

The Potter Journal.

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

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY - SEPTEMBER 26, 1865.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL

M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.

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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 endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons. EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport. D. C. LARRIBEE, W. M. M. W. McALARNEY, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted in his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELLISON, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

G. S. & E. A. JONES, DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH, DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Provision, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, E. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. A Every Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

H. J. OLMSTED, DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

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AGENTS for the Collection of Claims, against the United States and State Governments, such as Pension, Bounty, Arrears of Pay &c. Address Box 95, Harrisburg, Pa. Pension Bounty and War Claim Agency.

PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law.

REFERENCES.—Hon. Isaac Benson, Hon. A. G. Olmsted, J. S. Mann, Esq., F. W. Knox, Esq., DAN BAKER, Claim Agent Coudersport Pa. June 9, '64-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA. DISEASES of the Nervous, Seminal, Urinary and sexual systems—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 13y 1864.

Remarkable Prediction.

The following verses were published many years ago, and were written by an American lady at that time residing in Europe. The first two were repeated and waiting, and the last two vividly prophetic. Now that the conflict has been fought to its glorious consummation, these lines can not but be regarded in the light of something wonderful.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

You tell me of a bright land over the sea, But, ah! can you call it the Land of the Free— Where the image of GOD for a handful of gold, Like a beast in the field, in a market is sold?

Where the father is chastised, leaving orphans forlorn? Where the daughter is bartered, like merchandise worn? Then do you to the lash and the groans of despair! Woe! woe to thee, fair land! far over the main!

The sound of the War drum shall fill thee with fright, As thy sons and thy brothers are borne to the fight; The Slave and the cotton shall fill thee with pain, And the North and the South be divided in twain.

And brother against brother shall strike in the night, And battles be fought in the dead of the night, And the white man and widow in sorrow shall mourn, And the dog of thy freedom in tatters be torn.

And the North in her might like a whirlwind shall fall, And the noise of her cannon be borne to the wall, And though the warm blood of her heroes be shed, The light of her Freedom shall never be dead.

And the Union, though spurned by the Slaveholder's hand, Shall be cradled by Non-Resistance for ages to come.

[We copy the following letter from the New York Weekly Courier. It is from the pen of the gifted and eloquent Congregational Minister, Rev. D. W. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who passed some time in this county "hunting for trout."]

A TROUTING ADVENTURE.

The two wildest aborigines on this continent, are the red Indian and the speckled trout. You can find neither in their perfection within the sound of the steam whistle of the reach of the sunshine.

The trout are the most courted and are fond of cold water; hence the most respectable. Without being misanthropical, I was seized with a desire to put the noises of the buzzing world out of my ears for a while, and find the empire of the trout.

If you love the angle, you shall learn where this fish is and how to get there. Take the Erie rail and put yourself under the care of the attentive host of the Dickenson House, Corning, N. Y., for a night—his table and beds will put you in a good humor for the trip. Morning finds us escorted in the car of the Blossburg R. R., which accommodation by the way, is a cross between the Erie and the old time stage—eminently safe, and a quiet preparation for the two horse stage which awaits us at the Tioga station.

Stuffed into the crazy vehicle, we dragged through the drizzly morning until noon found us at Wellsboro, the quiet and picturesque little shiretown of Tioga county. This place, I recollect, contributed one of the most cultured and noble young preachers to the City of Churches, who after exhausting labors, sought his lost health on both sides of the Atlantic, and could not find it this side the skies.

The fishing party we had hoped to join, left the week before with all the equipment for camping out, and now for the pursuit. The semi-weekly stage leaves to-day for Pine Creek. Lucky. An open wagon invites my patronage, before which are planted (they don't look as if they could move) two horses, one of which is too large to be fat, and the other too small to be lean.

A good round dozen of passengers had crammed the three seats, and a large trunk had been strapped on to the rear, innumerable and infinite numbers and varieties of packages of all sizes and shapes, had brimmed up the box, and we are only waiting for a lady and small child—the owners of the trunk. The driver finally concluded to leave them. Before we get under much headway, an agile female orders a halt, and demands a sitting and hearing too. She was granted both. She offered her views on the state of the country. She was glad Mrs. Serratt was hung. She quarreled with the driver's wife. The boy, who split his knee pan with an axe years before, and who carried his leg bent under his body, clung like a monkey to the large trunk, and received quite frequent and positive orders not to injure it. We had a motley, jolly crew of woodsmen who, in lieu of the sun (which had retired on account of a slight shower) shone in jokes and songs, and suggestive texts for the female expositor. Passing by a slight cascade, she discussed waterfalls in general.

Houses or clearings were by no means frequent, yet every door bailed the stage and took its pound of sugar, or ounce of allspice, or quarter of tea from under our feet; for the driver, you must know, does the entire shopping for the county, makes the change and receives his commissions. Nightfall brought us without accident to Vermilyea's, a celebrated trouting station on Pine Creek. Here is laid enough to the acre! The bold bills springing from the water's edge, and jagged with cliff and henlock (most of the pine having found its way to market) rest the eyes of one who has long looked at spies and brick barricades. This Vermilyea's is the country inn par excellence. Trout for supper. A very sombre, rummy

looking guest, wrapped in a sack that had been re-colored by sleeping in the ashes, knows where there is a lead mine and silver mine in the mountains, the discovery of a six months' search in obedience to a dream. He will sell his information. He is busy now parrying an unexpected attack of chills and fever with whiskey. If he doesn't break the bar I think he will succeed.

Stage lays over night here. A lively captain, just from the wars, monopolized the attention—he fought all the battles and won all the victories. Hear of my party. Stage waits an hour in the morning, so as not to incommode the two travelers who precede. Plenty of room to-day. My fellow traveler is a clean faced boy, with three years honorable service passed to his credit—once the favorite driver of this two horse vehicle. He dives into each house as we pass—the girls reward the soldier with something more expressive than words from their lips, and the matrons are ready with fresh baked cake or fresh churned butter-milk. He fills up the interim with incidents of his stage drivership. He knows the history of each house, and their occupants.

The crippled boy we overtake again, and he mounts into our midst like an old friend. We pass through a tidy and well named little place, Brookland, which is the offshoot of a Southern refugee, who counts his acres by the thousand. Just at nightfall, after a day's plunging through the branches of thick woods and threading along the creeks, we come out into a clearing, where a whirlwind twenty years ago officiated as woodsman and brushed a huge primeval forest from a mountain's brow and slope, as you would list from a coat. We cross the Allegheny river—a moderate sized brook here—and are dropped at that triumph of country hotels, which is kept by Glassmire, in Coudersport, Capital of Potter Co., Pa. A county once notorious as the resort of counterfeiters and horse thieves, but now celebrated as the only county in the State of Pennsylvania where no license is granted for the sale of liquor. This place is as beautiful as Nature has made it, claiming a population of five hundred, and ornamented by a very fine court house and a very dilapidated jail, which, for a very long time, has been unoccupied. I never fell in with a kinder community. The landlord, who is big-fisherman in all this region, answered all my trouting inquiries, and offered on Saturday morning to take me up the river a few miles and introduce me to some of his cold water constituents. Here, within a circuit of a few miles, rise three waters that almost divide the Republic with their refreshment. The head waters of the West Branch of the Susquehanna that in myriad contortions wriggle their way to the Chesapeake, and verify the Indian cognomen, Sas-que-han-ah (long, crooked river), and the Allegheny that through the Ohio and Mississippi helped float Farragut into New Orleans, as it pressed on to the Gulf, and the Genesee, that makes its northward way to the lakes and the ocean. Surely here is the congress of the waters. It would do you good, if you have an eye for high art in angling, to behold mine best trifle with the spotted oppressiveness. Such a fly as he throws, so far, so accurate, so sure of his game. He whips a stream with his delicate line and supple pole till each square foot has quivered under the skipping of his artificial fly, and many of the largest trout, a half mile and an hour or two we stopped with nearly a hundred fine fellows. Any fisherman, who desires to be sure of his sport, and have a first rate stopping place, can do no better. The party I have been so long in search of arrive, and next week begins our fishing and camping in the wilderness.

THE HEALTHY MAN.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity; yet he is one of those gentleman whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements how inferior is he in useful knowledge to a mortal who has had but a quarters gout or a half year's ague—how infinitely below the fellow creature who has been soundly taught his tie douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality of whom die probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition!

Wood.

DIFFICULT.—The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

Vote Early!

The Frozen Well.

One of the most remarkable facts known in this country is the existence of a well in Brandon, Rutland County, Vermont, in which ice is found all the year round. The writer visited it in the summer of 1860 and learned that in digging for a farm well in the fall of 1858, before cold weather commenced frost was found on the ground about twenty feet below the surface, and the ground was frozen to the depth of forty feet, where water was found in sufficient supply. The well was stoned or walled up in the usual way, and the frost manifested itself immediately on the stones from the surface of the water about twenty feet upward. Very soon it was seen that a well of ice was formed, adhering to the stone wall all around, and from the surface of the water to the bottom of the well, several inches thick—and this has remained frozen ever since, summer and winter. In the coldest part of the winter the water freezes over the whole surface, and frequently so hard that it is necessary for some one to go down and break it to procure water. The last winter almost the entire water in the well froze solid, and remained so some time.

The writer has visited this well three different summers; the last time but three or four weeks since, and each time saw the ice (which is plainly seen by casting the sunlight down the well by a mirror) and was well informed of all the facts by the family residing on the same premises, and by friends in the vicinity. The only deviation from the facts as stated is, that sometimes, about the first of September, the ice has disappeared, but for a few weeks only.

It has been found by digging several rods from it that the same frozen condition of the ground exists at about the same depth. But none have yet given any satisfactory solution of the phenomenon.

In the same town, and within a few miles of the pleasant village of Brandon, are quarries of the purest white marble, iron ore, kaolin or porcelain clay, and large quantities of ochre of various shades of color, all of which are worked and sent to market, and coal of a peculiar kind, not in large quantities, of a chocolate color, solid but in it are found embedded the remains of nuts of a kind not known, and the forms of limbs and branches converted into coal.

Follies of Great Men.

The sublime history of Fools is a book which ought to be written, and which we doubt not would sell greatly. All great men have had their follies, and the field open for gleaming is almost boundless.

For instance, we have such facts as the following recorded in biographies and histories; Tycho Brahe, astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake it did get in first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Julius Caesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar, or underground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horror. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one, he would shriek out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished. The story of the Frenchman, Malesbranche, is well known, and is well authenticated. He fancied he carried a leg of mutton on the tip of his nose. No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman visiting him adopted this plan to cure his folly: He approached him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malesbranche expressed regret. The friend went on, "May I remove the incumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes, by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking from under his cloak a superb leg of mutton raised it in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malesbranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free—but—it was raw and that is cooked!" "Truly, but then you have been sitting near the fire; that must be the reason." Malesbranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

Mr. Isaacs keeps a store for the disposal of all goods it is possible for citizens and soldiers in the vicinity of Nashville to want. On a certain day, three weeks ago, there entered his place of business one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue, whose shoes were of the government pattern, and as he was enjoying a furlough, did not suit his fastidious taste. He addressed Mr. Isaacs:

"Got any shoes?"

"Oh, yes, real nice shoes. Joseph, hand me down some of dem A. No. 1 shoes we got from New York yesterday."

The shoes were examined, tried, and bought—say at only two hundred percent above their value.

Mr. Isaacs lighted a cigar and mentally patted himself upon the back for having done his duty by his family and himself. In about five minutes, however, his reflections were disturbed by the appearance of the soldier, his face flushed with anger—indeed his indignation was so great that he did not even swear—his power of language was unequal to the occasion. He silently pointed to the shoes which had already parted from the uppers—a case of premature dissolution. Isaacs contemplated them all around for several minutes—but contemplation would not mend them. An idea struck him.

"Did you walk in 'em?"

"What did I want with 'em if not to walk in 'em?"

The soldier, though refraining from bad language was evidently in no mood to be trifled with.

At this answer Isaacs looked up into his face with an expression as innocent as that of an ingenuous girl of sixteen years of age and said:

"Vy didn't you tell me you wanted to walk in 'em; I thought you was in the Cavalry."

The shoes were exchanged.

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced the tormentor by—

"Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty!"

A YANKEE TRADE.

The other day we heard of a little circumstance which really occurred not a hundred miles from Phoenixville, that is worth relating:

A certain farmer, who in the course of a year, purchased several dollars worth of goods (and always paid for them) at the store of a village merchant, called upon the merchant not long since with two dozen brooms which he offered for sale. The merchant (who, by the way is fond of a good bargain) examined his stock, and said:

"Well, Cyrus, I will give you a shilling a piece for those brooms."

Cyrus appeared astonished at the offer, and quickly replied:

"Oh, no, John, I can't begin to take that for 'em, no how; but I'll let you have 'em for twenty cents apiece, and not a cent less."

"Cyrus, you are crazy," replied John. "Why see here, showing a nice lot of brooms, 'is an article a great deal better than yours (which was true) that I am retailing for twelve and a half cents a piece," (which was not true by seven and a half cents.)

"Don't care for that!" replied Cyrus, "your brooms are cheap enough, but you can't have mine for less than twenty cents, no how!" and pretended to be more than half angry, shouldered his brooms and started for the door.

The merchant, getting a little nervous over the probable loss of a good customer and fearing that he might go to another store and never return, said:

"See here, Cyrus, hold on a while. If I give you twenty cents for your brooms I suppose you will not object to take the price out in goods?"

"No, don't care if I do," replied Cyrus. "Well, then," said the merchant, "as you are an old customer I will allow you twenty cents apiece for this lot. Let me see—twenty times twenty four makes just four hundred and eighty—yes, four dollars and eighty cents. What kind of goods will you have, Cyrus?"

"Well, now, John, I reckon it don't make any difference to you what sort of goods I take, does it?"

"Oh, no, not at all—not at all."

"Well, then, as it don't make no difference to you, I will take the amount in them ere brooms of your'n at twelve and a half cents a piece! Let me see—four dollars and eighty cents will get thirty eight brooms and five cents over. It don't make much difference, John, about the five cents, but as you're a right clever fellow I believe I will just take the change in terbacker."

When Cyrus went out the door with his brooms and "terbacker," John was seized with a serious breaking out at the mouth, during which he was heard to violate the third commandment several times.—*Phoenixville Phoenix.*

Mr. Isaacs keeps a store for the disposal of all goods it is possible for citizens and soldiers in the vicinity of Nashville to want. On a certain day, three weeks ago, there entered his place of business one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue, whose shoes were of the government pattern, and as he was enjoying a furlough, did not suit his fastidious taste. He addressed Mr. Isaacs:

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THE WAR A DISGRACE.

The Chicago Democratic national Convention of 1864 gravely and solemnly proclaimed to all the world that the war for liberty and Union was a failure. The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention of 1865, with equal deliberation and gravity, pronounced the war a "disgrace." Why the same Convention should have taken the pains to nominate as its candidates two men whose only claims to such honor were their participation in this "disgrace," might be a mystery, were it not that the Chicago convention did the same thing in making a rebel platform and placing on it a Union general. This arose not altogether from a desire to take away public attention from the hideous record of the party, for if that were the sole object it would be the very height of folly to reiterate in grave resolutions and speeches all that made that record so offensive. But the true explanation lies in this; that the Democratic party is torn by two great factions, known respectively as copperheads and war Democrats. Each must have something to fight for as its own. Hence the Chicago convention gave the copperheads the platform and the candidate for Vice-President; and to the war Democrats the nominee for President. In humble imitation of this example the Pennsylvania Democratic State convention gives to the copperheads the platform, and to the war Democrats the State ticket.

We do not care to ask how any patriot soldier of the republic can stand upon a platform which proclaims his struggles in the war a disgrace, for as the people of this nation have, by the events of the last four years, shown their ability, civilians as they were, to save the republic from the consequences of the treason of many of their educated soldiers, it will not matter much hereafter how many more soldiers desert the Union cause and principles, seduced by the temptations of office held out by traitors. Our business is not to lament the weakness of mind or the idiosyncrasies of such men. The people will make short reckoning with them at the polls, as they did with McClellan and many others who fancied that their services could obscure the villainous principles of the party under whose banner they became candidates for office. Our duty now is to teach the men who hold such conventions and pass such resolutions that the strength they fondly believe to reside in the mere Democratic name and to be as a consequence the impregnable fortress of the party which bears it, has passed away from it never to return.—The odium in which the old Federal party perished was but a trifle compared with the terrible infamy in which this pernicious thing yecept the Democratic party has wallowed during the past ten years. The fate of the soldier who now goes down amid the gloom of defeat, under such a banner as the Democratic party carries, will be mournful to contemplate. Deserted by the comrades he led in battle, scorned and defied as a powerless traitor to a good cause, he will find his name become a by-word, compared with which that of the humblest private in the ranks will be enviable.

These men may think the war a disgrace, and having the nomination upon that platform, that is what they emphatically do say to the world. We shall not dispute their own claims to disgrace when they assume it so solemnly. They may have thought the rebel cause right while they were fighting or pretending to fight against it; but it is an insult to every soldier of the Union armies to attempt to fasten upon the noble cause for which they fought the taint of disgrace. The man who becomes the bearer of a party standard having any such inscription from that moment loses all claims to respect as a soldier. He stands confessed before the world as one who fought, or pretended to fight for a cause which he did not believe in, and whose heart was with the enemy who were slaughtering his own men. If we had been severed only by such men, then indeed would the war have been a failure, as such "patriots" must have fondly hoped it would be.

No man now should suffer himself to be deluded by the belief that all parties accept the results of the war as conclusive, and that therefore there are no live issues separating us. The Democratic State Convention itself has refuted that idea in such a manner as to put it beyond all dispute. It justifies the rebellion as plainly as language can do so, by saying that "war existed as a fact upon the advent of the successful party in 1860 to the seat of power." Here the rebellion is transmuted into a justifiable defence against premeditated outrage. If this had been so, then indeed would the war have been a "disgrace," as the Democratic Convention pronounced it, and the men who believe the former naturally enough assert the latter. The disgrace is a logical deduction from the premise that the advent of the successful party to power was war.

As thus clearly portrayed by its own hand, the Democratic party in Pennsylv-