# The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES, } Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News. { FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME X.--NUMBER 14. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1857. TERMS.--$1,25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
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**Thos. S. Chase,**
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.
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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 promptness 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

A. P. CONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will regularly attend the Courts of Potter County. 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

C. B. JONES. LEWIS MANN. A. F. JONES.
JONES, MANN & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Groceries and Provisions, Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

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 Schoomaker & 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. 2:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44


## Selected Poetry.

### DIFFERENCES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The king can drink the best of wine—
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day,
And make his interests their own?
No, not they!
Mine love for me myself alone—
Blessed be they!
And that's one difference I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie and wait
To deceive?
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
Or cruel pomps oppress my state—
By my leave?
No! Heaven be thanked! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the king and me.

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips—
Well a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw, and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the king and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I and wretched he,
Perhaps the king would change with me!

## Selected Tale.

*From the New York Ledger.*

### EVENING DUTIES.
OR,
### *THE TWO CITY CLERKS.*

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[*Continued.*]

The common civilities were passed, and then Mr. Rushton sat down and looked around. He saw a neat, substantial bookcase, well filled with good books; a few choice pictures upon historical subjects; and a table, upon which were books, paper, pens and ink, drawing materials, and a flute. The merchant glanced at the book which Oliver had just laid down, with his "mark" carefully placed where he had left off reading, and saw that it was "COOPER'S VIRGIL."

"Do you read Latin?" Mr. Rushton asked.

"Not much, sir," replied the youth, modestly, "I studied it some when at school, and I thought I might as well devote a part of my time to that as not. I find that I can get along very well by reading a little every evening."

"*Every evening?* Do you spend every evening here?"

"Almost sir, I go to a good lecture now and then."

"Then you don't go out much evenings?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you like it?"

"Well—I should like to walk out oftener, perhaps, if there were any pleasant places in which to walk; but this city doesn't afford many such, sir."

"But most young men of your age find plenty of pleasure abroad in the evening."

"I suppose so, sir. And yet it is but a flashing pleasure, after all. I fear many of them are purchasing present pleasure at the cost of future suffering. No, sir—I find pleasure abroad. I will not say that there is none to be found. There may be much. In fact, I know there must be much of real pleasure to be found in our great city by those who are thoroughly acquainted, and know where to look for it. I do not mean that the city is void of good, or of true pleasures.—But, sir, I am——"

"Well—go on. You are what?"

"Why, sir—I do not feel safe to trust myself in the society of those who seek their pleasures away from home every evening. I may be weak, but if I am, I am willing to acknowledge it. However, I have one consolation: If I don't venture near the fire I shan't be burned."

"You are right, Oliver—very right," returned the merchant, warmly; and then he added, in a sort of business tone—

"But I must broach the subject upon which I called. How do you like your boarding-place?"

"Why, sir—I like it as well as I think I should any boarding-house," answered Oliver in surprise.

"Would you object to changing it?" pursued Rushton.

"Of course not, sir, if you wished it."

"Well, I do wish it; and I'll tell you why: I have a very small family—only my wife and one child—and I would like to have one of my clerks always by me.—Very often I want to look over accounts at home; and then I often want to send business errands to the store in the morning before I wish to go down myself.—If you'll come and board with me you shall have a better room than this is, and I'll keep you for nothing; so you'll have three dollars and a half per week to buy books with; and, moreover, you shall have the free use of my library."

"I—I——"

"Speak out."

"I will do anything you wish, sir."

The merchant seemed surprised. He had supposed that the youth would have been deeply moved by the proffered attention.

"I only wish you to please yourself, Oliver," he said, a little more coolly than he had spoken before.

"I will speak plainly, sir, for I know you will not be offended," returned the youth, colering. "My parents are not wealthy, but they are honorabla and respected by all who know them. I appreciate your kindness, sir—but—I should not feel happy—I—I—should not feel at home in any house where there was a class privileged above me. You may think me foolish—but—really, sir——"

Poor Oliver broke down. He couldn't come at it as he wished. At first a look of utter astonishment settled upon the merchant's face; but gradually the light broke in upon him, and the old expression of pride came back.

"Ahs—I see, I see," he cried. "You think I meant to take you into my house, and place you on a social par with my servants?"

Oliver looked surprised in turn.

"Am I right?"

"Why—yes, sir."

"And would you *thank* me for that?"

"Yes, sir; because I am confident that you would propose nothing to a dependent which was not meant for good."

"Thank you, Oliver—thank you. But I meant no such thing. I have no son—a—I meant for you to come and occupy a place in my family as an honored and respected member of that family. Now will you come?"

Oliver Hudson started up and caught his employer by the hand. He tried half-a-dozen times to speak, and finally managed to say—

"I should be very happy, sir—very—I——" * * * * *

The dwelling of Elisha Rushton was one of those quiet, unassuming structures, which would seldom be noticed as the abode of wealth were it not for the extensive conservatory, the open garden, and the carriage-house. Where land is almost worth its own superficial area in silver coin, only great wealth can retain such sources of gratification. Within the merchant's house, all was substantial and of real worth. The furniture was massive; the ornaments pleasing to the eye and to sense; while the whole was made subservient to comfort.

Mrs. Rushton was a woman of sound practical sense, having started in life as the wife of a poor clerk; and being able now to look back upon the past, and feel that at every upward step she had been by her husband's side—never lagging behind to be lifted up, nor pulling upon him to drag him back.

They had but one child—a daughter—named Emily. She was now fifteen—just a year younger than Oliver. She was what fashionable people would call "*so-so.*" She was not a beauty, because there was no particular "*style*" to her features. In frame she was full and plump; and in feature fair and rosy. Her face was a bed of roses and sweet smiles, and her laughter was inspiring. In short, she was one of those whom Love marks for its own. Her appearance inspired none of that awe and distant admiration which your set beauty commands; but the first feeling upon becoming acquainted with Emily Rushton was confidence and love.

And into that society was Oliver Hudson thrown. For awhile he seemed fearful of approaching too near; but gradually this feeling wore off, and at the end of six months they were free and easy in each others society. And this feeling had not been Oliver's alone. No, no.—Emily had for a long time treated him differently from what she treated all other male acquaintances. She had been more distant and reserved, and far more respectful. But, as we just said, this all wore off, and they became as happy as could be in each other's society. Oliver was a better looking youth than most of those who visited there, and then he had that in his soul and brain which supplied the material for many a happy and profitable hour.

Three years had passed away from the time of the two boys' entrance into the great city. They were now eighteen years of age.

Albert Ryder was an excellent salesman, and as he managed to stick to his business during business hours, his employers asked no questions. But Oliver Hudson saw what many others did not see, for he looked through the eye of love and solicitude. He saw that Albert's face was not so fresh and fair as it used to be; the eye was not so clear and bright; and the step was not so firm and buoyant.

"Albert," he said as the two met one evening at the store of a mutual friend, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, and with whom the former had associated much of late, "will you let me speak a few plain words to you?"

"Pooh! What's the use? I know all you would say, Ol."

"Never mind, let me speak. Come—let us walk."

There was something so calm and sincere about Oliver's manner, and at the same time so dignified, that Albert could not refuse; so they walked out.

"Albert," commenced the other, in a deep, earnest tone, "you are going down hill!"

"*Me? Down hill?*" repeated Albert in surprise.

"Yes—you are going down hill. You are becoming the slave of appetite!—stop. Let me speak. I aim at your good, Albert—at your good alone. God bear me witness when I say—for your good I would suffer much! You are not safe. Ah—you can feel it now. Your eye, Albert, is not the eye you brought from beneath your mother's roof! That red and blurred expression I cannot see but with pain. Albert—my friend—my well beloved—you are standing upon the brink. You can return now in safety—a little while, and it may be too late. *You are becoming an inebriate!*"

"Stop, Oilver!" cried the young prodigal. "You wrong me now. You know better than that. Albert Ryder become a drunkard? You know better!"

"Albert—answer me truly: what makes your eye so red, and your face so pale.—What makes your hand tremble, and your lip crisp and crackled? What makes you shun me so often, and refuse to listen? Tell me, for I know that you have ample proof of my love."

Albert was silent for some moments, and when he spoke his voice was low and faltering.

"If I shunned you, Oliver, it was because I didn't want to hear your lectures."

"Well, my old mate—my companion of other days," said Oliver, placing his hand upon the other's shoulder, and speaking with a trembling voice and tearful eye, "this once let me speak, and then I will trouble you no more. You may after this seek those who can flatter you more fully, and speak more pleasing language to your ear. Only God grant that they may not turn your mother's chiefest hope from the path of manhood."

[*Conclusion Next Week.*]

## Selected Miscellany.

### What Men Drink.

A story has been going the rounds of the papers for several weeks, the gist of which is contained in the following paragraph:

"In the manufacture of brandy from raw spirits, a certain article called "essence of brandy," is sometimes used, which, in its properties is nearly allied to prussic acid, and a drop or two will produce instant death. At Toronto, Canada, a manufacturer of brandy, named Morris, applied his tongue to a preparation of this essence with a view probably to asertain its strength, and in less than sixty seconds was a corpse."

From the various commentaries which have been made in relation to this fatal experiment of touching one's tongue to the "essence of brandy," it would seem that many of our editoral brethren have an extremely vague and indefinite idea of the nature of this strange and potent "essence." We propose to enlighten them, to the end that they and their readers will have a good reason to adopt the "taste not" adage in relation to this and all similar essences.

The true essence of all the alcoholic or intoxicating liquors in the world is alchohol itself. "Raw spirit" is simply alcohol, diluted with water.—Every other alcoholic beverage, whether known as "spirituous or malt liquors, wine," &c., is nothing more or less than alcohol and water, commonly known as "raw whisky"—and certain extraneous admixtures, alias poisons. With this raw whisky and the appropriate compound or essence, all kinds of liquor, rum, brandy, wine, gin, ale, beer, etc., in all their variety, can be made to order on very short notice, and of any required degree of flavor, pungency, or intoxicating potency. The manufacture of these compounds has become quite an important business, and some of our chemists and druggists make their manufacture and sale a speciality.

The adulteration of alcohol, or the manufacture of fictitious liquors, is as profitable to the producer as it is killing to the consumer. For example, ten cents' worth of arsenic or corrosive sublimate, added to a barrel of rum, brandy, gin, or whiskey, will double its commercial value, that is, it will enable the dealer to add to it a barrel of water, and still have the same potency to effect, or disturb, or stimulate the system as an ordinary glass, or drink, or dose.

But if the well-skilled manufacturer wishes to augment the power of his liquor to act on the brain and nervous system rather than on the digestive and circulating system, that is, to intoxicate and stupefy rather than to excite or irritate, he has only to change the leading drug of his "essence" from a caustic to a narcotic. Instead of arsenic, cayenne, corrosive sublimate, phosphorus, etc., he will use prussic acid, strychnine, henbane, belladona, etc.

A dollar's worth of either of these drugs will increase the potency of a whole barrel of alcohol, in whatever form or disguise it may appear as a beverage, one hundred per cent. Hence if a barrel of brandy, without "essence," will amount, when retailed by the drink, to one hundred and twenty dollars and ninety-six cents, (we allow half a gill for a drink, price six cents,) one dollar inverted in prussic acid or strychnine will enable the same barrel to bear an equal amount of water, while each drink will "make drunk come," equal to the genuine article, and if the flavoiing and pungency is carefully managed with extract of logwood, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid, vitriol, sugar of lead, grains of paradise, cocculus indicus, hops, alum, horse-radish, "botanical" Juniper, lime, chamber lye, etc., the "most fastidious taste" will not be offended, and the "connoisseur" will find his cultivated appetency and sensuality fully satisfied, while the dealer gets for his barrel of brandy two hundred and forty-one dollars and ninety-two cents.

The paragraph above quoted represents the "essence of brandy" which killed the Toronto manufacturer, to be in its properties, "very nearly allied to prussic acid. It is indeed so. It is as nearly allied to prussic acid as prussic acid itself. The same experiment has been tried many times before, and with exactly the same result. Many chemists, physicians, and apothecaries have accidently tasted the contents of a bottle containing prussic acid, and "in less than sixty seconds were corpses."—*Life Illustrated.*

### Mobbing a Presiding Elder of the Philadelphia Conference.

[*Cor. of the Phil. Evening Bulletin.*]

NEW CASTLE, Del., Aug. 24.—At the close of the camp meeting for Greensboro Circuit, Caroline county Md., held at Boonsboro, and which closed a few days ago, there was witnessed one of the grossest pro-slavery outrages which has ever occurred in the State of Maryland. At many meetings of this kind it is usual at the close of camp meetings, for all members of the Church (Methodist Episcopal) to march around the ground, inside of the circle formed by the tents, and sing some hymn appropriate to the parting of those who have been worshippers together in the tented grove for the week or more of the meeting's continuance.

Ordinarily the colored people form in marching order, and defile into line immediately after the whites; but in some localities, lest offence should be taken by outsiders, the colored people are marched around by themselves, and after the procession of the whites has taken place. To conciliate the pro-slavery sentiment in the locality, the latter plan was adopted by the *prudent* dignitary who had charge of the interests of the meeting.

Rev. Wm. McCombs, the Presiding Elder, placed himself at the head of the procession of the colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was made up of slaves and free people of color, when a mob of more than fifty persons, led on by an ex-dignitary of the county, entered the circle and came up immediately abreast the procession.

The leader of the mob forbade Mr. McCombs to take another step at his peril, and threatening him with the vengeance of the mob should he dare to advance.

The Presiding Elder, intimidated by threats of personal violence, and fearing bloodshed and a general melee, quit his place at the head of the procession, and the mob was triumphant on the ground made as sacred by the laws of Maryland as is the inside of a church.

A Magistrate on the ground, and officiating member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was aplied to we learn, for a writ, in order to arrest the leader of the mob. This process was denied the Presiding Elder, and he found to his chagrin, and in contradiction of former repeated asseverations in regard to Methodism in the slaveholding territories of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, that the Methodist people were untrue to Anti-Slavery Methodism, or at least had not the courage to support their church official when the interest and rites of the colored people were in question.

We are not lovers of strife and bloodshed, yet we can only think of the position of Mr. McCombs as one representing, on this occasion, the whole interests of Anti-Slavery Methodism on the peninsula, and deeply regret that right, and the prestige of a powerful church on the right side, should so quietly have been surrendered. M.

A WHOLE SOULED REPUBLICAN.—The Cecil Maryland, 'Whig,' contains a letter from William Pinckney Ewing—who is at present a candidate for States Attorney—addressed to the editor of the Cecil 'Democrat,' in reply to a charge that he is a *Republican.* Mr. Ewing writes like a bold and fearless man and would evidently rather suffer defeat, than abandon one jot of his Republican principles. We give the conclusion of his letter. He states very distinctly what Republicanism is, and what it desires to accomplish:—

"But, why in the conclusion of your article, do you call upon 'the slaveholders of Maryland to stay the march of Republicanism?' Why do you call on the 10,000 slaveowners and have no word to say to the 410,000 free white men and women who eat their bread in the sweat of their faces and don't own or ever expect to own a single nigger? Are the interests of the non-slaveholders not to be taken into account? Must their lands be depreciated in value, and their labor degraded, and they remain silent? Republicanism does not, as your party asserts, wish to turn all the slaves loose and place them on an equality with the whites. It does not desire to intefere with slavery where it exists. Its only object is to preserve our territories for free white men, and allow them the privelege of reading, writing or speaking on what subject they see proper without being liable to fine and imprisonment.

It seeks to confine slavery within its present limits, and to elevate free white labor by giving the man whose only capital is a stout heart and two willing hands an opportunity to live without being placed on an equality with and treated as nigger slaves, or else be crushed out by them.

It seeks to give the white man, to the exclusion of the black, the complete and entire control of all agricultural and mechanical pursuits. It sympathises with the white race, and wishes to see our land increasa in value, our resources become developed, and our country filled up with honest, industrious, intelligent whites and their smiling cottages rise upon the ruins of squallid negro huts. This is all that Republicanism asks—why should you battle against it with such bitterness?"

### What is a Democrat?

THE SUN says the "real Democrat is the friend of Wilmot." This is a very ideal figure of speech. What does the Sun mean by Democrat?—*Pennsylvania'n.*

To wipe out all ideality and rub out every figure of speech the *Sun* thus respectfully answers the *Pennsylvanian.* A *Democrat* is a man who believes in the strength of the people, without having that strength exercised in knocking him out of office because he acts as if he thought Democracy ment the weekness of the people. A Democrat may, at times, so far forget himself as to cater for the interests of all Wards but his own; all Counties but his own, all States but his own; if, however, he subserves the good of other counties before his own, he then is called a traitor.

A *real Democrat* is one who regards the interest of his own Ward, County and State before those of all other Wards, Counties and States, and when he is engaged in a State campaign in 1857 does not stop to ask, what will be the effect of all thrs in other States in 1860.

Now, we will answer more than the *Pennsylvanian* asks. A Locofoco is to a Democrat what a mule is to a horse—he can't propagate anything and is all-fiiredly stubborn. A *Locofoco,* like a foolish housekeeper, cares more for the admiration of his neighbors than for the gratitude of his own household, who regards more those who say, what a fine house he has, than the compliments of those inside, who says, How comfortable our father makes us.

Is the *Pennsylvania* answered?—*Phil. Sun.*

"I DON'T LIKE CHILDREN." said a Teacher not long since, in our hearing.—On visiting her school a short time after, we could as plainly see, as though written upon the forehead of the scholars in living letters. "We don't like our teacher." It was a *mutual* dislike. The marking of that school for *that* term, was *retrograde.* What a fearful account will that Teacher have to render for the manner in which her duties were performed. Let no teacher enter the school room, who does not love children. Seek some other employment, in some lone retreat, where flowers do not bloom, nor birds sing.—There secluded from all harmonious sounds and lovely sights, brood over thy wretched disposition and want of human kindness, and if permitted to live "three score years and ten," 'tis hoped that thou wilt die an old maid, a bachelor, to be buried by the Poor Masters in the Potter's field, with no stone to tell thy resting place. For perchance some innocent little child may wander there, and even the fragrance of the grass above thy head would serve as a blight to innocency.—*Citizen.*