The Potter Journal.

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

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THE

POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interest 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.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

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HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

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ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

An old woman sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose creaky craw
Told a tale of long ago;
While down by her side on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

Then she spoke of the time the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And now there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair—for him;
Then, wonder not at the dimmed eyelight,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's and empty seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that the tear gathered over my sight
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun
And made them a home in its light;
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other basket their garments fill,
But mine, oh mine is emptier still.

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old
In a land of continual day,
Oh! wonder no more at this dimmed eye-light,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night

THE TWO ANSWERS.

"No Charles, it cannot be. As a friend I shall respect and esteem you; but I can not be your wife. Have compassion on me and do not press me any further."

Mary Granville stood before me as she thus spoke, with her hands clasped and her head bowed, trembling like an aspen, and I fancied there were tears in her eye. She was a beautiful girl, and I had thot her as good and pure as she was beautiful, and further than this, I had believed that she loved me.

She was an orphan, and had been engaged during the past year in teaching one of our village schools. Of her early life I knew nothing, save that she was well educated and had moved in good society; and I had reason to believe that, at some time, her parents had been wealthy; but her father had failed in business, and it had been told to me that the sad reverse killed him. I had known that Mary was poor—that she was dependent upon her daily labor for support—and the thought that I could offer her a comfortable home, with the advantage of moderate wealth, had given increase to my prospective happiness. But this unexpected answer dashed all my bright hopes to the ground.

"Do you mean," I cried, vehemently, "that you thus dismiss me? Am I cast off?"

"I cannot be your wife," was the reply

"Then," said I, with more warmth than I might have betrayed under other circumstances, "I leave you to yourself, and while I strive to shake off the love that has bound me to you, I will only hope that ere you lead another into your net you will conclude before hand whether you will keep him."

She looked up into my face with a painful frightened glance, but I did not stop to hear her speak further. I turned and left the house.

I remarked that under other circumstances I might have been more cool and collected in my speech; and what do you suppose, dear readers, the attending circumstances were? I'll tell you candidly.

I was a little heated with wine. I had drank just enough to warm my blood and give my brain an extra impulse, and my words were not chosen as I would have chosen them had the spirit of wine been absent. As I walked toward my home I sought to persuade myself that I had fortunately escaped the snare of a coquette, and that I might be the better enabled thus to reason, I stopped at the hotel where I found a few of my companions, and helped dispose of half a dozen bottles of wine.

On the following morning I awoke with a headache, and when I called to mind the events of the preceeding evening I was anything but happy. I began to realize how much I had loved Mary Granville. There was an aching void in my heart, and I fairly wept as I contemplated my loss. It was my first love, and its influence had penetrated every fibre of my being. The beautiful girl had become more dear to me than I could tell, and I groaned in bitter anguish when I thought that she was lost forever. I had resolved that I would feel very angry and indignant, but when the sweet face was called up to mental view such feelings melted away, leaving me sad and desolate.

On the following Sabbath I attended church, where I saw Mary once more.—She prayed the organ, as she had done for the past year, and as her fingers swept over the keys, I fancied that I could detect a tremulousness which I had never noticed before. Was it only imagination or was it really a plaintiveness—a sadness in the expression of her music.

To me it seemed at times as though the organ moaned and wept. It was like the wailing of the daughters of Zion by the rivers of Babylon.

When the services were over and we went out from the church I saw Mary's face. It was pale and wan as though she had been sick. What could it be? Was she suffering as I had suffered? The thought flashed upon me that some one might have told her something to my disadvantage. I had enemies who envied me because I had inherited some wealth—and I fancied enemies who envied me the love of Mary Granville.

Another week passed and I became more sad and lonesome. My business was irksome to me, and my books and papers afforded me no respite. In fact I could not read, for my mind was never upon the page before me. Another Sabbath at church I saw Mary again. She was paler than before, and her eyes looked as tho' she had been weeping.

During the succeeding week I received a visit from my old college chum, Jack Stanton, who had just opened a law office in Berryville. After supper, as we sat in the cosy parlor smoking our cigars, I suggested that a bottle of wine, would not be amiss. Jack shook his head.

"No, Charlie," he said, "we'll leave the wine for those who need it."

"You used to drink it, Jack."

"Yes, but it never done me any good."

"And do you think it ever did you any harm?"

"As to that I will not say; it never shall do me harm. I know it has harmed others, who was strong as I am. But by the way, Charlie, isn't Mary Granville here?"

"Yes," said I.

"Do you know her?"

I turned away my face and pretended to have heard something at the window.

"I have seen her," I replied, when I had composed myself. "She plays the organ in the church."

"She and I were schoolmates," pursued Stanton, and speaking of wine brings her to my mind. Do you know anything of her early life?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"Poor Mary! I never think of her without feeling my resolution of total abstinence grow stronger. When we were school children together her father was the wealthiest man in Berryville, and she and her brother were among the happiest of the happy.

"Mr. Granville was in the habit of drinking wine, and the habit grew upon him until he felt he could not live without his brandy.

"He was of a social disposition, and in time it came to pass that he was often grossly intoxicated. Of course, under such circumstances one of two thing must happen—the man must reform or he must sin. Mr. Granville did not reform, and ere many years he died a drunkard's death leaving his family in poverty and suffering.

"Thomas, the son was four years older than Mary, became dissipated and at the age of eighteen was killed in a street fight in New York. Mrs. Granville survived her son but a few months—absolutely dying, the doctor said, of a broken heart.

"Poor Mary, thus left fatherless and motherless, without brother and sister, at the age of fifteen, was forced to earn the bread which she ate—and nobly has she done it. If you know her, Charlie, you know one of the noblest women that ever lived. But—what's the matter? Why bless me, you look as pale as a ghost."

I struggled with myself, and told Jack I had swallowed a lot of cigar smoke. I rose and opened one of the casements, stepped out on the balcony, where the fresh air restored me.

At a late hour Jack departed for the hotel, and when I had retired to my chamber I paced to and fro until long after midnight. I could no longer misunderstand the motives which had actuated Mary in rejecting my hand. She knew that I was in the habit of using wine and on that evening when last we met she must have discovered that I had drank enough to bring a false flush to my cheek.

"Oh! my God!" I ejaculated, as I sank into a chair, "I wonder not that she refused to place her future life in my keeping.—She has suffered enough from the accursed cup. The night of sorrow and dessolation has been long enough upon her. She would be worse than mad to take a husband whose opening path of life led towards the pit into which the loved ones of other days had fallen.

"But" I asked myself, "why did she not tell me the whole truth?"

I found no difficulty in answering the question. She had shrunk from wounding my feelings I knew how sensitive she was, and I knew that she was afraid of offending me. Perhaps she thought me proud and headstrong enough to resent such liberty on her part, and perhaps she imagined I might look upon her part as the offering of her hand in consideration of my renouncing the wine-cup, and that I might spurn her offer.

On Friday Jack Stanton left me, and on Saturday evening I called at Mary's boarding house. Mary herself answered my summons. She started when she saw me, and I saw her right hand move quickly towards her heart.

"Mary," said I, speaking calmly, for I had a mighty strength of will to support me, "I have not come to distress you, I have come as a friend, and I humbly ask that you will give me an audience for a few moments."

She went into the parlor and I followed her, closing the door behind me; and when we were alone she sat the lamp upon the table and motioned me to a seat.

"No," said I, "I will not sit down yet. Give me your hand, Mary."

Mechanically she put forth her hand and I took them in my own. There was a wondering look in her eyes, and a slight flush had come to her pale cheeks.

"Mary," I continued, speaking slowly and softly, and I knew that a moisture was gathering in my eyes, "You must answer one question. Answer it as you please and take my solemn assurance that I ask it only for your own good. Tell me, do you love me? No, no.—do not take your hands away yet. Answer me if you can. Fear not—O, fear not; I had rather go into endless night than do you wrong. Tell me, Mary, do you love me,?"

"I cannot speak falsely," she tremblingly whispered. For my own peace, perhaps I love you too well."

"Listen to me one moment," I added, drawing her near to me; when I have told you what I have to tell, you shall be the judge."

She did not strive to free her hands, but looked up eargerly into my face, and her eyes beamed with a hopeful light.

"You know John Stanton?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"He was my best friend when we were at College, and my friendship has not grown less. He came to see me and told me the story of the trials and sufferings of one of the schoolmates of his earlier days Oh, Mary, I know well why my hand was refused and I blame you not, It may be that our paths will be different through life, but shall at least know that he whom you loved will so live that he shall not be unworthy of your kindest remembrance I know that I have hitherto wandered into the path of danger, but henceforth I am free from the dread snare. Under the new light that has dawned upon me I hold the wine-cup to be a fearful enemy and I will shun it as I would shun a shameful life and a clouded death-bed. For my own sake will I do this, so that my sainted mother, if she can look upon her boy can smile approvingly upon the course he has chosen.

"And now, Mary, if, at some future time you should feel that you can trust your happiness in my keeping, you will give me some token thereof, and I will come and ask you again for your hand; and should it be my blessed lot to receive it, I will devote every energy in my being to make your life a joyous and peaceful one."

I let go her hands, and bowed my head to wipe away a tear. I turned towards the door really intending to depart and give her time for reflection, when she pronounced my name. I looked back and her hands were stretched out towards me.

"Not now," I whispered. "I will not ask your answer yet. Watch me—prove me. Only give me to know that I have your love and good will."

I stopped speaking, for Mary's head had been pillowed upon my bosom, and she was weeping like a child.

"Now! now!" she uttered, as I wound my arms about her. "Oh, Charles, I never doubted your truth. I know you cannot deceive me. God bless your noble resolution; and let me help you to keep it."

I cannot tell how long I stopped that evening. I can only tell that I was very happy, and that my prospect of the coming year was bright and glorious.

On the following day—a sabbath, calm and pleasant—the organ gave forth a new strain. The daughters of Zion were no longer in a strange land. They had taken their harps down from the willows, and within the chambers of the new Temple, more resplendent far than the old, they sang the songs that aforetime made joyous the city of their God. All marked the grandeur of the music that sprang into life beneath the touch of the fair organist on that beautiful Sabbath morning and all seemed moved by the inspiration. To me it was like the holy outpourings of a redeemed soul, and with bowed head and folded hands I gave myself up to the sublime influence. As Mary turned from the instrument I caught her eye.—Mine were dim with moisture, but hers were bright, gleaming with seraphic light

Ere many weeks had passed, another hand pressed the keys of the organ for Mary was not in the choir. She kneelt before the altar—by my side—and over us both the aged clergyman stretched his hands with prayer and blessing.

And we went out from the church together—Mary and I—out in the new life—bound heart to heart, and hand to hand to love, honor, and cherish forever more.

TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Mann presented a petition of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the State, representing seven thousand members, asking for an act to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks.

The petition was read as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania:

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars, in and for the State of Pennsylvania, in annual session, at Lewistown, Mifflin county, June 14, 1865, speaking the sentiments and wishes of a large portion of their fellow-citizens of this Commonwealth, do most respectfully represent:

That our license system is an intolerable nuisance, from the evils of which we ask to be delivered. In our opinion these evils do not arise from any lack of vigor in the enforcement of present laws, but essentially from the character of those laws themselves, and the practices and habits that are sanctioned and fostered by them. Intemperance, with all its concomitant crimes, prevails to an alarming extent in our Commonwealth, notwithstanding our most strenuous exertions to suppress it. After a long and toilsome, though not vain contest with effects, attendants and consequences, we find this demon of society so safely entrenched behind a citadel of statute law, that we are forced to petition your honorable bodies to break up his hiding place and cease to screen the monster, lest we be reluctantly compelled to abandon an enterprise the most important and beneficent the world has ever known.

Permit us, then, to glance briefly at some of the prominent features of our license regulations. Under them the retailing of spiritous liquors is forbidden to all but a few favored individuals (who, anomalous as it may appear, are compelled to furnish certificates of moral character), to whom a special license is granted. Why is this? If the business is a useful and moral one, why should the law interfere with it? Why attempt to *regulate* or restrain that which is necessary and proper? Why attempt to provide good agents to carry it on? Will the character of the dealer change the nature or modify the effects of the article in which he deals? Can he make poison wholesome food and drink. Why not forbid all but moral men from selling flour and meat? Why not carry out the principle and forbid all bad men doing any good thing.

Again, if the traffic is *immoral* in its nature and tendency, why require moral men to conduct it? If a brand is applied to one of our dwellings, will not the fire burn and spread, regardless of the moral character of the individual who applied it? Can good men dispense that which is pernicious and crime-engendering, without injury to society? As well might we license gambling-houses and brothels, and attempt to counteract their evils by providing good men (if the thing were possible) to superintend them. The truth is, our license laws are but a tissue of deception, answering none of the purposes intended, and evincing only the short-sightedness of the Legislature that first enacted them, and in our opinion they will continue to be the reproach of all succeeding ones that allow them to remain unrepealed.

We have surely made a full and fair trial of such laws, and they have signally failed, as might have been expected. We do not see how legal enactments made with a view to to the proper regulation of a vice, are ever to restrain, much less to suppress it. The principle is unsound. It is notorious that all such attempts have done more to sanction the evil than to check it. Our present laws aim at nothing more than *moderation* in the use of liquor; and such moderation (even if desirable), we are confident is absolutely unattainable under any license law that the ingenuity of man can devise. Abstinence is natural and easy, but moderation is always difficult, and with many persons impossible.

In the first place, we doubt the *constitutionality* of all such laws. If the liquor traffic is right, they are wrong, because they debar ninety-nine out of a hundred of our citizens from engaging in it; and if the traffic itself is wrong, they are scandalous, because they give a legal sanction to a fruitful source of vice and crime. So that whether intended as a restraint on a trade which all men have a natural and unprescriptable right to participate in, or as a legal authorization of a business that destroys life, safety and happiness, they are equally repugnant to the fundamental principles of our Government. We believe that the State might as well set up schools for instruction in gambling, counterfeiting and licentiousness, as to license liquor selling taverns.

The right to trade in useful commodities is a *natural right*, which government may regulate, but can neither prohibit in times of peace, nor limit to a favored few. But if men have a natural right to vend alcoholic liquors to be used as a beverage, from what source do governments derive their power to say how many and what kind of men shall engage in the business? We admit the authority of government to tax the trafficer in such liquors, on the same principle that it taxes the agriculturist, the merchant and the manufacturer. But has it the power to compel the farmer to go annually to some public functionary and take out a license for his occupation before he is privileged to plow his ground, sow his seed and harvest his crop? Has it the right to say that none but "men of good repute for honesty and temperance" shall follow the business of tilling the earth? Has it the right to prevent the merchant from trading in useful commodities unless he shall first obtain a legal permit to do so? Has it the right to say who shall be a merchant, and that no more than a specified number of stores shall be allowed to a given amount of population? We are aware that our storekeepers are made to pay what is called a "*license*" for vending foreign and domestic merchandise, but they are not forced to obtain such license before they can commence business, nor are they liable to fine or imprisonment for going on in their business without it. It amounts to nothing more than a tax, which is levied and collected like other taxes on professions and trades. Has the Logislature the power to prohibit the manufacture of shoes by all except such as have a statute license to follow the business? And has it the right to prescribe the character and number of shoemakers in a town, borough, or city? If it has not the right to interfere with, and arrest human industry in every case where it is not presented under special governmental permission, on what authority or principle does it limit the number of retailers of intoxicating drinks, and force each one to procure a license for his business before he engages in it? Are not these legal distinctions between the calling of the spirit-vender and that of other people, made on the ground that his permit to traffic in liquors rests on no natural, moral or political right, but exclusively on special *legislative favor*—a favor which we think has been wrongfully and unconstitutionally granted, and which ought to be immediately withdrawn and forever prohibited to all, as it is now prohibited to ninety-nine out of a hundred of our citizens. The right to forbid any class of our people to pursue the business, carries with it the right to prohibit it altogether. The danger of opening the traffic to all, show the danger and absurdity of intrusting it to any.

What we complain of is that the retailer of intoxicating drinks enjoys special privileges, under cover of which he seeks his own private emolument, to the manifest injury of the public welfare. Unlike other citizens, he can inflict incalculable damage upon society, without being held responsible. He makes money by dealing destruction around him, and the statute gives him an exclusive right to the work of ruin in his neighborhood. This we regard as a sad perversion of the powers of government. By his law-authorized occupation, he can instigate men to the commission of the most horrid outrages and the most diabolical enormities. He can make widows, and orphans, and paupers, and felons, with impunity. He can make rich men destitute, wise men fools, respectable men leafers, good men bad, and bad men worse, without check or hindrance. He can levy a rum-pauper tax, and compel people who never drink rum to pay it. He can levy a rum-criminal tax and force sober men and women to bear this unnatural and cruel burden. He is permitted by law to take money for a poisonous and debasing article, while for a much less offence, the provision dealer is indicted and punished. For sordid gain he may infuriate his customers with drink, until they commit assault and batteries, larcenies and murders; but unlike other criminals he escapes, while the law inflicts its vengeance on the poor dupe of his guilty traffic. This we regard as a flagrant wrong and a glaring absurdity; it is overlooking a cause, and striking a cowardly and useless blow at an effect; it is letting the principal go, and punishes the agent.

It not unfrequently happens that the rum-seller himself is called to sit upon the very jury which is empanelled to try one of his own victims for a crime committed under the maddening influence of his liquor. What a scene to be enacted in the sacred name of justice! In our opinion there would be little violation of righteous principle in compelling such a juror to change places with the criminal at the bar. But what renders such trials a still greater farce, is the revolting fact that the same court who sits in judgment on the wretched rum-made culprit, grants a license to the rum-seller to pursue his demoralizing vocation. Can such things be and not excite our special wonder?

[See fourth page.]