The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XII.--NUMBER 34. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1860. 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 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

CHARLES REISSMANN,
CABINET MAKER, having erected a new and convenient Shop, on the South-east corner of Third and West streets, will be happy to receive and fill all orders in his calling. Repairing and re-fitting carefully and neatly done on short notice.
Coudersport, Nov. 8, 1859.-11-1y.

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

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,
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

LYMAN HOUSE,
C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12:11-1y.

D. L. & M. H. DANIELS,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Ready-Made Clothing, Crockery, Hardware, Books, Stationery, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Paints, Oils, &c., &c., Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. ☞Cash paid for Furs, Hides and Pelts. All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for trade.-12:20.

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.

Poet's Corner.

From the Atlantic Monthly, January.

SONG OF NATURE.

Mine are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

I hide in the blinding glory,
I lurk in the pealing song,
I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In death new-born and strong.

No numbers have counted my tallies,
No tribes my house can fill,
I sit by the shining Fount of life,
And pour the deluge still.

And ever by delicate powers
Gathering along the centuries
From race on race the fairest flowers,
My wreath shall nothing miss.

And many a thousand summers
My apples ripened well,
And light from meliorating stars
With firmer glory fell.

I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll,
The building in the coral sea,
The planting of the coal.

And thefts from satellites and rings
And broken stars I drew,
And out of spent and aged things
I formed the world anew.

What time the gods kept carnival,
Tricked out in star and flower,
And in cramp elf and saurian forms
They swathed their too much power.

Time and Thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They boiled the sea, and baked the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

But him—the man-child glorious,
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the West?
Will never my wheels, which whirl the sun
And satellites, have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades;
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves, and my cascades.

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;
What, without him, is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice I have moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day, and one of night,
And one of the salt-sea-sand.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again,
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, dry, wet, and peace and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race,—
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

No ray is dimned, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Choice Reading.

BORROWING AND LENDING; OR One Angry Moment.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"No," said Mr. Bray, looking up from the newspaper he was reading; and speaking with unusual sharpness of tone.

A young man, one of his clerks stood before him.

"Do you understand me? No—I said no! Send Mr Carleton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

The clerk had hesitated about sending back the rough refusal of Mr. Bray, to accommodate a neighbor with the loan of a couple of hundred dollars, within an hour of bank closing, even on an explanation that he was "short on a note." But at this emphatic confirmation of the first refusal, he turned from his employer and went forward to where the messenger of Mr. Carlton awaited an answer.

"I'm tired of this eternal borrowing," said Mr. Bray to himself, in justification of his angry refusal to accommodate a neighbor. "Why don't he make timely provision for his notes as I do, and not go money-hunting at the eleventh hour? I'm not going to reduce my bank balance to meet his careless deficiencies. There is too much of this idle dependence among traders to suit my notions of things."

But these words of justification did not bring the mind of Mr. Bray into a state of calm self-satisfaction. Reason did not approve his hastily uttered denial; and self-respect was hurt by this sudden ebullition of anger.

"Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

"I needn't just have said that!" Mr. Bray was already in a repentant mood. "I could have refused on any decent pretext. There was no call for an insulting denial."

Ah me! How blinding is sudden anger! For awhile, Mr. Bray sat communing with himself, and then taking up a pen drew a check for two hundred dollars. Calling to his clerk, he said,

"Here, Thomas, run with this to Mr. Carlton."

The young man took the check and went out hurriedly. He came back in a few minutes with the check in his hand.

"Way didn't he take it?" asked Mr. Bray, his face deepening in color as he put the question.

"He said he was much obliged to you, but Mr. Agnew had accommodated him."

Mr. Bray in a very quiet manner, tore the check into small fragments. He felt badly. Mr. Agnew had the reputation of being the roughest, most unaccommodating man in the neighborhood; while he took pride in the thought of being held in very different estimation. Even Mr. Agnew had exceeded him in amiable compliance and prompt business courtesy. He felt rebuked and humbled.

"O, dear! I wish I had a little decent self-control!" he said sharply to himself. "This quick feeling, and hasty action therefrom are always getting me into some kind of trouble."

As Mr. Bray walked homeward, after leaving his store that afternoon, he saw Mr. Carlton approaching at the distance of half a block ahead of him. He was conveniently near the corner of a street, and so taking the flag-stones he crossed over, and thus avoided meeting his neighbor.

"I don't like this," he said in some humiliation to himself, as he breathed a little more freely. "Skulking like a criminal don't suit me at all! Why should I fear to look any man in the face?"

Mr. Bray was usually a cheerful man at home; though he sometimes darkened the home-light for a season through fits of sudden passion that soon subsided. But even the briefly ruling tempest leaves, usually, some mighty traces of its course that requires many days of sunshine, gentle rains and refreshing dews to obliterate. It was so with the tempest of Mr Bray's too easily awakened anger. It never darkened the sky, nor swept fiercely along the earth without leaving its ugly marks behind.

But usually he was cheerful in his family, bringing home with him the bright, warm sunshine. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. The little act of discourtesy to Mr. Carlton had not only shadowed his feelings, but left his mind disturbed. He was just in a state to be annoyed by the merest trifles.

Two little boys were playing in the passage as he came in from the street. At the very moment of his entrance one of them hurt the other by accident. The latter screamed out, and, under the passionate impulse of the moment, charged his brother with striking him. In a different state of mind Mr. Bray would have tried a little moral suasion in the case, or, at least,, withheld punishment until he saw clearly that duty to his child required its administration. But now, obeying an unhappy impulse, he caught up the child who was charged with the offence of striking, and punished him with smarting strokes. At the moment of doing so the mother of the children, who had seen all that had passed between them, called out earnestly,

"Stop! stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident."

But this appeal came too late. The wrong had been done.

"It's a shame!" said the mother, who felt every painful blow the child had received, and who spoke from the moment's indignant impulse.

Mr. Bray did not feel any better. Setting the child down without venturing a reply to his wife's remark, he strode up stairs to the sitting-room, and threw himself into the great arm-chair. No one ventured near him for sometime; so he had fair opportunity for self-communion. At last, a toddling little curly-head, who generally hailed her father's return with joy, came sideling into the room, and with a half timid air made her way, by almost stealthy approaches, to the side of the moody man. Curiously she lifted her eyes to his clouded countenance; stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then clambered up and laid her golden tresses against his bosom. As she did so, the father's arms was drawn around her. But little curly-head was not, in her unselfish innocence, content with the sunshine of favor for herself alone.

"Pa!" Her voice had in it something of doubt.

"What is it, my little pet?" And Mr. Bray, who was penetrated by the child's sphere of tenderness, kissed her lips.

"Willy didn't hurt Eddy a purpose. He didn't strike him."

"But Eddy said that Willy struck him." The father sought to justify himself in the eyes of his child.

"Eddy only thought so," replied little curly-head. "Willy didn't strike him at all."

Mr. Bray said nothing; but he felt very uncomfortable. When the tea-bell rung, he went with little curly-head, to the dining-room. All the rest of the family had kept from him. Mrs. Bray looked particularly sober; and Willy, who had been set all right as to his conduct by his mother's declaration that he had not been guilty of striking, put on, to the life, an air of injured innocence. Mr. Bray did not speak once during the meal, but sat in silence with a heavily clouded brow.

For that evening the accustomed pleasant talks, cheerful, smiling faces, and merry laughter, were banished from the home of Mr. Henry Bray. A single moment of anger had done all this unhappy work. It was something better at the family re-union on the next morning. Sleep had wrought its usual work of restoring the mind to its better states, and calming its pulses to an even beat.

As Mr. Bray left his house something earlier than usual, and was walking along with his eyes cast down, thinking over certain matters of business that would require his attention, a man came to his side and in a pleasant voice, said,

"Good morning, Mr. Bray!"

The merchant glanced up, with heightening color, into the face of the person who had overtaken him in his rather deliberate walk. He knew the voice. It was that of Mr. Carlton.

"Good morning!" The response was not hearty. How could it be?

"I was sorry to trouble you yesterday," said Mr. Carlton, speaking in a frank, cheerful way. "But a friend to whom I had loaned a sum of money, disappointed me at the last moment, and I was compelled to borrow at an unseasonable hour. Your kind offer to serve me was none the less appreciated because I had no use for the check when you were so obliging as to send it in. Mr. Agnew had already supplied my trifling deficiency."

Now, what answer could Mr. Bray make to this? Was Mr. Carlton actually in earnest? Was he really so dull as not to have appreciated his rough, insulting message of the day before? Or, was this courteous acknowledgment of an almost extorted favor a rebuking piece of irony?

"It would have gratified me if you had used the check," replied Mr. Bray, his voice a little below its usual firmness of tone. "It was tendered in all sincerity."

"I never doubted that for an instant," said Mr. Carlton, as if surprised that his neighbor should intimate, even remotely, a question of his right appreciation of the favor. "Mr. Bray's reputation as a courteous, gentlemanly merchant, and a kind hearted man, forbid any other inference."

Now, this Mr. Bray felt was crowding him a little too hard; and he was considerably annoyed. "Tell Mr. Carlton that I neither borrow or lend." Could he forget that rough answer to his neighbor's request for a couple of hundred dollars, at a late hour in the day, when his bank account was still short? No. He could not forget it; and that his neighbor's compliments upon his mercantile and manly virtue, sounded too much like covert rebuke to be in the smallest measure agreeable. So he changed the subject by referring to some general topic, and managed to appear interested, until, their ways diverging they parted with courteous forms of speech.

"I don't like that," said Mr. Bray, to himself, as he walked on alone. "All this is mere hypocritical assumption; and under the circumstances, I can scarcely regard it as less than insulting; and if he talks again to me after this fashion, I will tell him so."

The opportunity soon occurred. It was, perhaps, about twelve, when the merchant saw Mr. Carlton enter his store, and come back to where he was sitting at his desk. There was a familiar smile upon his countenance, and he looked altogether self-possessed.

"Good morning, again," said he, with much apparent frankness.

"Good morning." Mr. Bray tried to be pleasant, and tried to assume a perfectly composed exterior, but the elements of excitement were moving within him. There was always a point beyond which self-control was impossible, and he felt that Mr. Carlton was pressing him beyond that point. In his uncourteous refusal to lend him two hundred dollars he had done wrong; but to the best of his ability he had endeavored to repair that wrong, and Mr. Carlton should have accepted his tender of repentance and not insulted him by throwing Mr. Agnew in his face along with his rejected loan. Mr. Agnew!—Known throughout the trade as one of the most uncourteous and disobliging of men? In that act he had given a sufficient rebuke; and there, in Mr. Bray's opinion, he should be willing to let the matter rest.

But it seemed that Mr. Carlton felt differently, as he had shown in his ironical reference to the matter at their last meeting on the street; and it was plain to Mr. Bray, from the manner of his neighbor, that he had come to annoy him again with some reference to a circumstance that he desired to forget as quickly as possible. He was not altogether mistaken. Following the "Good morning again," of Mr. Carlton, succeeded this sentence, as spoken with all the cheerful frankness of a man in earnest.

"Your kindness yesterday makes me a little presuming to-day. I will take that check now if you have it to spare. My friend has disappointed me again, and I have several payments to make."

The smile had faded from Mr. Carlton's face ere this sentence was finished, for, instead of meeting a countenance of kind compliance—stern, almost flashing eyes, looked steadily into his, and compressed lips gave warning of a refusal.

"There has been enough of this already!" said Mr. Bray, with repressed excitement.

"Enough of what?" Mr. Carlton looked surprised.

"Enough of insulting reference to my act of yesterday!" answered Mr. Bray.

"Insulting! What do you mean?" And Mr. Carlton drew himself up and looked quite as indignant as his neighbor.

"My words are very plain. You understand the king's English, I presume?"

"I had supposed so. But yours is a dialect with which I am not familiar, and I must beg you to supply the glossary?"

"Let me do that," said the clerk, stepping forward at this juncture.

"Do so, if you please, and I will be a thousand times obliged." And Mr. Carlton moved back a pace or two, awaiting the clerk's explanation.

"Permit me!" the clerk looked at Mr. Bray.

"Say on, Thomas," was answered.

"When Mr. Carlton sent in for the two hundred dollars yesterday, you were annoyed about something, and returned rather an uncourteous refusal—one altogether so unlike yourself that I could not do you the injustice of letting it pass to your neighbor unqualified. So I softened the refusal to make it sound as much like a regret for not complying as I possibly could. I knew you would think and feel differently in a few moments, and I was not mistaken, as the offered check proved. That is the glossary, Mr. Carlton, and I trust that it will make all clear. Did I do right, Mr. Bray?" The young man turned, with a half timid look to his rather passionate employer whose moods were of so uncertain a character that it was hard to calculate the direction of their impulse. A moment of silence passed, and then Mr. Bray said, with feeling,

"Right, Thomas, right! And I thank you for your judicious conduct."

The young man bowed, and retired to wait upon a customer.

For a little while the two men stood looking at each other, each so impressed with the ludicrousness of the scene that the muscles of risibility were all in play.

"You have the glossary," said Mr. Bray, at length, a broad smile covering his face.

"Giving the clearest meaning to your words, a moment ago so full of mystery," was answered, with as broad a smile in return.

"You won't refuse my check, I presume," and Mr. Bray turned to his desk.

"Just try me," said Mr. Carlton, in a voice that left no doubt of his meaning.

"Will two hundred be sufficient?"

"You can make it three, if you are over to-day."

"Three hundred it is, Mr. Carlton," said the merchant, the thermometer of whose feelings had risen from zero to summer heat, "and whenever I can accommodate you in matters of this kind, don't fail to command me. If, as it may happen sometimes, I should be a little unamiable, my clerk there will act as a cushion, and prevent you feeling the shock of my temporary ill-nature. I didn't know before that I had so discreet an assistant."

There was a warmer atmosphere in the house of Mr. Bray on the evening that succeeded this rather cloudy morning, than on the one which preceded, when the shadow of a single angry moment was large and dense enough to cover the whole household with a leaden pall. Little curly-head leaped into her father's arms almost upon the instant of his return, and hugged him with all the outgushing love of her innocent heart; and Eddy and Willy, the trouble of the past evening forgotten, were ready for their game of romps, and enjoyed it to their heart's content. The mother, too, was smiling and happy. That evening was marked as one of the green places in their home-life; and, but for the impulsive act of a single angry moment, the previous evening, would have left with every heart as sweet a remembrance.—*Home Magazine.*

Our Foremothers.

Some good-natured wag, zealous for the honor of womanhood, has given utterance to the following tribute to his ancestry on the female side. It is well done, and well worth the reading:

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Good to work, eat or fight. Very well. But where are their companions, their "chums," who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched up their breeches? Who almost involved themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to the babies—who trained up the boys? Our foremothers.

Who landed at James river, and came over in the Mayflower, and established the other early settlements? Were there not any women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors, especially, make a powerful talk about the Pilgrim Fathers, who squatted upon Plymouth, and there is a great ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves with crowing over freedom; and chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion; and our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of William Penn and his associates; but with all the blarney so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about our foremothers? Didn't they land on a rock, too? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, didn't they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions?

Who ushered us into the world—our forefathers? Bah! No, indeed, it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Antony Wayne, Ben Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other worthies whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our foremothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody.

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round-shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm at the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.

We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the good book tells us to "render unto Cæsar," etc., and we wish to speak a word for woman, generally, and, especially, for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time, and the one-sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.

Political.

Slavery in the Territories—Mission and Policy of the Republican Party.

The following are the closing paragraphs of a recent very able speech in Congress by the Hon. C. B. Sedgwick, of New York, in which he proved that the Republican party is the result of Southern aggression:

And so I contend that no citizen in a Republic discharges his duty who fails to bring an infamous law into public odium and disgrace, and steadfastly to resist its encroachments. So old Eleazer taught, when he refused to eat the flesh abhorred by his conscience and his religion, or even to seem to eat it; and rather than submit to the law which demanded it, went manfully to the torment, lest he should bring reproach upon his gray hairs and the excellency of his ancient and honorable years; and so he died, leaving a notable example of courage, not to young men, only, but to all generations. This was the teaching of Milton, and Hampden, and Sidney; and in our own age and land, of Otis, and Adams, and the patriots and martyrs of the Revolution. And I regard it as a sign of the degeneracy of the times, that the test of good citizenship in a free Government has come to be blind and unresisting submission to judicial or legislative, any more than to executive tyranny; and "if this be treason, make the most of it."

In 1854, the act familiarly called the Kansas-Nebraska act was passed. In it, under a flimsy and dishonest pretence, the Missouri compromise was repealed. This act shocked the public sense of justice and fair dealing. It was believed, and is true, that the South had received all the benefits which they had ever justly expected under that compact, and repealed it as soon as they found it in the way of their changed territorial policy. For myself, I have never regretted its repeal, and never would consent to its restoration. It has removed all trammels and all feelings of delicacy in Northern minds, and has left them free to judge, upon the merits, whether slavery is a good, safe, and desirable institution for an infant State. And it settles the question of more slave States; for if slavery is prevented in the Territories, it is practically excluded from