The Potter Journal.

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VOLUME XI.--NUMBER 37. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1859. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
Thos. S. Chase,
To whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.
Terms--Invariably in Advance: $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

C. L. HOYT,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required. P. S.—Maps of any part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

MARK GILLON,
DRAPER and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

E. J. OLMSTED. S. P. 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,
R. 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

Poet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal.

TO MARY—ABOUT MY ROSE.

A bud peeped out, the other morn,
To greet the rising day;
Anon the Rose spread out its form
In gorgeous, bright array—
So beautiful and fragrant, too,
It seemed a thing divine;
So chilly out the cold winds blew—
E'en cold as winter time.

It was just a little scion,
When the autumn winds were chill—
When the summer flowers were lying
Dead and sear upon the hill.
It was Frien ship's gift: I prized it,
And tended it with care;
Oh, could you realize it,
Thus flourishing so fair!

Howsoe'er the gift we value
For its precious self alone,
The giver throws a magic charm
Around it, all her own!
An act, a loving word, will bring
Sweet recollections back,
Of every one who kindly lays
A Rose across our track.

ERCILDOUN, April 10, 1859. M. M.

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

BY "HARRIE."

She always made home happy!
With her kind and winning ways,
With her voice of cheerful gladness—
With her joyful hymn of praise.

She always made home happy!
Though she charmed no passer by
With the beauty of her person,
Or the brightness of her eye.

Though no pearls or rubies glittered
'Mid the ringlets of her hair,
In her heart there shone a radiance
Of a jewel far more rare.

She always made home happy!
Though her song was not divine,
Though no harp beneath her fingers
Thrilled to notes almost divine.

Though no artist, yet she painted
Many a beam of heavenly love
On the friendly faces round her.
That shall shine in realms above.

Choice Reading.

A PROPHETIC VISION.

From "Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom, or, The Branded Hand." Thatcher & Hutchinson, Publishers, 543 Broadway, New York. 600 pp. 12mo., price $1,25.

[The following chapter is selected more to exhibit the power of the author as an anti-slavery writer, than to indicate the general character of the book's literature.—*Ed. Jour.*]

LETTER III.

The Crimson Scorpion of the South.

AT SEA, Feb. 20.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have been for several days involved in one of those inexplicable glooms which, you know, at times afflict me. What is their philosophy? for philosophy they have. I observe that they always have some connection with special events, or revelations, either in the present or future. I believe that no strong mental impression or emotion can be aimless, or meaningless. If we would, I am sure we could, always trace these involuntary experiences to direct relationship with coming events, which they either disclose or foreshadow.

Last evening the mental distress actually reached the culminating point, which it had been for some days approaching. I could no longer struggle against it.

Under plea of illness, which indeed was true, I left the Gentlemen early, and retired to my State Room, that I might nurse and concentrate the vague sense of suffering and depression, and so aid the final struggle, which I knew must come; otherwise, I could not well preserve either my health, or my reason. Will these moral tempests and heart-quakes always be necessary for me? I cannot tell. But so it has been; and so it is.

The load was not immediately lifted; but the great cloud, thick, black and impenetrable, still hung over me, when I went to sleep. I use this term for want of some other, not because it is proper to that peculiar state, which, sleeping or waking, consciously or unconsciously, now seems entering into a large portion of my experience.

I lay looking about me, until a sort of dreamy transition gradually changed the scene. I seemed to stand in a wide champaign, which I immediately recognized as an American landscape. There were enormous Cane-brakes with Rice and Cotton fields; while here and there a small and beautiful Palm rose up, still and solemn, in the stifling air. A dense, but yet translucent vapor hung over all; and this was of a dead, or livid flame color. It was as if the sun had risen, but had transmitted heat and color, rather than light; or else the light was absorbed, and pent up in the smothering air.

Then I heard a voice that seemed to open out of the Heavens, crying aloud: "Behold the great Idol of many worshippers, the Crimson Scorpion of the South!"

I was greatly astonished at this, never having heard before that the American people are Idolaters.

Then the Voice answered my Thought: "Unhallowed worship, under whatever name, or by whatever people it is offered, can be nothing else than Idolatry, or a substitution of the False for the True. And nowhere under Heaven is there to be found a more deplorable spiritual darkness than in this very Christian and republican land."

"And is this the end of all my labors, sacrifices, sufferings?" I exclaimed. "Shall I always hear only this, that my search and my hope are vain?"

And the Voice, in a tone of mild authority, answered, "Wait."

Then I saw a Gigantic Form borne on a lofty car, and casting a deep black shaddow a great distance round. This shadow seemed to be in itself baleful. Flowers could not bloom there; and small birds, as they flew over, often fell and perished suddenly, as if they had been struck down by poisoned arrows.

But as the car was rapidly approaching me, I was questioning with myself how I should escape this common pestilence, when the motion was arrested by a sudden shock; and when I would have fled in extreme terror, the Voice said: "Fear nothing, over the true life this Moral Death has no power. But observe well what thou seest, for nothing in this phenomenon is without its prototype and and reality in the present and in the future."

Then I noticed carefully the features of the Idol, as one by one they were unfolded, for at the first view the whole form was too horrible, and seemed to quench the clear sight which yet had power to peruse the details, as the car stood directly before me. And as I looked, my eyes were chained to the Idol by a horrible fascination. Even such as I saw, I describe it:

Though of vast superficial dimensions, it did not present the appearance of great strength or inherent power, as a whole. Its terrible aspect arose from the malignity of spirit which all the single features were combined to express. Its front was the head of a woman; its hair was the mane of a lion; its crest was the hair of a goat; its arms were the arms of a crocodile; its hands were the paws of a tiger; its nails were the talons of a harpie; its shoulders were the wings of a dragon; its tongue was the tongue of an asp; its teeth wore the fangs of a viper; its eyes were the eyes of a basilisk; its body was the body of a scorpion; its brain was the brain of a fox; and its breath was the breath of a vampire.

The enormous body being thrown into many coils, lay prone, while the long neck was arched, and the head and front elevated, towering up with a kind of majesty that made the very Heavens astonished to behold. With every motion, the yellow scales that covered it ignited each other and burned with blue and crimson flames, which, in certain connections with the moist air, became irridescent, and the splendid coloring not only heightened the hideousness of the loathsome form, but it had a blinding quality, which sometimes caused a total loss of vision in the worshippers. The hair of the mane also burnt with the same color, every hair emitting a stream of liquid fire, as if it had been fed by a fountain of melted sulphur; and the whole air was impregnated with its fumes. Yet the creature did not seem to be angry. This was simply its common habit and nature.

Nor was the car itself less curious in structure and character. Its body was made of two scrolls, laid one above the other, each being turned over at the front, the lowermost curving outward, the uppermost inward. This form showed the inscriptions that distinguished them to good advantage. On the first or lower of them I read "LAW;" on the upper, "GOSPEL;" and the large conspicuous lettering also burnt blue. The sides and the back of the car were composed of living and conscious human forms, three at each side and two at the back. They were pinioned to each other, nailed down in a kneeling posture, and sitting on their heels. The clenched hands were crossed on the scarred bosom, the head bent forward, and the faces were expressive of the hopeless anguish of their position, pierced and bound forever. The three that were looking eastward had the skin and features of the Negro; those on the western side had the skin and features of the American Indian; and those at the back had the skin and features of the White Man. One of the latter, I fancied, bore a close resemblance to my sailor friend, William Jones. As the car was facing the South, I observed that the Whites were in the deepest shadow.

Forming, as it were, the keystone of an arch directly over these Unfortunates, and apparently organized from their sufferings, I saw a large Human Hand, impaled at the wrist, and spread open. On the palm of it was a kind of lettering, as if burned into the flesh with a hot iron. In some lights the Hand was black, in others white; but it always conspicuously bore the lettering—it always bore the brand.

As I looked, wondering what all this might mean, I heard again the voice of the Angel, saying: "This is the great Working Hand, dishonored and put to grievous wrong. But the Coming shall restore and reendow it with its own—the true unfolding of all Beauty, and Majesty, and Power. Fear nothing."

Quieted by this assurance, I turned to observe the car. It had six wheels, alike in size and structure. The spokes were bones of the human leg and arm; the rim was composed of human blood and muscle, wrought and bound together with the cement of the scourge, then petrified and hardened to adamant.

The moving power was electricity. This was generated by the pangs and struggles of all those miserable men and women whose brains, stimulated by the tortures, evolved a current that seemed, at once to fill and inspire the engine that it moved.

This machine was very curious in structure, and acted on the same principle as a living heart. By its perpendicular palpitations, it struck laterally against the wings of a central shaft, thus causing it to revolve on its axis, and, at the same time to carry round the wheels.

In front of the car was a high altar, grimly overlooking the Branded Hand, that was fixed behind. The frame of the altar was a human skeleton, and the open skull was the censer. The fumes of the burnt-offering made the air still more clouded and pestilent; but I did not then see what it was.

Again I heard a deep, hoarse, underground voice, and looking out towards the middle of the plain, I saw a large red human hand stretched out of the cloud, and clutching at something in the distance. Then I saw it was continually seizing human beings, and branding them with its red mark, so they and their children might be made slaves forever. These unfortunate and helpless beings were many of them Negroes; but they were gradually becoming lighter colored, and some of them were pure whites. There were among them men and women and small children. The little ones had a pitiful and appealing look, when the great remorseless Hand tore them from their mothers. I could not choose but weep, to look upon them.

The Hand made a feint of getting all its captives in the valley roundabout, or in the neighboring valleys; and on the borders of the ocean there was a circle drawn, as it were, in the air, with a sign that it should not pass. But when no one was looking on, it would be thrust out slily over the great water to a distant land, where it seized the innocent people and put the mark of the slave on them; and such as did not die in its merciless gripe, it brought home. But if at any time it was in danger of being seen, it dropped its prey in some remote place or sheltered is and, where a gang of man-hounds might be found to watch its victims until the search was over, and then it went again in the night and took them. This was often done, and many good people knew and declared it, but the false lights and stupefying vapors of the Idol so clouded the sight, and unsettled the mind of their Leaders, that they who knew, and should have done better, with much fear and trembling only echoed still more fiercely the popular cry, "Great is the Crimson Scorpion of the South!"

As I followed the direction of the retreating Hand, I saw that it was drawn back into the Earth; and at the same time two great, cavernous jaws opened; and I looked down into the fissure. There sat the High Priest of the Scorpion. He had the stature of a Titan; but the head and front were of a familiar type. They bore a strong likeness to the ancient Idol of Egypt; and the title they gave him, corresponded with this; for he was named Apis; and a great Idol he was, here, as elsewhere; though it occurred to me that the forms of worship come tardily hither, seeing this Deity has been out of fashion, even in Egypt, for many centuries.

This American Apis was so intensely black, that he could be seen only by the light that came from thin places in his skin, which, however, were quite numerous. Looking through these, I saw that his interior substance was composed of fused lava, in a state of fearful activity. He was the owner of the great Crimson Hand; and he had another to match it of inky blackness, perhaps for the convenience of working in the dark; for though he was very bold in his individual movements, literally going to work with an "outstretched hand," he was rather secretive in regard to the RESULTS of his operations, which, indeed, furnished but little to boast of, even for an avowed and professional man-thief, who acted under the high sanctions of Law and Gospel. The functions of the two hands were essentially different; for while the Right, which was of the deep color of blood-stone, was capturing victims, the Left was as rapidly conveying their remains, as an offering of the Idol

But by a nearer examination of the muscle in the hand, and the structure of the whole form, I saw that the first indicated irritability rather than tenacity, and that the last was by no means so terrible as it would make itself appear; for although the gaseous nature of the ignited substances within, had caused a great inflation, I saw that a sudden, or accidental lowering of the temperature, must cause a painful, if not dangerous collapse of the whole system. Even the bull's head, that looked so genuine, and set itself to butt and roar so fiercely, did not seem to *belong* there; but though it was evidently false, it served the purpose of its Captor just as well as if it had been native to him, as you shall see.

I was thus led, by close observation, to consider, that, as there was so little sustaining power in this terrible form, there must be a continual supply of force from some foreign body. Following the suggestion, I began tracing a kind of electrical cord, which was attached to the head of Apis, and it led me to a corresponding form at some distance beyond, toward the North, in a much clearer atmosphere, which I instantly recognized as the Source of the power. This form also, though Titanic, was far more human than the other—not that he seemed to have been created any better; but he had not been quite so much weakened, and degraded, and poisoned, by the Scorpion. He had, however, a leash of bloodhounds, about which he seemed very solicitous. He was feeding them with something, that I was surprised to see, looked very much like a piece of Negro flesh, although the general humanity of his appearance indicated that I must be mistaken. But when I saw him hand over a piece of a back that had been fairly crisped with the lash, and a black foot, worn and travel-sore, I was forced to give up the point, though I could not avoid thinking how much he wronged *himself* by these actions. He had, also in his employ a company of Man-hounds, all of whom were distinguished by insignia of their different ranks and orders of office. Whenever he imagined that Apis was looking that way, he appeared anxious, and even uneasy, in regard to their behavior, and was continually reminding them of the favors they had received, seeming to think there were no other good gifts in the world, than those of the Scorpion. What is very remarkable, though he had a truly human physiognomy, he sometimes wore a mask, that was not at all becoming to him. This was fashioned after the model of the head of a Female Deer; but though I was unacquainted with the species, I could see that a name not in the least flattering, or honorable, had been applied to it by his neighbor, Apis, whom he was so overmuch zealous to please, notwithstanding he must have known, that even his best qualities, were held in derision by that august Animal. He appeared ashamed to have any one about him see this mask, which was, indeed, a great insult to himself, whether we consider his strong hand, his honest face, his really true heart, or his genuine bravery; tha is when he felt himself perfectly safe from the attacks of his engrossing Neighbor, which, however, must have been at rare and remote intervals.

I could see at once that if he had been a greater villain, he might have found a better disguise. Possibly there were no mirrors about; and he could not see what a ridiculous figure he was making of himself. But be this as it may, every time Apis roared, or the cord tightened, though only the least in the world, the Man of the North thrust his head into the mask, with an aspect of the greatest terror, much as we have seen the Ostrich dip hers into the sand, notwithstanding she left her whole body exposed to the spears of the pursuer. The moment the roaring ceased, he would try to pull it off again; but sometimes it stuck about his ears; and then he was fluttered, and confused, losing, for the time, much of the proper dignity of so grave and well-informed a gentleman.

When at length he got off his head-dress, he would quickly hide it away, as if the very sight of it were hateful to him. But if at any moment the cord straightened, he would clutch at it again; for the one supreme terror of his life was the breaking of that cord.

So the Man of the Mask, though more than a great equal Power, was enslaved—bound with an insane fear of breaking a tie, which, under existing conditions, only robbed him of his strength. And while he held in his own hand the means that would effectually rebuke and silence all opposition, he stood abashed and dumb at the sound of an empty roar.

Thus he became subject to Apis, and a Worshipper of the Scorpion, not from love, but the most senseless and frantic fear. Thus for them he fattened his blood-hounds with Negro flesh, and converted his Man-hounds into the most abject and despicable of slaves. Thus he captured the miserable run-away, and either killed or carried him back to a condition worse than death. Thus he gathered up the offal, and snuffed the incense thereof, though he would not *willingly* have touched the dirty work, with the very tongs of a Freeman's fireside—if he had not been so afraid, the great and terrible Champion of the South *did* sometimes toss his horns, and roar so amazingly. And thus, in many ways, he did wrong to his own great heart, that was not only in the beginning meant to be true, but had actually power to *be* true, if it had not been frightened out of its own proper self-possession. Even as it was, it maintained a self-generating power, that still fed, and still sustained, the Roaring Purveyor of the South, who, without it, could not even have found filth enough to feed his own Idol.

Meanwhile Apis was extremely jealous of his Neighbor, as I saw by watching awhile their curious proceedings. If there was the least hesitation above, he would toss, and roar, and threaten to break the cord; though he well knew that if he should do so he must strangle himself with the hither end.

Then the Man of the North, prostrating himself, whisked on his lying mask, with many promises for the future. Pursuant to these good resolutions, Apis looked on his miserable victims, toiling in the utter darkness of their deplorable condition, and proclaimed aloud, so that all the land heard it, that the worship of the Scorpion was good. The Man of the North answered back, but so feebly that only small sections of the country heard, that the worship of the Scorpion was good; meanwhile his teeth chattered, and his knees smote together.

In return for this half-way act of fealty, Apis would very courteously call him a coward, and graciously refrain from immediate extermination; whereupon, to show his loyalty, the Man of the North would thrust his own good right hand more deeply into the crimson mire.

This scene would have been really ludicrous, if it had not involved so important and terrible results. But even as it was, and though I am not a mirthful man, I could not help laughing to see the real back-bone, the sinew and muscle, the mind and marrow, so cowed down by a bag of wind; and even now the swagger of the Bull and the trepidation of the Lesser Animal, though Greater Man—in view of the breaking cord, is a reminiscence rich beyond expression. Happily for me, I was permitted to take this view of it; for had I regarded the matter seriously, seeing, as I did, such a prolific band of evils in its train, it would have been a great shock, and perhaps an irreparable injury. I was thus saved from the seathing effect of the horrors that soon followed.

Directly after the above scene, the great Car was put in motion. It was impelled with a spasmodic energy, and went with great speed, the vampire breath and venom of the Scorpion, everywhere defiling the earth and tainting the air. The High Priest stretched forth his great, black hand, and seized the worn-out, the sick, feeble, and heart-broken, and cast them under the wheels of the Car, and the crashing of their bones, and their dying shrieks were horrible.

Then the fragments, full of festoring flesh, and foul sores, uncleanliness and all corruption, were gathered up, and cast on the altar, as an appropriate sacrifice. The decomposing marrow and muscle, the maddened brains and cramped spirits, were the substance and essence of tortured bodies and dwarfed souls. All these were represented in the smoke and flame, and incense of the offering; and when the Scorpion smelt its goodly savor, the eyes, and hair, and scales, all shot forth more vivid and blinding flames.

Her breath filled the air with a subtle poison, that entered into everything. All the fruits of the Earth and fabrics of whatever kind, silks, and gold, and jewels, were tainted with it. Harmless animals, strong men, innocent children, and pure women were changed and sullied by it. Even the milk of the nursing mother was infected, and poisoned the babe, while it lay yet in her bosom. The pestilent effluvia pervaded the whole substance, and entered into the composition of all things.

Then the Car was carried into regions where it had never been before, bearing the shadow, and leaving the trail of the Scorpion in once free and happy lands.—Many voices from those that were akin to the Man of the North, but not consenting to his actions, cried aloud that it was going too far. Then the Southern Bull pawed, and bellowed, and swelled up bigger than he had ever done before, roaring out a huge oath that he *would* break the cord. Then the Man of the Mask seemed to smother all those free voices—or in some way to quiet, or silence them.

And so the Car went on again. It went over a broad and beautiful land, still farther south. There it rested. The Free Voices said it should go no farther; and they said it so firmly that the astonished Bull rather drew in his horns, and said it should go *only so far*. But again it went on, with renewed impetus, and ran entirely over the landmarks. Again, the Free Voices cried that it should go no farther. Then Apis, after roaring, and tossing, and threatening to break the

[CONCLUSION ON FOURTH PAGE.]