The Potter Journal.

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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 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 floor, 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

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SUSVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Raymond P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

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

COLLINS 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

E. R. HARRINGTON,
JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoonmaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:24

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,
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

Original Poetry.

For the Potter Journal.

WATCHING.

We stood, that quiet summer hour,
And listened to the breeze
That, with a thousand pleasant tones,
Moved through the harp-like trees.

Our spirits sweet communion held,
Although our lips were still;
Her hand lay in my own, as light
As sunshine on the hill.

I blessed her for her love and said:
"The sun shone not for me
Thro' the long hours when thou wast gone;
I only thought of thee.

"Thanks, that the Father's kindly hand
Hath led thee back again;
Thanks, that my prayers and ceaseless watch
At last have fruitless been!"

I paused, and low she answered me,
In trembling tones of pain:
"I am a wearied watcher, too—
My watch hath been in vain.

"Day after day the morning sun
Lights up an empty hall;
Night after night the cloud of woe
Across my heart must fall;

"And hourly o'er my buried hopes
The ghost-like shadows pass,
Whose dark feet never stir the flowers,
Or tufted plumes of grass.

"Eva! we all are watchers here,
The best can only take
God's teaching for their guide,
And wait until the morning break."

Between the leaves the moonbeams fell
Upon her face, so white,—
I thought of other flowers, as fair,
Long folded from my sight.

I am a watcher once again:
From the light birch's hair,
The rain drips o'er a little mound
With Spring's first mosses fair.

Bessie! I miss thee from the slope
Where first the sunbeams wake;—
Tarry not long, beloved mine.
Least this tired heart should break!

EVA.

Selected Tale.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A child was playing with some building blocks; and, as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, a new pleasure swelled in his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty,' and was conscious of a new born power. Arch, wall, butress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower and battlement, were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months or years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art, embodied in his imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself hundreds of feet upwards to the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the over-mastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular and now sat down, and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he arose, purposing to obtain another and a more distinct view of his work. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room, with the boy, sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him; and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke; glancing for a moment, towards the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive pages before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wet them with his tears.

For more than five minutes, he sat as still as if sleeping; then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he commenced restoring to the box from which he had taken them, the many shaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled, he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! The shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten in the attractions of the book he read, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tone, with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she awaited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions A dressing-gown, and a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasure fancies was in her heart! How almost impatiently did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn not approaching darkness to her.

At last, she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulse leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is men's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business cares and troubles in their stores, workshops or counting rooms, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessel backwards, instead of onwards, for a brief space, and though it was still in the current, and gliding safely onward against it, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, and because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her; but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well."

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain; for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang her favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance; and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea-table, they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time has come for offering the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of reward than of the pleasure of she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said; and, passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs. Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret by which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when thought returned, with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen, and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly repressing surprise, and affecting an ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands, that he did not feel.

"They are for you, dear, I made them."

"For me? Nonsense? What do I want with such jimcrackery! This is woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown! Put them away, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors, like a clown or an actor." And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a cold sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the real born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not, of set purpose, have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought, patiently, in golden hopes, for many hours—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to his eyes, she turned away from her husband; and, to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, she sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But that shadow was too deep—the heartache to heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said in a slightly reproving voice:—"Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't hire me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor"—he took hold of her arm, and lifted her from the chair—"sing and play for me. 'The Dream Waltz' or 'The Tremolo,' 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night' are worth more to me than forty dressing-gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force, he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece, and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes; and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches; but, when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed; and sobs broke forth instead of words.,

"How foolish!" said the husband in a vexed tone. 'I'm surprised at you!" And he turned from the piano, and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left thus alone and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and, going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and although the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horrizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not all casting shadows, daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures, not as a mirror, but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women selfishly or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness or ignarance—and casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetters of self, and you will cast but a few shadows along the path of life. The true gentlemen is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful, lest he wound unintentionally—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen—ladies, or—in a word that includes all grace and excellencies—Christians; for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

Our Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: The second week in May of every year, for us sojourners in Gotham, is always a season not only of freshets but of great refreshing. The clouds at that genial springtime season pour out their fatness, and spouters from every part of the country, just full enough for utterance, pour out their platitudes upon the just and the unjust. Every institution of our country which thrives by talk, and grows on freedom of speech, holds an anniversary here on the second week in May to compare notes, hear reports of committees, lay plans for future operations, discuss ways and means, and go into a little harmless mutual admiration generally.

But which of the many anniversaries shall I attend? Where shall I go to pick up the most interesting incidents for your readers? I am attracted most where there is strife, agitation, commotion; where there is combat between opinion, struggle of ideas against ideas, contention among intellectual giants. That place, preëminent over all others this time, is the anniversary meeting of the American Tract Society. There a mighty question is under discussion—shall the Society publish a tract against Slavery?—and the cohorts of either host have mustered from all parts of the country to mingle in the combat. Fifteen hundred clergymen and laymen filled one of our commodious churches at 9 in the morning and Dr. Adams, Chairman of the Publishing Committee, read a well argued and temperate report, setting forth the difficulties which had arisen unexpectedly during the year to prevent the publication of the anti-slavery tract, and stated that the committee had simply delayed its issue to confer farther with the entire Society. Then Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio and Dr. Tyng of this city followed; the one in enthusiastic support of the committee, and the other in an able and well considered speech, also supporting the committee, but closing with a motion to instruct the committee to publish the tract during the coming year or as soon as practicable. Dr. Tyng's motion was voted down. Then came other similar propositions and along with them a scene of confusion, noise and disorder seldom witnessed in a church. Cries of "question," "order," "Mr. President," laughter, applause and hisses resounded from time to time through the house, and for many minutes at a time. Dr. De Witt, pastor of the church, had repeatedly to appeal to members to "preserve the sanctity of this house." The occasion was certainly the rarest specimen of "church militant" that ever came under my observation. Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn, Dr. Bacon of New Haven and Dr. Thompson, editor of the *Independent*, were the principal gladiators who contended in the arena and commanded a hearing in spite of disturbance, and they made wretched havoc with each others' positions.

As an impartial observer I should say much of the confusion arose from the amiable inefficiency of the President of the assembly. In his endeavor to hear all sides and respond to every call on "Mr. President," he failed to protect a speaker after he had assigned him the floor, and so the audience fell into confusion from sheer lack of government, rather than from any special proneness to disorder or determination on the part of the members to create confusion. After a contest of six hours the report was adopted and the committee sustained by re-election, which is taken to be an indication that no tract against slavery will be issued for some time to come.

The next meeting where passion ran high and the clash of argumentative arms reverberated to the echo, was the Garrisonian Abolition and Disunion Society. There the flag of the Union was torn to tatters, the church denounced as the "Bulwark of American Slavery," the late revival of religion characterized as spurious, Russia patted on the back for emancipation of her Serfs, and all our political parties, Democrats, Americans and Republicans, were consigned to one common infamy as alike recreant to freedom.—Here, also, sharply defined antagonisms jutted out prominently, luckless opponents were mercilessly impaled on the spears of warriors made skillful by the drill and practice of years in the arena of debate, and who, despising carnal weapons, make all the more trenchant use of the sword of the spirit; and here too the cheers of the faithful and hisses of those who were "sound on the goose" every where prevailed.

Then came the Convention of Women and those who do battle for the rights of women. Mozart Hall, one of the largest in the city, was kept full two days, and three sessions a day, to hear the old stagers and prominent debaters on the "Woman Question." Here the women, as usual, had things pretty much their own way. The large and intelligent audience seemed to have come for instruction rather than for dissent. The principal right claimed by the advocates was the right to vote—all other rights, it was contended, would follow and be gained for women in that single central one. A few speakers wandered off into anti-marriage and impracticalisms of that sort; but they were mostly outsiders and the convention was kept pretty firmly to the question of the ballot. Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell and the Rev. Mrs. Antoinette L. Brown, exhibited the ease, propriety and dignity with which women could engage in the lighter branches of agriculture, and maintained that there was the best kind of remuneration in it. The crops raised by a woman would sell at as high a price as those of the sturdiest man farmer. It is a maxim in commerce everywhere, that corn is corn and "eggs is eggs," and there could be no cutting down to half price because produced by a woman. Mrs. Stone said there was a woman in the audience, and she had a good mind to ask her to let the audience see her, to show how delicate, refined and womanly she was, who last year made $1,600 by two months work of her own hands in her own little strawberry garden. In view of results like these, Mrs. Stone continued, she was ashamed of ever having claimed clerkships and the paltry wages thereto attached as belonging to the sphere of woman.

Our Bible, Missionary, Sunday School, Temperance and other Societies held their anniversaries according to the usual programme, and were troubled with no bickerings nor bomb shells. There has been a slight falling off in the general funds, but that, it is thought, will be more than made up this year by the recent additions everywhere made to the church.

From the strong meat of old folks let me pass on to milk for babes. The slaughter of our innocents by the putridity known as "swill milk," though long ago detected, is at last overthrown. There has hitherto been money enough in pockets of distillers to buy impunity of the corporations and courts of all this cluster of cities, but the monster shrinks into the earth in presence of the light thrown on its crimes by one single, determined, unpurchasable press. Frank Leslie, for a fortnight past, has been tracking the concern all along i s milky way and publishing the street and number of all the patrons of the nauseating fluid They were found generally to be the poorer class of people (just those who could least afford to be made sick by it) and the lower class of restaurants and boarding houses who patronized it because it was cheap. Letting in the light, however, is working an immediate abatement of the nuisance, thus accomplishing at once and without disorder, by individual enterprise, what government, backed by all its batteries, is powerless to secure. It has been a capital hit for Leslie, for, in proportion as the milk no longer went down, his paper went up; though his artists and reporters did suffer some from milk and brickbats in sketching the originals and getting up the designs. It was comical to witness purchasers of the paper pass out of the news offices, reading as they went, with upturned nose, and mouth at half gag, as if they really tasted the disgusting mixture and smelled the animals and stables which the pictures delineated and the types described.

Some three weeks since Captain Sands of the U. S. Steam Frigate Susquehanna was arrested for disobeying the Health Officers of this port. Last Saturday Capt in Judkins, of the British Steamer Persia, was arrested for obeying the same officers. His ship had brought a case of small pox and was placed on quarantine with strict orders to permit no one to land on any pretext, A Custom House officer wanted terribly to get ashore. Cap. Judkins would'nt let him—Quarantine regulations would'nt permit it. Finallay, when the officer did get ashore, he obtained the arrest of the Captain under U. S. authority, and Mr. Cunard became bail for his appearance to answer the charge of detaining and obstructing a U. S. officer.

There is another rather stiff little sea breeze brewing in the shape of mutual indignation meetings among shipmasters and owners who are down on the British West India Squadron for the outrage of searching vessels suspected as slavers though sailing under the American flag. At one of these meetings our patriotic rage took the shape of the following among other similar resolutions:

Resolved, That "our flag covers the cargo," whether that cargo consists of niggers or nothing—and that "freedom from search" is an American's inalienable right at sea—as much so as freedom from the intrusion of foreign police in our domicils on shore.

Henry William Herbert, extensively known throughout the United States and Graet Britain as an author of celebrity, and more especially for his works on sportmanship, under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Forester," committed suicide on Monday morning, at the Stevens House, Broadway, by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol. Though over fifty years of age he recently married a young lady of twenty, from whom he was separated a few weeks after marriage. He left several letters, from which it would appear that domestic differences led to commission of the rash act. WRATZ.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

They that never had the use
Of the grapes' surprising juice;
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do, nor care to know
Whether it be be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart.
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th'evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light;
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light;
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight. [WALLER.

AN EPIGRAM—FATHER ADAM.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side—
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

HAIL to the timely welcome of an inn!
Hail to the room where home and cheer begin!
Where all the frost-bound feelings melt away,
And soul-warm sympathies begin to play;
Where independence shows her manly mien,
And sterling traits of human life are seen!

—*R. Montgomery.*