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Part's Corner.

THE SKATER.

The skater lightly laughs and glides,
Unknowing that beneath the ice
Whereon he carries his fair device,
A stiffened corpse in silence stands.

It glareth upward at his play;
His cold, blue, rigid fingers steal
Beneath the treadings of his heels;
It floats along and floats away.

He has not seen its horror pass;
Heart is blithe; he village hears
His distant laughter; he careers
In festive waltz a-thwart the glass.

We are the skaters, we who skim
The surface of Life's solemn flood,
And drive, with gladness in our blood,
A daring dance from brim to brim.

Our feet are swift, our faces burn,
Our hopes aspire like soaring birds;
The world takes courage from our words,
And sees the golden time return.

But ever hear us, silent, cold,
Float those who bounded from the bank
With eager hearts, like us, and sank
Because their feet were over-board.

They sank thro' breathing-holes of vice,
Through treacherous sheens of vice,
They know not their despair and grief,
Their hearts and minds are turned to ice.

Atlantic Monthly.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR MONEY.

When life is full of health and glee,
Work, work, as busy as a bee!
And take this gentle hint from me—
Be careful of your money!

You'll find it true, that friends are few,
When you are short of money!

The single grain cast in the mould
May spring and give a hundred-fold,
More precious than its weight in gold!
Be careful of your money!

The grain you sow to stocks may grow;
Be careful of your money!

But do not shut sweet Mercy's doors
When sorrow pleads or Want implores;
To help to heal Misfortune's sores,
Be careful of your money!

To help the poor who seek your door,
Be careful of your money!

Would you escape the beggar's lot,
The death-bed of the tipping sot,
And live in sweet contentment's cot?
Be careful of your money!

And if you need a friend indeed,
Be careful of your money!

WINTER.

JAMES SMITH has written some lines on Winter, which have much of the spirit of the old English poets:—

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
The church is decked with holly;
Whistle hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy;

Tolesle click in the mill-maid's pail,
Youkers skate in the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the garden wall,
And hark how the cold winds blow.

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
Here runs Dick to fetch a log;—
You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a
In the frosty morning fog.

Hodge is breaking ice for the kine,
Old and young cough as they go;
The rained red sun forgets to shine,
And hark, how the cold winds blow!

Miscellany.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Inland Navigation of North-western America.

If an American were asked to number and name the great river-systems of his continent, he would probably specify the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence and the Columbia, with their respective tributaries. These, he would say, setting aside the Hudson, the Susquehanna and the smaller streams of the Atlantic coast, are the large rivers which drain the three great agricultural divisions of the continent—the central, the northeastern and the western. Such a division of the United States and the Canadas is well enough, but of the continent it is lacking in one most important particular. It leaves out of account the magnificent northwestern river-system by which they are watered and drained.

The great fact of these areas is this: North of the latitude of Milwaukee, and west of the longitude of Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi, is a cultivable and inhabitable area, as large as all the states east of the Mississippi taken together—an area of more than 800,000 square miles. Half a million square miles of this immense agricultural district lie in this side of the Rocky Mountains. It has a river system of its own. Its base is Lake Winnipeg, a lake two hundred and thirty miles long and forty wide, about the size of Lake Erie, and connected with two smaller lakes—Winnipegosis and Manitoba—which, taken together, are about half as large as Lake Winnipeg. All three are enclosed in the trapezium the four sides of which are latitudes 50° and 54°, and longitudes 96° and 101°. Into this central lake (the final outlet of which is by Katchewan and Nelson rivers into Hudson Bay) flow two principal tributaries, the Saskatchewan from the base of the Rocky Mountains, at the extreme west; and Red River, from the undrained plateau between the head-waters of the Mississippi and the great bend of the Missouri, at the

extreme south. The Saskatchewan has two branches, which unite in latitude 53° and longitude 105, one-third the distance from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains. The southern branch of the Saskatchewan, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains near latitude 49° (the international frontier, and longitude 115°), flows nearly east, till, in longitude 107, it deflects greatly to the north to join the northern branch of the Saskatchewan. This northern branch takes its rise in about the same longitude as the southern branch, but in latitude 53, and flows in a nearly southeasterly direction till, in longitude 107, it turns and flows almost north-east, and then, united with the southern branch, it pours its waters into Lake Winnipeg, forming at its mouth the Grand Rapids, three miles in length. Excepting this obstacle, which is not insuperable, the main and upper Saskatchewan is navigable by steamboats in a direct line more than seven hundred miles, and by the course of the stream nearly double that distance—that is, to the Edmonton House, within sight of the Rocky Mountains (lat. 54 long. 113°). The South Saskatchewan is equally well navigable, it is said, to Chesterfield House in about the same longitude. This river alone drains a fertile valley of 363,000 square miles. The Red River of the North, the other principal tributary of Lake Winnipeg, flows almost exactly north along the parallel of longitude 97, from latitude 45° 30', the head of steamboat navigation, two degrees and a half this side of the international boundary.

From this point in Minnesota, therefore, a steamboat might sail northward, down Red River and through Lake Winnipeg; then dragged through the Grand Rapids of the main Saskatchewan, she could steam westward, till she was covered by the shadows of the Rocky Mountains.

The enterprising people of St. Paul, in Minnesota, will place a steamer on the Red River of the North as early as the coming June. One man who, in the prospects of last spring, got his steamboat into the waters of Crow Wing river, offers for two thousand dollars to take it apart, and carry it on sledges ninety miles across to Breckenridge, the head of navigation of Red River, and launch it by the 15th of April. He will give bonds of \$5,000 for the performance of his contract. Already the \$2,000 are nearly or quite raised by private persons, and the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce offers in addition a bonus of \$500 each for three boats to be delivered in the Red River any time during the coming summer, and a reward of \$1,000 to any person who will run a steamboat of one hundred tons burden on Red River this summer, beginning her trips on or before the 1st of June next.

Capt. Anson Northrup is now transporting a steamboat on sledges, in conjunction of the St. Paul boats, and expects to be ready for his first trial by April 1st. He hauls his boat on sledges from Gall to Red river, and is probably at his headquarters on the latter river by this time.—[E. J. J.]

This is the first public step of a movement which is yet to divert the products of the industry and wealth of an inland Australia to the United States. Into the heart of magnificent areas, hardly surpassed in fertility and beauty in the temperate zone, the steamboat this summer will force its way, and mark the channel through which their products will flow when these regions have become populous, as in a few more decades of years they inevitably will. Precisely what are the characteristics and capacities of these northwestern areas we shall in a subsequent article attempt to show. Enough, however, is known of them to point a comparison of the sagacity of the merchants of St. Paul with that of the President of these United States. The one, whose treasury is already depleted, and who every day runs deeper into debt, demands of the country \$30,000,000 to open negotiations for buying an island that will not sell. The others will spend less than \$5,000, and make Minnesota the gateway to the northwestern areas of British America.

The prospective results of this enterprise may not be wise to predict, not at least until the characteristics of these areas are better known. The immediate result is easier to see. By means of this steamboat and by means of the railroad, two hundred miles long, between St. Paul and Breckenridge, sixty miles of which will be completed the coming year, the trade of Assiniboia, the district of British America occupied by the Selkirk settlement, and embracing the lower or northern section of the Red River and the productive valley of the Assiniboine, will be at once firmly secured to the United States. It is already concentrating at St. Paul, and during last year amounted to a million of dollars. There is a community of ten thousand people at Assiniboia, Fort Garry and Fort Rouge, situated on the three points of land formed by the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River. Within the last year or two, and ever since the Fraser River emigration, the growth in population of this section of country is said to have been rapid and steady.

The sagacity of the merchants of St. Paul, to whom some of these facts were set forth in a document read before their Chamber of Commerce by Mr. James W. Taylor, January 22d, is more than vindicated, if that were necessary, by the fact that a Company was organized in Canada last October, the immediate object of which was to carry into effect the very project which is now spurring the Minnesotans into such enterprising exertion. The officers and Board of Directors were from the most respectable citizens of Canada; their capital, £100,000. They proposed to construct the portage roads between Lake Superior and Red River (140 miles of wagon road); to place some small steamers on the navigable reaches in Rainy river, Lake of the Woods, with freight boats and oared boats for shallow water; to place a steamboat on Red River to run 350 miles to the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan near its debouchement into Lake Winnipeg; to build a portage road at the Rapids, and to put another steamboat above the Rapids to run up the Saskatchewan.

Influential persons are engaged in this company, who believe that it not only opens the magnificent agricultural district east of the Rocky Mountains, and the way to the gold fields of Fraser River and Oregon and Washington territories, for passengers from Europe, and from the populous states and provinces of the St. Lawrence valley, but that it must inevitably become the route for the first Pacific Railroad across the continent.

The merchants of St. Paul, however, are beforehand in the matter, or rather, Nature has been, by opening up a highway from these northwestern districts into the heart of Minnesota, and they are wise enough to spend the few thousands now, which will come back in tens of thousands hereafter.

The Diabolus Bang Papers.

PAPER TALK FIRST.

Lux ecce surgit aurea!
"Be wide awake, and I catch my drift!
Be ready, or the bridal train
And bridegroom on his hot-trail'd
May sweep along in vain: *Miserere mei!*"
—LADY ALICE HENDERBOWS.

G-o-o-d mor-niug!
You don't know me, hey? But you will, pleasantly. I have a name—DIABOLUS SLAM BANG—pretty name, isn't it?

Wouldn't it be a good name, though, for a Reverend? For a regular Hard Shell Hunker brother; one of the sort who sends out his shots from a shovel from a cart-tail pulpit at the sinful multitude. When sinners are hard to convince—bang 'em! That's the way—Bang 'em. The fact is, I've got some other man's name. I know I have, Robert!

I've always been of the opinion that my man born is born to a certain wife and a certain name. But the right couple seldom meet, and the right man seldom gets the name baked for him when he was born. The Chinese say that an old man sits in the moon holding hundreds of millions of invisible cords, some red, some white. The further end of every cord is round a human neck; the white round the women's, the red round the men's. So, we all dance with our cords—but here, says the great Confucius, the accordance regions have become populous, as in a few more decades of years they inevitably will. To draw the right couple together—'he's a good old fellow, this lunarian—but the vagabonds in red go running about so to right left, and cross-crossing, balancing, over-yondering, this way-ign, serpentine, tip and sifting, up the middle and down the sides, dodging, ducking and phillandering, ogling and flirting, butterflying, and paying attention first to this lady and then to that, at such a rate that the whole assortment of strings are mixed up and entangled forever and ever. Imagine a barrel of millions of eels, oh, beloved, every eel in the barrel as long as from Brother Beecher to the moon, and these eels all of the crookedest and liveliest kind. Lift up your imagination—give it full play to soar forth into the infinitude of Eoldoon—and picture to itself the *ne plus ulterior* *ultrissimus* of wiggling entanglement—and I assure you, oh, friends, that all this would be straightness itself, and seem like freedom compared to the entanglement of these red and white lives. Yet there the old man sits driving us all like horses, his hands full of reins. Such a team!—Those who lose their parents are the off-uns.

That's why we don't get the wives appointed for us. Now for the names. My natural name, if I'd ever got it, would have been Alfonso Cherubino Conyng-hame de Vere Esek Short. Still, I've occasionally doubted even this. "Folks who never doubt," say the Italians, "never know anything." Sometimes I've thought that my name was SACKS. Then I offered to change with Fred Cozzens, and keep the Sparrowgrass for Spring calls. Then I wanted to trade with Col. Hawkes, he said he'd always been "one of the birds," and intended to remain ornithological as long as they flew kits in

Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience: "We put it under the head of our pillow, and shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and presently, in fancy, we were married. Never was a little editor so happy. It was 'my love,' 'dearest,' 'sweetest,' ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here! But no; some evil genius put it in the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice obscured from sight the plate before us.

All street. Then I proposed to Tom Hyer—and Tom agreed himself that Slam Bang wasn't a bad name for the shoulder—but when he heard that I should drop his christian one, and call myself Excelsior—Hyer, he declined.

But I haven't yet told you how it is that people don't get their right names, and why ladies are called Angelinas, who ought to be Devilettes, and why men are called Joseph sometimes, when they are no Josephs at all.

"Every snow-flake that falls," say the Samoyedes, "has a name." Now, the first time a snow-flake falls on the head of a child, if the child be bareheaded, and the flake happen to fall in the middle of the forehead and melt, why Child gets the right name. But if he have a cap on, or a hat, for that matter, why Flake is knocked off, and the name is lost."

I have found out to my complete dissatisfaction, that the first time I was out in a snow storm; was in a parlor tableau, wherein I was brought in a young lady's arnis, to represent THE CHILD OF THE POLISH EXILE. My virgin mamma knelt in a graceful attitude with uprolled eyes—indeed, the artistic conception was a most immaculate one, and well describing a poem—and I knelt by her side. A snow storm of torn visiting cards and milliner's bills fell from an un pitying heaven upon our defenceless heads, and gradually rose in drifts on the carpet. Of course, a flake took me—but it didn't melt in Pastebord solder dies.

My mamma wore her hair in what were then called turrets. Of course they caught the flakes:

"Adieu, fair Snowdon, with thy turrets high."
So sang David Lindsay. Poetry, you know, is often prophecy; and if history tells truth, the word for poet once meant prophetaalso. Things have changed since then. Poetry is no longer profitable, while the very worst poetry we see now-a-days, is that of the prophets—especially of the "astrologists" who show the face of your future husband, ladies half price, give love philters for half a dollar. I give you a specimen of this poetry, on one of the cards of a celebrated New York witch:

"Would you your fatal husband view
Or read the mystic future true
Or find a cure for drunkenness
I can relieve your fond distress."

As for love philters—well, I never tried them, but I believe that they have the same result in common with water filters—they *bring down the dust*. Whether they bring down an attachment is another matter. But as I have known a great patron of fortune tellers to be sold out by the Sheriff, I am inclined to believe that such is sometimes the case.

I have been rather discursive in this first paper, rather polygonal and mixed up, slightly various and not altogether unitarian in my topics. In this I follow precedent—that of Oliver Cromwell, who, in his first interview with anybody or oodice, was always accustomed to fit about from subject to subject, darting from North-East to South-West, from post to pillar, from West to S. East, and from one point to another, until his auditors were not quite certain whether North was South, or whether North South was ut somewhere between West North and the eleventh of January. Herein too I have followed—albeit at a great distance—the eminent Napoleon, the Cunean Sybil, Rev. Edward Irving, Lord Dexter, Orpheus, Park Benjamin, Francatelli, the Angel Gabriel, the Delphic Pythoness, the musical critic of the—and—not to mention—and—all of whom were or are accustomed in their introductory speeches, or compositions, proemes, prologues, prefaces, commencements, or beginnings, to pleasantly and ingeniously entwine such a variety of disconnected elements, that all who heard or tasted, were or are wont to sit in silent wonder, marveling what thread of continuity would ever be severed from such a handful of unsorted and rattled-up mosaic stones.

For the thread of my discourse, see my second paper—I should say my third paper. Here endeth the first lesson of your friend Diabolus S. Bang. Go in peace!

Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience: "We put it under the head of our pillow, and shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and presently, in fancy, we were married. Never was a little editor so happy. It was 'my love,' 'dearest,' 'sweetest,' ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here! But no; some evil genius put it in the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"
"Yes, love; ain't it nice?"
"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."
"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife.

"Oh, no, dearest, bread pudding; I was always fond of 'em."
"Call that bread pudding?" said my wife, while her lips slightly curled with contempt.

Certainly, my dear. Reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."
"Husband! this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this in plum pudding, sir!" and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love!" exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry, I am sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely replied my wife, in a higher tone, "you know it's plum pudding."
"Then, us'um, it's so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the very meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face, the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding!" grasped we, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as I had a distinct perception of two plates smashing across my head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had deposited the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beefs landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we, in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling on our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then, in rapid succession followed the war-cries. "Plum pudding!" she shrieked with every dish.

Man's Immortality.

THOU SHALT NEVER DIE. Neither can you reader! You may indulge in skepticism, as to the Divine authority of the Christian Scriptures, and reject that eternal salvation which they bring to light, but you cannot thus get rid of the idea of your immortality. It is planted deep in your mortal nature. There it is written on your living heart. The words flame out, when you look within, I CAN NEVER DIE. Whence came it? Is there be no reality answering to it? Is the strongest wish of our nature based upon nothing? Find the child, or the savage, who ever thought of there being any termination to his existence. Is our Creator, in implanting an aspiration which gives its highest nobility to our nature, mocking us with a chimera? O, no!

"Is immortality deceivers man, And opens all the mystery of his make, Without it half his instincts are a riddle; Without it all his virtues are a dream."

What an elaborate arrangement for a most insignificant end we should have, if we could believe that God made the world, and all things in it, for man, and then made man for nothing! Are all the analogies of nature violated in his case? Shall all other living organisms, vegetable and animal, develop all the powers, and fill up all the capacities, of which they are capable, before they pass out of being, and he be the only exception, by being prematurely arrested, or cut off in an unfinished state? If we had a tree or a bush in our garden, covered with buds that never opened, or with blossoms that were never succeeded by seed or fruit, we should pronounce it worthless and remove it; or if we permitted it to cumber the ground, it would be merely as a curious specimen of a freak of nature. If death be the end of man, then *frank* becomes the law in his case, the fixed law of his entire race. Such, in brief, are the nature and amount of the argument, from the light of reason, for immortality.—A. F. Osereer.