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Lines On a Skeleton.
Behold this rui! 'Twas a skull
Of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beautiful visions filled this spot;
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,
Nor sigh for greatness thus destroyed.
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue,
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unravels eternity.

Say did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Attil it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned;
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

VIRTUE REWARDED.
"Alice, there is no use for you to deny it, for there has been no one else in this room to-day, and I left it on the dresser, when I went out."
"Oh! no, indeed, ma, and I did not. I only came into the room to dust it, and I did not see anything of it."
"Don't talk to me, I know you are the thief. A pretty return you make us for taking you from the streets and starvation, but then it is all we ought to expect when we cherish a viper."
"I am innocent. Oh! I am innocent," sobbed Alice.
"You needn't tell me you are innocent. You shall have your choice, either to return that brooch, or else pack up your duds, and go back to the hovel where we found you."
The poor girl could only plead her innocence, but it was of no avail. She was sent to her room in the attic, and in a few moments more she had packed up her scanty wardrobe, the whole of which was tied up in an old faded silk handkerchief; the street door was slammed to after her, and the poor orphan felt herself indeed alone in the world. What to do or where to go she knew not; home and friends she had none; they were all resting beneath the green sod of the valley, and as it is to be wondered at that in that moment of mental suffering, her poor lonely heart longed,
"To sleep as still as they."
Seating herself on the hard, cold steps, (scarcely more cold and hard than the hearts of the inmates of that lordly mansion) she wept aew.
"What is the matter, my little one?" These words fell like balm upon the wounded heart, for they were words of kindness, and looking up she beheld a tall, noble looking gentleman, regarding her with a benign countenance. Impelled by that intuitive feeling which often informs us without our knowing why, that a friend is near, she repeated to him her tale of woe, interrupted now and then by the great sobs that welled up from the over-charged fountains of her heart.
"And they have turned you out in this storm to perish?"
"Oh, sir, that I do not mind so much, for I can creep in somewhere, but it is the thought that they believe me guilty that makes me feel so bad."
Arthur Pemberton stood for a few moments gazing into those eyes, whose lustre, though dimmed by the blinding tears, yet shone with all the unmistakable evidences of truthfulness, and his plans were soon formed. He was a young man of generous impulses, and as he had more money than he well knew what to do with, or how to enjoy, the wild project hastily entered his mind to adopt the poor orphan thus seemingly thrown in his path by Providence, that he might obey His command to "protect the orphan," which, owing to his "abundant wealth," he was so well able to do.
But as we have not yet described our hero (which is the fashion with story writers) we will leave them standing on the steps of the Howard Mansion, while we give a brief review of his past life.

Arthur Pemberton was a young man of unmistakable genius. Bred in the lap of luxury, he had received an excellent education, and had started on the study of law with many flattering prospects. An old bachelor uncle dying soon after, named him in his will as sole heir to his vast property, and cut short his legal studies. He spent several years in foreign travel, and returned to this country

to find himself the coveted and flattered favorite of the beau monde.
Tired at last, of the giddy rounds of pleasure, he determined to seek out a congenial companion to share his home and fortune, and such an one he fondly imagined he had found in the beautiful and accomplished Edith Howard, and upon the very same evening when we beheld him talking to Alice, he had made his toilet with unusual care, and turned his steps toward "the Howards," bent upon hearing his fate decided by the lips of the fair Edith, when his footsteps were opportunely arrested as we have seen, and his plans altered, for startled by the display of the sudden and passionate temper of Edith's in her treatment of Alice, he deemed it prudent to wait a little longer, ere he trusted his heart's happiness into her keeping, so taking Alice by the hand he turned about, and retraced his way back to his own mansion.

Six months passed away, when one day as the steward removed the dresser from the wall to dust behind it, the missing brooch fell to the floor. Stung with remorse, Edith would have gladly sought out the injured and innocent Alice, and made some reparation for the great wrong she had done her, but it was too late, and so time passed on, and the matter was forgotten, but she could not understand why the rich Mr. Pemberton never proposed when he seemed so attentive to her.

We will now pass over three years, which has slipped away, as all years do, and enter a mansion fronting on Fifth Avenue, that home of nabobs, where we may behold Alice, now a tall and stately woman of eighteen, seated on a sofa, and by her side sits her noble benefactor, Mr. Pemberton. Alice is much changed since the night when, a homeless wanderer, she found a friend in Arthur. Her features, now no longer pale and sallow, have assumed a rousness that betokens the enjoyment of health; and her mind, that noblest of God's gifts to mortals, has not been neglected, so that while beauty hovers smilingly around her lips, intellect sits enthroned upon her brow.

She has just returned from the seminary where Arthur placed her soon after their first meeting, having graduated with all the honors the institution could bestow, and at the final examination, had the satisfaction of hearing and seeing her benefactor the loudest in his applause at her successful debut, and she has now returned to his home to become his mistress and dispense its hospitalities.

Arthur's disappointment in his first choice of a companion, made him resolve not to marry at all; and he has devoted his time to study, keeping, however, an eye to the interests of his ward, until they have become so closely interwoven with his own, that the thought that some one else might claim her, sooner or later, caused him much uneasiness; but to night he has just proposed, as the world calls it, and asked her if she would consent to stay with him always, and be the mistress of his heart as well as his home. Reader, let us for once break through the rules of decorum, and draw near and listen to her reply. Now then, be quiet and you shall hear.

"Mr. Pemberton, you have been my benefactor and friend, and the only one I have known since God, in His wise providence, saw fit to deprive me of my parents, and it is through your means that I am what I am. If it had not been for you, I shudder to think what I might have been, and if the life you have saved is worthy of your acceptance, it is yours." It is needless to say that he did accept it, and from thenceforth their two lives became one. And, reader, this was the reward of virtue. Go and do thou likewise.

SELF-PRESERVATION.
Lias a great Christian nation the right to combat deliberate suicide? This is in fact the question to be answered by every Christian man at the North, when considering his duty in connection with the present exertions of the Government to put down an armed and menacing rebellion by military force. Undoubtedly there are multitudes to whom anything bearing the name of War, above all of Civil War, is in its own nature most repulsive. The conscience of the North especially, has been so long and so diligently instructed on this very subject, and has responded so earnestly to the instruction, that detestation of war has long since taken its place with us among the deepest and most imperative moral instincts; and probably upon no other single subject has such absolute and emphatic unanimity obtained among all who have wished and sought the welfare of their country and the world.

It would not be unnatural, therefore, if there should now exist the feeling among some Christian men that the war on the brink of which we seem to be standing is outside of, if not contrary to, the Christian rule; that it is a thing which Religion hardly justifies, even if it tolerates it; and that we have all been

pushed along by the rush of our own sympathies, and by the irresistible march of events, into an attitude politically necessary but morally dangerous; which, however it may be defended by reasons of state-policy, is hardly to be vindicated as in harmony essentially with the genius of Christianity, and its great law of Love.—If such a feeling has not yet arisen in any minds, we may anticipate that it will do so, almost as a matter of moral necessity; and that some who desire to be at the same time patriots and Christians will feel themselves seriously troubled and perplexed by it.

It will be well, therefore, for all such persons to go back at once to the primary question with which we started, and to answer that clearly to their own satisfaction before going further, for this is the question which underlies the whole subject, and according to the answer we give to it will be the subsequent decisions we arrive at. This is a war—if indeed that name is at all with propriety to be given to it—not of aggression, not of ambition, but in literal truth of self-preservation. It is organized and conducted, on the part of the Government, for the one sole purpose of repressing rebellion, and maintaining and confirming, for all time to come, our national life and national unity. It has been shown, by the failure of all other and different agencies to secure the same end, to be the only means practicable and adequate for the accomplishment of this. And so, as a last and an effectual resort, with a sad but austere and determined purpose, this means has been adopted; and as soon as the end thus sought has been realized, the war will cease as a matter of course, by its own limitation.—Would this nation then be justified, would the Government which leads and represents the nation be justified, in yielding to the vehement and deadly assault made upon it, and surrendering its life and unity as a nation, without such resistance? Would it be justified, in other words, in allowing its very being to be sacrificed, when it might have protected itself if it would, by calling out and marshalling its military array?

That nations as well as persons have the primary right of self-preservation, seems plain at first sight. The statement of the proposition is its complete demonstration. They have no other rights whatever, if they have not this. But further than this every thoughtful man's mind must carry him at once. The preservation of his individual life against the assault of treacherous malice is a duty which every man owes to himself, to the circle of those dependent upon him, to the whole community of which he is a member. But if he chooses not to defend himself, but to allow his life to be destroyed by the dagger of the assassin or the blade of the ruffian, the loss to society, to history, to the world, is comparatively slight. The waves of life close over him again with a sad promptness, and hardly a blood-stain remains on the surface to mark the spot where he went down. But the relations of a Nation organized and placed as ours is, powerful, free, intelligent, Christian, with a noble past, a commanding position, opportunity to bless the whole world by its influence, its relations are with the earth; with the whole inter-connected family of Man; with the ages of the Future, and their purer civilization; with the glorious eras of millennium itself! Blot this Nation out of existence now, allow it to commit a virtual suicide by yielding without sufficient resistance to the treacherous ruffianism that now strikes with desperate haste at its life, and the Roes would at once feel the shock! Every tribe on earth would be darkened in its prospects, and hindered on its way toward purity and peace, by that dire catastrophe. The crash of that tremendous destruction would shake the whole frame of Human Society. The issues of that tremendous folly, and yet more tremendous crime, would record themselves in the blurred and bloodied annals of each heathen nation now reached by our missions, and of each Christian nation now helped and made hopeful by the great inspirations of our example! This nation, suffer itself to be destroyed, without resistance?—This nation consent to its own murder by traitorous hands, and so virtually change that murder into a drear and colossal suicide? It would be not merely to throw itself against all the purposes of God as revealed in its history, and against all the instincts of its own highest wisdom and most cultivated faith; it would be to put back the world's progress by centuries, and to suffer a deed, and assist it by the sufferance, over which the heavens might well gather in gloom, and beneath which the solid ribs of the earth might well tremble and groan!

No national suicide, should be the purpose of every Christian: the motto of every pulpit and press; the rallying cry to call forth not men only, or weapons, or funds, but fervent prayer and unflinching enthusiasm, from every household and every church!

DOUGLAS:
As Seen from Greeley's Desk.
It has been said that "the casting of a pebble on the shore of a pond changes the centre of gravity of the planet." And thus we all, by our daily conversations and discussions, our periodical conventions and annual votings, are contributing to shape the history of our country—of the century—of the world.— Doubtless, all ages are in their several ways eventful; yet the future historian will mark the years 1860—61 as among the most important and memorable which checker the annals of the American Republic. Let us endeavor for a few moments to regard them from his standpoint, and realize what, in substance, he will have to say of them.

Unquestionably, his book or chapter which treats of these years will open with a glance at 1854, and discern the inauguration of a new era in the introduction and final shaping of Mr. Douglas's Nebraska bill. That bill first brought distinctly, emphatically before the country for its adjudication the principle or affirmation that Freedom and Slavery are to be regarded and treated in our National policy as equals, with parallel claims to the protection, regard, and fostering care of the Republic. In the passage of the Ordinance of '57, a contrary doctrine had been affirmed without question, and not less in the equally unanimous prohibition of the African Slave-Trade. In the Missouri struggle, Slavery rested its case on the basis of possession and of State Rights. Slavery was in Missouri before she became ours—she was ceded to us by France with an express reservation; and guaranty of all the property rights of her citizens—she had always since held slaves—she was determined still to hold them—and she had a right, as a Sovereign State, to order her own domestic affairs. Whether Slavery was good or bad for her was entirely her own affair, in which Puritanic New England, grasping New York, and stolid Pennsylvania had no right to meddle. And in 1850, the various questions involved in the organization of the vast regions newly acquired from Mexico were so mixed and muddled by the Compromise measures, so called, of that year, that no principle was clearly affirmed, no interest specially triumphed. The resistance to those measures came from the two extremes of the Union, each equally vehement and persistent, and the result was rather a triumph of Quiet, of Trade, of Stock-jobbing, than of Slavery or Anti-Slavery. In the passage of the Nebraska bill did Congress first unequivocally assert and ratify the doctrine of the natural, rightful equality of Slavery with Freedom as an object of National concern and encouragement.

—And here let me turn aside from my main purpose to speak of the author of that measure. Mr. Douglas is just dead, in the prime of life, with his great aspiration unsatisfied. Like Clay, like Webster, and other greater men than himself, he may be said to have failed of the grand aim of his life, that of attaining the Presidential chair. I never admired Mr. Douglas; never but in a single struggle—that in resistance to the Lecompton Constitution—co-operated with him.— Though we were school-boys at the same time and of nearly equal years in Vermont districts but a few miles apart, I first saw him in Washington when he had just won his way through a dozen minor stations to the Senate of the United States, with the grand goal of his ambition full in view before him; and then his training, his modes of thought, his habits of life, were so different from mine, that we could never, save fitfully, have seen eye to eye. Listening to his free familiar expositions of his views of the great Slavery question, I could only feel more strongly than ever before the utter hopelessness of any attempt to reconcile our discordant ideas. To my mind, the first consideration was one of abstract, fundamental, eternal Right;—does this man belong to that one by any law of the universe? Suppose A is white and B black—the former wise, strong, intelligent; the latter foolish, weak, and ignorant—does all this give A any right to compel B to serve him for nought through life and bequeath a like fate to his children? I say No, emphatically No—the exaction is so palpably, monstrously wrong that all the priests and legislators, scribes and sophists on earth could not make it even plausible. No matter if such a relation had existed from the grayest dawn of History, and been lauded by saints and sages as the acme of holiness and wisdom, it is nevertheless intolerable, and ought to be denounced and resisted by every righteous soul. Mr. Douglas saw the matter in a very different light. In certain climates, under certain physical conditions, Negro Slavery was convenient—to the Whites; it enabled them to cultivate, or rather to profit by the cultivation of, torrid swamps and tropic cane-brakes which must otherwise be surrendered to the culture and the alligator—therefore

it was right and commendable in so far as those conditions rendered it convenient and profitable; and every community—that is, its white men—were the proper judges whether it was or was not adapted to their requirements. Mr. Douglas believed this, and the Nebraska bill was the faithful embodiment of his convictions. Yet when asked to follow those convictions to their logical and necessary result in a provision that each State should decide for itself whether to buy its slaves of American or of African breeders and traders, he shrunk from the test, and pleaded a constitutional settlement of the Slave-Trade question. He was as lame in his facts as in his logic; for the Constitution only empowers Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves; it nowhere commands such prohibition. And Mr. Douglas was imperatively required by his "great principle" to allow Mississippi and Arkansas, Florida and Texas, to decide for themselves whether to buy their negroes of Virginia at \$1,000 per head or of Dahomey for \$100. He did not see this—he could not afford to—he did see the Presidency in the keeping of the Pro-Slavery politicians, and hoped to win them, by valued service, to confer it on him. But parties pay for service to be rendered, as they calculate—rarely for that which has been. Mr. Douglas had served the Slavery Propaganda so effectively in framing and carrying the Nebraska bill that he made himself the hardest man to elevate to the Presidency; so they would not nominate him in 1856; and after his disloyalty to their supposed interest in resisting the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton bill, they would not support nor tolerate him, but split up their party and let in the Republicans rather than permit his triumph. The Phillistines, in this case, pulled down their own temple in order to bury their refractory Samson in its ruins. And thus 1860 avenged 1854 and prepared for 1861.

But let me speak of the better side of Mr. Douglas's nature. Bold, frank, genial, hearty, no man was ever less pretentious, less repellant in manner; the poorest and the humblest, if of the Caucasian race, found him always cordial, never sporting airs of superiority—a public-spirited citizen, a generous neighbor, a devoted friend. No white man was ever oppressed by his greatness or ill at ease in his presence; born of the people, he never sought to rise above them, but was hail-fellow with the rudest or the most enlightened to the last. He had great natural ability, little improved by learning or reflection; but, though no student of books, he was a careful and constant student of men, and whatever stores of wisdom or knowledge they possessed were readily yielded to his frank address and heartfelt sympathy. Mr. Douglas was in some respects a good specimen of the graduates of the New England school and work-shop; and he has been called away just when, his cherished aspiration having been crushed out by those he had long "fled his mind" to serve and win, he bade fair to abandon the role of a political aspirant for that of a patriot statesman. No voice has been more powerful than his in producing that unanimity and heartiness with which the People of the Free States have rallied to the defence of their flag and their National existence; no exhortations to concord and energy have been more timely or weighty than his. And by the overwhelming surge of Nationality which he has so powerfully aided to swell may all his faults be swept into oblivion, and the greenest turf of his beloved and only country embosom the marble that marks the spot where rests all that was mortal of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

CURE FOR ILL-TEMPER.—A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children from the earliest childhood to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had small doses always ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for their crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

KISSES BETWEEN WOMEN.—Quilp says, when he sees kisses between women, it reminds him of two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing that way!

A prudent man advised his servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

A Scotchman asked an Irishman why half-farthings were coined in England? The answer was: To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable associations.

The Worth of Patriotism.
We know now, and the knowledge is worth more than it has cost, that patriotism is, with the American people, more than a name; and that there is among us a spirit of loyalty to the emblem of the nation's honor. Independent of what our good God may bring out of these turmoils and contests, one blessed result is apparent, namely: that we have a government and that we are a nation. In the nervous lines of Whittier, which seem as appropriate as if written for the occasion—
East, West, and North the shout is heard
Of freemen fighting for the right;
Each valley hath its rallying word,
Each hill its signal light.
O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray
The strengthening light of freedom shines;
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,
And Vermont's snow-hung pines.
From Hudson's foaming palisades
To Alleghany's laureled crest;
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
It shines upon the West.
Speed on the light to those who dwell
In slavery's land of woe and sin;
And through the blackness of that hell
Let heaven's own light break in.

How to Secure Independence.
To secure independence, the practice of simple economy is all that is necessary. Economy neither requires superior courage nor eminent virtues; it is satisfied with ordinary energy, and the capacity of average minds. Economy, at bottom, is but the spirit of order applied in the administration of domestic affairs; it means management, regularity, prudence, and the avoidance of waste. The spirit of economy was expressed by our Divine Master in these words, "Gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing may be lost." His omnipotence did not disdain the small things of life; and even while revealing His infinite power to the multitude, He taught the pregnant lesson of carefulness of which we all stand so much in need.
Economy also means the power of resisting present gratification for the purpose of securing a future good; and in this light it represents the ascendancy of reason over animal instincts. It is altogether different from penitence; for it is economy that can always best afford to be generous. It does not make money an idol, but regards it as a useful agent. As Dean Swift observes, "we must carry money in the head, not in the heart." Economy may be styled the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the mother of Liberty. It is eminently conservative of character, of domestic happiness, and social well-being. It allays irritation, and produces content. It makes men lovers of public order and security. It deprives the agitator of his stock in trade, by removing suffering, and renders his appeals to class-hatred completely innocuous. When workmen by their industry and frugality have secured their own independence, they will cease to regard the sight of others' well-being in the light of a wrong inflicted on themselves; and it will no longer be possible to make political capital out of their imaginary woes.

Checking Perspiration.
We find in Hall's Journal of Health, an excellent article on the subject of suddenly checking perspiration, and the danger attending it. The extract contains good advice, by which all our readers may profit. Says the writer: "multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children at the age of three or four years the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of sitting at an open window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all, that cold never comes without a cause, and that in four times out of five it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken. The colder the weather, the more need is there in coming into the house, to keep on all the clothing, except India rubbers or damp shoes, for several minutes afterwards. Very few rooms are heated higher than sixty-five degrees when the thermometer is within twenty degrees of zero, while the temperature of the body is always at ninety-eight in health; so that if a man comes into a room which is thirty degrees colder than his body, he will rapidly cool off, too much so, often, even if the external clothing is not removed. It is not necessary that the perspiration be visible; any exercise which excites the circulation beyond what is natural, causes a proportionate increase of perspiration, the sudden checking of which induces dangerous diseases, and certain death, every day."

This is warm weather—keep cool.