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## THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

Poem Delivered before the Pal Estu Kapa Society of Harvard University.

BY STRIDER JEFFERSON CUTLER.

The drum's wild roar awakes the land; the life is calling shrill; Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, and bay and hill; Out crowded streets are throbbing with the soldier's measured tramp; Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp. The thunders of the rising war hush labor's drowsy hum, And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come. The souls of men flame up anew, the narrow hearts expand; her patient faith to nerve her eager hands. Thank God! we are not hurried yet, though long in traces we lay. Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to-day.

Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by; each held his anxious breath, Like one who waits in helpless fear for some sorrow great as death. Oh! scarcely was there faith in God, nor any trust in man, While fast along the Southern sky the blighting shadow ran. It veiled the stars, one after one; it hushed the patriot's song, And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right from wrong. Then a red flash, the lightning across the darkness broke, And with a voice that shook the land the guns of Sumpter spoke; Wake, sons of heroes, wake! The age of heroes dawns again; Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men. Lo! brightly o'er the breaking day shines freedom's holy star. Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the healer, war!

The calling was heard by Plymouth Rock; 'twas heard in Boston Bay; Then up the Piny streams of Maine sped on its ringing way. New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's Green hills, it kindled into flame; Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame; The Empire City started up, her golden fetters rent. And meteor-like, across the North, the fiery message sent; O'er the breezy prairie land, by bluff and lake it ran, Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man; Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands, it rang exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And whoso'er the summons came, there rose an angry din, As when upon a rocky coast a stormy tide comes in. Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straight way the sons arose, With flushing cheek, as when the East with day's red current flows. Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew; The fog is lifting from the land, and lo, the ancient blue! We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down. To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown. Who lives for country, through his arm feels all his forces flow, 'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.

Oh! Law, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow. Oh! Liberty, thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou; One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green; And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the water in— Friends, whom we can not think apart, seeming each other's foe; Twined flowers upon a single stock with equal grace that grow. Oh! fair ideas, we write your name across our banner's fold; For you the sluggard's brain is fire; for you the coward bold. Oh! daughter of the bleeding past! Oh! hope the prophets saw! God gives us Law in Liberty, and Liberty in Law.

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain, For those who go so proudly forth and may not come again; And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind, As a thousand tender histories throng in up-on the mind. The old men bless the young men and praise their bearing high; The women in the doorway stands to wave them bravely by. One threw her arms about her boy, and said "God bless my son, God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would have done." One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss, And said "I shall not be alone for thy dear love and this." And one, a rosebud in her hand, leant at a soldier's side; "Thy country needs the first," she said, "be I thy second bride."

Oh! mothers, when around your hearts ye bend your cherished ones, And miss from the wickiwaned ring the flower of your sons; Oh! wives, when, o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall, And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call, Oh! maids, when, in the sleepless nights ye ope the little case, And look till ye can look no more upon the proud young face,

Not only pray the Lord of Life, who measures mortal breath, To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death; Oh! pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws, That whosoever lives or dies, he saves his holy cause!

So out of shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland glen, Thick as the bees in clover time, are swarming armed men; Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come, With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum. Ho! comrades, see the starry flag, broad-waving at our head, Ho! comrades, mark the tender light on the dear emblem spread. Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 'tis part of their renown; And paled by the catiff hand would pluck its glories down, Hurrah! hurrah! it is our home, were'er thy colors fly; We win with thee the victory, or in thy shadow die!

Oh! women drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay; For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled for the fray. Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled, From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world; From where amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam; From where the Mississippi pours an unpoluted stream; From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the southern air; From broad Ohio's luscious wines; from Jersey's Orchard fair; From where between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's river's run; From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon; And Massachusetts led the van, as in the day of yore. And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stains of Baltimore. Oh! mothers, sisters, daughters, spare the tears ye faint would shed; Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead. They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust and song, And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.

Oh! length of days is not the boon the brave man prayeth for; There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war— Oppression with its iron strength, fed on the souls of men, And license with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den. But like bright stars ye fill the eye; adorning hearts ye draw; Oh! sacred grace of Liberty; Oh! majesty of Law.

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the life is calling shrill; Ten thousand tarry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill; The thunder of the rising war drown labor's peaceful hum; Thank God that we have lived to see the safe-morning come— The morning of the battle call, to every soldier dear! Oh joy! the cry is "Forward!" Oh joy! the foe is near! For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land; Hurrah! the rank of battle close; God takes his cause in hand!

## THE OLD KING-MAKER AND THE NEW.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

"Never was the origin of a great struggle more inscrutable than that of the one now raging in America. Future historians may perhaps detect the dominant element in the great fermentation of passions and interests, but we shall not affect to do so. Commercial jealousy, a longing for independence, long bickerings, and mutual antipathies, may have found expression in a fierce demand for political divorce. But that the liberty of the African race was not the true object of the movement on either side, even at its outset, admits of every proof short of demonstration, and that the slavery question has since been utterly lost in the mael of civil war, is capable of actual demonstration."—The London Times.

Just four centuries ago there lived in England a man, great in his day, known in history as Earl Warwick the King-maker. For years, sometimes siding with one faction and sometimes with another, he was a fruitful source of war to England, and the arbiter of her destinies; until finally, by his turbulence, he brought about his own destruction. Before that was affected, he had set up and pulled down dynasties and kings—he had caused infinite wars and miseries—and finally, at one period, he had made the whole polity of England to rest on his shoulders. In his time, in short, he was what Cotton is in ours. Such was Earl Warwick, of whom Hume uses these words, no less applicable to the interest of our days than to the Baron of those: "His numerous retainers were more devoted to his will than to the prince or to the laws; and he was the last of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the Crown, and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil government." If, in the year of grace 1461, newspa-

pers had been what they now are, how absurd would have been the position of some Paris Times or Amsterdam Herald, whose editors, in looking for "the unhappy civil convulsions now devastating a friendly country," had resolutely ignored the existence of the great King-maker—had sedulously attributed those convulsions to the exportation of corn, then first permitted; to a national debt, then first contracted; or to any and every cause, provided only by so doing the existence and influence of the great Earl could, with an eye to various tender points at home, be ever ignored. Yet today, four centuries later, that is what the English press is persistently doing while America is battling with her great King-maker. They will attribute the struggle to "tariffs and commercial jealousies," "to longings for independence," "to mutual jealousies," and to a thousand other absurdities, but the real cause touches them too closely, and that they will not see. On the contrary, with them it is "capable of demonstration" that the real cause has nothing to do with the result. In truth, America is but living over again the old history of England. We to-day have our great barons, as they once had before. Ours, however, are interests of trade, while theirs were but men: We have our King-maker; but ours is not one man, but millions made one by monopoly. One overgrown interest, grown insolent by prosperity and too powerful for the Government, is seeking to overthrow it, and to install new governments to suit itself. Hume says that "30,000 persons daily lived at the board" of the English King-maker, but ours supports some 6,000,000 at home and as many abroad. The death of Warwick ended the wars of the Roses in England, and perhaps we might now learn a useful lesson from the dusty pages of English history.

There are certain questions which are heard every day. Why, people ask, have sentiments on slavery changed so within a century?—why did Jefferson preach one doctrine and why does Jefferson Davis preach another?—how is it that while Washington was an emancipationist, Wise is not?—why was slavery dying out sixty years ago, if it was to be the most powerful interest on the continent to-day? The single significant word cotton is an answer to all such questions. Sixty years ago emancipation was economical; now slavery is profit. On the books of the South slavery has been transferred from the debit to the credit side of the account. Cotton has proceeded step by step in its career, like a mighty power. At first, in its day of small things, merely profitable, it slowly built up for itself a social system—it then created a doctrine of morals, ethics, and economy adapted solely to that system—it then had its colleges, its preachers, and its statesmen—it then finally, grasped at the Government, and, driven from that, our King-maker, like its great English prototype, tried to overturn the Government, and to establish a new one better adapted to its tastes. So stands the question now. Our Warwick is in arms against the Government. How can he effectually be dealt with? The old Warwick was slain, but you cannot put to physical death a commercial interest. If discussion would have destroyed it, it would have fallen long ago; but on discussion it grew fat. Wars and battles, though necessary as a means, are antiquated and vulgar remedies, and force rarely strikes at the root of an evil. Yet the real remedy is evident, if people would but see it—is attainable, if people would but strive for it. To bring slavery and the country back to where they were sixty years ago, slavery must be made no more profitable than it then was. To destroy its power, so that it will not again and again rise to haunt us, we must destroy its cohesive force—the bond of union among slave-owners. That bond of union is not property in man—is not African servitude; that cohesive force is not even the cotton crop,—but both union and cohesion spring from the monopoly of the cotton crop. Destroy that;—plant new cotton fields—fasten its production in other lands by other systems

of labor—force the South to compete with the world; and, when slavery is no more profitable than it was sixty years ago, its ethics, its morals, and its power will disappear with its profits. Conquer the South in battle a dozen times; overrun its territory; emancipate its slaves, and drag it back into the Union; but if you leave it its monopoly all your labor will have been in vain! Again the African will drift back into bondage; again the cotton-king will rear his head; and again, soon or late, must this conflict be fought to the bitter end. We must destroy our Warwick before peace can be secure, and healthy competition is the one, only, total weapon.

Of this what is the prospect? The blockade is at last effective, and the cotton crop is shut up for the present. They talk of capturing and opening cotton ports. Heaven grant that if the Government should do so, the cotton, safely stored in the interior, may not be forthcoming! Every additional day of the blockade, every additional penny per pound piled on to the present price of cotton, is one more turn of the bowstring round the neck of the Southern rebellion and the cotton monopoly. Day by day the papers tell us of new cotton fields planted—of new competitors springing up. Enumeration is useless. India, Australia, Hayti, Jamaica, Brazil, Peru, Central America, Egypt, and indeed all of Africa, are filled with a new hope. While the blockade lasts these countries are favored with a prohibitory tariff, which secures to them the markets of the world. But their efforts are yet young, their resources are undeveloped, their labor is not systematized, their channels of trade are not opened; but all they need is time and encouragement. Both these the blockade supplies. Let it be raised by foreign or domestic power, and before the Southern control of the market all these young efforts must go helplessly down. To bring this struggle to a decisive close, the best use Congress could make of it would be, if the Constitution stood not in the way, to appropriate ten millions of money to be expended under the direction of Dr. Livingstone in the development of the cotton culture in Southern Africa. Like the Romans of old, we too should carry our war into Africa.

Thus in spite of English incubrations, not only is this war waged against a giant wrong, but it is a great civilizer. It opens up undeveloped lands, and though carried on, as England asserts, in the name of the Morrill tariff, it is in fact the greatest engine of free trade against monopoly that this world has ever seen. When viewed in these possible results, the struggle rises to magnificent and poetical proportions. All quarters of the globe participate in it; each race of man has a stake on its result. The Indian, the Central American, the Australian, the Egyptian, and, last and most of all, the African, may read in its progress the signs of their destiny. A brilliant writer some months ago said: "There cannot be a Russian war, or a Sepoy mutiny, or an Anglo-French invasion of China, or an emancipation of the serfs of Russia, without the effects thereof being sensibly experienced on the shores of the Superior or on the banks of the Sacramento; and the civil war that is raging in the United States promises to produce permanent consequences to the inhabitants of Central India and Central Africa." So it will surely be if our blockade does but continue, or if this war in its result breaks up the production of cotton but for two short years. To Africa, in justice, the great stone is due. Let her rise up, and through healthy competition prove the liberator of her offspring; the development of her resources is the sole condition of her success. If that great continent, sealed up since creation, Livingstone tells us of the existence of cotton and rice and sugar lands such as the world never dreamed of before. They need but tillage, and day by day we are forcing tillage toward them. Some pre-emption of this strange rival in their art has already dawned upon the South. More than a year ago, before this struggle and blockade were thought possible,

a writer in that hand-book of secession, *De Bow's Review*, said: "It is truly astonishing that the capitalists of England, as well as that large body of people both in that country and America who really wish to benefit the negroes, have not concentrated their efforts in developing the resources of Africa; for it is undoubtedly true that from this country will in future times, come the bulk of the cotton that is to clothe the world. All Africa is literally a cotton growing country." To-day, through the folly of the South, the prophecy may already be verified.

People are fond of talking of the result of the first gun fired at Fort Sumpter. Neither that, nor any that succeeded it, did indeed any bodily damage, but its consequences have been tremendous—on paper. It roused the North, destroyed slavery, broke down the cotton monopoly, rained the South, and produced many other results. But though all these were indeed accomplished, that gun would be as nothing compared with the declaration of the blockade. That declaration echoed round the world. It imparted new hope to every friend of free trade, and to every inhabitant of a tropical clime. The Indian heard it, and it told him of future riches; the free black of America heard it, and it thundered in his ears the words of a righteous retribution; and, last and most of all, Africa may have heard it, and sluggishly awoke out of a barbarism from eternity. If, in the bounds of possibility, such results may be forthcoming, then some future historian of America may use of our King-maker almost the very words of Hume in regard to Earl Warwick of the olden time: "It was the greatest as well as the last of those monopolies which formerly overawed the Government and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil polity."

## COLONEL MULLIGAN.

A gentleman of Detroit has furnished the *Advertiser* of that city with the following account of this heroic officer: "Col. James A. Mulligan was born in the city of Utica, New York, in the year 1829, and is consequently in his thirty-second year. His parents were natives of Ireland. His mother, after the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, removed to Chicago, where she has resided with her son for the past twenty-three years. She married a respectable Irish American in Chicago, named Michael Lantry, who has steadily watched with a father's solicitude the expanding mind of the brave young soldier. He was educated at the Catholic College of North Chicago, under the superintendance of Mr. Kinsellar, now of New York City. He is a strict member of the Catholic church. In 1852, 1853 and 1854 he read law in the office of Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, Congressman from the Chicago District. For a short time he edited the *Western Tablet*, a semi-religious weekly newspaper in Chicago. In 1856, he was admitted an attorney-at-law in Chicago. He, at this time, held the position of Second Lieutenant in the Chicago Shields Guards, one of the companies now attached to the Irish Brigade, now in Missouri, and which do so well at Lexington. In the winter of 1857, Senator Fitch, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He accepted the position and spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the *Utica Telegraph* over the *non de plume* of "Satan." After his return from Washington he was elected Captain of the Shields Guards. On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, he threw his soul into the national cause. The Irish American companies held a meeting of which he was chairman. Shortly afterwards he went to Washington with a letter written by the late Senator Douglas, on his death-bed, to the President, tendering a regiment, to be called the Irish Brigade. He was elected Colonel, and went to work with a will. The course of the Brigade, up to the battle of Lexington, is well known; it has nobly, bravely and honorably done its duty.

Col. Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A pater, a better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between ale and water, a glass of spirituous or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man; although he is fond and whole souled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame—a large, lustrous hazel eye—an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck, and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, thickened with grey. On the 26th of October, 1859, he was married to Miss Maria Nugent, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

A fine scholar, a good speaker, a brilliant writer, a promising lawyer was he when the banner of the Union was introduced. Now he is—lofty may he continue so—one of the brave defenders of the Union. In one of his last letters, received by the gentleman above alluded to, he says: "If I die, I fall in defence of our Laws and Constitution; let my example be followed by all—by every man who loves the fame and renown of the fathers who made us a great and honorable people."

## GENERAL ROSENCRANS.

General William Stark Rosencrans was born in the county of Delaware, State of Ohio, on the sixth of September, 1819. His ancestors of the father's side were originally from Amsterdam, and on the mother's were of the Hopkinses, one of whom signed the declaration of Independence. At the age of eighteen, on his own direct application to the Secretary of War, (the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett) he was appointed cadet at West Point in 1837. He graduated among the five and became brevet Lieutenant of engineers in 1842. His first military station was Fort Cass, Missouri, where he remained one year, first assistant to Col. R. E. De Russ. In August, 1849, he married Miss Ann Eliza Heggen, an accomplished and worthy representative of the old New York family of that name, and was ordered to West Point to act as assistant Professor of Engineering and Natural Philosophy.

After remaining four years at the Academy, he was transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, and made Engineer-in-Chief of the fortifications, which he executed to the satisfaction of the War Department. In 1853 he was made civil-engineering at the Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. In 1855 he accepted the superintendency of the Canal Coal Company of Coal River, Kanawha Court House, Virginia, and Presidency of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he retained until April 1856, when he removed to Cincinnati, and engaged in the manufacture of coal oil and prussiate of potash. This was his business when he was called, by General McClellan, to act as chief-engineer and aid-de-camp, and thence shortly after, promoted to a Brigadier Generalship in the regular army.

In all these various positions, General Rosencrans has exhibited the most untiring industry, indomitable energy and spotless integrity. None ever knew him whose respect and confidence he did not command, and the writer of this sketch could not repress a smile when among certain papers kindly submitted to his inspection by the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rosencrans, he lit upon a letter, dated Washington August 14th, 1855, testifying to Mr. Rosencrans' high abilities, integrity and energy, and signed "Jefferson Davis."

Socially, the General exits to the refinement of the gentleman, the frank, free spoken manner so taking among our Western population. In person he is little above the medium height, rather thin, and very erect, with no feature so striking as his broad forehead and clear grey eyes. General Rosencrans is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. *Harpier's Weekly*. "Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."