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The Pass of the Sierra.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The grey bear from his den,
Beyond their camp fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow; at last, a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men!" he cried; "yon rocky camp,
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen home
On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the storm cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys wood-embosomed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the winter at their backs,
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band!
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear,
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Fremont! and go before;
The hour must have its Man;
Put on the hunting shirt once more,
And leap in Freedom's van!

THE PILOT'S STORY.

Many years ago when I was so small a boy as to hardly recollect it now, my brother and myself were placed on board one of the St. Lawrence river steamers as cabin boys and waiters, with a view to become pilots when we were older. That was nearly fifty years ago, and wheelboats were not fitted up in the style they are now, nor were good pilots a thing to be found every day. We had run up and down several times, when one morning we stopped at Brookville to take on board, as usual, a government pilot to guide us down the river.

It was late in the season and we had a strong wind the night before, leaving the river rough, and our usual pilot had hired work to keep the boat in its proper rack, while it brought us into Brookville two hours later than the usual time. The clouds over head still looked cold, and the wind blew fresh and strong, when making all possible haste, we again put out of the harbor and were soon bounding on our way. Throughout the morning I had noticed an anxious look on the captain's face, which bespoke his uneasiness about the final termination of our journey.

We had a good many passengers on board, and although we usually reached Montreal by four o'clock in the afternoon, we should be delayed until six, if not later. Above ten miles this side of La Chine, a storm of rain commenced, which rendered it almost impossible to guide the boat at all, while the rapids of that name, the most terrific in the whole river, were yet to be passed. The pilot was one of the best on the route, but a man of passionate temper, with a peculiar, dogged look. Between him and the ordinary boat pilot there existed an old grudge, which once or twice led to blows, when they came in contact with each other. That morning, when passing one of the higher falls, they stood together at the wheel, when, owing to the strong current of water, and the almost exhausted strength of him who guided us all the night, one spoke of the wheel slipped from his hands and nearly caused an accident of a pretty serious nature. This annoyed his companion and hard words passed between them, since which time a sullen silence had been preserved.

When about two miles above the La Chine rapids, some of the rigging aloft gave way and the night pilot mounted the upper deck with a ladder, and attempted to make it fast. The wind blew fiercely, and while exerting all his strength to stay the mischief, he lost his hold and fell, the ladder coming down directly on the head of our government aid, wounding him severely. Not pausing to look at the mischief, he seized the unfortunate man, and with almost superhuman strength,

lifted him above the boat railing. The other, quickly guessing his meaning, unwinding his arms around the neck of his companion they fell in the boiling flood below. We lowered the life-boats as quickly as possible, ropes were thrown out and every effort made to save them—but in vain. They rose to the surface of the water still locked in each other's arms, and then sank from our view forever.

The boat now rapidly rushed on, coming near the frightful rapid, while terror-struck faces were around us, at the thought that no master was near to guide us through the dark passage below. The scene which we had just been called to witness only made our situation more terrible, while wild and fearful eyes around us bespoke the agonizing apprehension of the passengers and crew as we went plunging madly to destruction, scarcely half a mile from the gulf, whose dashing waves we could distinctly hear. The captain had frankly told us of his inability to guide us through the perilous passage, while the deck, gangway and cabin were filled with men, women and children, some of whom were praying, some weeping, others intensely crazy with an agony too intense for utterance—Women eagerly clutched their children, and husbands pressed their wives to their bosoms with only the hope of dying together. The captain stood at the wheel, assisted by one of the passengers, vainly endeavoring to hold out to the last and until every effort should prove fruitless while with strained eyes and looks of despair, they gazed through the almost blinding storm upon the craggy rocks, lifting high their gray, bare heads out the water, and upon which they expected every moment to be dashed.

Just as frenzy had begun to calm down into sober earnest preparation for the doom which awaited us, their came out of the state-room a fair young creature, over whose head scarce sixteen summers has passed. She was of medium height, and fair as the lily of the northern clime. She donned a dress of plain black stuff, while the coat of one of the deceased pilots was buttoned tightly around her slight form. Her face was ashy pale as she mounted the stairway, and with her hair disheveled by the wind, she exclaimed, in a voice which rang clear as the notes of a bugle above the storm:

"I know something of this Lachine rapid, and will use my best endeavors to guide you, although we have everything of wind and water against us. Let two of you who are the strongest and most self-possessed stand by me at the wheel, while the rest invoke His aid who ever stilled the tempest, to guard our life-laden bark safely through the troubled waters!"

As if in derision of her matchless courage, the mad waves dashed higher, while the thunder pealed a loud defiance to her words. With pale face and lips compressed, she took her station at the wheel, while two powerful men stood by to aid her as far as possible. With a firm hand she raised the glass and swept the scene before her; bidding them to have courage, the boat entered upon its fearful course, bounding onward, as if conscious of the hand that guided its destiny. Her orders were given in clear, loud tones, while she stood proudly erect her eyes brightened into a darker blue, until one would have fancied her the ruling spirit of the storm. The water dashed against the side of the boat, crowning her fair head with glittering drops; yet still she stood unheeding, while not an eye in all that group but gazed in mingled awe and confidence upon that delicate form—Once again the spoke of the wheel slipped from the grasp of him that held it, but a fair hand arrested its progress and stayed the destruction which otherwise would have followed its swerve from duty. Onward sped the noble bark, when darkness shut the last rock from our sight, one deafening shout rose high above the storm for her who had so bravely guided us through the shadow of death.

She would receive no thanks for herself, but bidding us "give thanks to Him whose voice ever ruleth the storm," she retired to her state-room, and was lost to view.

Around the cabin-table that night, about an hour before we entered the harbor of Montreal, we learned her history. She was the daughter of the merchant who owned the line of boats, one of which she had just saved from ruin. Her mother died when she was a child, and her father had, yielding to her wishes, allowed her to accompany him in the boat of which he was captain. By degrees she had become acquainted with every bend in that beautiful river, while calm and storm alike brought scenes of beauty to her eye. She was now on her way to visit some friends in Quebec, where her father proposed joining her to spend the winter.

A gentleman artist sketched a likeness on a leaf of his portfolio, as she stood at

the wheel, wrapped in the pilot's coat, with the glass in her hand; and her full-length portrait still graces the gallery of fine arts in Montreal. Many a rough hand grasped the snowy fingers at parting, and many a blessing crowned that noble head.

A magnificent diamond bracelet, bearing upon an inside plate the name of the vessel and date of the occurrence, was presented to her about a week after her arrival in Quebec, by the passengers who were on board at the time, while loud and triumphant were the praises borne to the ears of a fond parent of the noble conduct of that frail but fearless one who had braved the dangers before which stout hearts and strong forms had quailed.

"And what became of her afterwards?" I inquired.

"She married an officer in Quebec, and her children still live there. One is a noble boy, or rather a man now, and plows the ocean in one of the noble battle-ships of England."

A RISKY BUSINESS.

I Tell you, sir, it is a risky business to touch the brain. A minister of the Gospel told me of a member of his congregation, "as noble a fellow as ever lived—generous—there was not a member of his church that gave as much as he, though only a member of the congregation, for the support of the Gospel; rich—sleeping partner in a firm in New York; with a wife and one child; living in good style. The only fault the minister had to find with him was, he would occasionally take a glass of wine, and would give it to the young men; and he said he had often talked with him about it. One day he saw him playing with his boy, and asked him—"Do you love your son?" "Love him! noble little fellow! I love him better than my own life." "You would not bar him?" "Harm him! hurt my boy! Never!" "Now you never thought that a glass of wine—" "Stop you are a fanatic; I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point. The idea of a glass of wine hurting this boy—that I am going to ruin my child! Let this be a taboued question between us. I have no patience to hear you talk so foolishly about it."—It was about six weeks after that one of the partners in the house came to see him on some business, and they rode to a manufacturing town about twelve miles distant. He was one of those men—mighty to drink wine, and a map of strength to mingle strong drink; and there is no blessing pronounced on such men that we can find in the Bible—but he drank this man drunk for the first time in his life; and when they got to the hotel the city gentleman lay ghed at his maudlin companion, and said, "I wonder what his wife will say to that?" Returning, they drove up to the gate, and the child, with mother, was on the marble steps, waiting for papa. In stepping from the carriage, the drunken man's foot caught in the reins, and he stumbled. If he had been sober he would have kept hold of the reins and the accident could not have happened. But it made him angry, his self-control was disturbed, and he took the boy by the shoulder, twisted him around, and threw him down. As he was unable to walk, they carried him into the hall, and laid him on a settee, he fell off that on the floor, and went to sleep.

This clergyman told me—"They sent for me, and I never spent such a night in my life. There lay that child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—sleep, with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled in blood, lying in another room—sleep, with two physicians trying to save the life of his wife—asleep under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was a fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him." "You cannot." "I must, I will! Where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "I must see him—I must see my boy!" They took him into the room, and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him he cried out, "Oh, my God!" and fell back senseless."—That clergyman told me—and I have his name in my note-book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay side by side with his wife and child."

Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is a risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—J. B. Gough.

WHEELS ON PROWS.—David White, Bergen Co., N. J. The best way to secure a uniform depth in plowing is to use a wheel under the end of the beam. An unskillful plowman can make better work with this addition than a good hand without it.

Farewell to the Swallows.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves,
See ye not the gather'd sheaves,
See ye not the falling dew?
Farewell!
Is it not time to go
To that fair land ye know?
The breezes as they swell,
Of coming winter tell,
And from the trees shake down
The brown
And withered leaves. Farewell!

Swallows, it is time to fly:
See ye not the altered sky?
Know ye not that winter's night?
Farewell!
Go, fly in noisy bands
To those far distant lands
Of gold, and pearl, and shell,
And gem (of which they tell
In books of travel strange):
There range
In happiness. Farewell!

Swallows, on your pinions glide
O'er the restless rolling tide
Of the ocean deep and wide;
Farewell!

In groves far, far away,
In summer's sunny ray
In warmer regions dwell;
And then return to tell
Strange tales of foreign lands,
In bands
Perch'd on the eaves. Farewell!

Swallows, I could almost pray
That I, like you, might fly away,
And to each coming evil say—
Farewell!

Yet 'tis my fate to live
Here, and with cares to strive,
And I some day may tell
How they before me fell.
Conquered, then calmly die,
And cry
"Trials and toils—Farewell!"

NOVEMBER.

No sooner had the first frost fallen, though it be on the first day of Autumn, than people begin to talk of the Indian Summer, as if that period were as well settled and as easily discerned as the regular seasons. Having recently consulted the clerk of the weather, we propose to post our readers upon this most charming period of the year. Whittier with a true poetic instinct has given us a complete picture of one of these Indian Summer days. We see the seeming mist which is no mist at all, for the morning is as dry as a July morning in drought. A soft haze hangs over field and forest, subduing the radiance of the sun, even at midday. It is this unusual diminished light that throws such a charm over the landscape. The clear outline of objects, so noticeable in a brilliant Summer day, is no longer visible, and the imagination is called into play, to fill up the defective vision. The islands that he stumbling on the distant sea, or lake, are elevated, and so seem to have come nearer to us, as if they had changed their places in the night. The trees look taller, and the hills grow higher, the rocks are magnificent, and the distant plain has a wider expanse. The deep luxuriant green of Summer has gone, but the landscape looks far more beautiful than in its richest dress. We have the "dim religious light" under the open sky, and every object seems glorified. The feelings very naturally take the hue of surrounding objects, and we look forth upon nature with a sober quiet enjoyment, a perfect contrast to the rapture with which we hail the bright skies, and the opening flowers of Spring.

Every one must be conscious at this season, of the stringing of some more powerful principle within him than mere animal life. The spiritual nature is quickened, and there is a longing after something higher and better than earth can give. The stillness that reigns everywhere, the sober hues of the landscape, the falling leaves, and the bare fields, are powerful aids to reflection, and the mind, released from the pressing cares of Summer, now falls into genial musing.—This is one reason, probably, why these days are so enjoyable. Faculties that with multitudes are partially suspended under the pressure of business, are now called into the highest activity.

These Indian Summer days are too beautiful to come all together, or to last long. They begin earliest at the far North, and follow the retiring Summer to the far South. The best authorities pat them immediately after Squaw Winter, which is the first cold snap that destroys tender vegetation. This is often accompanied by furies of snow and the freezing of the ground as if the real Winter had commenced. This rarely comes before October even in New England. The true Indian Summer then begins, and according to the calendar we must have twelve of these days before the real Win-

ter commences. We have the most of them in November, rarely, however, coming more than one day at a time at this late season.

They are found in greatest perfection along the Atlantic coast, where the influence of the Gulf stream is felt. A breeze from the South or Southwest brings the atmosphere of the tropics, and the most enjoyable weather of the year. When the Governor guesses right, and Thanksgiving week falls upon Indian Summer, the cup of blessing runs over, and there is nothing more to be desired. The old homestead is certain then to be crowded, and the last grandchild to be brought to the family gathering.—The warm sunshine of the heart finds its fitting response in the outer world, and the chill blood of age is quickened with a Summer glow again. Old age, surrounded with children and children's children, is much like the Indian Summer. It lies between the active duties of life and the Winter, which we call Death, but which is really no Winter but Spring time, if life have been well spent. It is sober but genial, and the activities are subdued, the passions softened, making it the ripest, best period of Summer life.

This is the month in which we usually pay our respects to "the old folks at home," and as we have talked abundantly of planting and hoeing, haying and harvesting, for the edification of our young and middle aged friends, we propose now to say a word for that less numerous, but not less honored class, who only read these pages through the aid of glasses.—It is said, with how much truth we can not tell, that the custom of returning to the old homestead to keep the only festival in the Puritan year, is not so generally observed as in the last generation, before the advent of steamers and railroads, which would seem to make the trip much more safe and pleasant. It is certainly true that the day is more widely observed, nearly all the States taking public notice of it, the churches gathering for worship, and families doing ample justice to the roast turkey and the chicken pie. But the charge is, that the son, who left the farm in early life, and who has prospered in the city, finds it more agreeable to spend the day around his own manor, and inside his own marble front, than to make a pilgrimage to the humble dwelling that sheltered his childhood and there keep the feast in plainer style with father and mother.—He has lost his relish, not only for country life, but for the simple manners and frugal fare of the good old people that gave him being, nourished his helpless infancy, and trained him to habits of virtue and industry. He has forgotten the plain granite rock whence he was hewn, and affects marble. This may be putting the case rather strong, for business cares rather than pride, we would gladly believe, wear sons and daughters from the old homestead. But it is paying too high a price for worldly success, however great, when it blunts filial affection, and weans us from the assiduous care that is always due to parents.

The annual pilgrimage at an reasonable sacrifice, will make better sons and daughters, and give happiness that gold can not purchase. The old folks are often lonely at the eventide of life, having sent out all their children to new and distant homes. This year, the war has taken the last son from some of these homes, and the Benjamin of the family on whom they had leaned for support will spend this festival in the tented field.—These who can, should go to cheer these bereaved hearts, now saddened by a double grief, their country's and their own.—*American Agriculturist.*

John Quincy Adams on Slavery and Emancipation as Affected by War.

In 1842, (April 14,) John Quincy Adams made, in the House of Representatives, a speech on apprehended war with Great Britain and with Mexico, whereof the following extract will be read with lively interest:

"I said that, as far as I could understand the resolutions proposed by the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings,) there were some of them for which I was ready to vote and some which I must vote against; and I will now tell this House, my constituents and the world of mankind, that the resolution against which I would have voted was that in which he declares that what are called the Slave States have the exclusive right of consultation on the subject of slavery. For that resolution I never would vote; because I believe that it is not just and does not contain constitutional doctrine. I believe that so long as the Slave States are able to sustain their institution without going abroad, or calling upon other parts of the Union to aid them or act on the subject, so long I will never consent to interfere. But if they come to the Free States and say to them you must help us to keep down our slaves, you must aid us in an insurrection and a civil

war, then I say that with that call comes a full and plenary power to this House and to the Senate over the whole subject. It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, must carry it on according to the laws of war, and by the laws of war an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. This power in Congress has perhaps never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when laws of warfare are in force, what I ask, is one of those laws? It is this; that when a country is invaded and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory. Nor is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Columbia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given, at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be a law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments. The power was exercised by military commanders, under instructions, of course, from their respective governments. Congress is now about passing a grant to refund to Gen. Jackson the amount of a certain fine imposed upon him by a Judge under the laws of the State of Louisiana. You are going to refund him the money with interest; and this you are going to do because the imposition of the fine was unjust. And why unjust? Because General Jackson was acting under the laws of war, and because the moment you place a military commander in a district, which is the theater of war, the laws of war apply to that district. I have a correspondence between General Jackson and the Governor of Georgia, during the Seminole campaign, in which General Jackson asserts the principle that he, as Governor of the State within his (Gen. Jackson's) military division, had no right to give a military order while he (Gen. Jackson) was in the field. The Governor contested the power of General Jackson, and said all he could for State rights; but General Jackson had given an order, and that order was carried into effect, while the order of the Governor was suppressed. General Jackson had the right of the question.

"I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil or foreign, are wholly unfounded, and that the laws of war do, in all such cases, take precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, slavery among the rest. Under that state of things, no far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.

"I have given more in detail a principle which I have asserted on this floor before you, and of which I have no more doubt, than that you, sir, occupy that chair. I give it in its development, in order that any gentleman, from any part of the Union, may deny the truth of this position, if he thinks proper, and may maintain his denial, not by indignation, not by passion and fury, but by sound sober reasoning from the laws of war. If my position can be answered and refuted, I shall receive the refutation with pleasure. I shall be glad to listen to reason, aside, as I say, from indignation and passion. If, by the force of reasoning, my understanding can be convinced, I here pledge myself to recede what I have asserted.

"Let my position be answered; let me be told, let my constituents be told, let the people of my State be told, (a State whose soil tolerates not the foot of a slave,) that they are bound by the Constitution to a long and toilsome march, under burning summer suns, and a deadly Southern clime, for the suppression of a servile war. That they are bound to leave their bodies to rot upon the sands of Carolina; to leave their wives, widows, and their children, orphans; that those who cannot march are bound to pour out their treasures, while their sons and brothers are pressing out their blood to suppress a servile war, combined with a civil or a foreign war; and yet that there exists no power (beyond the limits of the slave States where such a war is raging) to emancipate the slaves. Let this be proved. I say, I am open to conviction; but till that conviction comes, I put it forth, not as a dictate of feeling, but as a settled maxim of the laws of nations that in such a case the military power supersedes the civil power."