

The Potter Journal

SINGLE COPIES,

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 12.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1858.

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.
Square [one line] insertion, 50
" " " " " " " " " \$1.50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,
Square three months, 50
" six " " " " " " " " " 4 00
" nine " " " " " " " " " 5 50
" one year, " " " " " " " " " 6 00
Large and figure work, per sq., 3 ins. 3 00
Every subsequent insertion, " " " " " 50
Column six months, " " " " " 18 00
" " " " " " " " " 10 00
" " " " " " " " " 7 00
" per year, " " " " " 30 00
Double-column, displayed, per annum 65 00
" " " " " " " " " 3 00
" " " " " " " " " 16 00
" " " " " " " " " 6 00
" " " " " " " " " 1 00
Fifty lines, each insertion under 4, 1 00
Parts of columns will be inserted at the same rates.
Administrators or Executors Notice, 2 00
Admiral's Notices, each, 1 50
Merchant's Sales, per tract, 1 50
Marriage Notices, each, 1 00
Divorce Notices, each, 1 50
Administrators Sales, per square for 4 insertions, 1 50
Business or Professional Cards, each, 1 50
" " " " " " " " " 5 00
Social and Editorial Notices, per line, 10
" " " " " " " " " 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 receipt.

Business Cards.
JOHN S. MANN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several
Courts in Potter and Mifflin Counties. All
business entrusted to his care will receive
prompt attention. Office on Main st., oppo-
site the Court House. 10:1
F. W. KNOX,
Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will
regularly attend the Courts in Potter and
neighboring Counties. 10:1
ARTHUR C. OLMSTED,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business
entrusted to his care, with promptness and
fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, sec-
ond floor, Main St. 10:1
ISAAC BENSON,
Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will
attend to all business entrusted to him, with
promptness. Office corner of West
Third sts. 10:1
L. P. WILLISTON,
Attorney at Law, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.,
Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and
Mifflin Counties. 9:13
R. W. BENTON,
Attorney and Conveyancer, Ray-
mond P. O., (All-gony Tp.) Potter Co., Pa.,
will attend to all business in his line, with
promptness and dispatch. 9:13
W. K. KING,
Attorney, Draftsman and Convey-
ancer, Sandport, Mifflin Co., Pa., will
attend to business for non-resident land-
holders upon reasonable terms. Refer-
ence given if required. P. S.—Maps of any
part of the County made to order. 9:13
O. T. ELLISON,
Residing Physician, Coudersport, Pa.,
respectfully informs the citizens of the vil-
lage and vicinity that he will promptly re-
spond to all calls for professional services.
Office on Main st., in building formerly oc-
cupied by C. W. Ellis. 9:22
SMITH & JONES,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
Candy, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods,
Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.
10:1
D. E. OLMSTED,
Dealer in Dry Goods, READY-MADE
Clothing, Groceries, &c., Main st.,
Coudersport, Pa. 10:1
M. W. MANN,
Dealer in Books & Stationery, Mag-
azines and Music, N. W. corner of Main
and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1
MARK GILSON,
Attorney and Tailor, late from the City of
London, England. Shop opposite Court
House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
P. S.—Particular attention paid to CUT-
TING. 10:35-ly.
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,
Wm. Glasswire, Proprietor, Corner of
Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Pot-
ter Co., Pa. 9:44
ALLEGANY HOUSE,
Wm. M. Mills, Proprietor, Colesburg
Ct., Pa., seven miles north of Cou-
dersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44

Poet's Corner.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.
Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of darkness came,
And darkly thus they fell.
Think gently of the erring!
Oh, do not once forget,
However deeply stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God!
He has not stumbled in the path
Thou hast but feebly trod.
Speak gently of the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and grace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.
Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee!

O, PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.
O, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shrink from its redly glow,
And white and cold a deathly fear
Drops into my heart like snow.
O, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
Through its mist of rosy foam
I count the beats of a breaking heart,—
I see a desolate home.
O, pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shiver with icy dread;
Each drop to me is a tear of blood
That sorrowful eyes have shed.
I have a picture laid away
Under the dust of years,
Come look on it, and your heart will break,
Like a summer-cloud, in tears.
Night, and a storm of autumn sleet,
A heart without fire or light,
A woman—an angry man—a door
That opens into the night!

Choice Reading.

FARMERS AND FARMING.
Address of Ralph Waldo Em-
erson.
[The Annual Agricultural Fair in Middle-
sex County, Mass., took place last month
at Concord. The noticeable event of the day
was the delivery of the following address by
Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson at the dinner.]
MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GEN-
TLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary
that meets from all parties, a more
entire good will than this rural festival.
Town and country, trades and manufac-
tures, church and laymen, sailor and sol-
dier, men and women, all have an equal
good will, because an equal stake in the
prosperity of the farmer. It is well with
all when it is well with him. He has no
enemy. All are loud in his praise. Ev-
ery wise State has favored him, and the
best men have held him highest. I can
tell you when it was said that such or such
a man was a good husbandman, it was
looked upon as the very highest compli-
ment. Of all the rewards given by the
Romans to great public benefactors, the
most valued and the rarest bestowed was
the crown of Grass, given only by the ac-
clamation of the army for the preservation
of the whole army, by the faith of one
man. Since the dependence, not of the
whole army, but of the whole State rests
on the tiller of the ground who grows the
grass, the crown should be more rightfully
awarded to the farmer. Let us then
look at the condition of the farmer, or the
man with the hoe, at his strength and
weakness, at his aids and servants, at his
greater and lesser means, and his share in
the great future which opens before the
people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; obtains from the earth bread; the food which was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives the farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct it for a time to other hands. If he had not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient charm of standing close to God, He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquillity, the innocence of the country-man, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of the beast, of poultry, of sheep, of fruits, of trees, and its reaction on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide their poverty and their solitude, if they do not succeed in society. Who knows how many remorseful glances are turned thus away from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senates. After this man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor or to attempt to achieve labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by books, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remnant of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."
The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and im-
portant, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose-color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and there-
fore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants, and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom, by atom, little by little, accomplish her work. The lesson we learn in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drought, patience with the slowness of our feet and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times him-
self to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his foot to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him; and in each he must be a graceful splendor. His spend-
ing must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.
But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do. Here in this town farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the country. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by scheming speculators, not by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.
The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his house. He has wood to burn, great fires. He has plenty of plain food. His milk is at least watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with abundance, or as Burke said—"man breeds at the mouth." The farmer is the Board of Quarantine. He has not only the life but the health of others in his keeping. He is the capital of health as his farm is the capital of wealth. And it is from him and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intel-
lectual, of the cities comes. The city is always recruited from the country. The

men in the cities who are the centres of energy, the driving wheels in trade or politics, or arts of letters; the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grand-children of farmers, and are spending the energies which their hard, silent life accumulated in frosty furrow, in poverty, in darkness, and in necessity, in the Summer's heat and Winter's cold. Then he has a universal factory. He who digs and builds a well and makes a stone fountain, he who plants a grove of trees by the roadside, who plants an orchard and builds a durable house, or even puts a stone seat by the way side, makes the land lovely and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which is useful to his country and mankind long afterward. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. If it be true that not by the fiat of political parties, but upon external laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true Abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who, heedless of laws and Constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the land and making a product with which no forced laborer can in the long run contend. The rich man, we say, can speak the truth. It is the boast that was ever claimed for wealth, that it could speak the truth, could afford honesty, could afford independence of opinion and action, and that is the theory of nobility. But understand this: It is only the rich man in the true sense who can do this—the man who keeps his outgo within his income.
The boys who watch the splindles in the English factories, to see that no thread breaks or gets entangled, are called "minders." And in this great factory of our Cyprean Globe, shifting its slides of constellations, tides and times, bringing now the day of planting, now the day of waiting, now the day of reaping, now the day of sowing and storing, the farmer is the "minder." His machine is of colossal proportions; the diameter of the water wheel, the arms of the lever, the power of the battery, out of all proportion; and it takes him long to understand its abilities and its working. This pump never sucks. These screws are never loose. This machine is never out of order. The pistons and wheels and fires never wear out, but are self-repairing. Let me show you what are his aids. Who are the farmer's servants? Not the Irish, God help him. No, but chemistry; the pure air; the water-brook; the lightning cloud; the winds that have blown in the interminable succession of years before he was born; the sun which has for ages soaked the land with light and heat, melted the earth, decomposed the rocks and covered them with forests; and accumulated the stagnum which makes the heat of the meadow. The students of all nations have in past years been dedicating their education to universal science, and they have reformed our school-books, and our terminology.—The four quarters of the globe are no longer Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen and Nitrogen. The four seasons of the year are now Gravitation, Light, Heat and Electricity. Science has been showing how nature works in regard to the support of marine animals by marine plants. So nature works on the land—on a plan of all for each, and each for all. You can not detach a portion of its forces and retain a perfect nature. The flame of fire that comes out of the cubit foot of wood or coal is exactly the same in amount as the light and heat which was taken in the sunshine in the form of leaves and roots, and now is given out after a hundred thousand years. Thus lie in the farm inexhaustible magazines. The eter-
nal rocks have held their oxygen and lime undiminished and entire as they were. No particle of oxygen can run away or wear out, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The great rocks seem to say: "Patient waiters are no losers." We have not lost so much, as a spasm of the power we received.
The earth works for man. It is a machine which yields now service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufactory of soil. In the stem of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, or the whole earth, or the rolling main. The tree is all suction pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs, with all its might. The atmosphere is an immense distillery, drinking in the oxygen and the carbon from plants, and absorbing the essence of every solid on the globe. It is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which all return. The invisible air takes form and solid mass. Our senses are sceptics, and only believe the impressions of the moment. They do not believe what is demonstrated to them—that these vast mountain chains are made of gases and rolling wind. They do not believe what is true, that one-half the rocks which compose the great globe, every solid substance, the soils we cultivate, are made

up of animals, and plants, and invisible oxygen. Nature is as subtle as she is strong. Her processes of decomposition and reconstruction might be followed out in higher grades of existence, rank into rank, to sentient beings. They burn with internal fire which wastes while it works. The great agencies work in man as in all.
There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight which you cannot carry, and if he wants aid he knows where to find his fellow-laborers. Water works in masses, and sets his irresistible shoulder to your mills and your shops, or transports vast bowlders of rock a thousand miles. But its far greater power lies in its capacity to enter the smallest holes and pores. By its agency the vegetable world exists, carrying in solution the elements needful to every plant. Water! that daily miracle—a substance as explosive as gunpowder—the electric force contained in a drop of water being equal in amount to that which is discharged from a thunder-cloud. I quote from the exact Farraday.
While the farmer has these grand fellow-laborers to assist him, and these majestic tools to work with, it must be owned that he is not quite competent to their direction. His servants are sometimes too strong for him. His tools are too sharp. But this inequality finds its remedy in practice. Experience gradually teaches him, and he is thoughtful. The farmer hates innovation; he hates the loe till he tries it, preferring to scratch with a stick; he will walk till he has tried the railway car; but the oldest fogies among us, now that the Atlantic Cable is laid, would hardly set out to dispatch a letter across the ocean by swimming with it in his mouth. While such great energies are working for the farmer, he is also to recollect the great power that is in small things. It is very little that is required. Its internal force consists in a few simple arrangements. Look, for instance, at the powers of a chestnut rail. Look at that prairie, hundreds of miles off, not a stick or a stone upon it, except at rare intervals. Well, the farmer manages to put up a rail fence, and at once seeds sprout and crops rise. It was only the browse and fire that kept them down. Plant a fruit tree by the roadside and it will not produce, although it receives many hints from projected stones and sticks, and though fruit is desired to come down, and though fruit has gone erude into the bowels of small boys. But put a fence* around it, the boys will let it alone and you will have fruit so large and luscious as to seem almost inviting you to take its picture before being sent to the Horticultural Fair.
Nature drops a pine cone in Mariposa, and it grows three or four centuries, producing trees thirty feet in circumference. How was it done? They did not grow on a ridge, but in a basin, where they found a deep and dry soil, and where they could protect themselves from the sun by growing in groves, and from the winds by the mountain shelter. The planter who saw them remembered his orchard at home, where every year a destroying wind made his pears and peaches look as black as suffering virtue, not better than Abolitionists, while the fat Democrats, that had got their tap-roots into the National Treasury, grew stout and hearty. So he went home and built a high wall on the exposed side of his orchard, and after that his peaches grew to the size of melons, and his vines ran out of all control.
I have heard a man say that he could have a whole farm in a box a rod square. He would take his roots into his library and feed them with food they like. If they have a fancy for dead dog he would let them have it, being sure that the fruits would never reveal the secrets of their table. Such men we need to bring out a greater degree of cultivation of our soil which is capable of as great an increased productiveness as that which England has achieved. Concord is one of the oldest towns in the country—far on now in its third century. The Selectmen have once in five years, perambulated its bounds, and yet in this year a very large quantity of land has been discovered and added to the agricultural land, and without a murmur of complaint. By drainage we have gone to the subsoil, and we have a Concord under Concord, a Middlesex under Middlesex, and a basement story of Massachusetts more valuable than all the superstructure. Tiles are political economists. They are so many young Americans announcing a better era, and a day of fat things. There has been a nightmare brought up in England, under the indigestion of the late sappers of overgrown Lords, that while the population increases in a geometrical ratio, the crops increase only in an arithmetical ratio. The theory is that the best land is cultivated first. This is not so, for the poorest land is the first cultivated, and the best lands are the best lands. It needs science to cultivate the best lands in the best manner. Every day a new plan, a new theory, and this political economy is in the hands of these teachers. It is true, however, that population increases in the ratio of

mortality, and the crops will increase in a like ratio.
I congratulate the farmer of Massachu-
setts on his advantages. I congratulate
him that he is set down in a good place,
where the soil and climate is so good.
We plant more than in any northern or
southern latitude. We are here on the
northern boundary of the tropics, on the
southern boundary of the Arctic regions.
We can raise almost all crops, and if we
lack the orange and palm, we have the
apple and peach and pear. In Illinois,
it is often said, although it is more the
voice of their scorn than of their pity,
that they reckon it a singular leading of
Divine Providence that Massachusetts
was settled before the prairie was known,
else unproductive soils would never have
been settled. But the Massachusetts
farmer may console himself that if he has
not as rich soil, he has the advantage of
a market at his own door, and the manu-
factory in the same town. I congratulate
you, then, on this advantage of your
position. Next, I congratulate you on the
new territory which you have discovered,
and not annexed, but sub-nexed to Mid-
dlex and Massachusetts. And then I
congratulate you at being born at a happy
time, when the sharp stick must go out
with the arrow; when the steam-engine
is in full use, and new plants and new
cultures are daily brought forward. I con-
gratulate you on the fact that the year
that has just witnessed successful employ-
ment in the mill-room and on the plain
and prairies, has also witnessed the laying
of the Atlantic cable. The cable is laid,
and the courage of man is confirmed.
The cable is a smiling hand. All that
used to look like vagary and castle-build-
ing is to be solid sense henceforth. Who
shall ever dare to say impossible again.
Henceforth, if a thing is really desirable,
it is in that degree really practicable, and
the farm you have dreamed—go instantly
and begin to make it. I congratulate you,
lastly, on the new political economy
which takes off the craps and lets in the
sunlight on us, and which teaches that
what is good for one human body is good
and useful for all.
Mr. Emerson was much applauded as he
took his seat.

LOST STARS.—Those who study the
heavens say that often a star drops out of
the firmament, or dies there, and is lost to
sight forever after. It may have been the
bright star of hope of many a mariner on
the uncertain sea of life. Its calm, gen-
tle radiance may have shed good cheer
and comfort upon many a path dark with
doubt and sorrow and dread. One and
another of the earth-born may have looked
up to it, from the lower height, for
sweet love and promise of good things;
Star of however many destinies, though,
it goes out and is no more.
Like these dropping, dying stars, our
loved ones go away from our sight. The
stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our
prayers, whose light shines ever before
us, leading on and up, they suddenly fade
from the firmament of our hearts, and
their place is empty and dark. A moth-
er's place, soft, and earnest light that
beamed through all our wants and sor-
rows; a father's strong, quick light, that
kept our feet from stumbling on the dark
and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so
mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm,
shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes,
and persuading us to grace and goodness;
a brother's light, bright and bold and honest;
a friend's light, true and trusty—gone
out—forever? No! no! The light has
not gone out. It is shining beyond the
stars, where there is no night and no
darkness, forever and forever.

THE DEPARTED.
The spirits of the loved and the departed
Are with us; and they tell us of the sky,
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,
A home not made with hands, a home on high,
Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—
A whisper from the marble halls of death!
They have gone from us, and the grave is
strong!
Yet in night's silent watches they are near!
Their voices linger round us as the song
Of the sweet skylark lingers on the ear.
When, floating upward in the flush of even,
Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up
in heaven!

A LADY'S SECRET SORROW.—A young
lady thus describes her feelings and
court's sympathy:
My head is sick, my heart is sad,
But O! the cause I dare not tell,
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well.
'Tis not myself—'Tis not the same;
I am, I died, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
O, when shall I be changed in that?

Do not come to me, and tell me you are
fit to join the church, because you love to
pray morning and night. Tell me what
your prayer has done for you; and then
call your neighbors, and let me hear what
they think it has done for you.—*Decher*

"Did it hurt you?" asked a lady when she
trod on a man's foot
"No, madam, I thank you, seeing it is you.
If it were anybody else, though, I'd holler
murder."