The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XII.--NUMBER 40. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1860. TERMS.--$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Terms of Advertising.

quare [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
" " 3 "	$1 50
h subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
quare three months,	2 50
" six "	4 00
" nine "	5 50
" one year,	6 00
and figure work, per sq., 3 ins.	3 00
y subsequent insertion,	50
olumn six months,	18 00
" " "	10 00
" " "	7 00
" per year.	30 00
" " "	16 00
played Single-column, each inser- on less than four,	3 00
h additional insertion,	2 00
ble-column, displayed, per annum	65 00
" " six months,	35 00
" " three "	16 00
" " one month,	6 00
" " per square	
f 10 lines, each insertion under 4,	1 00

ts of columns will be inserted at the same ates.

ministrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
ditor's Notices, each,	1 50
riff's Sales, per tract,	1 50
rriage Notices, each,	1 00
orce Notices, each,	1 50
ministrator's Sales, per square for 4 sertions,	1 50
siness or Professional Cards, each,	
ot exceding 8 lines, per year,	5 00
cial and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

☞All transient advertisements must be d in advance, and no notice will be taken dvertisements from a distance, unless they accompanied by the money or satisfactory erence.

Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
TORNEY 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,
TORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
TORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and delity. Office in Temperance Block, second door, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON.
TORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

CHARLES REISSMANN,
SKET 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,
ACTICING 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

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

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

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

J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
ALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

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

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

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

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞ All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work. 1?:35.

Poet's Corner.

THE VINEYARD-SAINT.

She pacing down the vineyard walks,
Put back the branches, one by one,
Stripped the dry foliage from the stalks,
And gave their bunches to the sun.

On fairer hill-sides, looking south,
The vines were brown with cankerous rust,
The earth was hot with summer drought,
And all the grapes were dim with dust.

Yet here some blessed influence rained
From kinder skies, the season through;
On every bunch the bloom remained,
And every leaf was washed in dew.

I saw her blue eyes, clear and calm;
I saw the aureole of her hair;
I heard her chant some unknown psalm,
In triumph half, and half in prayer.

"Hail, maiden of the vines!" I cried;
"Hail, Oread of the purple hill!
For vineyard fauns too fair a bride,
For me thy cup of welcome fill!

"Unlatch the wicket; let me in,
And, sharing, make thy toil more dear;
No riper vintage holds the bin
Than that our feet shall trample here.

"Beneath thy beauty's light I glow,
As in the sun those grapes of thine;
Touch thou my heart with love, and lo!
The foaming mist is turned to wine!"

She, pausing, stayed her careful task,
And, lifting eyes of steady ray,
Blew, as a wind the mountain's mask
Of mist, my cloudy words away.

No troubled flush o'er ran her cheek;
But when her quiet lips did stir,
My heart knelt down to hear her speak,
And mine the blush I sought in her.

"Oh, not for me," she said, "the vow
So lightly breathed, to break ere long;
The vintage-garland on the brow;
The revels of the dancing throng!

"To maiden love I shut my heart,
Yet none the less a stainless bride;
I work alone, I dwell apart,
Because my work is sanctified.

"A virgin hand must tend the vine,
By virgin feet the vat be trod,
Whose consecrated gush of wine
Becomes the blessed blood of God!

"No sinful purple here shall stain,
Nor juice profane these grapes afford;
But reverent lips their sweetness drain
Around the table of the Lord.

"The cup I fill, of chaster gold,
Upon the lighted altar stands;
There, when the gates of heaven unfold,
The priest exalts it in his hands.

"The censor yields adoring breath,
The awful anthem sinks and dies,
While God, who suffered life and death,
Renews His ancient sacrifice.

"O sacred garden of the vine!
And blessed she, ordained to press
God's chosen vintage, for the wine
Of pardon and of holiness."

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Choice Reading.

"All Gone."

"I can't stand it any longer," murmured Mrs. Wyman, as she threw herself down on the crimson lounge in her sitting room, and surveyed its tasteful appointments with a dissatisfied gaze. "I must just have a new carpet and curtains for my sitting room: This ingrain looks shabby enough, and those yellow shades are a disgrace to the front of the house. They'll do well enough for the second best chamber, but I must have a Brussels carpet with lace curtains to match on this room. That pattern was exquisite that I saw this morning: white blossoms, with green leaves scattered over a russet ground. I must get hold of Harry this night and make him fork over.—These men are so hard to get a dollar out of, when they take a notion, and Harry has been so glum and pre-occupied of late, that I've been glad to let him alone. But I shall just make up my mind to go at him to-night, for I *must* have the carpet and the curtains, before Miss Morgan comes to pass the day with me."

Mrs. Wyman was a pretty woman, somewhere in her early thirties. She went through this monologue, while she was removing her gloves and unfastening her bonnet strings, and brushing her fur cape, and smoothing the fringe of her parasol, for she had been down Broadway, making calls, and pricing carpets at Stewart's.

She was one of that innumerable company of women whose souls have become enamored of dress and elegance, and a false, showy, luxurious style of living.—The great purpose which governed her, was to have all her surroundings as smart as her neighbors, or the "set" in which she moved; composed mostly of women with as miserable, petty aims and ambitions as her own.

Mrs. Wyman had been for eight years a wife. Her husband, from a book-keeper had become a junior partner in a large wholesale dry goods firm, and the lady's social pretension had kept pace with the increase of her fortunes.

But as she sat there, with the twilight drawing its curtains of brown and gold about her, she heard the front door open and a well-known step along the hall. It paused a moment, and then came heavily up the stairs, and the door opened.

"Oh, Harry, I'm glad to see you, for I've something to say to you."

"Have you—what is it?"

The tones struck her ear coldly, but Mrs. Wyman had set her heart upon a new carpet and curtains, and she resolved not to be frustrated; but she would have paused if she could have seen her husbands white face or the fearful smile with which he answered her.

"Why, I've seen to-day the greatest beauty of a Brussels carpet, and a pair of lace curtains, that I want for the sitting room. You know our old ingrain and shades are not fit to be seen; and beside Major Morgan's daughter is coming here for a day or two next week, so I want to order them to-morrow. The whole won't cost more than sixty dollars and you *must* let me have the money."

"*Must!*" Mr. Wyman sat down and laughed—a laugh which fairly made his wife's heart stand still.

"Harry what ails you—what is the matter?"

"Carpet and curtains!" the man muttered, more to himself than to his terrified listener, "when we haven't a roof over our heads, and the sheriff will soon have all the furniture that's under this."

"Oh, Harry, what do you mean?" and now Mrs Wyman sprang to her feet with a face as white as her husband's.

"It means, Annie," speaking with a slow, distinct, but unnatural utterance, "that I've failed to-day—utterly gone to smash. I'm a ruined man."

Oh, where was her wifely heart, her woman's true, sheltering tenderness, that now in the hour of her husband's need and weakness, she did not spring brave and strong, and hopeful, his good angel to his side?

Alas! alas! what miserable, selfish, callous hearts, vanity, and pride, and petty ambition will make?

Mrs. Wyman paced up and down the room, and wrung her hands and sobbed. "Oh, dear! dear? what shall we do! I'll never show my face on the street again. I wish we had all died before this had happened to us!"

A deep, hollow groan answered, her as her husband buried his face in his hands. Ay—he might well say "all had gone!"

"Papa,—mamma, what is the matter!"

The little voices came slipping into the room, and the two children stood there—a golden-haired, brown-eyed, boy and girl, and their young sweet faces were filled with wonder and dismay, as they looked at their parents.

"Matter, children," answered the mother turning wildly upon them. "Your father's failed to-day, and there's no help for us; we must starve."

The little girl stood still a moment, with wondering, frightened, puzzled thoughts, going in and out of her face. Then she turned and ran very eagerly up to her father, and endeavored with her small hands to lift up his face, and dipped her little fingers into his thick locks of hair. "Papa!" she cried, "must we starve, you and mamma, and Eddie and I?"

"God only knows, my poor child!" answered the wretched man, and his tears fell thick into the golden locks which crowned his fair child's head.

And the wife and mother kept on her walk, moaning and sobbing to herself; and thinking mostly of her own mortification, of the social caste which she had lost, and of all those ten thousand petty trials which her pride must experience, when her husband's failure became known among her fashionable friends.

At last Mr. Wyman rose up, and rushed out of the room, like one driven suddenly mad. He went up stairs. He had nothing to sustain him, neither faith in God nor hope in man; and the wife, to gratify whose tastes he had been reckless and foolhardy in his business relations, had failed him in his sorest straits.

There was a quick, sharp report of a pistol—a heavy fall, and it was "all gone" with Harry Wyman!

This last blow roused the wife from her selfish sorrow; but tears and self-reproaches could not bring back the dead.

Oh, wife or mother, who shall read this story though your riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away, may your heart have precious jewels locked up, and laid away in its closet, so that whatever may be spoken of you on earth, it shall never be said in Heaven "All Gone! All Gone!"

V. F. T.

SOME person in Huntingdon, Pa., writes as follows to a friend in Bellefonte, which letter we find, with the annexed comments, in the Centre *Democrat*:

"MAY, 7TH 1860.—About two weeks ago we had Dr. Hiram Cox, State Chemist of Ohio, here for several days, and had a goodly variety of Brandies, wines and Whiskey analyzed, and of all the Wines and Brandies examined, there was not one drop of pure Wine or Brandy in them. Among the rest, I had the gallon of Brandy you bought for me (for medicinal purposes) last Spring was a year, tested, and there was not one drop of pure Brandy in it. According to the Doctor's calculation, in a barrel of this Brandy, there were about two gallons of Corn Whiskey, the balance made up of water, Aqua fortis, Prussic Acid, Red Pepper &c. A barrel of this liquor would cost:—Barrel, Corn-Whiskey and drugs, in and about $2.—32 gals. per bbl at five dollars per gallon would amount to $158. Is not this thing intolerable? Pittsburg rectified Whiskey attested, had not one drop pure liquor of any kind in it, composed all of poisonous drugs and water.

"Lager Beer was examined, and composed of water, Henbane, Red Pepper, Aqua fortis &c. When he put the test to the Brandy you got me, it turned as black as ink, this was the Prussic Acid—it was so black the Doctor said you could write your name legibly with it.—He put a bright steel Spatula in it and it came out corroded, black as ink and crusted.

"The Doctor's lectures and tests were the best Temperance lectures we ever had here. He tested and found some pure Rye Whiskey distilled in this County—Nothing else of the liquor kind, found pure."

There now, ye "suckers" is an exposition of the mixture which you will swill down your throats daily, with so much gusto. Just cast your blood-shot eye over the list of ingredients: Aqua fortis, Prussic acid, Red Pepper, Henbane, &c., a list of very fine articles, indeed. It is for the privilege and "pleasure" of drinking such "stuff" that you spend your means, degrade your character, loose your reputation, break the hearts of your friends, and it will be in consequence of thus appeasing your morbid appetites, that you will some day find a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell.

HERE is a queer, yet startling calculation made by Judge Capron, of New York: In New York city there are 18,000 dram shops, 300,000 drinkers, each drinking two gills of liquor, being 6,000,000 gills, or 805 barrels per day—300,000 barrels per year. This would fill a reservoir 900 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 63 feet deep, and could float four large ships in full sail. At $30 per barrel, it amounts to $9,000,000. Out of the 600 persons tried before the Court of Special Sessions, during the last year, not more than 94 were sober when arrested. Paupers in the city cost $3,000,000 a year.

IF you want to keep your town from thriving, refuse to take your home paper; turn a cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner in business; look upon every new comer with a jealous scowl, or as a suspicious person; discourage all you can. If that won't do, cry them down, or rather go abroad for your wares than pay your neighbors your money; but above all, *don't advertise*. Then just in proportion as you can get others to do the same, will your object be accomplished. But if you are public spirited and wish to see your town thriving, and your townsmen prospering, do the very reverse.

Political.

The Character of Slavery.

SPEECH OF

HON. CHAS. SUMNER,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

Delivered in the U. S. Senate, in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, June 4th 1860.

[The following are the opening remarks of Mr. Sumner's recent argument on the bill for the admission of Kansas. The speech is very elaborate, occupying seventeen and a half columns of the *Globe*. Next week we will give another extract, following the present one, embracing a just and eloquent philippic in portraiture of the Barbarism which four years ago attempted to stifle the voice of Freedom by a brutal assault upon Mr. Sumner's life—ED. JOUR.]

Mr. SUMNER. Mr. President, undertaking now, after a silence of more than four years, to address the Senate on this important subject, I should suppress the emotions natural to such an occasion, if I did not declare on the threshold my gratitude to that Supreme Being, through whose benign care I am enabled, after much suffering and many changes, once again to resume my duties here and to speak for the cause which is so near my heart. To the honored Commonwealth, whose representative I am, and also to my immediate associates in this body, with whom I enjoy the fellowship which is found *in thinking alike concerning the Republic*, I owe thanks which I seize this moment to express for the indulgence shown me throughout the protracted seclusion enjoined by medical skill; and I trust that it will not be thought unbecoming in me to put on record here, as an apology for leaving my seat so long vacant, without making way, by resignment, for a successor, that I acted under the illusion of an invalid, whose hopes for restoration to his natural health, constantly triumphed over his disappointments.

When I last entered into this debate, it became my duty to expose the Crime against Kansas, and to insist upon the immediate admission of that Territory as a State of this Union, with a Constitution forbidding Slavery. Time has passed; but the question remains. Resuming the discussion precisely where I left it, I am happy to avow that rule of moderation, which, it is said, may venture even to fix the boundaries of wisdom itself. I have no personal griefs to utter; only a barbarous egotism could intrude these into this chamber. I have no personal wrongs to avenge; only a barbarous nature could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord. The years that have intervened and the tombs that have been opened since I spoke have their voices too, which I cannot fail to hear. Besides, what am I—what is any man among the living or among the dead; compared with the Question before us? It is this alone which I shall discuss, and I open the argument with that easy victory which is found in charity.

The Crime against Kansas stands forth in painful light. Search history, and you cannot find its parallel. The slave trade is bad; but even this enormity is petty compared with that elaborate contrivance by which, in a Christian age and within the limits of a Republic, all forms of constitutional liberty were perverted; by which all the rights of human nature were violated, and the whole country was held trembling on the edge of civil war; while all this large exuberance of wickedness, detestable in itself, becomes tenfold more detestable when its origin is traced to the madness for Slavery. The fatal partition between Freedom and Slavery, known as the Missouri Compromise; the subsequent overthrow of this partition, and the seizure of all by Slavery; the violation of plighted faith; the conspiracy to force Slavery at all hazards into Kansas; successive invasions by which all security there was destroyed, and the electoral franchise itself was trodden down; the sacreligious seizure of the very polls, and, through pretended forms of law, the imposition of a foreign Legislature upon this Territory; the acts of this Legislature, fortifying the Usurpation, and, among other things, establishing test-oaths, calculated to disfranchise actual settlers friendly to Freedom, and securing the privileges of the citizen to actual strangers friendly to Slavery; the whole crowned by a statute—"the be-all and the end-all" of the whole Usurpation—through which Slavery was not only recognized on this beautiful soil, but made to bristle with a Code of Death such as the world has rarely seen; all these I have fully exposed on a former occasion. And yet, the most important part of the argument was at that time left untouched; I mean that which is found in the Character of Slavery. This natural sequel, with the permission of the Senate, I propose now to supply.

Motive is to Crime as soul to body; and it is only when we comprehend the motive that we can truly comprehend the Crime. Here, the motive is found in Slavery and the rage for its extension. Therefore, by logical necessity, must Slavery be discussed; not indirectly, timidly, and sparingly, but directly, openly, and thoroughly. It must be exhibited as it is; alike in its influence and in its animating character, so that not only its outside but its inside may be seen.

This is no time for soft words or excuses. All such are out of place. They may turn away wrath; but what is the wrath of man? This is no time to abandon any advantage in the argument. Senators sometimes announce that they resist Slavery on political grounds only, and remind us that they say nothing of the moral question. This is wrong. Slavery must be resisted not only on political grounds; but on all other grounds, whether social, economical, or moral. Ours is no holiday contest; nor is it any strife of rival factions; of White and Red Roses; of theatric Neri and Bianchi; but it is a solemn battle between Right and Wrong; between Good and Evil. Such a battle cannot be fought with excuses or with rosewater. There is austere work to be done, and Freedom cannot consent to fling away any of her weapons.

If I were disposed to shrink from this discussion, the boundless assumptions now made by Senators on the other side would not allow me. The whole character of Slavery as a pretended form of civilization is put directly in issue, with a pertinacity and a hardihood which banish all reserve on this side. In these assumptions, Senators from South Carolina naturally take the lead. Following Mr. Calhoun, who pronounced "Slavery the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world," and Mr. McDuffie, who did not shrink from calling it "the corner-stone of the republican edifice," the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. HAMMOND] insists that "its forms of society are the best in the world;" and his colleague [Mr. Chesnut] takes up the strain. One Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Davis] adds, that Slavery "is but a form of civil government for those who are not fit to govern themselves," and his colleague [Mr. Brown] openly vaunts that it "is a great moral, social, and political blessing—a blessing to the slave and a blessing to the master." One Senator from Virginia, [Mr. Hunter,] in a studied vindication of what he is pleased to call "the social system of the slave-holding States," exalts Slavery as "the normal condition of human society;" "beneficial to the non-slave-owner as it is to the slave-owner"—"best for the happiness of both races," and, in enthusiastic advocacy, declares, "that the very key-stone of the mighty arch, which by its concentrated strength is able to sustain our social superstructure, consists in the black marble block of African slavery. Knock that out," he says, "and the mighty fabric, with all that it upholds, topples and tumbles to its fall." These were his very words, uttered in debate here. And his colleague, [Mr. Mason,] who has never hesitated where Slavery was in question, has proclaimed that it is "*ennobling* to both master and slave"—a word which, so far as the slave was concerned, he changed, on a subsequent day, to "elevating," assuming still that it is "ennobling" to the master—which is simply a new version of an old assumption, by Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, that "Slavery supersedes the necessity of an order of nobility."

Thus, by various voices, is the claim made for Slavery, which is put forward defiantly as a form of civilization, as if its existence were not plainly inconsistent with the first principles of anything that can be called Civilization, except by that figure of speech in classical literature, where a thing takes its name from something which it has not, as the dreadful Fates were called merciful because they were without mercy. And pardon the allusion, if I add, that, listening to these sounding words for Slavery, I am reminded of the kindred extravagance related by that remarkable traveler in China, the late Abbé Hue, of a gloomy hole in which he was lodged, pestered by mosquitoes and exhaling noisome vapors, where light and air entered only by a single narrow aperture, but styled by Chinese pride the Hotel of the Beatitudes.

It is natural that Senators thus insensible to the true character of Slavery, should evince an equal insensibility to the true character of the Constitution. This is shown in the claim now made, and pressed with unprecedented energy, degrading the work of our fathers, that by virtue of the Constitution, the pretended property in man is placed beyond the reach of Congressional prohibition even within Congressional jurisdiction, so that the Slave-master may at all times enter the broad outlying Territories of the Union with the victims of his oppression, and there continue to hold them by lash and chain.

Such are the two assumptions, the *first* an assumption of fact, and the *second* an assumption of constitutional law, which are now made without apology or hesitation. I meet them both. To the first I oppose the essential Barbarism of Slavery, in all its influences, whether high or low, as Satan is Satan still, whether towering in the sky or squatting in the toad. To the second I oppose the unanswerable, irresistible truth, that the Constitution of the United States nowhere recognizes property in man. These two assumptions naturally go together. They are "twins" suckled by the same wolf. They are the "couple" in the present slave hutch. And the latter cannot be answered without exposing the former. It is only when Slavery is exhibited in its truly hateful character that we can fully appreciate the absurdity of the assumption, which, in defiance of the express letter of the Constitution, and without a single sentence, phrase, or word, upholding human bondage, yet foists into this blameless text the barbarous idea that man can hold property in man.

On former occasions, I have discussed Slavery only incidentally; as, in unfolding the principle that Slavery is Sectional and Freedom National; in exposing the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill; in vindicating the Prohibition of Slavery in the Missouri Territory; in exhibiting the imbecility throughout the Revolution of the Slave States, and especially of South Carolina; and lastly, in unmasking the Crime against Kansas.—On all these occasions, where I have spoken at length, I have said too little of the character of Slavery, partly because other topics were presented, and partly from a disinclination which I have always felt to press the argument against those whom I knew to have all the sensitiveness of a sick man. But, God be praised, this time has passed, and the debate is now lifted from details to principles. Grander debate has not occured in our history; nor can this debate close or subside except with the triumph of Freedom.

FIRST ASSUMPTION.—Of course I begin with the assumption of fact.

It was the often-quoted remark of John Wesley, who knew well how to use words as also how to touch hearts, that Slavery