The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 23. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1861. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

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Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets. 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 promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st. near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

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

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

D. E. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.
D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,
DEALERS 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

M. J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : E. 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

CHARLES MANNING,
BLACKSMITH, Fourth street, between Main and West Streets, Coudersport, Pa., is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on the most reasonable terms. Produce taken in payment. 12:39

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has reëstablished a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞ All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work 1:35.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building. 23.

LOOK HERE

ALL those indebted to the late firm of SMITH & JONES, are politely requested to call at C. Smith's store, and settle and pay without delay. By so doing you will much oblige us—otherwise we will be under the painful necessity of trying to oblige you.
SMITH & JONES.
Coudersport, Jan. 2, 1861.-3mo.

POETRY.

A FINE OLD POEM.

"I have learned," says the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that in this wide world no one heart is able or willing to help another."

O say not we through life must struggle,
Must toil and mourn alone;
That no one human heart can answer
The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heaven
Into the quiet stream,
And see themselves from its depths
In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky with its pale or glowing hues,
Ever painteth the wave below;
And the sea sends up its mist to form
Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus each does of the other borrow
A beauty not its own;
And tells us that no thing in Nature
Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
The stoutest soul may quail;
Left to its own unaided efforts,
The strongest arm may fail;

And tho' all strength still comes from Heaven,
All light from God above,
Yet we may sometimes be his angels,
The apostles of his love.

Then let us learn to help each other,
Hoping unto the end;
Who sees in every man a brother,
Shall find in each a friend.

MISCELLANY.

Only a Flirtation.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So there is no engagement between you?"

"Engagement! I should think not. Why, Joe, I am only eighteen, I shan't be engaged for the next five years. I am not going to tie myself down to domestic life yet, I assure you."

"But Nettie, you are wandering from the subject. I cannot think you utterly heartless, yet I frankly own you pain me by this dreadful spirit of coquetry you display. I am sure Graham Curtis——"

"Now, Joe, don't be tiresome. It is only a flirtation. We dance, chat, ride together, but that is nothing. I flirt quite as extensively with a dozen other gentlemen."

"But, Nettie," and a very grave look came over Joseph Lawson's face, "Graham loves you."

"So they all do, if I am to believe their protestations."

"So my friend, the man I honor and love above all other men, is to be the plaything of a woman's caprice. Sister, be careful, you are playing a dangerous game."

The crimson blood dyed the cheek of the little beauty, as she ran rapidly away from her brother, saying,

"I will come for the rest of the sermon, to-morrow."

One long stride the brother took, and imprisoning the little brunette in his strong arms he took her to the sofa and drew her down to a seat beside him.

"No," and his face grew sad, very sad, "you shall hear my sermon to-day. Do you know Nettie, why I am now, at thirty five years of age, a bachelor, with a lonely, aching heart?"

"Lonely, Joe?" And Nettie now grave as himself, laid her head on her brother's broad breast.

"Yes, Nettie! Even my little sister, dearly as I love her, cannot fill all my heart."

"Tell me about it!"

"It was twelve years ago, when I came home from college, that I first met Laura Lee——"

"Mrs. Holmes?"

"Yes; don't interrupt me. I will not tell you how slowly my heart woke to the sense of love, of the gradual growth of her image in it till it filled it entirely. Parents, home, sister, all became second to the one hope of my life! I met her often. We moved in the same circles in society, and at every party I frequented I could dance and chat with her. Her beauty attracted; her intellect interested; her sweet gracious manners fascinated me. I was young then, and trustful, and when she let her little hand linger in mine, and turned from others to converse with me, when she let her large dark eyes, full of soft light, dwell thoughtfully on my face, I believed that the devotion I lavished upon her was understood, appreciated, *returned*. You know that I am not an impulsive man, but I cannot forget easily nor recover readily from severe blows.—Day after day, the love, the one love of my life, grew into my heart, absorbing me to the exclusion of all else. I felt so secure, looking into her lovely face, hearing her winning tones soften for my ear, feeling the answering pressure her hand gave mine, that it was long before I spoke my love. One evening," deep inspirations heaved the strong man's chest, and Nettie could hear how the rapid blood coursed through his veins and made his heart beat quickly under her ear—"one evening, we were alone in the parlor.—She had been singing, and the rich full notes seemed to hang lovingly around me and I spoke my love.

"She drew away from the arm that would have caressed her, and said, with a light laugh, 'Why, Mr. Lawson, did not you know I was engaged?' 'Engaged?' I cried. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Mr Holmes has been away since I knew you. But I thought you knew of the engagement.'

"I knew this was false. Fearful of losing the attentions she had been accustomed to, she had kept her engagement secret, that in society she might still reign as one free to be won. I said to her, 'forgive me that I have annoyed you——' 'Oh! no, not at all,' she said, 'I shall always be happy to see you. I am sorry there was any mistake, but I tho' you were like myself only flirting, *pour passer le temps*.'

"So we parted. I came home maddened, sickened. I," and here his voice sank to a whisper, "drank deeply, Nettie, to try to forget, but my nature revolted at this degradation and I tried to study. My father's death just woke me from the delirious agony of thought; and when my mother followed him, leaving you, a child, to my charge, I sternly faced life, trying to forget the Paradise I had dreamed of and lost. Lost! Never can I trust again as I trusted then. Where domestic happiness should have blessed my life, she has thrown bitter memories to take its place. She has made me stern cynical, distrustful, and excuses it to herself on the ground that it was 'only a flirtation.' Do not let me see my little sister following in her footsteps, or I shall learn to hate and despise all women."

"I am sorry!"

"Nettie, Graham loves you, would make you his wife; he has spoken of it to me. Yet, if you cannot love him, let him see now, that his suit will be a vain one. Do not lead him on till you are his one hope, to drive him to despair at last. He is rash and impulsive, and may not live down such a blow."

"Joe——" in a low tone.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell him I—love—him—and am—not flirting——"

"Yes!"

"And—Joe—don't—hate—me."

A tender, loving kiss was pressed upon her forehead and a low voice blessed her for her decision.

Letter from the Rev. Dr. Henry.

The Rev. Dr. Henry, an eminent and learned clergyman of the Episcopal Church, has addressed to a United States Senator the following letter on the subject of compromising the Slavery question:

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1861.

"MY DEAR ——: I have your note. Thanks. I trust in God the Republicans are not going to be so cowardly, so base, and so foolish withal, as to surrender under the pressure of Secession and Secession threats. Good Heavens! Of what stuff are they made? They have only to stand firm, and say:

"We have done no wrong; you have and shall have everything you have a right to have; but, what you have no right to demand—what it would be wrong, base, and disgraceful for us to grant—we never will grant; no, never, never, never. We have rights as well as you; rights that are our duties, too, and, by the Eternal God, we shall stand on them, come what may. Secede on paper as much as you please.

"We will not make war upon you for for that, but we will maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws. If you make war on the Union, we will defend it at all cost, and the guilt of blood be on you, heads. *Videat Dominus*—let the Lord be judge between us.

"Stand on this; continue to stand on this; stand firmly; stand all of you—and things will come right. The stars in their course fight against secession; all historical laws, all causes, political and economical, fight against it.

"Secession is suicidal, as inevitably suicidal in the long result as taking a mortal dose of arsenic is suicidal to him who knowingly and willingly takes it.

"I do not say that if the Slave States shall be deliberately agreed and determined by and by to unite together and set up a separate Union for themselves, I would 'coerce' them to stay. I would let them try the experiment, if they will go peaceably and honestly.

"But not now, and not *as* now. Let them restore plunder; let them atone for the insults and wrongs done; let them (perhaps) surrender some of the traitors for trial and condign punishment. Let them behave honorably and honestly first. Then, if go they will, my voice is to let them go. Let them eat the fruit of their own doings; let them be filled with their own devices. I shall be sorry for them. But, perhaps, it is the best way to open their foolish eyes. They will find the Union was the only buttress for their Slavery.

"But as to 'compromises' and 'concessions' to prevent such a result. Bah! Compromises all on one side! Concessions of what should not for a moment be thought of as concessible! I am sick of the words.

"No concession will be satisfactory to the South except such as the people of the North will hurl you from your places and damn you to everlasting infamy if you grant.

"'Property'—man property—'in the Territories?' Think not for a moment of conceding that.

"'Slaves *property*' within the meaning of the Constitution? Do not dream the nation will ever consent to such a construction, or to any amendment introducing such a doctrine.

"The 'right of transit' with slaves through the Free States and of temporary holding them there—and consequent conversion of Castle Garden into a slave market (guarded, if need be, and would be, by Federal bayonets)—this is what Virginia especially wants in order to facilitate her slave trade with Texas. But let her not entertain the thought that we will ever consent to it.

"Great contempt and indignation are felt at Cameron's talk in the Senate yesterday.

"The universal inquiry is, and has been for some days, why there has been no *impeachment* of the traitors among you—especially of those honorable and chivalrous persons who have held on among you to obtain business and promote treason. It is high time. The impeachment of such a man as Wigfall, for instance, would do a world of good—go further to prick the wind out of secession than a thousand speeches.

"Ever yours. C. S. HENRY."

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Potter Journal.

A Visit to the Oil Regions.

MR CHASE:—Having but just returned from the oil region of Tidioute, a short account of it may, perhaps, be interesting to at least some of your readers.

Tidioute is situated in the South-western part of Warren county, on the western bank of the Allegheny river, which there runs nearly South-west, and is a town that measures two miles in length, and forty-three feet five inches. (I like to be exact,) in width; it is divided into Upper and Lower Tidioute, and by the inhabitants is thought to be a remarkable place—to use their now common expression, a "big thing."

On the eastern bank of the river I counted within the two miles ninety two wells; of that number, twenty are pumping oil at depths ranging from one hundred to two hundred feet; sixty one are being steadily drilled, some of them night and day; and six partly down, that have been carefully covered over and left till the owners can raise means to carry on the work; such cases are called "suspension." The word "abandoned" is not to be found in any "oily" dictionary. On the western bank of the river I counted seventy-two wells; of those, twenty are pumping oil at depths ranging from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and fifty feet; fifty-one are being drilled, most of them night and day; and one "suspension." I made diligent inquiry, but could not hear of a single well that had failed to produce oil at a reasonable depth. Of the one hundred and seventeen that were being sunk while I was there, some of them in all probability will prove failures; but that, time alone can determine. It takes from three to six months to sink a well three hundred feet, the strata of rock differing very much in different localities; sometimes workmen will drill several feet in a day, at another time they will not drill more than two or three inches. Of the principle wells I will give you the most reliable information I could gain respecting them. On the eastern side of the river, and opposite Upper Tidioute, is the "Upper Economite" well, one hundred and thirty-seven feet in depth, and yielding an average quantity of fifteen barrels of oil per day of twenty four hours. About thirty rods down stream is the famous "Spouting" well, ninety-nine feet in depth, the oil and salt water being forced up by the gas, in a continuous stream, and conveyed by pipes to the vat of the "Lower Economite" well about fifty feet below, and which is one hundred and thirty feet in depth; the two wells together yield from twenty five to fifty barrels of oil per day. Half a mile further down the river, is the "Hequenbourgh" well, one hundred and twenty six feet in depth, and averages sixteen barrels of oil per day. On the western side of the river and in Lower Tidioute, may be seen the celebrated "Busti" well, owned by a company in Busti, State of New York, and under the careful and economical management of the able and gentlemanly Mr. Button; its yield is about forty barrels of oil per day. Close by is the "Philadelphia" well, which, I was informed by Mr. W. C. Salsbury, who owns an interest in it, yielded, the day previous to our arrival, fifty-three barrels of oil, and is considered one of the best wells there. Besides those I have mentioned, there are the "Jennings," the "King & Ferris," the "Garden," and the "Salt Water" wells, all remarkable wells, and with the exception of the "Salt Water," (which merely pays expenses,) yield large quantities of oil.

I was glad to find that the true patriotic spirit still exists in Tidioute; for with standing the great oil excitement; I will give you an instance. I was standing early one morning, (you know I am an early riser,) near the hotel, when three men much excited, and who had struck oil in their well the evening before, rushed by me in great haste and singing with much spirit, the national song commencing:

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so gladly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

I had the pleasure of meeting while there, our late worthy representative Lew is Mann, Esq., and our noble friend Lord Canfield, by some ignorant persons called Lord & Canfield, also our young friend and townsman Thos. King; the latter has changed somewhat in personal appearance since we last met, but appears to be feeling well and happy. He told me confidentially, in a private conversation I had with him, that he would like to make a "*very big thing*," and had no doubt whatever that a few others might be found who would like to do the same.

Owing to the immense quantities of oil, "Time" slips along with a rapidity unknown elsewhere. I heard of one infatuated individual residing in the northern part of Potter county, who became so convinced of the utter worthlessness of time pieces, that he gave a valuable gold watch in exchange for a little ice. It is thought that he was sick with a fever at the time.

I was there three days by the almanac, but cannot account for more than thirty-six hours. P*

Letter from Kansas.

BURLINGAME, KANSAS, Feb 7, 1861.

T. S. CHASE, ESQ.:—*Dear Sir:* Presuming that a few inditings from "Prairie Land" at this season of year would not be found uninteresting, I have seated myself to be at your service.

The weather god continues playing off his fantastic tricks upon us. During the past two or three weeks we have had as bad weather as could well be gotten up in these parts. Twenty inches of snow with all the rigors of a cold and dreary winter are upon us. It would have been better appointed for Potter, but seems entirely out of place here, as we are three degrees further South. We expect to hear of much suffering so soon as the full accounts come in. Already we are informed that two men have frozen to death on the prairie. The storm came upon us unexpectedly, and must enhance the suffering throughout the State greatly. We had delightful weather up to the 15th of January, but since then the people have found it convenient to stay at home a part of the time and keep company with the "blues." The mercury was fifteen degrees below zero Feb 2d. There is a great dearth of fodder for stock. Hogs are all starving to death, and cattle must soon follow if this weather continues.

In these days of Garibaldian exploits and South Carolina antics, it would seem that Kansas ought to have been satisfied with her world wide celebrity; but *not so*. She is evidently bound on immortalizing herself. Nothing else will satisfy her ambition. To have a place in the book of history along with the events of the age, for her children to peruse, is the height of her aspirations. We have received the glorious news that after laying seige so long a time for favor, she has been accepted, and a Union, formed for weal or woe, with the other States. Kansas will always be found *true* to her plighted faith—*loyal* to the Constitution—and as devoted to the Union as a young bride can be. Her nuptials were celebrated by the booming of cannon and shouts that made the Heavens ring for joy. Some one has said that "the romance of life ends with marriage." This is hoped to be the case with regard to Kansas. She *has had romance to her satisfaction.* Her alliance just now, with disagreeing and belligerent States is no trivial affair in our checkered history.

The times are evidently out of joint. Politics and starvation are the topics in all quarters here, though the latter monster is being kept at bay by the timely aid of Eastern friends. The political horizon looks really threatening, at least there are no "silver linings" to the dark cloud which hangs over the country. We are all watching the shifting winds with greatest anxiety. My private opinion publicly expressed is that *the degeneracy of the age requires a baptism in blood*, for surely no rose-water applications can heal the bleeding wrongs which are now held up to the pitying gaze of an excited country. It is clear that the Slave Power is bent on committing suicide. She has made the plunge and is now taking rapid reaches toward the "*pit*" in which she is sure to fall. You know it was a saying among the Greeks that "whom the gods would destroy they first made mad." So it is with these Southern *madmen*. Prejudice and passion are the elements of the storm that has overthrown their reason and now direct their course. The spirit of reckless career has taken possession of them. If they do not pretty soon restrain their feelings, the storm now gathering in the North and West will sweep Slavery out of existence. When it bursts, South Carolina will cry for an earthquake to swallow her up, and her bravest supporters, like ancient heroes, will leap upon their swords to escape the "wrath to come." The gathering hosts of Freemen will come down upon them like the angels of the Lord upon the Assyrians of old, and will "wipe them out" as with the *besom* of destruction. Perhaps I am too hot brained—too hasty—don't stop to count the cost. Well, you know it takes "old men for counsel and young men for war" and you must excuse young-American blood for boiling a little when his dearest privileges have been taken from him. I have been living this winter in a *pro-slavery hot bed* near the city of Lexington, Mo., where they sink printing presses for daring to speak honestly; where men are mobbed, and lynched for loving liberty; among influential slave owners where free speech was pad locked, and where *all* Republican apologizers must hang between the heavens and the earth, or change their place of residence speedily. I think you can appreciate my feelings. I know deliberation is a virtue, and "look before you leap" a motto,—that an invading army may destroy in a day what will require a century to build up again. All the horrors of a civil war pass before my imagination, yet there is a time when forbearance ceases, and to delay is ruin. Such to me seems the existing state of affairs. Nothing will save the Union but a determination upon the part of the North to "face the music." The traitors have already perpetrated deeds black enough to make Heaven *blush* and the other place *rejoice*. Still must we lick by kneel and lick the dirt they throw before us, let them quietly find our hands and feet and leave us helpless to defend ourselves? *No, never!* The young men of our country will defend our country's rights, let whatever may come. The last flickerings of hope are well nigh extinguished, yet a spark still remains to point us to the "God who rides on the storm and directs the whirlwind," that He may quiet the billows of opposition and restore peace to our distracted country.

I have two brothers in Miss. They say the people are hanging all "Black Republicans," they can arrest. *Loyalest Freedom! where is thy signet*, once sacred, but now trampled in the dust?

But I must drop the latch string. I have already transcended proper limits.

With as much respect as you permit,
O. P. ROCKS.

P. S. I attended the Coudersport Academy two sessions in '56.—came to Kansas in the Fall of '58.—crossed the plains to New Mexico in '60,—and have taught a three months school with good success in Mo. this winter. I was obliged to keep *sub rosa* and make as much noise for secession as any of them, for I was constantly under the eye of suspicion. One teacher had to flee for his life, for carelessly letting some Republican sentiments drop. They would not permit a Lincoln man to vote in that precinct. I have seen above nine hundred slaves in one gathering; had various opportunities of conversing with them; know three men who have whipped slaves to death, and I am more convinced than ever that Slavery is a curse against humanity and a sin against God. I believe if a just God rules the world, these United States cannot long escape the arm of His divine justice.

Kansas has not seen her hardest times yet. O. P. R.

ROBIN HERRICK, a grave digger of the dissenting church at Falkirk, exercised his vocation for the period of half a century. He was employed in preparing the grave of a deceased person whom he held in peculiar esteem. To a gentleman who happened to pass at the time he summed up a eulogy on the departed by saying, "He was sic a fine chiel, I'm hawkin' his grave wi' a new spade." Herrick was not always disposed to indulge in commendation of the deceased. A gentleman walking in the churchyard observed that the sward on a particular grave was unusually fresh and green. "Ay," replied Robin, "it's bonny turf, but it's a great pity to see it putten down upon sic a skamp."

A distinguished clergyman being requested to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying, that "as his friend was going to do the mowing, he might whet his own scythe."

AN acrimonious old snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.