

# The Potter Journal.

SINGLE COPIES,

Dedicated to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

FOUR CENTS.

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C. C. LYMAN, Proprietor, Ulysses, Potter Co., Pa. This House is situated on the East corner of Main street, opposite A. Corey & Son's store, and is well adapted to meet the wants of patrons and friends. 12-11-15.  
**EZRA STARKWEATHER,**  
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**Z. J. THOMPSON,**  
WAGON & WAGON MAKEB and REPAIRER,  
The Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes notice of informing the public that he has saved. So that he is prepared to do all kinds of wagon work, and upon the visit to Chicago terms. Payment for goods on board. The required on delivery of parts of the boat and papers of the 5-2.

**God's Corner.**  
**WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.**  
The following are touching and beautiful lines. They send a thrill deep into the heart:  
Mother! watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;  
Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time it costs,  
Little feet will go astray,  
Guide them, mother! while you may.  
Mother! watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way,  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay;  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me this heavy task?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.  
Mother! watch the little tongue  
Prattling eloquent and wild;  
What is said and what is sung  
By the happy, joyous child;  
Catch the word while yet unspoken;  
Stop the vow while yet unbroken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in the Saviour's name.  
Mother! watch that little heart  
Beating soft and warm for you;  
Wholesome lessons now impart;  
Keep, oh! keep that young heart true;  
Extricate every weed,  
Sowing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich when they may see  
Reaping for eternity.

**Choice Reading.**  
**The Sum and Substance of Human Slavery, as Dr. Cheever understands it.**  
At the first meeting which Dr. Cheever addressed after his arrival in England, he made the most passionate summing up of the enormities of slavery, and the slave traffic that was ever made in the English language. We quote, as a specimen of what, in the way of invective, our tongue is capable of, the following passage from the full report in the *British Standard*:  
"The life and forces of a country are expressed in two directions—its religion and its laws. These comprehended in their moral grip and sanction the energies and activities of commerce, literature, the arts and sciences—the whole economy, indeed, of the nation, down upon which they radiate thought and obligation, professedly, of heaven. Now, when any evil is entrenched and armed, and protected and enforced by both these establishments of opinion and authority, these batteries of power, its endurance is sure to be for ages. But a mere evil may be borne in patient resignation, or left to time and gradualism for its amelioration. The revenue forms and expectations of a nation, for example, may be very oppressive, and yet a submission to them may be a religious duty, even as innocuous distinctly by our blessed Lord. But, when not merely a burden but a sin is laid upon men's shoulders, and bound there by the religion and the law, then there, coeval with such a wrong, there arises an obligation of incessant protest, disobedience and moral resistance; and if this resisting dictate of conscience audit God is not obeyed, every man becomes a voluntary party to the guilt, complicated personally in it, and accountable for it. Those are bound to resist first and strongest who are nearest to God, most completely and clearly in His light—that is, His church, His people, armed with His Word, commissioned from Him with His Spirit and truth; a revolutionary power, in a world lying in wickedness, to overturn, and overturn, and overturn, till things shall be settled in accordance with the principles of Christ's own kingdom. This is our radicalism; this is God's conservatism, the removal of those things that may be shaken, that those things that cannot be shaken may remain potent and secure. If the servants of God, who really fear Him, as Burke said, for nothing else, would just take this world and pursue it, there would soon be a settlement on right grounds, and no inquiry could stand before a people armed with God's righteousness and trusting in Him. For this work they are girted with carnal weapons, but spiritual such as are mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan, and the assault of spiritual wickedness in high places."  
"Now, mark you just in proportion to the strength of our strongholds, their comprehensiveness, their abatement and defiance, their insolent supremacy and power of position—just in the degree is the obligation of attacking them not lessened, but increased; just in that proportion the duty of opposition to aggressive warfare on the part of the church and ministry becomes the more urgent and inevitable. There is no other God or power that can take a stand successfully, by God's authority, against both religion and laws of a country when the shrine and command that which is against God. If we were silent, if they laid out these fires of the law of God and the Gospel of Christ, then, indeed, his disabled steership in which the watch has risen so high

as to extinguish the fires in the furnace and destroy all possibility of salvation by working either the ship or the pumps, we must go down. There is no safety for us but in God, and done in Him but just in so far as we work with His Word, and keep that power in ceaseless play. We can go into the fight with no other weapons, and there is no hope until the rank and file of God's militia in the church close up, and, like the Duke's Guards, stand firm, and, when the word comes, launch themselves in God's name like a thunderbolt against the enemy. The work may be perilous in the beginning, it always is—but it ceases to be so just in proportion to the boldness, energy and union with which it is prosecuted. Our great work now in America is to rouse the church and ministry, armed with the thunders and lightnings of God's Word, against this complicated and intricate wickedness of slavery—complicated in so many directions and forms that the hour of this occasion would not suffice even to indicate them, and infinite in essence, in consequence, in perpetuity, from generation to generation. You have no adequate conception of its debauching, devastating, uncontrollable sway. It has gone through the land, and through every successive barrier reared against its progress, removing them out of the way, when the time came for its blows to be struck, with an almost sublimity of ease and recklessness. It has taken captive the greatest minds, subdued the most enlightened consciences, commanded the service and debauched the principles of the most acute and colossal legal intellects, and retained in its behalf the greatest masters of a gorgeous and imaginative rhetoric. It has set the seal of a complicit, guilty silence upon the most orthodox pulpits and the sunniest tongues with an undisputed and subsistent a resignation as ever followed the fall of heaven's fire upon Isiah's mouth for his celestial eloquence. It has opened consecrated lips to blasphemy and forbid in the very sanctuary even the privilege of prayer for the enslaved, as endangering the stability of the Union by the possibility of an answer. Its empire over men's minds is complicated out of every element of influence, and secured by every security of selfishness—complicated as a vast network of law, monopoly, prejudice, power, pride, perverted Scripture, false and inveterate opinion, licentiousness, truth held in unrighteousness, and the unrighteousness ecclesiastically admitted and enforced as the interpretation of the truth; all these snares thrown upon society, and, as the result of the complexity of the Church, a conscience seared as with a hot iron, and the power and dreadfulness of that last stage of social, ecclesiastical, governmental, and national delirium, where crime is enshrined as law and religion; a judicial blindness, the being given over to strong delusion to believe a lie. This monstrous sin, thus fortified and enthroned, is a reproduction of that Anomus, that lawless one, described by Paul in foreshadowing the grim features of the apostasy; lawless towards God, yet full of viperous venomous law towards man; a power boundless, absolute, involved and intricate of statutes with all the diabolical ingenuity and ensnaring technicality of entanglement and opportunity of evil ever contrived in the worst code out of Pandemonium. There is nothing like it now upon earth; reproductive, self-renewing, with a capacity of spinning and fastening new webs of law, of which together with the venom of their work in the conscience and on the social frame, and of the horrors of such a nuisance, a poisonous spider as big as St. Paul's Cathedral, with the power of ejecting chain cables from its ecclesiastical bowels, to fasten on its victims, would be a faint emblem. A capacity, also, of darkening men's moral atmosphere, and paralyzing their moral sense, that is like the faculty of the squid with its ink bag, and for years has been shrouding and perverting men's moral vision as with the film of a cataract, so that they put darkness for light and light for darkness. They have reversed the elements both of reasoning and of intuition, and have taken the vilest, basest, most rapacious form of cruelty against man, and get it as the missionary providence of God, and the keystone of their chosen social and religious institute, with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it.  
"There is no possibility of exaggerating the terribleness of the congeries of cruel opinions, propositions, arguments and laws, concentrated in this system, of the hideousness and execrable impurity of which, examined by the Gospel, but especially when considered as having been contrived and established under its light, no symbol can convey any adequate conception. The slave code of the United States, with the sentence of supreme judicial wisdom, piety and jurisprudence crowning it, that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect, is a knotted pyramid, as of skulls and serpents, of oracles called into law, forged into chain cables, anchored with precedents, cruelties of custom, covetousness,

and pretised fraud, serpentine, inveterately interwisted, upholding, and with lambent, sibilant tongues and fangs protruding, reminding us of the sight that once in a South American wilderness nearly froze Humboldt's soul with horror—the spectacle of a pyramidal column of living, congregated snakes, interfolded, intergorged, in one body, but with heads and necks shooting forth in individual snaky vitality from the corporate solidity and socialism. So do the very meanest securities and complexities in the slave system gather strength and significance from the congested, knotted, strong-drawn unity of the whole on the basis of compromise, and of asserted constitutional law, expediency being set in the place of righteousness, but the malignity and intensity of living covetousness and cruelty animating all the convolutions, and ever and anon, forth from the frightful, never-resting, corded pyramid of serpent life, there shoots out some new, glittering, colossal American adder's head of fresh and of far-darting statute, threatening and wrathful, with all the consolidated venom of the congregated masses. The slave system being the governing system and power, and the constitution itself being interpreted according to its requisitions; the jurisprudence of that system is the ruling national jurisprudence; and the consequence results that, by reason of the multiplied and vast related interests, the prevailing sentiment and sensibility becomes a habit of cruelty and oppression, and an absolute jealousy against equity, as being the enemy of the vested rights in this system of iniquity."  
The doctor closes his address as follows:  
"In this conflict the churches of Great Britain must assist us in the uncompromising application of the Word of God. There are two phrases that have done good service from two great masters in our country, the one of fervid and practical piety, the other of philosophy, law and practical statesmanship—phrases that have cut us with the sweep of a two-edged sword—the one phrase from John Wesley, as to the practical diabolism of the system of slavery; that it is 'the sum of all iniquities'; and the other from Lord Brougham, reproaching 'the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man.' This latter is the grand principle which we find in the Mosaic statutes—the principle on which the man that holds a fellow-being as a slave, the man that makes merchandise of man—which it is impossible to be a slaveholder without doing—is reprobated of God as a man stealer, and, along with the murderer, is condemned to death. This impossibility of a righteous property in man, this righteous and inexorable treatment of slavery, according to the dictates of natural and revealed religion, is the destruction of the system. Now, is it not wonderful that at this day, under the light of Christianity, 1,800 years after, the death of Christ, a crime execrated by the Divine law under the penalty of death along with that of murder, should have been rescued from that criminal fellowship and received, under the Gospel, into Christian communion, as if it were a virtue? Was there ever a more malignant and extraordinary hallucination? Can it be continued, and the church in which it continues remain in the favor of God?—A crime gibbeted by the law of God is taken by Christian surgeons from the gallows, is exhumed by Gospel resurrectionists, galvanised into a hideous life, and set among the living guests at the sacramental feast as a suitable companion with Faith, Hope and Charity! And those who undertake to thrust the torch of God's flaming law within the skeleton, beneath the mask into the ghastly face of this crime, and by the law to drag it forth beneath the condemnation of the Gospel, are themselves assaulted and denounced as being greater sinners and infidels than those who, in the very Church of God, practise and make profit of the iniquity. I say it is an unparalleled madness. There was nothing ever in the worst corruptions of Christianity so bad as this. In the deepest depths of the great apostasy, under the dominion of the Man of Sin, there never was the open, unblushing affirmation of a Christian adulterer, a Christian idolater, a Christian murderer; but under the Gospel we are commanded to admit, as a reality of unblemished piety, the Christian slaveholder, the Christian man-merchant, the Christian child stealer, since every slaveholder is, by the very law that perpetuates the system and his property in it, the stealer of every babe born of every slave-mother, and marks and claims it as his chattel from the birth of that infamous statute borrowed from Pagan jurisprudence and baptised in the name of Christ, *Partus sequitur ventrem*. Now, in the condemned churches of the Apocalypse there never was any Jezebel worse than the teacher of such an enormity.—And here, under Christ's authority, the plain Gospel is to be applied; and it is

remarkable, that, in the very instructions of Paul to Timothy how to use the law in preaching the Gospel, he drags forth man-stealers along with murderers, and declares that the law is to be employed in preaching against the abominable crimes and sinners, even according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God—committed to our trust. Such is God's rule; but for applying the law just as it is, and using God's own terms in the proclamation of His own Word, we have been denounced as fanatical, vituperative, insane, furious, uncharitable, slanderers, hurried in anger, and denounced, almost as the greatest of sinners, simply for denouncing sin with God's own recorded, undeniably reprobated against it. The rage, wrath, malice, evoked by the simple application of the truth show plainly where our power lies in attacking this monster sin, this Leviathan disporting himself in the oceanic charity of slaveholding churches, who laughs at every weapon but that of Divine truth, and never spouts blood but you may know that your harpoon has gone into his vitals. And this treatment with the Word of God is the only effectual method."  
**Lightning.**  
The remark is often made that casualties by lightning are annually increasing in number, notwithstanding the multiplied precautions taken to guard against them. But it may well be doubted whether they occur more frequently, in proportion to the increased population, than in former years. There are now so many newspapers in the rural districts, that every local incident of the kind is quickly caught up, put into print, and sent off on its travels. It must be to the modern thoroughness with which they are reported by the local press that the idea of their increased frequency is to be attributed; for a careful record kept by Mr. Meriam of Brooklyn shows that there is but little annual variation in the number of these casualties. In 1858, there were 56 persons killed and 66 injured by lightning, while in 1859 there were 76 killed and 44 injured, being two less than the year before. During the two years of observation which this gentleman has devoted to the phenomena of lightning, he says that in no case did he see a man happen to a person lying on an iron bedstead, or in a house or building having a metallic roof. He avers that persons in iron buildings, iron vessels, within railroad cars, on board of steamboats or ocean steamers, or in vessels furnished with metallic conductors, continue to enjoy complete protection from death or injury from lightning. So also with those in ordinary buildings furnished with proper conductors. Mr. Meriam thinks that thunders and lightnings are engaged in other labors than those usually recorded as lightning incidents. Distant thunder, for instance, will curdle milk and stop the fermentation of brewer's yeast; while active lightning putrefies the fresh meat hanging on the butchers' stall. The potato rot will yet be identified as the result of electrical influences. Diseases in the human system have long been suspected of a similar origin, while others are undoubtedly aggravated by this mysterious agent of the Almighty. Cholera, and kindred complaints, are largely induced by thunder and lightning, and so with yellow fever; for in countries where no thunder and lightning are active, these scourges are unknown. India, where the lightning is awful and the thunder terrific, has in the cholera an ever present scourge, while California, where the thunder gust is unknown, has been pronounced the healthiest climate in the world. It is remarkable that large cities enjoy an almost perfect immunity from danger to life by lightning. This remark applies as well to American as to European cities. Between 1800 and 1851, not a single death by lightning is recorded as having occurred in Paris, while throughout France, from 1835 to 1852, the average annual number of deaths from the same cause was 72. In 1835 the number killed was 111. During 30 years, in which 750,000 deaths occurred in London, two only had been produced by lightning. Twenty-five per cent of all the deaths from this cause happen to persons under trees. From this data it is evident that lightning finds more victims in the open country than in cities.—There are definite reasons for this immunity enjoyed by citizens. Large towns are made up of lofty buildings, multitudes of which are covered with metallic roofs, from which tin or iron gutters lead off the rain water. They contain many churches, most of which have, ostentatious spires armed with lightning rods. Private dwellings are protected in the same way, so that the city in reality bristles with metallic points, each of which, presented to the thunder cloud, discharges silently but surely a portion of its destructive energy. This vast array of conductors grouped up within a limited area, must of necessity carry off the electricity of an overhanging cloud, not it is true, as rapidly as it is generat-

ed in Nature's great laboratory, but rapidly enough to mitigate its intensity.—When the bolt does fall, it lights on some one of these multitudinous points, which thus performs its wonderful office of carrying the explosion harmlessly off.—*N. Y. Tribune.*  
**Old Trees in Memoriam.**  
We extract the following beautiful and truthful thoughts from "The Century Plant," a story in *Harper's Monthly* for June:  
"How much more strongly our memories fasten upon old trees than upon any thing else in nature that we can think of! In this respect they are very like moss, which hardly ever grows where it can't be pretty sure of a long, undisturbed resting place. It avoids the fences and the door-posts that man makes, because fire and the freaks of re-building and all other sorts of caprice or change can unsettle it from them, but seems to know that old trees are spared even in their decay, and that it can have leave to cover them with a beautiful carpet and cushion long after they are dead almost down to the very heart. It's just the same way with our memories. There is a sort of instinct which makes us associate as many of our happinesses and pains and all sorts of feelings and thoughts with the trees which were about us when we first had them. As if we knew that though the roads where we walked, and the gates we opened, and the seats we sat on, and the thresholds where we stood, may all be changed, perhaps quite obliterated, and the very rocks piled up and taken away to build houses with or to get rid of their obstructions; the trees we saw and loved will probably last as long as we, and be a safe clinging place for memory to stay by, and a dear home for the heart to come back to, long after every thing else is gone, and even when we are very old. There was my old grandfather, he died in his ninety-second year, and the very day that his snowy head disappeared from our little home circle at my mother's, just like a little of the real snow that had been left till April, melting away quietly all at once, he asked to be carried in his chair out on to the lawn in front of the old homestead. Then he began talking to my mother, but I could not hear, and in such a way as brought tears to our eyes, I can tell you. 'There,' said he, 'is the elm that my father planted when I was ten years old. Ah! ah! good old man, he's gone.' He waited a few moments, and then said he, 'That great white ash I set out on my wedding day, when my Mabel had just got home with me. I said it should be her tree, and she laughed and clapped her hands. Oh, how brown her hair was, and how bright her eyes were—she's gone, ah! ah!' To us children and grandchildren, who first knew grandmother when her hair was silver-white, and she told us little old stories of long ago old times as we sat on stools at her feet, this was so touching that we began to cry; but mother more especially, as if her heart would break. 'Then grandfather went on, 'That row of locusts I set one after another as the children were born—those first ten by the gate when John was two days old; he's gone too, poor boy! I crowed far, far away at sea! I told him not to go; I did; but boys will be boys, and now he isn't here to remember as I do, how I used to hold him up to pick off the first sweet-smelling blossoms that came out those locusts, and the pods with the little beans in them, that he called babies in a cradle, asking me if God put those little babies to bed there, and if they would grow up and get to be big trees, and thank Him for taking such care of them. Well, he's gone, gone; they're almost all gone. I shall be gone too, pretty soon.' Then, while we all wiped our eyes as quickly as possible, so that he shouldn't see the tears in them, he turned around, and said: 'Take me in deers, please; I've been out here long enough.' We obeyed him, and that afternoon he was gone too."  
**SHEEP RAISING**—Professor Allen says, in regard to sheep-raising, that Dean Swift's remark that "Every poor man keeps a dog, is peculiarly adapted to this country, (only some desperately poor men keep half a dozen or more.) The only effectual way of disposing of the dog question, is to tax their tails off close to their cars, or shoot or poison every strange cur found on a sheep farm. Saxony, not larger than Rhode Island and Connecticut, keeps 8,500,000 sheep; England and Wales, 26,000,000 and the whole United States only 21,000,000.  
THE purest innocence does not always blush the reddest. The truest piety is not the most acid. The ripest learning is not the duldest. The highest wisdom is not the coldest. Grapes and turkeys, harps and viols, fair forms and fair, the blessed sun and summer breeze, what were taste, and hearing, and sight, and the sense of touch, but for the purest these for us?