippings for playing truant are administered by the parent, and therefore, it being sure, if there be a fine for the parents to pay, that the amount of it will be fully endorsed upon the child with a birch rod, the pupils taking good care to be punctually at school. No delinquent can escape, for no false excuse can be manufactured.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Some years since a correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* recommended the use of potash for that purpose. The rats troubled him very much, having entered through the chamber floor. they appeared in great numbers and were very troublesome, so that he felt justified in resorting to extreme meesures to effect their expulsion from his premises. He pounded up potash and strewed it around the holes, and rubbed some under the boards, and on the sides where they came through.—The next night he heard a squealing among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair or on their bare feet. They disappeared, and for a long time he was exempt from any further annoyance.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.—The Albany *Journal* says:—Eleven States voted for Fremont and nineteen for Buchanan—nearly two to one.

In the eleven States there are 43,000 Free Schools.

In the nineteen States there are 37,000 Free Schools.

In the eleven States there are 2,000,000 of Scholars.

In the nineteen States there are 1,000,000 of Scholars.

In the eleven States there are 800 Libraries with 800,000 volumes.

In the nineteen States there are 393 Libraries with 530,000 volumes.

In the eleven States there are 12,000 Common School Libraries.

In the nineteen States there are 250 Common School Libraries.

In the eleven States there are 235 millions of copies of newspapers.

In the nineteen States there are 161 millions of copies of newspapers.

A HEART AND HAND WORTH HAVING.—No person who has any reverence for the good, the true and beautiful in human nature, can help admiring the noble woman of whom the following record is made by a letter-writer in the West:

"While in Gratiot county, Mich., during the recent fearful famine, he saw a woman who, with affectionate devotion, sustained her sick husband and two children on maple sugar and leeks several days before she could get other relief; and, when, at last, relief came, she had to carry the provisions several miles on her back. This woman had taken care of her sick husband since last August, and her family of two children; besides which, she made 100 pounds of maple sugar, cleared the ground and hoed in two acres of spring wheat, and planted some corn and potatoes. She was habited in tattered garments."

☞An eccentric clergyman, lately alluding in his pulpit to the subject of family government remarked that it is often said "that now-a-days there is no family government. But it is false—all false! There is just as much family government now as there ever was, just as much as in the days of our fathers ond grandfathers. The only difference is, that then the old folks did the governing; now it is done by the young ones."

☞When Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend, "these two are equal to one highwayman." Why? was the response. "Because rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life!*"

☞As fortitude suffers not the mind to be dejected with any evils, so temperance suffers it not to be drawn from honesty by any allurements.