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POEM.

BY I. MANN.

"God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." But where measureless forests o'ershadow the plain, Where footsteps have never polluted the earth, Where nature in all her magnificence reigns, As beautiful and wild as she was at her birth: Where clad in luxurious verdure she weaves Her robe with the wildest and of flowers; Where the fragrance that sleeps upon innocent leaves Is exhaled and diffused by the freshening showers; Where ocean's vast of the waters is spread Far, far from the circling shore which it leaves; When the moon hath arose from her fathomless bed, And the sun in his glory hath sunk in the wave, Where fanciful groups of white clouds with the breeze Transparently float into flakes of pure light, Which roll into couches of softness and ease, To form a repose for the orbs of the night, On mountains whose rugged and storm-beaten heads The lightnings have riven and blackened the soil; Where round as the scene of immensity spreads, And thunders but echo the voice of their God And seem so sublime, so awfully grand, The bosom with wonder and gratitude swells, In these we can trace an Omnipotent hand, And earth is a temple where Deity dwells; When through its long aisles we contemplate the room; At the close of the day in the stillness of even— When the arch of its bold and magnificent dome, Is lit with the glories and splendours of Heaven; 'Tis then that our spirits exursive thro' air, Will mingle familiar with those that are flown; All Nature is seemingly vocal in prayer, And we in the presence of Heaven alone, And while at the altar of Nature I bend, Admitting in silence God's might display, On pinions of transport my soul will ascend, With each aspiration that speaks of his praise.

The London Times as a Political Prophet.

When the Mexican war broke out, the London Times then, as now, saw nothing but disaster to the arms of the United States, and continued, in the face of facts to predict from day to day that the army in Mexico was to be destroyed. Before the news of any battles in Mexico had reached England, it said:

"Defeat will probably be sustained by the American forces, worsted by troops whom they effect to disperse, before the people of the United States have learned that bluster does not win battles, though it may begin bravely."

This was a good beginning in the way of prejudicing the facts. After the first successes of the arms of the United States, it said, "both parties will prize the first decent pretext for putting an end to this wicked and absurd quarrel." Some months later, when the evidences of our success were still more manifest it, uttered the following:

"We have all along foreseen that the conduct of this war would present almost insuperable military difficulties, and that the cry of marching to Mexico, investing the principle cities, and occupying the country was the mere dream of an ignorant populace. Without roads, without local supplies, with little water and a great deal of disease, the march of an American army into the heart of Mexico would lead to its destruction."

The foresight evinced in the preceding paragraph is only equalled by the prediction three months later that the war would have to continue at an enormous cost, or the United States would have to "confess their folly and their helplessness by a ridiculous retreat." Later it said "the Cabinet at Washington must be aware that they have no reasonable prospect of terminating this war by any action of extraordinary lustre." The Mexicans at a subsequent period had "apprehensions that Vera Cruz would be taken." When Vera Cruz fell, the Times accounted for it by the supposition that "it evidently surrendered to mere intimidation or corruption; or possibly from the desire to save the city from total annihilation." Thus it continued to blunder on till the events of the war established the prestige of the army of the United States and the Capitol of Mexico surrendered True to its character as a false prophet, it predicted then that "the Mexicans were farther off from a disposition to make peace than ever;" though in four months' time peace was made and our army was on its way home again. We can estimate from this, the value of its present predictions in regard to the rebellion. The same spirit of hostility to the United States animates it now as then.—Public Ledger.

"Resignation" of Breckinridge.

John C. Breckinridge has published a manifesto to the people of Kentucky, dated at Bowling Green, the Rebels' headquarters, but we have been unable to get a sight of it. The St. Louis Republican gives us some insight into its contents. Mr. Breckinridge says it is written at the first moment, since his expulsion from home, that he could place his feet on the soil of Kentucky. This is a most impudent perversion of the truth, for he never was expelled from home; he left Lexington impelled by his guilty fears of arrest, and his retreat was lighted by the burning self-consciousness of a complicity with treason. When the mock "Duke" of Tobin's Comedy is compelled to lay aside the borrowed robes of authority, he does it with a constrained grace "as a well-bred dog walks down stairs when he sees preparations making for kicking him down;" and in the same spirit Breckinridge resigned his seat as a member of the Senate of the United States, saying, "I exchange with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the United States Senate, for the musket of a soldier." This is the bluster of the "Ancient Pistol," for we all know that the service of the ex-Senator, if he serves at all, will be in some honorary position; with sword and on a charger. Our St. Louis contemporary says the address would fill two of its columns, and is made up of misrepresentations.

Breckinridge says there is no longer a Senate of the United States, within the meaning and spirit of the Constitution—"the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved." But Kentucky is still one of the United States; his deceived and betrayed constituents are still loyal; they recognize proudly the existence of the government of their fathers, and they deny that the Union is dissolved. By what argument can Mr. Breckinridge assert that the Union is dissolved, now, more than in August last, or that the existence of the United States has been imperiled since the session of Congress when he occupied his seat as a Senator of the United States from the State of Kentucky, and drew his pay from the Federal Treasury for his services? If Mr. Breckinridge believed, when he took the Government's gold, that the United States no longer existed, and that the Union was dissolved, he acted like a petty larceny thief and a swindler. He knows that his course is indefensible; he is self-convicted of the vilest treachery to the State which has honored him; and, being unwilling to face the indignant people of Kentucky, he has sneaked away from their presence, and, surrounded by cutthroats and thieves, incendiaries and felons, as a body guard, has issued his impudent manifesto.

We do not care particularly about seeing the text of this last dying speech and confession of John C. Breckinridge. We know that he can not justify his conduct, but that he has the insidious talent to conceal his real purposes beneath glittering sentences and honeyed words. The Republican calls them "frivolous and unjustifiable excuses for a bad act." But the trial and condemnation of Mr. Breckinridge were held and pronounced before the jury of popular opinion months and months ago. While he was holding the second office in the gift of this people, and presiding over the Senate of the United States, while he was afterwards a candidate for the Presidency, and while he was exercising the duties of a United States Senator, he was plotting to betray his country, and was in league with the infamous traitors who conspired to break up the Government.

Of all the persons engaged in this nefarious work, he achieved the lowest depth of degradation, for he allowed himself to be used as a fourth candidate to distract and divide the vote of the country, with the full confidence that it would lead to the election of Mr. Lincoln, and thus present to the Southern malcontents a pretext for their acts of secession. While those who were his fellows in this treachery left their seats in Congress, he remained there, and gave aid to them in opposing every appropriation of men and means to resist the rebellion, although it was menacing within five or six miles, the very Federal Capitol where he was sitting. No man is more deeply and terribly responsible for the blood and pillage and crime and horror of the last six months. He knows it, too; he knows that he is as guilty as Cain after the first fratricide, and he flies from the vengeance that awaits him. He is a refugee from his native State, with the brand upon his brow and the knowing vulture of remorse at his heart. His fate will be that of a traitor.

"In the last battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingled war's rattle,
With groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying."

Monster of perfidy, ingrate and fiend, his name will be eternally linked with those of Judas and Arnold, and, when his

tory seeks to recount the damning deeds of those who have entitled themselves to the execration of mankind, that name will be foremost in the scroll which was borne by one, who, in the very spirit of the arch demon, thought it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."—Louisville Journal, Oct. 28.

Baker's Eulogy on Broderick.

The most famous oration delivered in America since the days of Webster, was that of Edward D. Baker over the dead body of David Broderick in San Francisco on the 18th of September, 1850. The concluding passages are strangely appropriate to the occasion of the death of their author:

"A Senator lies dead in my midst! He is wrapped in a bloody shroud, and we, to whom his toils and cares were given, are about to bear him to the place appointed for all living. It is not fit that such a man should pass to the tomb unheralded; it is not fit that such a life should steal unnoticed to his close; it is not fit that such a death should call forth no rebuke, or be surrounded by no public lamentation. We are here of every station and pursuit; of every creed and character, each in his capacity of citizen, to swell the mournful tribute which the majesty of the people offers to the unreplying dead. The hopes of high-hearted friends droop like fading flowers upon his breast, and the struggling sigh compels the tear in eyes that seldom weep. Around him are those who have known him best and loved him longest; who have shared the triumph, and endured the defeat. Near him are the gravest and noblest of the State, possessed by a grief at once earnest and sincere; while beyond the masses of the people that he loved, and for whom his life was given, gather like a thunder cloud of swelling and indignant grief.

And now as the shadows turn towards the east, and we prepare to bear these poor remains to their silent resting place, let us not seek to repress the generous pride which prompts a recital of noble deeds and manly virtues. He rose unaided and alone; he began his career without family or fortune, in the face of difficulties; he inherited poverty and obscurity; he died a Senator in Congress, having written his name in the history of the great struggle for the rights of the people against the despotism of organization and the corruption of power. He leaves in the hearts of his friends the tenderest and the proudest recollections. He was honest, faithful, earnest, sincere, generous and brave. He felt in all the great crisis of his life, that he was a leader in the ranks and rights of masses of men, and he could not falter. When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the Archangel of death was casting his shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. "Baker," said he, and to me they were his last words—"Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me, and I could not." I trust it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it.

But fellow citizens, the voice of lamentation is not uttered by private friendship alone—the blow that struck his manly breast has touched the heart of a people, and as the sad tidings spread, a general gloom prevails. Who now shall speak for California? Who be the interpreter of the Pacific coast? Who can appeal to the community of the Atlantic who love free labor? Who can speak for masses of men with a passionate love for the classes from whence he sprung? Who can defy the blandishments of power, the insolence of office, the corruption of Administrations? What hopes are buried with him in the grave?

"Ah! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Euratos' bank and call us from the tomb."

But the last word must be spoken and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we must bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freedom, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!

"I tell you that I shall commit suicide, if you don't have me."

Well Charley, as soon as you have given me that evidence of your affection, I will believe you love me.

He immediately hung himself upon her neck and said: "There now, is not that an act of Suesside? She wilted."

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT

It is to me a thoroughly disgusting sight to see, as we sometimes do, the wife and children of a family kept in constant terror of the selfish bashaw at the head of the house, and ever on the watch to yield in every petty manner to his whims and fancies. Sometimes, where he is a hardwrought and anxious man, whose hard work earns his children's bread, and whose life is the sole stay, it is needful that he should be deferred to in many things, lest the over-tasked brain and over-strained nervous system should break down or grow unequal to their task. But I am not thinking of such cases. I mean cases in which the head of a family is a great fat, bullying, selfish scoundrel; who devours sullenly the choice dishes at dinner, and walks into all the fruit or dessert, while his wife looks on in silence, and the awe-stricken children dare not hint that they would like a little of what the brutal hound is devouring. I mean cases in which the contemptible dog is extremely well dressed, while his wife and children's attire is thin and bare; in which he liberally tosses about his money in the billiard-room, and goes off in autumn for a tour on the continent by himself, leaving them to the joyless routine of their unvaried life. It is sad to see the sudden hush that falls upon the little things when he enters the house; how their sports are cut short, and they try to steal away from the room.

Would that I were the Emperor of Russia, and such a man my subject! Should not he taste the knot? Should not I make him howl? That would be his suitable punishment; for he will never feel what worthier mortals would regard as the heavier penalty by far, the utter absence of confidence or real affection between him and his children when they grow up. He will not mind that there never was a day when the toddling creatures set up a shout of delight at his entrance, and rushed at him and scaled him, and scathed him about; not that the day will never come when, growing into men and women, they will come to him for sympathy and guidance in their little trials and perplexities. Oh! woful to think that there are parents, held in general estimation too, to whom their children would no more think of going for kindly sympathy, than they would think of going to Vora Zembla for warmth.—Country Parson.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.—No one can maintain, after this year's experience, that frost has any special agency in the Autumn coloration of leaves. Scientific men have long understood the matter and have explained the ripening of the leaf as a simple process of vegetable growth; though the coloration of the leaves at maturity can no more be accounted for than the red of the rose, the blue of the violet or the orange of the lily. The color which leaves assume in the Fall is due to the same causes. But the popular idea that the leaves are changed by the frost is so firmly established in the minds of unscientific and unobservant people that it is difficult to dispel it. This year the foliage has assumed the most gorgeous coloring without a sign of frost, and, indeed, seems to be more brilliant on account of its non-appearance. This is perfectly natural, as the leaves have been able to gradually and freely assume the colors which belong to their ripeness, unobstructed by sudden cold.

Bells which should be well hung—Rebels.

To make a mess—pour a quart of molasses in your wife's new bonnet.

Tinners ought to make good Speakers—they do so much "spouting."

Women confess their little faults that their candor may cover great ones.

Why is a man half asleep like twice six? Because he's a "doze-in."

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so your lordship has none at all!"

If you want to know a woman's true character linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say about them.

OUR VICTORY IN THE SOUTH.

A great portion of our space in this morning given up to the topic which engages the attention of all, filling every heart with exultation, and lighting up every eye with the fire of a noble enthusiasm. Nothing can be added to the full reports and graphic narrative of the glorious fight and victory at Port Royal which we furnish from our special correspondent and other actors in the fray. We will now merely glance at the field and give the briefest possible summary of the events which thereon transpired. After undergoing dire perils by its assault of the winds and waves, our fleet met at Port Royal on Monday morning, Nov. 4, and very soon received the compliment of a noisy attack from the "Musketo" fleet under Commodore Tatnall. Forty-five minutes sufficed, however, to disgust the Rebel commander with naval warfare, and his contemptible squadron scattered in a hasty retreat. On Tuesday another attempt was made by this valiant fleet of Rebels to annihilate the Great Expedition, and for two hours there was sharp firing. Then three or four of our gunboats, being tired of this folly, opened broadsides in earnest upon Tatnall, whose navy scratched away for the last time, and disappeared in any holes which opened to them. On Wednesday there was no fighting.

The decisive battle and consequent victory took place on Thursday, Nov. 7. At the mouth of Port Royal are two forts, Bearguard and Walker. As many of our vessels as it was deemed advisable to employ, began at 9 o'clock their bombardment. Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, mounted 23 guns; Fort Bearguard, on Bay Point, mounted 15 guns. Our vessels, making a majestic circuit, poured in their fire, broadside after broadside, upon the two forts. The scene is described as most thrillingly magnificent; the tempest of shell was unequalled; every gun was aimed with precision, and served with rapidity. The shore batteries returned our fire bravely, but without effect; they had calculated on an easy victory, and fell a prey to panic when they discovered that the "Yankees" refused to be annihilated.

The battle began at twenty six minutes past nine in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon the National flag was planted on the soil of South Carolina, greeted by the shouts of thousands of patriots, and saluted by strains of jubilant music from the various bands of the fleet.

Soon a regiment, the 7th of Connecticut, was put on shore to take possession of Fort Walker, over which the Stars and Stripes were then flying. They rushed to their work with the alacrity which has marked every movement forward of our troops; but there was little work for them to do; the Rebels, panic-stricken, had fled in most admired disorder, leaving behind them food, clothing, valuables, everything. The road over which they ran half a dozen miles across the island was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, and heaps of other implements of warfare. It is said that they took boat at Seabrook for Savannah, but their movements can not be with precision at this moment reported.

The next morning the National flag was flying from Fort Beaufort also, and our troops were on their way to Beaufort itself. Beaufort was deserted by all white men except one. He was to drunk to move. He had celebrated the annihilation of the "Yankees" too early, and with too free a bowl. The negroes had everything their own way. Their masters have informed the world that the blacks desire nothing this side the grave except Slavery and the dear privilege of fighting in defense of their shackles. The theory reduced to practice has failed. The negroes pillaged their masters and ran with outstretched hands to the "invaders."

And so The Flag once more waves on the shores where it was first insulted. This splendid success has been purchased with the loss of eight killed, six severely wounded, seventeen slightly wounded; total 31. We have an estimate of the

rebel loss, which makes it 120 killed, 100 wounded.

Beaufort District has 32,000 slaves. Its annual crop of rice, cotton, and corn is valued at \$5,500,000. From this statement it is clear that its possession by us must be a terrible blow to the rebels, and an incalculable advantage to the National cause. We hold a splendid harbor, strong fortifications, or fortifications which may easily be made strong, and we have a position in Beaufort which can be successfully attacked by no force which does not strike from the sea. Our fleet will prevent any attack from that quarter, even if the rebels had any vessels. There is no aspect of this victory which is not bright; it is moreover, the sure precursor of even more brilliant successes in the future, till there shall be no longer any place for either battle or victory.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A number of years ago we read in an old congressional document an explanation of the colors and symbolical meaning of the stars and stripes of our national banner, written by a member of the committee of the Continental Congress, to whom was referred the duty of selecting a flag for the then infant confederacy. Since then we have frequently desired to republish the explanation, as a matter of interest to our readers, but were never able to find it until this morning we discovered it incorporated in a sketch of the battle of Saratoga read before the New York Historical Society by A. B. Street, Esq. The explanation reads as follows:

What eloquence do the stars breathe when their full significance is known.— A new Constellation! Union! Perpetuity! A covenant against oppression! Justice, equality, subordination, courage and purity.

The stars of the new flag represents the new constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenantant's banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed of in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union: the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equally among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag—viz: the red flags of the army and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in roman days was the signal of defiance, denotes daring; and the white, purity.

PENSIONS.—The following persons are entitled to pensions: The officers and soldiers of the army, whether Regular, Volunteer or Militia. Officers and seamen of the navy. If any of the parties named have been disabled from sickness contracted, or from wounds received in the line of their duty, whilst in the service of the United States, they are entitled to pensions during the continuance of such disability. The widows of all officers, soldiers and seamen who have been killed, or who have died from wounds received, or sickness contracted whilst in the service of the United States, are entitled to pensions for life, or during their widowhood. If there be no widow, the children under sixteen years are entitled.

THE STATE OF KANAWHA.—The ordinance for dividing the old Commonwealth of Virginia, and erecting a new State of the Counties west of the Alleghany mountains, has been adopted by the voters by a majority of nearly, if not quite, one hundred to one, and a new Convention, the members of which have just been chosen, will assemble at Wheeling on the 26th instant, to ratify the action of the people. The new State will be called Kanawha, and will contain a population of two hundred and eighty-two thousand, including about eight thousand slaves.

We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one.