The Potter Journal.

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To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.
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JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to 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 door, 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

C. L. HOYT,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD.
SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

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 service. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

WELLINS 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

MARK GILLON,
DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

E. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
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

Poet's Corner.

[Have we, or has there been, a poet among us? Or rather, has the poet of the *Atlantic Monthly* been among the free, green hills of "Little Potter?" Verily, we can almost hear the roar of "Cora Linn," a charming waterfall in the very edge of our village, and nearly within our "optic-scope" as we read the following description of it in the March number. Has CAROLINE CHESEBRO (the amiable authoress who visited us last Summer) been writing her notes out in verse? Ah, Nature! thou art indeed the mother of Romance; and no place on the broad face of the Earth are thy beauties more plenty than in our own stately forests and mountain-sides—indented by many of "the forest's hidden treasures," that might call forth the poet's wonder.—ED. JOURNAL.]

THE WATERFALL.

Down across the green and sunny meadow,
Where the grass hangs thick with glistening dew.—
In the birch-wood's flickering light and shadow,
Where, between green leaves, the sun shines through,—

Plunging deeper in the wood's dark coolness,
Where the path grows rougher and more steep,
Where the trees stand thick in leafy fulness,
And the moss lies green in shadows deep:—

Hark! the wind amid the tree-tops rushing
In a sudden gust along the hills!—
No.—the leaves are still.—'tis water gushing
From some hidden haunt of mountain rills.

Upward through the rugged pathway struggling,
Loud and louder yet the music grows;
Near and nearer still, the water's gurgling
Guides me where o'er moss-grown rocks it flows.

Breathless, for its welcome coolness thirsting,
On I haste, led by the rushing sound,
Till upon my full sight sudden bursting,
Lo, the forest's hidden treasure found!

See the gathered waters madly leaping,
Plunging from the rocks in headlong chase,
Boiling, eddying, whirling, downward sweeping
All that meets them in their foaming race!

From the broken waters riseth ever,
Fresh and cool, a soft and cloud-like spray!
And where through the boughs slant sunbeams quiver,
On the mist the sudden rainbows play.

On a branch high o'er the torrent swinging
Sits a bird, with a joyful swelling throat;—
Only to the eye and heart he's singing;
Through the roar below I hear no note.

All the forest seems as if enchanted,
Seems to lie in wondrous stillness bound;
Hushed its voices, silenced and supplanted,
Interwoven with this ceaseless sound.

Gazing on the whirl of waters meeting,
Dizzy with its rush, I stand and dream,
Till it almost seems my own heart's beating.
And no more the voice of mountain-stream.

Choice Reading.

From "SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL," *by* A. D. MAYO. *New York; Thatcher & Hutchinson, Publishers, 523 Broadway.*

The Forces of Free Labor.

THE traveller who approaches our Capital City by any of its great routes of communication, is convinced by those Industrial Forces that represent the Free Labor of the Empire State. Ware-houses and piers, crowded with produce and miles of lumber, suggests a mighty expanse of fertile western fields and the vast northern wilderness. The river banks, vocal with the hum of machinery and illuminated at night with the glow of furnaces, proclaim that here the myriad arms of manufacturing toil are moulding the crude elements of nature into forms of use and beauty. The flitting cloud of vessels and the stir of life along the docks declare the presence of a commerce whose roots touch the shores of far-off nations, and which shoots a fruit-bearing branch into every street and lane of our venerable town. And if he looks beyond this area of activity, and studies the habits and occupations of the 115,000 inhabitants who people this busy valley, he will not be surprised at the wealth, comforts and refinement that have rewarded the toil of the past two centuries; and he will surely not count that experiment of Free Labor a failure, which has already made an accumulation of property equal to $500, for every man, woman and child within the range of the strongest eye looking from the dome of the capitol, and reckons this gain of money the least of a true civilization.

Concentrated within this lovely valley are the six great agencies of our system of Free Industry. In the spring of the year 1807, the first of these wonder-working forces might be seen in the shape of a strange craft, 100 feet by 12, drawing seven feet of water, creeping up the river at the rate of five miles an hour, trailing a dense cloud of smoke and sparks, bearing twelve passengers, who for the sum of $7 apiece bought the renown of sailing from New York on the first steamboat, *The Clermont*, under the pilotage of Robert Fulton. A strange expedition was that accounted by the good people of the metropolis, not thirty of whom believed the vessel would move a mile from the wharf; one venerable man saying to Judge Wilson as he embarked, "*John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee, she is the most fearful wild fowl living, and* thy *father ought to restrain thee!*" Could her heroic commander, as he stood silent on deck as this craft *did move*, amid the cheers of thousands of astonished spectators, have been told that his little steamship was to inaugurate the first of the gigantic forces of our new American Industry, what a reward for long years of neglect and unrequited toil.

In the same year, 1803, that Fulton and Livingston obtained the exclusive right of navigating the waters of N. Y. with their new steamboat, Governeur Morris stirred up an active engineer to the gigantic idea of connecting the Hudson and the lakes by a great canal. Very slowly this second agency of our national civilization loitered towards its realization. Thirteen years passed before the final mandate went forth, in 1816, from yonder capitol, that the Hudson should be married to Lake Champlain and Lake Erie; and eight years were necessary to complete these magnificent works (1825), concerning which the wildest rhapsodies of Geddes, and Morris, and Clinton, now read like the most prosaic commonplace.

The year (1826) following the completion of the canals, was signalized by the passage of the first railroad charter in the Legislature of New York, and four years later (1830), the first train of cars rolling from the Mohawk to the Hudson, signalized the birth of the third of these servants of the Republic. And what a mighty power has that become. The Empire State is now veined by two thousand seven hundred and forty-nine miles of railroads, which furnish one-tenth of all our assessed valuation of real and personal estate, whose employees number one-fourteenth of our entire population and one-thirty-sixth of our voters; over which seven hundred and fifty thousand tons burden roll yearly, and forty thousand people ride every day. To each inhabitant of the State is due one hundred and thirty-five miles of travel a year, with only the remote risk of death to one passenger in one million two hundred and sixty-two thousand one hundred and sixty-five, or one for every forty-seven millions one hundred and sixty-four thousand four hundred and twenty-six miles of travel.

Contemporaneously with these has risen into power the wondrous energy of agricultural and manufacturing machinery, whereby the productive power of the Republic is enlarged tenfold, and one man, marshalling an army of wheels, and knives and spindles, can cut his way through nature's most obstinate defences, and stand victorious in wealth and power to reach the largest manhood of the age.

Crossing our streets and clustering under one watchful eye in an office on Broadway, we behold the fifth of these agencies, in the Telegraph, that magic cord which weaves the people of a State into one family, and ere long will tie the family in New York to all the neighborhoods of the round globe, that Christ may come and make all one by the higher unity of Love.

And finally, the child of all these mighty forces, and the most spiritual agency of Free Labor, is the Press—crowded with the daily and weekly results of our toil, reaching forth with such hands as the steamship, canal, railroad, machinery and telegraph, and levying tribute over the whole world; scattering 3,334,940 copies of its various issues perpetually over the State; now a reflection of what is best and worst in our popular life, but destined hereafter to rise into the nobler form of an omnipresent leader and propagandist of the Republic that is to be.

These representative results and forces that cluster in the valley of the Capitol City, are faint symbols of the mighty power of Labor that in 238 years has changed 46,000 square miles of wilderness into the world's chief Republican State. Of her 26,000,000 acres, 13,000,000 already have yielded to cultivation, and sustain a population of 3,470,059, divided into 663,124 families, who in all the elements of a Christian civilization, doubtless excel any equal number of people concentrated under one government. We have all read of the gigantic armies led forth by great commanders in ancient and modern times for the subjugation of empires. But could the army of Free Laborers in this Republic, through some long, bright day of our northern summer, on one of our broad western plains, defile in gigantic review before our eyes, how poor would seem the pomp and pageantry of destructive war.

Let us figure to ourselves this review of our Industrial host. First would appear a triumphal car, emblazoned with the records of the men and deeds, that make our history of 238 years, floated over by a banner inscribed with the proud device of our commonwealth—the rising sun and the inspiring "Excelsior."

Now appears the foremost rank of tillers of the earth—a host of 253,292 strong men, with their wives and children, bearing their implements of conquest, followed by a cloud of 7,000,000 domestic animals and innumerable flying fowl; trailing in great wagons, the varied productions of the land. Upon their standards would be read no chronicles of bloody fight, but such victories as these: Value of New York lands, $1,107,272,715; 3,256,948 tons of hay; 62,449,093 bushels of grain; 17,127,338 bushels esculent roots; 4,907,556 lbs. flax; 7,192,254 lbs. hops; 13,638,830 bushels apples; 9,231,959 lbs. wool; $2,400,000, value of poultry; $1,421,750 miscellaneous roots and fruits; 20,965,861 gallons milk; 90,293,077 lbs. butter; 38,944,249 lbs. cheese; 4,935,815 lbs. sugar; 2,557,876 lbs. honey; $1,138,082, value of gardens;—glorious, beneficent conquest of nature for the sustenance of man.

Now comes the second army of 214,899 free laborers in manufactures, not clad in ignorance and rags, but bearing the comforts of home, and treading the earth with the bold step of men who know their position and rights in the State. To what grander music could this host keep step than the iron harmonies of machinery that night and day, from the Ocean to Niagara, sing the song of man's coming deliverance from slavery and want, and subjection to material things. Look at their banners flashing in the sun, inscribed with their record: $106,349,977, capital of mechanical industry in New York; raw material employed, $178,394,329; manufactured articles, $317,686,685; 24,833 manufactories—or adorned with pictured representatives of the myriad forms of grace, comfort and loveliness that issue from the workman's busy hand.

Next we behold the concentrated column of 20,758 merchants, who are the agents of the preceding host in transmitting the fruits of their labors to the ends of the earth. Here are the humble traders of the half-peopled wilderness, side by side with the merchant princes of the city, all bound into a brotherhood of interest, and flanked by the professions that depend upon their aid. What a gorgeous spectacle is this! Wares and merchandise, the products of all climes—the beauty, and manners, and civilization of every people—fleets of ships sailing and steaming on their ensigns—the long line of the freight car—the slow procession of boats moving through green fields—cities springing from the earth as by the summons of the enchanter, emblems of law, science, charity, religion, endowed and fostered by an all-embracing Commerce.

And not far off, coming nearer as the years roll on, would cluster the army of laborers on the highest soil of New York, the souls of her people. The teacher, who receives the child from its mother; the lawyer and legislator, who embalm the people's idea of justice in a statute; the editor, the lecturer and public speaker, who stand at the ear of the masses; the author and the scholar, who appeal from their obscurity of to-day to the the future meed of fame: the artist, charming the crowd by the vision of beauty; the preacher, prophesying of righteousness and love eternal;—all these, now too often accounted the idlers in the field, shall one day be known as brother laborers, toiling on the summits of the Spiritual life, towards which the slopes of this material success ascend

What a review were this—the most powerful Republic marshalling her armies of Industry—and bless God! all Free Men. Nowhere upon her broad and fair expanse does man toil in servitude to his brother man; and, so help us, the Father of all, while the Ocean washes the wharves of New York, and the Hudson flows to the sea, and the storms sing their anthems up in the Adirondack, and the sun sets, a golden glory beyond our western lakes—let no slave pollute our soil! And the day whose dawn shall behold this glorious army, as one soul, lifting up its voice before heaven, and registering an oath on high in behalf of man, shall not decline to its evening shades until it bears, borne on the south wind, the sigh of our Nation's barbarism, proclaiming that its sentence of death has been uttered, and its hour of abdication draws nigh.

Such is the spectacle presented by the Free Labor of New York in its material aggregates and secondary forces. But these lead us back to man, and while another class of teachers can best instruct the people on the details of political economy and the arts of industrial success, the most profound questions to the Christian philosopher will be: *To what spiritual end is all this? in what relation does a Free Industry stand to man's highest good? and are we now on the way to the style of Labor, which is the fit expression of that best Civilization founded on the everlasting law of Love?*

Labor is the point where the soul of man touches the physical world; and the quality of work is the test of man's superiority over nature and altitude in the spiritual existence, Free Labor, in its largest sense is the gauge of National Advancement. Every nation, in ancient or modern times, has been truly great in proportion to the emancipation of its workers. The historian, Niebuhr, dates the real decline of Rome from the period when work ceased to be honorable, and the land once tilled in small farms by her statesmen and generals, was monopolized by rich men, and cultivated by hordes of slaves. Who cannot read the whole degeneracy of Spain in the proud laziness of her population, or the real grandeur of England in the variety and growing freedom of her mighty industry? Indeed, the best state must be that which offers the broadest field for the development of the active energies of its citizens; which is distinguished for the variety and vigor of its industrial professions; and where it is easiest for every man to obtain the post in which his peculiar genius may find scope in creative toil.

Free labor is the test of national superiority—not so much on account of what it produces, as for its results on the citizen. For only in such a condition of affairs can man receive the true education of all his powers, and use his circumstances for the building up of his manhood. Hence although the quantity and quality of production is an evidence of a prosperous people, yet a more striking proof is the effect of this work on the population itself. *Are the men and women of a state ennobled by their occupation, and is their daily business a school of Cheistian citizenship?* is the first question in this investigation. For the most astonishing works may doubtless be produced by the sacrifice of man; and such labor is only Satanic.

Compare the gigantic monuments of Eastern despotism with the achievment of our New York industry. We can show no pyramids, no labyrinths, no massive cities, tombs and temples, which will challenge the assaults of time. Bless God, we cannot point to mighty piles of stone and sculpture slowly raised be the hands of bondmen, cemented by the blood and tears of oppression: huge gravestones, marking the spot where the noblest aspirations of humanity were buried, and generations fell and wasted to please a despot's whim. But look at our monuments; an Erie Canal, whose projecting, construction and use, has been the primary school of the free industry of our State; a system of railroads, extemporized by the spontaneous enterprise of a whole people, groaning beneath the weight of free products or the armies of emigrants fleeing from oppression and poverty to comfort and liberty; cities not built for a century's endurance, but such as a new State, using every vital energy to the utmost, can throw together to shelter the families and transact the business of a Republican community.

So is the glory of our free Northern industry not found in its great material results of agriculture, manufactures, commerce; for doubtless our work is often crude, and partakes of the rawness of a continent coming out of the woods; but in what man has learned and become in producing it all, and the new powers and opportunities for the best society he is daily acquiring in this magnificent school. And the chief superiority of our system of labor over that of other lands and other districts of our continent is, that through it we are coming to that point where all industrial operations shall play into the hands of that highest form of work, the development of the best men.

So the question of Free Labor is not to be argued so much from its economical results, though here the argument is triumphant, as from its spiritual aspects Every true son of Adam will maintain that the happiest word that ever greeted his ears was his command to leave an Eden of childish innocence for a wilderness of manly toil. Free Industry is for the elevation and education of the race. All human experience has demonstrated that the only way to greatness of any kind is the straight and narrow way of labor. And when man toils, in the exercise of his great attribute of freedom, he is in the way to gain his chief distinction. Creation is the grandest attribute of man—the point in which he approaches nearest his Maker. To create new combinations from the material universe; by the discipline of free industry to discover the creative laws of Omnipotence, and by obedience to them to express his best conceptions of existence; to impress himself on the whole earth, and even fill the invisible elements with the finer energy of his victorious mind; especially to create in the realm of spirit; moulding human nature into higher forms of individual and social life, and by a far-reaching insight, peopling the realms of imagination with new and glorious beings, which bear the seal of reality and become the ideals of the generations; this is God-like; and only through Free Labor can man approach this throne of his power, and rise into the companionship of the creative love of the Father of all.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A Plea for Romance.

[Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in her "Minister's Wooing," which she is now contributing to the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, puts in the following plea for the indispensableness of Romance to the enjoyment of Life—actual life. We agree with Madame Stowe in the position she has taken, believing, as we do, that were Life deprived of its romantic attributes it would be entirely unenjoyable—for is not Nature herself the foster-mother of Romance?—ED. JOUR.]

"All prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people talk as if poets and novelists *made* romance. They do,—just as much as craters make volcanoes,— no more. What is romance? whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago, when he said, 'Man's soul, in a former state, was winged and soared among the gods; and so it comes to pass, that, in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth,—even as children in teething.' And an old heathen, two thousand years ago, discoursed thus gravely of the romantic part of our nature, whence comes it that in Christian lands we think in so pagan a way of it, and turn the whole care of it to ballad-makers, romancers, and opera-singers?

"Let us look up in fear and reverence and say, 'God is the great maker of romance. HE, from whose hand came man and woman,—HE, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild and wonderful and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another,—HE is the great Poet of life.' Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type and style of being than that which closes like a prison-house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God's breath, God's impulse, God's reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

"Therefore, man or woman, when thy ideal is shattered,—as shattered a thousand times it must be,—when the vision fades, the rapture burns out, turn not away in skepticism and bitterness, saying, 'There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink,' but rather cherish the revelation of those hours as prophecies and foreshadowings of something real and possible, yet to be attained in the manhood of immortality. The scoffing spirit that laughs at romance is an apple of the Devil's own handing from the bitter tree of knowledge;—it opens the eyes only to see eternal nakedness.

"If ever you have had a romantic, uncalculating friendship,—a boundless worship and belief in some hero of your soul,—if ever you have so loved, that all cold prudence, all selfish worldly considerations have gone down like drift-wood before a river flooded with new rain from heaven, so that you even forgot yourself, and were ready to cast your whole being into the chasm of existence, as an offering before the feet of another, and all for nothing,—if you awoke bitterly betrayed and deceived, still give thanks to God that you have had one glimpse of heaven. The door now shut will open again. Rejoice that the noblest capability of your eternal inheritance has been made known to you; treasure it, as the highest honor of your being, that ever you could so feel,—that so divine a guest ever possessed your soul.

"By such experiences are we taught the pathos, the sacredness of life; and if we use them wisely, our eyes will ever after be anointed to see what poems, what romances, what sublime tragedies lie around us in the daily walk of life, 'written not with ink, but in fleshly tables of the heart.' The dullest street of the most prosaic town has matter in it for more smiles, more tears, more intense excitement, than ever were written in story or sung in poem; the reality is there, of which the romancer is the second-hand recorder.

"So much of a plea we put in boldly, because we foresee grave heads begin to shake over our history, and doubts rising in reverend and discreet minds whether this history is going to prove anything but a love-story, after all."

APHORISM BY THE PROFESSOR.—In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals. If young, it will eat anything at any hour of the day or night. If old, it observes stated periods, and you might as well attempt to regulate the time of high-water to suit a fishing-party as to change these periods.

The crucial experiment is this. Offer a bulky and boggy bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is eagerly accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established. If the subject of the question changes color and expresses surprise and incredulity, as if you could not possibly be in earnest, the fact of maturity is no less clear.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞To make a patriot, all that is wanted is a pair of circumstances—a wife and a baby.

NOW IS THE TIME

For the friends of the JOURNAL to begin to circulate it for the Campaign of 1860.

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