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 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 promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-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

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, 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. : : : : : : : : : : : : 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

LYMAN HOUSE,
C. 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.

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 accomodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞ All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1:35.

POETRY.

[*From the Atlantic Monthly for September.*]

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

POLITICAL.

The Impossibility of Disunion.

Extract from the Speech of CARL SCHURZ, at Verandah Hall, St. Louis, Aug. 1, 1860.

I will not compare the resources of the South, in men and money, to those of the North, although statistical statements would demonstrate the overwhelming superiority of the latter. We can afford to be liberal, and for argument sake, admit that the South will equal the North in numbers; and if they insist upon it, excel us in martial spirit. But it requires very little knowledge of military matters to understand that, aside of numbers, equipment, courage and discipline, the strength of any army consists in its ability to concentrate its forces at all times upon the decisive point. Providence is on the side of the battalions, said Napoleon. That means not that victory will always be with the most numerous army, but with that which is always able to appear in strength where the decisive blow is to be struck. An army that is always scattered over a large surface, is properly speaking, no army at all. Even by a much less numerous, but concentrated enemy, it will be beaten in detail, division after division; it is defeated before having lost a man. This is plain.

The South thinks of going to war for the benefit and protection of slavery.—But slavery is not merely an abstract principle; slavery consists materially in the individual slaves—in so and so many millions of human chattels, scattered over so and so many thousands of square miles. In order to protect slavery, it is essential that the slave-holders be protected in the possession of their slaves.

I say, therefore, that slavery cannot be protected in general without being protected in detail. But how can you protect it in detail. By guarding fifteen hundred miles of northern frontier and two thousand miles of sea coast against an enemy who is perfectly free in his movemens, and aided by an extensive railroad system, always able to concentrate his forces wherever he pleases? It is impossible; the dullest understanding sees it. It may be said that it will not be necessary; indeed, for the free States it would not; they may, in order to concentrate their forces, expose their Territory; for the damage done by an invasion is easily repaired. The retreating invader cannot carry the liberties of the invaded country away with him. [Cheers.] Not so with slavery. A northern anti-slavery army, or even a small flying corps invading a slave-holding State, would perhaps not systematically liberate the slaves, but at all events it would hardly squander much time and health in catching the runaways. [Applause and laughter.] The probability, therefore, is, that wherever a northern army appears, the slaves disappear, and slavery with them—at least for the time being. Invade a free State, and the restoration of liberty, after the attack is repulsed, requires only the presence of freemen. [Cheers.]—But the restoration of slavery will require capital; that capital consisted principally in the slaves; the slaves have run away, and with them the capital necessary for the restoration of slavery. [Cheers.]

The slave States, therefore, cannot expose territory without leaving unprotected the institution, for the protection of which the war was undertaken. They have to cover thousands and thousands of vulnerable points, for every plantation is an open wound, every negro cabin a sore. Every border or seaboard slave State will need her own protection; and where will be the material for the concentrated army? Scattered over thousands of miles without the possibillity of concentration.

Besides, the slave States harbor a dangerous enemy within their own boundaries, and that is slavery itself. Imagine they are at war with an anti-slavery people, whom they have exasperated by their own hostility. What will be the effect on the slaves? The question is not whether the North will instigate a slave rebellion, for I suppose they will not; the question is, whether they can prevent it, and I think they cannot. But the mere anticipation of a negro insurrection (and the heated imagination of the slaveholder will discover symptoms of a rebellious spirit in every trifle,) will paralyze the whole South. Do you remember the effect of John Brown's attempt? The severest blow he struck at the slave power was not that he disturbed a town and killed several citizens, but that he revealed the weakness of the whole South. Let Gov. Wise of Virginia carry out his threatened invasion of the free States, not with 23, but with 2,300 followers at his heels—what will be the result? As long as they behave themselves we shall let them alone; but as soon as they create any disturbance they will be put into the station house; and the next day we shall read in the newspapers of some Northern city, among the reports of the police court.—"Henry A. Wise and others, for disorderly conduct, fined $5 and costs."—[Loud laughter and applause.] Or, if he has made an attempt on any man's life, or against our institutions, he will most certainly find a Northern jury proud enough to acquit him, on the ground of incorrigible mental derangement. [Continued applause and laughter.]

Our pictorial prints will have material for caricatures for two issues, and a universal peal of laughter will ring to the skies from Maine to California. And there is the end of it. But behold John Brown with 23 men raising a row at Harper's Ferry; the whole South frantic with terror; the whole State of Virginia in arms; troops marching and countermarching as if the battle of Austerlitz was to be fought over again; innocent cows shot as blood-thisty invaders, and even the evening song of the whippo-wills mistaken for the battle cry of rebellion. [Incessant laughter.] And those are the men who will expose themselves to the chances of war with any anti-slavery people? Will they not look upon every captain as a John Brown, and every sergeant or private as a Coppic or Stevens? They will not have men enough to quiet their fears at home, what will they have to oppose the enemy? Every township will want its home regiment, every plantation its garrison; and what will be left for the field army? No sooner will a movement of concentration be attempted than the merest panic will undo and frustrate it forever. Themistocles might say that Greece was on his ships; a French general might say that the Republic was in his camp; but slavery will be neither on the ships nor in the camp; it will be spread defenceless over thousands of square miles. This will be their situation; either they concentrate their forces, and slavery will be exposed everywhere; or they do not concentrate them, and their strength will be nowhere.—They want war. Let them try it! They will try it but once. [Great applause.] And thus it turns out, that the very same thing that would be the cause of the war, would at the same time render them unable to carry on the war. The same institution that wants protection, will at the same time disarm its protectors. Yes, slavery which can no longer be defended with arguments, can no longer be defended with arms.

There is your dissolution of the Union. The Southern States cannot desire it, for it would defeat the very objects for which it might be undertaken; they cannot attempt it, for slavery would lay them helpless at the feet of the North. Slavery, which makes it uncomfortable to stay in the Union, makes it impossible for them to go out of it. What then, will the South do, in case of a Republican victory? I answer that question with another one. What *can* the South do in case of a Republican victory? Will there be a disturbance? The people of the South themselves will have to put it down.—Will they submit? Not to Northern dictation, but to their own good sense? They have considered us their enemies as long as they ruled us; they will find out that we are their friends as soon as we cease to be their subjects. They have dreamed so long of the blessing of slavery; they will open their eyes again to the blessings of liberty. They will discover that they are not conquered, but liberated. Will slavery die out? As surely as freedom will *not* die out. (Loud applause.]

Slaveholders of America, I appeal to you. Are you really in earnest when you speak of perpetuating Slavery? Shall it never cease? Never? Stop and consider where you are and in what days you live.

This is the nineteenth century. Never, since mankind has a recollection of times gone by, has the human mind disclosed such wonderful powers. The hidden forces of nature we have torn from their mysterious concealment and yoked them into the harness of usefulness; they carry our thoughts over slender wires to distant nations; they pull the gigantic oars of our ships; they set in motion the iron fingers of our machinery; they will soon plow our fields and gather our crops. The labor of the brain has exalted to a mere bridling and controlling of natural forces, the labor of the hand—and you think you can perpetuate a system which reduces MAN, however degraded, yet capable of development, to the level of a soulless machine?

This is the world of the nineteenth century. The last remnants of feudalism in the old world are fast disappearing.—The Czar of Russia, in the fullness of his imperial power, is forced to yield to the irresistible march of human progress, and abolishes serfdom. Even the Sultan of Turkey can no longer maintain the barbarous customs of the Moslem against the pressure of the century, and slavery disappears. And you, citizens of a Republic, you think you can arrest the wheel of progress with your Dred Scott decisions and Democratic platforms. [Enthusiastic cheers.]

Look around you and see how lonesome you are in this world of ours. As far as modern civilization throws its rays, what people, what class of society is there like you? Cry out into the world your wild and guilty fantasy of property in man, and every echo responds with a cry of horror or contempt; every breeze, from whatever point of the compass it may come, brings you a verdict of condemnation. There is no human heart that sympathises with your cause, unless it sympathises with the cause of despotism in every form. There is no human voice to cheer you on in your struggle; there is no human eye that has a tear for your reverses; no link of sympathy between the common cause of the great human brotherhood and you. You hear of emancipation in Russia, and wish it should fail. You hear of Italy rising, and fear the spirit of liberty should become contagious. Where all mankind rejoices, you tremble. Where all mankind curses, you sympathise.

And in this appalling solitude you stand alone against a hopeful world, alone against a great country, fighting your hopeless fight, hopeless as the struggle of the Indian against the onward march of civilization. Exhaust all the devices which the inventive genius of despotism may suggest, and yet how can you resist? In every village school house, the little children who learn to read and write, are plotting against you; in every laboratory of science, in every machine shop, the human mind is working the destruction of your idol. You cannot make an attempt to keep pace with the general progress of mankind, without plotting against yourselves. Every steam whistle, every puffing locomotive is sounding the shriek of liberty into your ear. From the noblest instincts of our hearts down to the sordid greediness of gain, every impulse of human nature is engaged in this universal conspiracy. How can you resist? Where are your friends in the North? Your ever ready supporters are scattered to the winds as by enchantment, never to unite again. Hear them trying to save their own fortunes, swear with treacherous eagerness that they have nothing in common with you. And your opponents? Your boasts have lost their charm, your threats have lost their terrors upon them. The attempt is idle to cloak the sores of Lazarus with the lion skin of Hercules. We know you. Every one of your boasts is understood as a disguised moan of weakness—every shout of defiance as a disguised cry for mercy. That game is played out. Do not deceive yourselves. This means not only the destruction of a party—this means the defeat of a cause. Be shrewder than the shrewdest, braver than the bravest—it is all in vain, your cause is doomed.

And in the face of all this you insist upon hugging, with dogged stubbornness, your fatal infatuation! Why not, with manly boldness, swing round into the grand march of progressive humanity? You say it cannot be done to-day. Can it be done to-morrow! Will it be easier twenty, fifty years hence, when the fearful increase of negro population will have aggravated the evils of slavery an hundred fold, and with it the difficulties of its extinction? Did you ever think of this? The final crisis will come, with the inexorable certainty of fate, the more terrible the longer it is delayed. Will you content yourselves with the criminal words—"after me the deluge?" Is that the inheritance you mean to leave to coming generations? an inheritance of disgrace, blood, destruction? Hear me, slaveholders of America! If you have no sense for the natural rights of the black man, no appreciation of your own interests, have you no hearts for your children?

I hear the silly objection that your sense of honor forbids you to desert your cause. Sense of honor! Imagine a future generation standing around the tombstone of the bravest of you, and reading the inscription; "Here lies a gallant man who fought and died for the cause—of human slavery." What will the verdict be? His very progeny, unable to realise the peculiar chain of ideas which bound him to his peculiar institution, will exclaim, "He was either a knave or a fool!" There is not one of you who, if he could rise from the dead a century hence, into the purified atmosphere of an age more enlightened and humane, would not gladly exchange his epitaph for that of the meanest of those who were hung at Charlestown.

Sense of honor! Since when has it become dishonorable to give up the errors of yesterday for the truths of to-day? to prevent future disasters by timely reforms? Since when has it ceased to be the highest glory to sacrifice one's prejudices and momentary advantages upon the altar of the common weal? But those who seek their glory in stubbornly resisting what is glorious, must find their end in inglorious misery.

I turn to you, Republicans of Missouri: Your countrymen owe you a debt of admiration and gratitude to which my poor voice can give but a feeble expression. You have undertaken the noble task of showing the people of the North that the slaveholding States themselves contain the elements of peaceable regeneration; and of demonstrating to the South how that regeneration can be affected. You have inspired the wavering masses with confidence in the practicability of our ideas. To the North you have given encouragement; to the South you have set an example. Let me entreat you not to underrate your noble vocation. Struggle on, brave men! The anxious wishes of millions are hovering around you. Struggle on, until the banner of emancipation is planted upon the capitol of your State, and one of the proudest chapters of our history will read: Missouri led the van, and the nation followed!

MISCELLANY.

The First Kind Word.

"Was your lesson difficult?" kindly enquired a young teacher of a ragged uncouth looking lad of about ten years, who was one of her class which had just finished a recitation,—"was your lesson difficult, my boy?"

The boy thus addressed, raised his large gray eyes with an enquiring look, as if to satisfy himself that words, breathed in so sweet a tone, were intended for him; but, as he met his teacher's gentle gaze, they fell and, drooping his head, he forebore to reply. His teacher perceiving that he felt the rebuke, and deeming it sufficient, said no more, and dismissed the class. This lad, Johnny by name, was the son of poor parents, both of whom were habituated to the use of ardent spirits, and of course, grossly neglected their children, beating and abusing them as their excited passions prompted; seldom and perhaps never let from their lips a word of kindly interest even, much less of love.

Johnny being of a mischievous temperament, was the recipient of unbounded harshness; but to this disposition he owed the privilege of attendance at the village school, whither he was sent to "be out of the way." This was the first day he had been under the care of the present teacher, whom I will call Miss Almer. Johnny possessed a quick and retentive mind, and when he chose to apply himself could stand at the head of his class.

But his half-learned lessons came oftener than his perfect ones, and always brought him a severe reprimand, and often a chastisement, which seemed to have no other effect than to harden and debase him. Growing up under such influences at home and at school, he became a morose and ill tempered boy, disliked and shunned by his schoolmates on whom he sought to revenge himself by all the petty annoyances his fertile brain could devise. Such was the lad when he became the pupil of Miss Almer. She had rebuked him for his first error gently, as was her wont, and trusting to the potency of such reproof, had dismissed him from her mind; but not so easily were the kind words forgotten by the poor boy, to whom so gentle a tone was so rare as to awaken astonishment. It fell among the rude thoughts and feelings of his heart, as a flower among thorns. It was to his ear, that was wont to catch only the harsh tones of unkindness, as a strain of sweet melody after a jarring discord. Oh! why do we so often withhold that which costs so little to give, and yet may prove such a treasure to the receiver?—But to the story. Miss Almer lingered at the school room till all the pupils had left, and was walking alone homeward when this to her, trifling event of the day, was brought to her mind, by observing Johnny sitting by the roadside, apparently waiting for her. When she came to him, he rose and offered her a nosegay of violets, saying, "Please ma'am will you take these?"

"Certainly, Johnny, they are very sweet, and the finest I have seen this season; I love them dearly, and you too for bringing them to me."

She had taken the boy's hand in her's despite its disgusting appearance, and, as she finished speaking, his eyes were lifted to her's with the same expression as in the morning, and a tear was making a furrow through the dirt that begrimmed his face.

"Johnny, what is the matter?" asked his teacher, in surprise.

"What you said," falteringly uttered the boy. "Do you love me?"

"Indeed I do," was Miss Almer's reply. "But something must trouble you. Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, you have done more for me than any one else, for nobody ever loved me before; but I thought you did when you did'nt scold me for not getting my lesson. But I'm a dreadful boy! you don't know it all."

"Well, tell me all," answered his teacher, touched by the earnestness of his manner. So saying she led him to a large stone, and bade him sit by her there, and as he unfolded his tale of wrongs done as well as received, she mingled her tears with his, which flowed freely. They sat long, and ere they parted, she had given rest to his eager heart by promising ever to be his friend.

The next morning Johnny was missed from his place at school, and at the close of school, Miss Almer called at the rude hut which had been his home, to learn the cause of his absence, and to her surprise, found it vacated. Whither the people had gone no one knew.

Many years after this, (fifteen I think,) Miss Almer was visiting far away from this scene of her early labors, and during her visit attended a meeting for teachers. Remarks were offered and experiences related, by many laborers in the good work of instructing youth, and, at length a gentleman rose and expressed a wish to say a word to a band of teachers on the power of kindness, and in the course of his remarks, related the story I have given above, closing with these or nearly these words:—

"I am that lad; those were the first words of kindness I remember ever to have had addressed me. They have been my talisman, my guiding star through life. They have made me what I am, God helping me, it shall be the aim of my life to reward the friend of my youth, in the only way in my power, namely, by precept and example, and the influence of the divine principle of love which actuated her."

Miss Almer listened to this recital with an agitated heart, for she recognized in the speaker the little Johnny whom she had never forgotten. She sought an interview, and learned his history. How, after leaving his early home, the love of virtue, which she had roused in his bosom, was ever leading him away from his evil courses, and urging him to a higher life.

Need we say to any teacher who may read this, "Go thou and do likewise?" All may not meet with so speedy a reward as did Miss Almer; but let us remember that the time is not yet, and if we labor faithfully, we may hope that the guerdon shall yet be ours to find that some poor soul has been rescued from degradation by our endeavors, to shine forever, a star in the Savior's coronet!

A harsh word will kill, where a gentle one will make alive.—*Independent.*

How "weather-wise" are you? We all *like* to be thought "good authorities" on the subject, and the following hints may be valuable:—"The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning.

The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unnatural hues betoken wind or rain; while the quiet and delicate tints bespeaking fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men."

EVERY CITIZEN!
OF POTTER COUNTY,
On the ground of Self-Interest alone, ought to be a Subscriber to the JOURNAL.