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

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HIGH AND LOW.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

Little Maud, with your golden hair,
The half of my wealth I'd give
For the ownership of your beauty rare,
And your innocent life to live;

And the other half for the love you keep,
Say, Maud, will you change to-day?
Will you take the bitter tears I weep,
And the gold I would cast away,

And let me live in your cottage home,
And you in my palace grand?
(Ah, me! the life you would lead alone,
Though with servants to command.)

And your peasant lover, my simple maid,
He's naught but a country clown;
Yet, Maud, I would barter my love for yours,
Though his hands are hard and brown.

He's manly, honest, and noble too,
His smile it is frank and warm;
He is kind and tender with love for you,
And strong is his bold right arm.

Prince William's hand it is pledged to me,
His heart it is cold as stone;
Ah! better a penniless life and free,
Than fetters upon a throne.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

"And you are willing he should go?" "Why not," answered the young wife enthusiastically. "I should despise myself, Adele, if I was not willing to give my husband to my country. France needs all her sons in this extremity. I thank God I have Henri to offer on her altar." Her sister shrugged her shoulders. "You always were romantic, my dear," she said. "For my part, if I had a handsome husband, a splendid estate in Normandy, a hotel in Paris, diamonds, castles, equipages, servants, as you have, I should not be willing to risk them so lightly. Suppose Henri is killed. You will be a widow, and for a time at least, can enjoy none of these things."

"Oh! Adele, how can you talk so? Has not the good father Lucien been telling us, ever since we were children, that the curse of modern times was its materialism of life? That to eat, drink, and be merry seemed to be the whole purpose of existence? That luxury had corrupted national virtue? That the days of heroism had passed? How often has my heart swelled against these imitations, for I will not believe that human nature has sunk so low! No I have often told him, the diviner parts of our race have not all died out. We are still capable, we women, of making sacrifices for our country; and our husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, still capable of dying for it. I could, myself, if the occasion called for it, be, I hope, a second Joan of Arc. I never loved Henri half so well as since he came home, the other day, and told me, that in this crisis of France's fate, he had determined to offer her his sword, and, if necessary, his life. We can die but once. What more glorious than to die in a holy cause!" And the young wife looked sublime as she spoke it.

Natalie had been married but a year or two. Her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability had won for her, at eighteen, the heart of the young Count de Tankerville, the greatest match of the season. Passionately attached to each other, they spent the hours continually together: they read, they rode, they did everything in company. The life they led was more like an idyl than like a life in modern society and in Paris. In the midst of this dream of bliss came the news of the retreat from Moscow. All Europe arose against France. The Emperor, beaten back from Dresden to Leipzig, and from Leipzig to the Rhine, was making a last desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the nation. It was in this extremity that the young count stepped forward. His father had been a constitutional royalist in the last days of Louis XVI, and though the family had never emigrated, it had never, on the other hand, attached itself to the fortunes of Napoleon. So long as the great Emperor pursued his career of conquest, so long the Tankervilles held aloof from him. But now, when the question was not Napoleon, but the nation, the young count felt that the time had come when the country demanded his services. In view of the dismemberment of France, what were lands, houses, life itself? "Save the nation!" was the cry that rose to every patriotic lip. Women brought their jewels, men brought their lives. Foremost among these were Henri and his wife.

"Well," said Adele, who had one of those cold, selfish natures, that could not understand how anybody could do anything noble or heroic, "I think you and your husband mad. But go your own way."

"I wish you were mad in the same way. We are mad as Leonidas was mad, as Tell was mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other hero was mad that died for

Speech of HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, AT Tankersville, Pa.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Amid all the diversity of sentiment in our land, there is one subject upon which we can agree; and that is, that our country is in a most lamentable condition—our Government threatened with disruption; our Constitution with subversion; and our institutions with overthrow. We are met here for the purpose of discussing the great interests of a common country, and of determining what becomes us in an exigency so trying and so fearful. I meet you here not to discuss Slavery or anti-Slavery. Though an old line Democrat, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and adhering with tenacity to the principles of Democracy through an active life, yet I come not to speak to you upon political partisan subjects. I come to discuss a matter that concerns our Union, one that rises far above and shoots deeper than party interests or issues. We have a duty, my fellow-citizens, far beyond that of the fathers of the Revolution. They were oppressed by tyranny, and they sought to throw off the shackles of a despotic monarchy. They hoped that a great and free Government would spring up from their patriotic efforts, but the most sanguine never imagined that a Government so replete with good would be the fruits of their beginning. What with them was hope, with us is fruition. They planted, and we reaped. Their experiment has become a great success, and as we are enjoying, or might enjoy, such blessings as Heaven never before vouchsafed to mortal man. But a conspiracy has appeared; strife and division are at our doors; and it becomes us now to see whether the fruits of this great and beneficent Union must be lost or whether they can be preserved. It were needless to go back to review dead and buried issues. There is a great fact staring us in the face, and with which we have to deal. It matters not whether the origin of our difficulties was North or South, or East or West—the question is, How shall it be dealt with and disposed of? In every government, and especially in every free government, political parties will arise. And it is well that we have them. So far from being a curse, when restrained within legitimate bounds they are a blessing. The strife of political parties, like the agitation of the natural elements, purifies the moral atmosphere, and gives life, and vigor, and freedom to our institutions. There are some questions too great, some too small, for the exercise of political parties; and we have many duties to discharge in the various relations of life that do not appertain to political affairs, but which we should count together and discharge, as American citizens, as brethren of one tie, and not inquiring whether we belong to this or that or the other division of political parties. When we assemble around the grave of a neighbor, and hear the words that have issue to many hearts, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and hear the creaking of the cord as the remains are lowered to their final resting place, the strifes of passion are hushed in the bosom, and we remember only that we are men—inquire not what were the political views of the dead or living. At midnight you hear the cry of "fire!" You rush into the street, and find your neighbor's dwelling in flames. It is found that in the terror of the moment a mother has left her infant in the chamber. The flames hiss through every crevice, the rafters tumble, and another and another makes the attempt, till at last one is lost in the flames! Every eye-ball is strained, every heart palpitates, every breath is hushed; every muscle stands out like whiplords, and all believe he is lost, but finally he appears and restores the loved and lost to its swooning mother, but no one inquires to what political party he belongs. When the citadel of our country is in flames, when the edifice that Washington and Franklin and their associates erected, is in flames, it becomes us, whatever we have been our political proclivities before, to rise far above all other considerations, and to keep this citadel from destruction. I cannot afford to turn away from my duty because a political opponent is acting with us, or to stay back from a duty because a political friend deserts me. No; I must go on and discharge a great duty. I hold it to be the first duty of every citizen, of every party, to aid in restoring—it restored it can be—this great and good Government. Previous to the last political election, this country was at peace with the world, and it was in the enjoyment of greater privileges than any other Government on earth; there was no people so blessed in every ramification of society. This mighty sea of happy faces before me testifies to the fact that they have been in the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom. And so it was from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, with over thirty millions of people, unoppressed by Government, but every

one enjoying the fruit of his own industry, and literally none to molest or make afraid. Then, what cause is there for this great disturbance? Why is it that one portion of this country is in arms against another? Let us inquire the cause of the complaint first, and then see if we can prescribe a remedy afterwards. We all agree that the grievance is most serious. But what is the true way of putting down what I shall term a rebellion? And we can all agree on one thing: that that rebellion is either right or wrong, justifiable or unjustifiable—to be approved or condemned, as a whole. If it is right for a portion of this country to take up arms against this Government, it is right to sustain such action; and if they are wrong, they should be put down by the power of the people. There is no half-way house in this matter—no tarrying place between sustaining the Government, and attempting its overthrow. There is no peace proposition that will suit the case until the rebellion is first put down. And were I in favor, or disposed to tamper with this rebellion, or aid or countenance it, I would go and take up arms with them. Because, if it is right for them to take up arms, it is right for them to have arms, aid and assistance. If they are wrong, if they are guilty of treason, and murder, and arson, they should be overthrown by the whole power of the Government, and put down so that no resurrection ray will ever find rebellion again. Now I believe I am one of those who, in former years, thought that sectional discussions put in jeopardy the well-being of the Union. I believe now, as then, that there never was a sectional controversy that justified this, or any armed rebellion. I believe this rebellion did not arise out of sectional agitation, but from a blind, wicked, reckless ambition. And I believe it is the duty of every man, woman and child to raise an arm against it to crush it. Our Constitution is never to be put down. [An indistinct voice in the crowd—"Compromise!" What does my friend say—"Compromise?" Well I will get at "Compromise" before I get through.—[Laughter and cheer.] I believe in the integrity of the Union; I believe in the integrity of the Constitution; I believe in sustaining both by the power of the Government. But they say, "You would not coerce a State?" No; I would not coerce a State. I have said I would not coerce a State—first, because it is impracticable; because you cannot coerce a State. Second, because it would be unjust to coerce a State in its domestic policy if it could be done. But you may coerce rebellion in a State until you give that State an opportunity to act through its loyal citizens in its duties to the Union. And I would coerce rebellion wherever you could find it. You may not coerce a community, but you may coerce its thieves and murderers. You may coerce States criminals, and thus enable the State and its loyal citizens to fulfill their relations to the Government of the Union. If we can sustain our Union, if we can uphold our Constitution, it is not by compromising with rebellion—it is by putting down rebellion, and making our compromise with fidelity. [Applause, and a voice—"There's your Democracy!" And of all men living, a Democrat is the last man who can take a stand against the Constitution of his country. [Cheers.] A Democrat lives, and moves, and has being in the Constitution. He cannot live outside of, or in opposition to, the Constitution. He must stand by the Constitution in all its parts. It was that doctrine that gave the Democratic party its power and ascendancy in the time of Jefferson, of Madison, and of that old hero, Andrew Jackson. Just in proportion as the Democracy has wandered from the Constitution, just in the same proportion have they gone down. And if they had been faithful, and stood fully up to their own doctrines, all the abolition parties of the earth, and all the Republican parties of the earth, and all the combined powers of the earth could never have put down the Old Democratic party. [Cries of "That is so," and cheers.] I have ever believed in the justice of Democracy, and I believe in it to-day as much as ever. And I believe it to be my duty to stand upon the ramparts of the Constitution, and defend it from all foes, whether they come from the North, the South, the East, or the West. My fellow Democrats, supporting there any such in my hearing, suppose Breckinridge had been elected, Sumner and Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and the Abolitionists of the New England States generally had started a rebellion against the authority of the United States, what would you have done? I would have done as I am doing now. I would have tried to animate my countrymen to put them down by force of arms. Now why not treat Southern rebellion just as you would have treated Northern rebellion—Eastern rebellion—or you would Western rebellion—and wherever rebellion comes from, put it down forever. That is my doctrine. I have stood upon that doctrine in olden times,

and I will stand by it now, and if that doctrine goes down I will go with it. There were causes of irritation between the sections I admit. I deplored them, and labored long and earnestly to get rid of them. But it was not done. Those causes of irritation, although they may have suggested to Southern States to request becoming guaranties, they never justified armed rebellion in any shape or manner. And what was the cause of irritation? The only real, practical cause of irritation was the non-execution of the fugitive slave law. But that did not affect the Cotton States so called; but Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, and perhaps one or two other States were the only ones ever injured by it. The Cotton States, so called, never lost a fugitive slave from the time of their existence to this day. To be sure they had a question about territories, but it was so entirely ideal, a mere abstraction, and so practically, not a real grievance. But if it had been they had the Supreme Court and both branches of Congress, and practically had control of the question. The fugitive slave question was the only practical question therefore which annoyed them, and that question was not the cause of the rebellion. What State first seceded? South Carolina began to secede long before the votes were counted. She had no practical grievances whatsoever. Look at Virginia. Though politicians rejoiced, cheated, and defrauded, and bullies held bowie knives at the throats of her citizens to coerce rebellion, it was a long time before they could compel that State into anything like Secession. And when they did so nominally, the State Government was revolutionized, one part flew away from the other, and organized their government; rather than allow it to go into the bottomless pit of Secession. Maryland, when she gets a chance, votes against it. Missouri—her citizens are pouring out their blood like water, and their treasures without stint, rather than be drawn into Secession. Look at good old Kentucky, where her Governor and Senators have labored to bring her out of the Union—after all attempts to seduce her from her fidelity to the Constitution, she gives more than sixty thousand majority for the Union. Now I inquire of all citizens in the Free States, especially my Democratic fellow citizens, whether they are troubled about the integrity of Kentucky—whether they think it is necessary to stay up the hands of rebellion in Kentucky, so emphatically condemned there? And now I repeat that the only practical cause of disunion that appertained to States that could only be drawn or dragged into the folly of Secession, Gen. Butler has had this question on his hands. As long as the Constitution was acknowledged, all conservative citizens admitted that it was the duty of the Free States to restore the fugitive who was fleeing from the service of his master. Gen Butler has found the restoration of the fugitives impracticable in many cases. The master had thrown out of the Constitution. What was the result? He was obliged to receive hundreds of contrabands, and retain them if he did not know what he is going to do with the question; but I suppose he is going to do with them something as the Irishman was going to do with the Widow Malone's pig. "Did you steal the Widow Malone's pig, Patrick?" asked the priest. "That I did." "What made you steal it?" "Think, when you will stand, you'll be there, and you will be there, and the Widow Malone will be there, and the pig will be there." "And will your reverence be there?" "Yes." "And the Widow Malone be there?" "Yes." "And the pig be there?" "Yes." "Well, I should say, Widow Malone, take your pig." Now, I do not know but Gen Butler is going to take as long a credit as did the Irishman. But, when we have a constitution, and when they acknowledge its force, I have no doubt but every just citizen will be for seeing it complied with. Now, I have just as much confidence in the masses of the Southern people as in the masses of the Northern people. Both are alike. The masses are honest. To be sure, their institutions, their means of communication, render them more excitable, more easily led, and more relying upon their leaders for public information, and therefore more liable to be misled than Northern people. Nevertheless, I have confidence in the Southern people; and the result of the great conflict in Kentucky assures me that the Southern heart is with the people to the core. Though terrified into seeing Secession, with the exception of one or two States in the South, I am well satisfied that if the question of Union or Disunion were submitted to the people to-day an overwhelming vote would be given for the Union and its Stars and Stripes. Every indication has shown that, whenever there has been an election in any Southern State, and a fair opportunity given, you have seen that the Union sentiment has prevailed. You will see that it is by

military power, by threats, intimidation, destruction, murder and arson that they have succeeded in getting in advance the cause of Secession. In some States, as for instance Louisiana, they never submitted the question to the people at all. It is a base humbug of Davis, Cobb, and Co. to place themselves in power. The election of a political opponent is never a cause of Secession or for disturbance; and if those Secession leaders had opposed Mr. Lincoln's election from the time of the Charleston Convention with half the pertinacity and force that I did, he never would have been elected. I charge in all my public speeches that they conspired at that election; and the same has been charged home upon them by their own people in the South. Their time had come. It must go or they would be ruined. They remind me of little boys who want to ride a horse. Those in the city get them a hobby-horse, and they can ride that. Country boys get astride of a stick, and ride that. This knot of office-seekers failing to get a horse to ride, or even a hobby, have mounted this poor stick of a Southern Confederacy, and are riding that. It is just such ambition as caused the angels in heaven to rebel. It was not because we had not a good Government, but because they could not rule it. Call them Democrats, or epilogues to the sympathy of Democrats, with arms in their hands against their Government, and their hands red with the blood of our murdered citizens! They are enemies of their country; they are traitors against the Flag and the Constitution, and as such I arraign them in the name of the Constitution and the Union. I arraign them in the name of civilization; I arraign them in the name of Christianity; I arraign them in the name of the fathers of the Revolution, who poured out their blood to gain the Liberty transmitted to us. I arraign them in the name of the soldiers who marched barefoot to secure our blood-bought Liberty. I arraign them in the name of the holy memories of the women of the Revolution, whose pure and gentle hearts were crushed and broken. In the great Day of Accounts, the savage Brant and more savage Butler, that deluged the beautiful valley of the Wyoming with blood, will stand up and whiten their crimes in comparison with the perfidy of the men who now attempt to divide and destroy this Union. The ferocious instincts of the savage taught him that he might be doing a duty to his people; but these men were born in a land of civilization, and baptized in the name of the Trinity, and they should be held to an account for the abuse of the trust which has been confided to them. Who are these men in arms against the Government—in arms against the Union? They are men who have been educated at its expense—been laden with its honors—been pruned at its Treasury. If we perish we may say with the poet over the stricken eagle: "Keen were his pain, yet keener far to feel, He nursed the pining which impelled the deed, While the same plumage, that had warmed his breast, Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding heart." If the Union is strung to the heart, it must be a melancholy reflection that we have reared the men to do it, and like the demented Lear, we shall learn "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, To have a thankless child!" that we have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against the institutions of their country. We have seen by the action of the Border Southern States that it is not their intention to permit this Government to be subverted. Every crime known in the catalogue of depravity from treason to larceny, has been committed in attempting to drive them into Secession. How can these men be sustained by any one, with hands dripping with blood—not only with the blood of Northern, but of Southern citizens; and why? Because a Northern candidate was elected, who had four years to serve, whose election they might have prevented—whose election they connived at, they will hazard a whole eternity, so far as temporal existence is concerned, to gratify present personal pique and feed a vain ambition. Whoever sustains them, I will not. Whoever cries peace, I will not. Whoever cries compromise with them, I will not. (Great cheering.) I am for peace, but I am for making peace with the loyal citizens of the South—the loyal citizens of Kentucky and of Missouri too, who have sent their General, Neuchadenezar, Clairborne P. Jackson, to grass. They ask in repetition, can you coerce a State? I say no; you cannot. You might as well coerce the sun to shine, or the stars to twinkle. Can you coerce a neighborhood to be honest? No; but you may punish its criminals. No one can justify armed rebellion in opposition to the Union and the Constitution of his country. But Mr. Lincoln is said, forsooth, has violated the Constitution in conducting his Administration. Very well; there is a day of reckoning to come with him and his advisers. But it is one thing to violate the Constitution and