The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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ADDRESS BY THE REV. DR. HARBAUGH.

The citizens of Mercersburg and vicinity had appropriate ceremonies on the 19th ult, the day of the funeral of President Lincoln, and the following eloquent and touching address was delivered on the occasion by Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, Professor of Theoology in Mercersburg:

It is most difficult, on this solemn occasion, for one to speak for another, in the way of loading or interpreting his thoughts for him. This is one of those overwhelming events which make one's thoughts stand still; and when we feel the truth of the sacred declaration, that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with it. For days past, throughout the land, friend has met friend with the feeling that, in the presence of so great a sorrow, silence is the most eloquent word. Even when one ventured a word of remark or inquiry, it was with the vain hope that the one addressed might be able to express and interpret for him his own deep feeling.

When the telegraph first dropped this fearful news into the thousand cities, towns and villages all over the land, men were stunned and paralyzed with amazement. His implements dropped from the hands of the laborer; the student cast away his pen and books; the merchant closed his store; the buzzing of factories ceased; busy streets were changed into scenes of Sabbatic quiet, and over all this expressive silence rolled the solemn sound of tolling bells. The land mourned its fallen chief, as it had not mourned from the first hour of the Republic till now.

We have sometimes heard of the coming together of a marriage and a burial—where sorrow tread so closely on the heel of joy that the joyful bride, on the very day of her happy marriage, was laid out as a corpse in her wedding robes! In like manner has, during these last few days, the nation's joy been suddenly changed into mourning. Scarcely had the bells ceased tolling out their jubilations in honor of victory, and the prospect of speedy peace, with the restoration of the supremacy of law and order throughout the land, when they began to toll in sad harmony with a nation's sorrow. And though days have passed since this fearful tragedy was enacted, the national mind still labors under the subduing burden of its momentous grief—still stunned and silent!

What is this all pervading and steadily continued feeling, but the mute utterance of the people's sense of the awfulness of the crime which has been committed. The mind cannot fathom the turpitude of this crime of *regicide*, or the killing of the ruler of the land. But the existing unuterable feeling furnishes proof that God, by the very constitution of our being, has underlaid our deepest life with a sense of its enormity; our nature thus spontaneously bearing witness to what has been the sense of all civilized—yes, barbarian and semi-barbarian—as well as Christian ages and nations, that the highest possible crime is regicide.

This crime is not mere murder. We need only grade the higher crimes to see where this enormity stands on the scale of criminal depravity. The first and lowest grade is common murder or homicide, as when one man kills another. Next above this we may place suicide, wherein man assumes the disposal of his own life. Then fratricide, wherein a man destroys the life of his own brother or sister, and thus in a sense becomes the murderer of his own flesh and blood. Then infanticide, where the helplessness of infancy augments the crime. Then patricide, wherein man takes the life of the father that begat him, the earthly source of his own life. Because the mother bears that "softer and tenderer name," and her life belongs to the inner circle of consecrated love, we would place next in the dreadful scale the crime of matricide. After this only do we reach that fearful apex of crime—regicide! So much as the State is above the family, so high above the murder of father and mother is the murder of the Ruler of the land—the head of the nation—the father, for the time being, of the national family. This is the dreadful crime which has startled and stunned the nation, and caused the bells throughout the land this day to dole out to responsive hearts their muffled tones of sorrow.

To understand fully this crime of regicide, we must remember that it was not merely the *man* Abraham Lincoln whose life the assassin has taken away. It was the life of the President of this Republic which he has destroyed. As a man he was only one of us, but as God's ordained organ for the administration he was vastly more: He was "the *Minister* of God," (Rom. XIII)—the organ of "the powers that be which are ordained of Ged." These powers are "higher powers"—that is, they are powers that come from above, not from men. Even though, as in our own land, the Ruler, an organ of these powers, may be *designated* by men, his *investure* is from God alone. In his office the ruling Head of the nation is God's minister. He places him there even though it be through the will and vote of the people, to be for the nation His own organ and administration of the higher powers. When the assassin assailed this Head of the nation, and this right hand of God's rule on the earth, he was making direct assault upon God's own authority in the high place of His power! On this throne of earthly power he struck down whom God had set up. He feared not the attempt, thus to wrest the government of a nation from the divine hand itself, and by his own daring act first to arrest, then annul, and finally to change the ruling Head of the nation in the face of God's investure, and the will of millions of men!

Moreover the act of the regicide, is, as far as it goes, a stroke for anarchy. A deadly thrust at the head paralyzes for the time the whole body of the nation, and abrogates government; so that if the whole nation were in a state adapted for the result, universal anarchy would ensue. It is only the virtue and loyalty of the nation that prevents the legitimate effects of the assassin's will and intention.—Thanks to God for that true, vigorous, adjusting virtue of the nation which enables it to rise from so fearful a shock, and to move with such prompt firmness, harmony and power in the path of its great and solemn mission! But this does not abate the turpitude of the awful crime; on the other hand it sets its enormity only into stronger relief, as showing the high character of the government he sought to annul, and the generous loyalty of the millions against whose vigorous patriotism the crime has been perpetrated.

Such being the character of the crime which has caused our present grief, and such the horror with which this crime of regicide shows itself to be regarded by the whole nation, in harmony with the deepest sense of all civilized, and especially christianized, nations and ages, the sorrowing millions may well this day lift their hands to heaven, and ask, How is such a crime possible? Where is an adequate begetting and sustaining element and basis for such a crime to be found? Certainly it has been in no other way possible for it to appear except as the nurseling and legitimate ripe fruit of that enormous treason which has, during the last four dreadful and bloody years, labored to consummate substantially the crime by aiming its deadly dagger at the very heart of the Republic itself.—Whether formally, and by organized conspiracy or not, still essentially and really treason and rebellion is the legitimate mother of regicide. The assassin of the President and head of the nation, whether thereunto appointed or not, is the organ of that treason which has its embodiment in the great Rebellion. It was the concentrated life of that great treason which nerved his arm and guided the fearful weapon of death. The truth of this fact beats to day with powerful, harmonious, self-attesting assurance in the patriotic and loyal instincts of millions of sad and sorrowing hearts.

How better can we improve this sad occasion than to possess our souls more fully with a deeper sense of the enormous crime of treason; a crime which, according to the wisdom of all christian nations, can only be adequately atoned for by the penalty of death. We speak our own deep convictions, and we hope the convictions of all present, when we say that no sign of the times portends greater danger to the nation at present than that morbid and unchristian spirit which is in some quarters beginning its endeavors to avert the penalty due to treason. We dread this spirit more than all else that is before us as a nation. Such men as Beecher and Greeley, who are endeavoring to lead off in this miserable effort to degrade and ignore the eternal sanctions of divine and human law, and to convert the honest but unreflecting people to their crusade against the true idea and end of law and justice, are now emphatically *the* enemies of the Republic. This mawkish sentimentality is called "magnanimity." What a misnomer! Its true name is infidelity to the majesty of law. It offers a premium for treason; and, if successful will be the greatest unfaithfulness and cruelty to posterity of which the rulers of our eventful age can be guilty. It will be in truth the laying up of wrath, anarchy and rebellion for our children. It will be a comforting precedent for treason in all coming ages of the Republic. It will show that treason and rebellion deserve and shall receive nothing but magnanimity, in a degraded sense of that word. It will ever show that treason, so enormous in its sweep as to people a hundred battle field grave yards with the bodies of brave and loyal men, has earned for itself only the right of what is falsely called magnanimous treatment. In pestiferous sentiments like these, be assured, lies deadly poison, which if allowed to work its way into the heart of our rulers and our people, will sooner or later take the nation's life as effectually as the Rebellion itself, had it succeeded, would have done, and as it has actually intended to do by bayonets, cannon and starvation of thousands of loyal and brave men, and which it has now again attempted to do as by desperation in the person of the assassin of the President. Such sentiments never come from earnest christian scholars, or statesmen; they are born in the hot bed of socialism, naturalism and humanism they are not deep conviction but merely shallow irresponsible sensation utterances. They are founded on no venerable wisdom; they rest in no true christian principles—they are underlaid by no correct sense of the nature and neccessary force and majesty of law. Men who utter them may be able effectually to harangue an unreflecting crowd, but when they attempt to lay experimental hands to the guidance of the high and solemn interests of States every earnest and thinking man will exclaim:—*Procul, O! procul este profani!*—hence, far hence ye profane.

To ask that the majesty of law be allowed to have its free course against crime is no spirit of revenge, is no want of magnanimity—betrays no absence of mercy and charity. If so god himself would fall under blame! Justice and judgement are the habitation of His throne. Human governments are a parable and reflection of His own. Human law is a reflection of His will Human justice is after the pattern of His justice. To abrogate the sanctions of and penalties of His law, is to annul one of His own attributes. In the suffering of the penalty of human guilt in the person of His own Son he has demonstrated to the world that His mercy does not abrogate His justice.—Vain is the attempt of man to propose a sickly sentimentalism as a substitute that shall outdo and set aside God's immutable law against crime. Man may be tender, but law and justice are inflexible. We have heard of judges who pronounced the sentence of death on murderers with tears—but pronounced it in firm faithfulness nevertheless. The judge who thus discharges his solemn duty to the law and society is twice great in the act; great because he shows that he has all the feelings of the man, and great again because he has all the firmness of the judge. Above all his merely humane feelings rises the solemn conviction that the execution of the law is absolutely necessary for the safety of society. He feels for the criminal, but he does not suffer his feelings to carry him into a current of washy sentimentalism. He pities the criminal, but he pities society more. It is said that Washington signed the death warrant of Andre, the spy, with tears! This is proof that he would have spared even him had not a higher obligation to honor the law rested on him. Let our rulers study this example, that the majesty of law be not changed into a mere mawkish feeling.

May not, in this view, this sad calamity be overruled in mercy by an all wise though mysterious Providence, for the future health and safety of the Republic? Whilst we hope that all manifestations of revenge may be checked, we hope at the same time that the minds of our people and rulers may be more deeply awakened to a sense of the absolute necessity of vindicating the law against treason. Vain is that policy which seeks to be wiser than God and mere humane than He! Should it appear that "the minister of God" does "bear the Sword in vain," we tremble for the future of the Nation. All the moral effect of all the sacrifices of the war will in that case be virtually lost.—Was this dreadful tragedy—well may we ask—this sacrifice of the nations beloved Chief and Head yet necessary to counteract this vain and sickly sentimentality? Should it serve to effect this high and solemn end, the sacrifice, dreadful as it is will not have been in vain.

May God, in His infinite mercy, preserve in the heart of the nation a proper sense of the majesty of law, awaken among us right views of the awful crime of treason—which is the cause and essence of regicide—and deliver us from morbid sympathy for that crime which strikes at the root of all divine and human government, and which the solemn sanctions of God, and the ripest wisdom of all the past, have adjudged to be worthy of death.

I attempt no eulogy of our departed President. His earnestness, moderation, kind heartedness, proverbial honesty and unswervering loyalty and patriotism are all well known. Only when generations shall have passed away, and all the seeds of the mighty present of the nation shall come to their full fruits in the future, will his name and his fame stand out in full relief on the historic page. What if it should appear, to those who shall study the events of his administration in the light of the future, that he was the leader of a high and holy patriotic purpose, which has delivered the Republic from bondage as heavy and galling as that from which we were delivered by Washington at the first? What if our children should experience the fact that the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln may be sounded together with perfect accord?

Going to Camp Meeting.

I have read about dust. They have dust clouds in the Sahara, occasioally, which produce death. In Washington, also, you will their perfection. But the dust clouds of the road to camp surpass them all. They do not bury you, like those of the Sahara—they only half choke half smother, wholly disguise, and 'tetotally chargrin' you. The dust clouds of our cities are bad, and incomode you, but they compensate you by displaying, in their natural and bewitching elegance, the ——well, it is not our fault if the ladies *will* promenade on a windy day, and we are sure it is not *their* fault, for do not the robust kisses of Æolus enable them to dispense with rouge?—besides revealing to us the enormities of 'Hoopimania,' and 'ropiphobia.' But camp meeting road dust has not a redeeming quality. It injures our complection, embrowns our broadcloth, dingles our linens, irritates our eyes and our tempers, and excites a sternutatory vehemence, which is the decided reverse of agreeable. As I rode rapidly along, I wished veils were to men permissible, and I though how sensible a fellow was that black veiled Yankee preacher, of whom our 'psychologico abnormalistic' Hawthorne makes such a determined mystery.

Finally I arrived at the precincts.—Hacks, watermelons, negroes, omnibuses, dorgs, and confusion, were prevalent here. Every sort of possible 'turn out' was to be discovered. Mr Twoue Fortee's skeleton sulky, with his dashing nag, stood alongside of old negro Moses Bimbo's 'cyart and bull in single harness.' Solomon Dollarum, Esq.'s barouche and four hob a nobbed with Hcam Spunn's uncurried pony, a wagon—six horses—loaded with merry country girls, had for next neighbor a hack full of "atwocious cweatures," as my friend Yards Tieque would call them, rough rowdies, full of slang and whiskey. But what of that? Is not this country a genuine 'democratic,' and is the President to expect greater consideration than a coal heaver? If he does he is doomed to disappointment. We got ourselves brushed at the barber's and steered for the circle. On the way there we slipped twice on a piece of watermelon rind, we were kicked at by a vicious horse assailed by a fierce blackberry bush, and beslanged by a drunken rowdy. Also we had the pleasure of bowing to Mrs. ——, and to Miss ——, of twice picking up veils dropped with aforethought coquetry—and of renewing to several friends and acquaintances, from city and country, the sentiments of our most distinguished consideration. By the way, what does that diplomatic phrase mean?

Preaching had not begun, and promenading was in progress. We took a convenient stand, and tried to catch the remarks of the various couples, as they went slowly by us.

'Yes indeeed,' (two girls talking, of course) 'and my brother Tom says that Henry Soaker brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth, and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by, and I'm sure I should die if people were to talk about me as they do about her'—

'Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make at leaat six hundred barrels if I make a peck and consequently'—

'What a spectacle this is, to be suah, Chawles. Ah, wondah if these people—dem'd pooty gul, ain't she—build theyah own tents awa hiwah men to do it fowah 'em. must be a gweat boah to'—

'Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it but you mustn't mention it for the world. It is a great secret;—

'Really, now, and she's as ugly as'—

'The finest sow you ever saw, sir. Pure Berkshire, and has nine splendid pigs. It was the best trade I ever nade, and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for'—

'Scollopped petticoat! only look, Amy! Nine flounces, and hoops in the bargain! Oh, how I should love to'—

'Go to picnic on Thursday? Oh, thank you. You dont know how I would love to be present, sir. I am so fond of the exhilarating dance, but father says'—

'I am truly gratified, my dear young friend, to learn that you are so deeply imprested with the neccessity of immediate repentance, and I shall this day make'

'Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and maroon velvet binding for the neck and sleeves, and oh, Emily'—

'The finest baby you ever saw—black eyes and large limbs, six weeks old, and weighs'—

'Sixty one ounces and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from garlic and cockrel, and large grained. I hold it at'—

'Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob Bothsides, the former Congressman, will speak and he says'—

'Ah, Mr. Pepper you flatter me so. Just see how horridly Kate Wilmot is dressed. She will wear yellow, though it makes her look like'—

'Fever and agy, I b'lieve. They've all been laid up with it, and now the poor man's got'—

'The *sweetest* bonnet I ever saw! Where did you get it? I uust recomend my sister to your'—

'Watermelon patch. Stole every darned one. Some of 'em 'bout half ripe. I swow I'll shoot them if they don't'—

'Go to the White sulphur. It is the pest place in the whole world, ma'am. Ive seen some of the most wonderful effects of the waters. Tom Holocaust was cured of'—

'Twenty five pounds of butter a weak. And always get a quarter of a pound, and sometimes'—

'Four eggs, two handsful of flour, a dab of yeast, half a tin cup full of molasses, and it makes'—

'The best manure I ever used, sir Vastly superior to guano, or super-phosphate. Two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me'—

'The handsomest woman on the ground I can see none equal to her, except Miss Mary——, and she's got'—

'Both hind legs spavined. And there's a speck in her right eye that's bound to'

'That beautiful girl in black over there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at'—

'Mr. Muggin's failure, sir. And he has taken to drink awfully, and only last week had'—

'His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger,—

'Between the 10th and 15th of September. I will get my wheat to market, and it will bring'—

'His grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, it awful to think how'—

'Close she hangs to his arm. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and never saw him until'—

'William was born, twenty five years ago last April. I am an old woman now and the grey hairs make'—

'Heeled gaiters so becoming'—

'To the brindle steer with his'—

'Legs hanging over the back of the chair, and his'—

'Brace of pheasants roosting under'—

'A promissory note, but he wont pay until'—

'You parboil it, and then stew it in the juice of'—

'An old hymn book with'—

'A cupola on top, and the front door made of'—

'The finest bed of celery you ever saw, only'—

'Eighteen months old, and can talk as plain as'

'Two bull-bats, four squirrels, and a'—

'Plate of Gumbo soup with'—

Toot! toot! toot! 'Preaching will commence in five minutes, and we earnestly desire a decorous silence from every one,' is announced from the stand.

TAKE HIM OUT.—A scrub head boy having been brought before the court as a witness, the following coloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" said the Judge.

"Live with my mother.

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

"They live at home."

"Where in thunder is their home?" roars the Judge.

"That's where I'm from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable," says the court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath."

"You would think different," says the boy, going toward the doorway, "if I was once to give you a cussin'!"

The name of a cotemporary is "frost." A few days ago when a certain event occurred in his family he wrote: "There was a slight frost in this place last Wednesday night."

A Private in the 6th Iowa Cavalry, stationed on the frontier of Dacotah, where whiskey was not to be had, added the following postscript to a letter to his wife in Dubuque:—"Annie, dip yer letter in whiskey so that I can get a schmell of the craythur once more.

A secesh preacher in Charleston has been orderd beyond the Union lines for preaching disloyalty. His congregation have been warned against harboring traitors.

The rebel Gen. Early denies that he had anything to do with the firing of Richmond. He says that it was done by a mob for the purpose of plunder.