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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Business Cards.

Original Poetry.

[Below we give the second rythmetic effort of little EVA, and regret that we have not time and room to point out, for her benefit, some of its errors; but we are compelled to place it before our readers with a few of its most glaring faults hastily modified.—ED.]

For the Potter Journal.

THE PINE ORACLE.

Low on the Pine Tree's moss-grown feet,
I sat, one pleasant summer day:
I leaned against his breast, and cried,
"My joy hath passed away!

"I've left the dreary cot below,
To sit and muse at thy brown feet;
To hear thy loving voice, and learn
If Life, indeed, is sweet.

"The hills stand bathed in morning light,
Below, in peace, the valley sleeps,
While, brooding over tranquilly,
Its watch a shadow keeps.

"I am alone; the blue sky bends,
In silence, over leaf and tree;
The flowers smile upward to its face,
But that is nought to me—

"I am alone; the green meads watch
The light clouds floating by:
The wild wind sings amid the trees,
But where, in life, am I?"

"Ah, child!"—the Oracle replied—
"Who walkest blindly on thy way,
Praying that o'er thy path may fall
One blessed gleam of day,

"And see'st not that the sky above
Is lit with glory evermore;
And where thy weary feet move slow,
God's angels tread before:

"Thou dreamest of the pillar'd fire,
And yet forgetest that, as well,
Across the desert's burning sand
The cooling shadow fell.

"As to the wither'd autumn leaves
The blossoms of the summer cling,
With blessings from thy faded past
Shall the rich harvest spring."

The brooding hush of earth and sky
The presence of the spirit told,
And west the sunset shone as glowed
The burning bush of old.

Baptized with silence, still and white,
The blossoms of the forest shone;
The Hymn of Nature answered me—
I stood no more alone.

MARCH 15, 1858. EVA.

Notes of Travel.

For the Potter Journal.

A WEEK IN ST. LOUIS.

It snowed and blew and sleted until the earth was all glazed over, and all the commonest trees and bushes were flashing with diamonds, and anybody could skate along the high road to the railroad station, where I, who had no skates nor skill in sliding, brought myself to, after a slippery walk one bright February morning. I waited and waited, as I had done the day before, for the train that had run off the track two days before, but which the officials insisted would certainly come along by and by. And along towards night it did come poking along with an engine in such a die away condition that it had been losing six hours in forty miles for want of ability to get up steam. I went to the next station and tried there to do some business but failed and waited for the three o'clock passenger train from Cincinnati to St. Louis. It came at five, and then proved to be a freight train, as the Express was demolished. At length we were ingloriously dragged to the brink of the Father of waters at the end of a slow Freight, and landed. No Omnibus or baggage wagon meets the freight, so we had to leave our baggage, and crossing the ferry, find our way to a hotel the best way we could. By an industrious system of interrogation I found the city Hotel to which I had been directed, and went to bed and waited until day light to set out on the several expeditions I had laid out.

Next morning my first raid was on the Post Office. I asked several clerks for letters but could'nt find any. I followed the Directions of the Directory to find Mr. M's. office and could'nt find him, as he had moved away. My letters having been directed to his care I was in a "pickle." However, I had another errand for a lady in Illinois, and I set out according to agreement, in search of her mother, from whom she could get no letters although she wrote every week. I observed that the hotel was on 3rd street, and the Post Office on 2nd street, so I concluded that like Philadelphia, the streets were numbered westward, beginning from the river, and with this guess for a guide I started for 8th street. I followed Market past the Museum, (which I *did'nt* enter, tho' strongly tempted), and when I arrived at 8th street, I had no idea which way to turn, so I stood there and asked the first woman who came along, which way to go to find Franklin Avenue. It lay northward, and to the north I turned, and went across a good many streets until I found the right one and began to count the numbers, but found the houses numbered after a fashion of their own, the numbers on one side bearing neither relation nor proportion to those on the other, and as I was on the wrong side of the street, I went farther than necessary before I discovered the unique labelling adopted on 8th street. I found the house at last, and the lady to whom her daughter's name was a ready passport. Here again I learned more of the beauties of that delectable "circumlocution office" on 2nd St. This lady testified that not more than one letter in five which she had posted this winter had ever reached those to whom they were directed, and as for those sent her she could'nt get them at all, and had been for two months full of anxiety concerning the daughter in Illinois, from whom she had heard nothing until I came. There is a model system for you! Others however say that they have no trouble, but another lady who had been absent six weeks told me that not one of her letters home during that period had ever reached her family, though they inquired almost daily. A member of my new friend's family hunted up a Good Templar who put me on the track to find my letters, as I pocketed my present disappointment and with a verbal direction I started out to call on everybody's AUNT FANNY.

I was told to take an omnibus, but I had no notion of entering that animated cooper's shop, to run the risk of being punched on both sides by the unmannerly hoops of the ladies, so I used natures locomotive aparatus, and walked a mile and a half up Broadway, as the north end of 3rd street is called. Here I followed the untranslatable directions I had received and found the home of the transplanted Buckeye poetess, authoress, and oratress, on a swell of land overlooking the "Mound City." I diligently inquired into the reason of this pretty sobriquet which I found on various Bakeries, Breweries, Groceries and Mechanics shops through the town. The name was bestowed in honor of certain sightly bluffs or eminences which have been dug down to fill ponds and sink-holes with, so that the really pretty natural advantages for beauty and health are all sacrificed to the carrying out of the dead level, Philadelphia chequer-board pattern, which is the plan of most western cities. A very convenient and economical plan too, but as there is needed in every city, parks and open grounds for breathing places, why did'nt they leave the ponds and mounds for a picturesque "common" like that in Boston? A "mound city" without any mounds is rather a flat affair.

The town is not built up city-wise as far as Mrs. GAGE'S villa-like residence, but the houses are scattered about, village fashion, here and there as it happens, on ttreets which are laid out, but not made yet. A drive to town takes one past multitudes of "sink-holes" which it was suggested, were the places where the missing mounds had been pulled up by the roots. They bear an unromantic resemblance to old cellars partly filled up. Fissures thro' the limestone foundations of the city and country here, have allowed the water from above through the course of ages, to filter through and carry the soil with it, leaving hollow inverted cones to show the way to the subteranean water-drains through the rock. A little work would transform them into capital cellars ready drained, but this cannot be done unless they happen to stand in the right place for following out the arbitrary chequer-board pattern. They are big enough sometimes for castle vaults, and have the "underground passages," and "secret chambers," and all that kind of medieval fixings, ready done up. But romantic arrangements take room, and room takes time to go around it, and a full-blooded westerner could'nt afford to circumnavigate anything which takes room, even if he had nothing upon earth to do with his time. A lady left three circular parks, like three chain links, as a legacy to the city, and as they happened to stand a little above the territory around them, the city is digging them down instead of doing the cheaper and prettier job of walling them up.

But I'm a good while getting to AUNT FANNY'S. I did get there however and spent a day instead of making a call, and wished that every canting croaker about the slovenly and shrewish propensities of "strong minded women" could see and appreciate that home, beautiful as only a great-hearted and strong-minded woman of good taste and fine feeling could make any place. A writing table and its appurtenances, a piano, a sewing machine and a cage of canaries, were some of the features of the sitting-room. A middle-aged lady with soft curls threaded with silver, shading a pleasant face, talked cheerily in an uncommonly agreeable voice with old and young, at home alike with either, and not seeming to feel older than either of the six big men who call her "mother;" and I couldn't help thinking that the fair, pale daughter, though her brown curls showed not one faded thread, felt older than the mother.

I had promised to visit St. Louis Lodge of Good Templars that evening and started in search of it with a young Son of Temperance who had to hunt up the Hall it met in, as they had recently moved. Leaving me in a drug strore he went in search of information and returned with the cheering intelligence that it met over a neighboring *Brewery*. We came to the building and asked a Dutchman we met coming down stairs if the Good Templars were in session above.

"No, ze Masions, ze Druids, meets. Masions to-night."

"But," said my guide "the Sons said this was the place, we'll go up and see!" and up we went, smelling the impish broth of abomination up three flights of stairs. The Outside Guard told us that we were right and let us into the anteroom, and finally my guide, being assured that I would be taken care of, left me to spend a very pleasant evening with the Lodge.

One of the sisters informed me that my guide had been misinformed as to the goings on below, for instead of it being a Brewery it was a *Distillery*! Being called out for a speech I took for a text the epigram some wag wrote upon the door of a Hall used as an Episcopal Church in New York, the basement of which was rented as a drinking saloon—

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
And the one below is the spirit of wine."

Some members of Schwitzler Lodge were present and invited me to meet with them on Monday eve, which I would gladly have done had I staid in town. They assured me that their Lodge didn't meet over a distillery, *that only the ante-room was over a Lager beer saloon*! As the orders don't own the buildings they cannot control the basements, but as they can't well divorce the garret and cellar I hope the "Spirit Divine" will get down low enough to neutralize the spirits in the lower regions.

The next day was Saturday and I had resolved to go up to Alton, but was previously forced to go and hunt up my trunk which I had had marked for the City Hotel, and left at the depot, for reasons already given. As it didn't come to me I went to see if I couldnt find it. Before I got to the station-house I met the baggage master who accosted me with, "Are you looking for your trunk. It was sent to the depot on the corner of 4th and Chestnut streets the day after you came. As there was no check the baggage-man wouldn't undertake to take it to the Hotel, for if it should be lost he would be responsible." So I went right back and crossed the river for the third time, wondering how that baggage-man should know me after several days, when he saw car loads of folks every day, and how he should remember my particular trunk and its history, when he had handled several hundred others since. The day was bright and tolerably warm and the ice running in the river was diminishing rapidly. The west wind had blown it in long "winrows" against the eastern shore, where it thumped ominously against the sides of the ferry boats, and then went under, coming out edge uppermost, gleaming like crystalized rainbows in the sun. I was in nowise struck with the appearance of the majestic Father of Waters. It is only half a mile wide at this place. It formerly was a good deal wider, but they have built a dyke to turn the whole body of water into a narrower channel, for the sake of deepening the road for shipping—or *steamboating*—more properly speaking.

A bridge is a great desideratum of St Louis, but the Illinois side is all mud and sand, and an abutment that wouldn't wash away would be difficult to baild. I presume somebody will get it done sometime or other.

After hunting up my trunk, I was told that the regular Alton cars didn't start out on Saturday but that an accommodation car was appended to the freight. I took my trunk and went over to the Alton depot. Here after waiting an hour and a half, they gave out that the freight couldn't go, so I had my trunk securely locked up, and returned to the city.—The teams rushed on board the boat as they do every time, crowding and jostleing to get the best place, and running foul of each other got into a fight—not the teams but the teamsters. The crowd above looked down and commented. One man leaned over and called out the obvious truth, "That's whiskey fighting down there!" One grim old codger "wished he was down there to take a hand with them," and swore he "liked to see men fight." I found he was a regular Mississippi boatman. So I had to spend Sabbath in St. Louis.

AUNT FANNY sent me a message and the messenger took me home in the rockaway, and there I spent the day, going to church in the evening, and hearing a pretty good sermon and having a niee moonlight ride.

The morning papers announced that at ten o'clock, in the lesser hall of the mercantile library buildings, would be exhibited ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair," so I didn't go on the morning train, but staid to see this wonderful painting.

Mrs. Gage told me that MISS HARRIET HOSMER'S statue of "Ornone" was in the reading room—that it belonged there. No one is allowed to visit the reading room except members of the Association and persons introduced by members.—Fortunately Mrs. Gage was a member, and we went.

"Ornone" is very fine. The marble so pure that the light shines tiro' the hands and feet. I am not very much skilled in such matters, and have seen but one piece of statuary which could be compared with it. Powers' "Greek Slave" rose in my mind, and I compared them, to the disadvantage of neither. "Ornone's" head, hair and face are much more graceful and beautiful. The "Greek Slave's" figure is far finer. The expressions of countenance are entirely different and each perfect in its way, and such hands! any lady in the world would be glad to exchange with this slave and shepherdess.

The "Horse Fair" was in a dark room, occupying one end of it. A screen came down from the ceiling as low as the top of the picture, and behind this screen the gas was lighted, throwing all the light in the room directly on the picture. A cord was stretched round so that the spectators could not get within touching distance, but there were a number of large glasses to look thro' which magnified the whole to life size, which most paintings would not be any the prettier for, but which seemed necessary for the development of all the marvelous beauty of this. I *could* compare "Ornone," but the "Horse Fair" is incomparable. My mind ran over whole galleries of paintings I had seen, in search of anything akin to it, in vain. I thought I appreciated art before, but I had never had an idea of the magic illusions it is capable of producing.

You look and see a magnificent painting and are riveted to the spot, but the longer you gaze the more certain you become that it is not a painting at all, but a real road full of horses and men. You can see the leaves in the pale, yellow-green spring woods almost flutter with the jar of the "trampling troop." You expect every moment to see the rider jerk back the head of that vicious white horse which is trying to bite his neighbor; and you watch that wild black one, trying to throw his rider, with a breathless interest, hoping that he will rear no higher but come down on all fours again without hurting any body. You believe if you had a curry-comb you could straiten that sorrel pony's tangled mane and foretop, and you think you have seen that sober pair of greys "lots of times." The perspective is absolutely faultless. You know it is near noon by the short round shadows on the ground. You know if that rope was not in the way, you could walk right between those animals. *You can seem to see both sides of them*—an illusion I never dreamed of in painting.

I remarked, that EDWIN LANDSEER when he saw this painting, said he had found his master.

"Yes!" exclaimed the proprietor, "I stood by him when he said it. An English friend of his, jealous for his nation's as well as his friend's credit, said to him that he was the head of that school of painting, and no one could rob him of his crown as king of animal painters; but LANDSEER loved his art more than his own reputation as an artist, and almost resented the flattery. He turned to the speaker and said: 'I tell you if I could paint for a hundred years, I never could produce such a work as that!'"

That reply was better than any picture LANDSEER ever painted, great artist tho' he be. An out-rivalled artist is seldom so magnanimous. He told several anecdotes of ROSA which I had never heard before—said she was exceedingly shy and retiring among people, put perfectly dauntless among beasts. She keeps a whole yard full of outlandish pets, and the speaker said he once had the misfortune to enter the wrong gate when he went to call on the great *Artiste*, and to his consternation found himself yarded in with six huge bulls and other beasts too various too mention. "I confess" continued the little man, "that I was afraid and wished myself out of the scrape, but ROSA saw the trouble and came to meet me, and pushing her great horned pets to one side, made a lane for me to the house!" Yet he added, she was so quiet and feminine in her manners, that when her painter's dress was off nobody would dream that that shy, abstracted, absent-minded young lady was the greatest painter in the world!

Reluctantly were we obliged to leave the hall at last. I wonder when ever I shall again see three such manifestations of womanhood in one day. FRANCES D. GAGE and her *home*, HARRIET HOSMER'S "Ornone," and ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair."

Before I left St. Louis that afternoon, I picked up a newspaper and my eye fell on the advertisement of three slaves for life, to be sold by the Court House door that day. It was the first thing I had seen to remind me that I was in a slave State. Colored people were far fewer than in Philadelphia or New York. All the porters, draymen, scavengers, waiters and servants that I saw were Germans or Irish. I don't think I saw a dozen in the whole city, though put it all together I must have walked a dozen miles of streets there. I believe there are more wholesale liquor-stores on Second Street and the Levee than there are slaves in the city. If these two great curses were removed, St. Louis could hardly set a bound to her causes of wealth and prosperity.

As my time is in fragments, and my lap is my writing-desk, please pardon blots and blunders for the sake of the good intentions of

Your friend, LIB.

THE REVIVAL INCREASING.—The Revival is extending. In no less than fifteen churches in this city are noon prayer-meetings held on secular days, not to speak of Burton's old theatre, which is so crowded that negotiations are pending to obtain some larger building, like the Museum. In Brooklyn also, an increased number of churches will be opened for those who are concerned on religions matters, and all the signs portend that the excitement has not reached its culmination. Legislative prayer-meetings are held at the Court of Appeals daily in Albany, merchants and lawyers have prayer-meetings, ladies have their up-town prayer-meetings, and there is some talk of a brokers' prayer-meeting at the Exchange, between the First and Second Boards.

One great auxiliary to the spread of the revival is the notice taken of it by the secular press. Column after column is devoted to the record of religious experiences, and Revival Intelligence is made as much "a feature" as financial or political news. This is quite unprecedented, and shows the extended usefulness of the Press of late years.

Certainly never was religious propagandism so thoroughly carried out. Printed hymns, tracts, placards, everywhere remind the inattentive of their duty. Girls and young men visit families by the block, giving them tracts, urging them to repent, offering them free seats in the neighboring church, and taking an inventory or spiritual census of the number and condition of the households. Altogether the revival may be pronounced the most striking phenomenon of the day. —*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

THEY SAY.—We find the following burning words of truth—having much local significance, too, just now—in Mrs. Hentz's "Ernest Linwood." They are bitter, but just:

"'They say!' Who are they? who are the cowled monks, the hooded friars who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are *they?* the midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the by-lanes of society, with dagger tongues sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are *they?*—They are a multitude no man can number, black-stoled familiars of the inquisition of slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs, or the ashes of mortality find rest. Oh, coward, coward world-skulkers! Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades; give me the pirate who *unfurls* the black flag, emblem of his terrible trade, and *shows* the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the *they-sayers* of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven in flowers; and who spread, with invisible poison, even the spotless whiteness of the winding-sheet."

SPURGEON, the popular pulpit orator, who, on the occasion of the recent national fast, preached to a congregation of 24,000 persons in the Crystal Palace, London, thus defines the Gospel:—

"If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me, as plainly as I can, state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped up in one word—*substitution*. I have always considered with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word substitution. *Christ standing in the stead of man.* If I understand the Gospel it is this, I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, *and there is no need to execute sentence twice for sin.* Christ took the cup in both hands, and

"'At one tremendous draught of love,
He drank damnation down.'"

SAMBO ON WOMEN.—"Dey may rail against women as much as dey like, dey can't set me against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and last in de sick room. What would we do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receibe us. She it am who gibs us our fust dose ob castor oil, and puts cloze on our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, fills our dinner-basket wid doughnuts and apples as we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trowsis."

☞A young lady at a recent fair pinned to the bosom of her dress one of the placards which exhibitors have fastened to their wares when they want to "keep hands off." She was wearing a *low-necked dress!*

☞A phriend pheeling phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing:—4ty 4tunate 4esters, 4tuitously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses, 4eibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4cos.