

The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 36.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1861.

TERMS.—\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, and tongs, and anvils ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty Labor's iron song.
From a thousand fly wheels bounding,
From a thousand ringing looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.
Listen! workman, to their playing—
There's advance in every click;
Still they're singing—still they're saying,
"Whilst you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of bone and sinew,
Hearts of emulation warmed,
Mighty Thought ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hope perish?
Why shall ye mind fortunes frown?
Do ye wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germs have—work and think!

Think! I but got gone of living,
Like the horse from day to day;
Think! I but not alone of giving
Health for self, or soul for pay;
Think! O, be machines no longer—
Engines made of flesh and blood!
Think! 'twill make you fresher, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love of neighbor,
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think! I let the thought now nerve you;
Think of men who've gone before
Leaving lustrious names to serve you;
Yours the path they've plodded o'er;
Freedom fights and wins her charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men.
"Think!" for thought's a word of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye then the precious dower!
Poise it—wield it—work and think!

Hold your hands up, toiling brothers;
"Longest us be it ne'er forgot,
Labor, for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot.
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire,
And true greatness be our aim,
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Twixt an upright man and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!

Courship and Cleaning House.

It was the most golden and glorious of September days. The veil of blue haze hanging like a canopy over the distant hills, seemed absolutely to quiver in the radiant glow of autumn sunshine, and the grapes, whose amethystine cluster blushed through the trelis of clinging leaves, grew deeper in color and more bountiful, as if they had stolen the imperial dye of a thousand purple sunsets and brilliant dawns, as the sun mounted higher in the cloudless dome of heaven. No frescoed ceiling hung with jeweled pendants was ever more beautiful than this arbor of grape leaves, where light and shadow mingled in fitful arabesque with every moving wind—and so thought Richard Mayfield, as he came slowly up the garden path that led to his brother's house.

The mansion itself, however, was far from presenting the gala aspect which pervaded all nature, and our hero's countenance underwent a ludicrous transformation, as he eyed the yawning windows and wide open doors.

"By all the powers!" he said to himself—"if Isabel isn't cleaning house again! Well, women are most unaccountable creatures. I do believe they delight in turning things upside down, and making themselves and the rest of the world uncomfortable. What's the use of choking people with dust, and deluging 'em with soap and water twice a year? However, let the poor enigmas have their own way. I'm sure I am the last person in the world to object."

With these philosophical reflections yet in his mind, Mr. Mayfield defly threaded his way by a colony of white-wash pails and lime kettles that surrounded the front door, and entered upon the scene of action. It was quite plain, from the shout with which the children greeted his appearance, that he was a general favorite.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick, we're cleaning house!" cried Master Henry Augustus

Mayfield, who was mounted astride of a double-up feather bed, beating it fearfully with his mother's best silk parasol.

"Ain't it splendid, Uncle Dick?" exclaimed Miss Julia, who was endeavoring to 'pry out' the principle of sound from a \$30 music box, by introducing a carving-knife into its interior works, while Mrs. Mayfield, half distracted by calls from divers directions, was totally unconscious of the mischief being wrought.

"Lick, I am so puzzled and annoyed," she said; "here is John called to the city by a pressing law suit, and the whole house upside down!"

"Thought that was what you ladies liked," said Dick, perching himself upon the top of the dining table, and rescuing a shell basket from the destructive grasp of the smallest Mayfield of all.

"And my cook is gone, and the fire won't burn, and the wall whiteners haven't come this morning, and the parlor ceiling is half unfinished, and you know the sewing society is to be here to-morrow night—and, O Dick, what shall I do?"

"Don't fret?" said Richard, soothingly, "I'll make the fire burn, or I'll know the reason why, and I'll finish the ceiling for you."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Didn't I whiten my own room at College, when we boys smoked it into the color of an old snuff box? And then I'll tack the carpet down and see about putting those dislocated bedsteads together."

"But Dick, you must be too tired, after dancing till two o'clock at the picnic last night."

"Me tired? Fiddlestick! Where's the refractory stove?"

The fire was not proof against Dick's determination. It broke into a cheerful blaze the moment he attacked the citadel. Isabel's face brightened simultaneously. The skill with which he next erected a scaffolding and mounted thereon with a panoply of whitewash pails and brushes, was perfectly astounding, the more so, as his slender fingers, rather pale complexion, aristocratically small feet and hands, conveyed the idea of one who was adapted only to Broadway pavements and glittering ball rooms.

"I suppose the workmen didn't leave their wardrobes when they went away last evening, Bell?" he asked when he had scaled the rather perilous height.

"No," said his sister-in-law, laughing. "Then just hand me that old sheet—and a piece of bed cord yonder. Now, don't you admire my tout ensemble?"

"Uncle Dick looks like a ghost," said Master Henry Augustus.

"No he don't—he looks like the old miller down at the pond," struck in Miss Julia.

"Upon my word, I don't know which is the most complimentary," observed Richard drily. "Now then clear the track every soul of you and give me a chance!"

And he worked on, now pausing to survey his achievements, but of interest of all relating into thoughts of the beautiful damsel at the picnic last night who had been so studiously cold and reserved toward him.

"She don't like me," thought he, "and I, for the life of me, can't tell why. Well, as I said before, women are unaccountable concerns."

"Amy," said Miss Brownleigh to her pretty young cousin, "I wish you would just run over to Mrs. Mayfield's with this note. The children are at school, and I have no one to send."

"Oh, no," said Amy, "while a fresh tingle suffused her delicate cheek, "I don't want to encounter that superfluous collegian."

"Nonsense, he isn't there—he is staying with Harry Franklin."

"Oh, then I will take the note," said Amy, raising and looking around for her coquettish little gipsy hat.

"You are the strangest girl, Amy," said her cousin. "What can be the reason you dislike Richard Mayfield? He is so handsome and so talented."

"I don't fancy these merely ornamental people," said Amy demurely. "My husband must be of some use in the world."

"How do you know but that Mr. Mayfield is?"

"Can't be possible," said Amy, archly shaking her curls. "His hands are too small for anything but lemon color kid gloves. I'll wager a new bonnet, Alice, that he never did anything more laborious than to carry a box of cigars, in his life!"

Miss Brownleigh laughed, and Amy passed out of the vine-wreathed porch, wondering within herself whether Mr. Richard Mayfield had been much vexed because she had refused to dance with him the evening before.

Mr. John Mayfield's house was at no very great distance, and as Amy was quite intimate with that lady, and understood the domestic saturnalia that was at present transpiring within her domain, she did not think it necessary to knock, but opened the door and walked in without ceremony.

There stood Dick, the apex of a pyramidal scaffolding of boards, his fine broad cloth raiment obscured by a lime-splashed sheet which was girdled round his waist by a ponderous knot of rope, and his black curls overshadowed by a coarse old straw hat, working away for dear life. His back was toward the door, and supposing the step to be that of his sister-in-law, he said gaily, without turning the head—

"What! is the carpet ready, so soon, Bell? I'm just through here, and I'll come and tack it down in one minute!"

Not receiving any answer, he threw down his brush and turned round.

"Miss Brownleigh!"

He never looked so handsome in his life—and that was the first thought that rushed through Amy's mind, in the midst of all her embarrassments: for Dick had the advantage of the young lady in this respect—she was embarrassed and he was not. He sprang laughingly to the ground, and threw off his ghostly drapery.

"You must think I have a curious taste in costume," said he, archly, "but the truth is Isabel has been disappointed in her help, and my mother is away from home, so I am helping her clean house."

"I did not know—I thought you had no taste"—stammered Amy, unconsciously speaking out her thoughts.

"You supposed that I was nothing more than an ornamental piece of furniture. Ask Isabel about that," said Dick, half piqued, half smiling. "But can I be of use to you now?"

"I had a note from my cousin for Mrs. Mayfield," said Amy, still speaking scarcely above her breath.

"She has gone down to the farther orchard," said Dick. "It is some distance and not a very straight path. If you will wait until I remove a little of this lime, I shall be happy to escort you down there."

Half an hour ago Amy would have haughtily informed him it was quite unnecessary for her to trouble him—now she stood and waited.

It was a long walk, under the over-spreading shadow of noble apple trees, bending with their weight of crimson and rustic fruit, and through meadows ankle deep in purple and bloom, and nodding plumes of golden red, yet, for all that Amy was quite surprised when Mr. Mayfield came in sight, carrying a little basket of rose checked peaches from a pet tree beyond.

We believe it is one of woman's special and incontrovertible privileges to change her mind—therefore nobody was much astonished when three months subsequently there was a rumor of the engagement of Mr. Mayfield and Miss Brownleigh. Still, however, Dick always declared that 'twas an insoluble mystery to him that when serenades and schottisches, poetry and perfumes had all failed to win an entrance to the maiden's heart, a white-brush should have been the urbane weapon which at last brought down the barricades.

Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always "given away," and the bridegroom is frequently "sold."

The two most precious things now enclosed in hoops, are girls and kgs of powder—danger of blowing up from both—keep the sparks away from them.

Consolation in Teaching.

Amidst all the difficulties with which the instructor has to contend, there is much to alleviate his burdens, much to cheer him in his troubles and perplexities, much to encourage him in his exertions. True, he is subject to the contempt of the ignorant aristocrat, the pontifical of the parse-proud millionaire, and the neglect of the ambitious politician. He can rarely aspire to the honors of office, or to the ease and luxuries of wealth. But, at such apparently disagreeing circumstances, sound philosophy and genuine philanthropy only smile. There is a luxury in doing good, which abundantly compensates for many deprivations.

The principal enemies against which the instructor has to combat, are vice and ignorance. He is, therefore, never called upon to battle in any unjust cause. He never has to defend the wrong in opposition to the right, and his most efficient weapons are bloodless arrows. Aloof from the turmoils of political strife, beyond the influence of that most bewitching and most deceitful of syrens, ambition for political distinction, and rarely jaundiced by inordinate thirst for gold, he is comparatively removed from temptations to which other classes of men are exposed. The legitimate object of his exertions, the end of his proper aspirations, is to impart and develop the good and the true; to repress and correct the evil and the false, to make mankind wiser, purer, holier. What a glorious goal for ambition, purified from its gross and poisonous elements!

The materials, too, placed in the teacher's hands—what are they? Immortal minds, in their nascent and most pliant state, ready to be moulded into forms of undying beauty and perfection, or distorted into shapes of hideous and ever during ugliness. The sculptor fashions out of the inanimate marble into the "eternally presentment" of a man, while he who converts an ignorant and vicious child into a well-informed and virtuous citizen, creates, it may be said, the real man himself. The instructions, admonition and exhortations of the clergyman, too often fall ineffectively upon the indurated heart of the adult, and not infrequently, are too general and comprehensive to reach the feeble understanding of the young. But the intelligent, kind-hearted teacher, can adapt his instructions to the comprehension and affections of his tender charge. Here, then, is a field worthy of the highest efforts of the wisest and most skillful husbandman.

Besides, how cheering to the teacher are the subsequent success and respectability of his pupils! To possess sensible evidence that we have been instrumental in sending out into the world, men and women who are an ornament to their country and a blessing to their race, is surely no slight compensation for the anxieties we may have suffered, the toils we may have endured, and the patience and perseverance we may have exercised. To feel that we have rescued even one individual from an ignominious or premature death, is more true and lasting glory than to have won a crown. And then the gratitude cherished by his pupils throughout life, towards a faithful instructor, comes to his heart like refreshing dew-drops.

Finally, the teacher's vocation is becoming more and more appreciated; and he himself, as he improves in character and knowledge, fulfils more faithfully and efficiently the sacred charge entrusted to him, attains to increased respect and a higher remuneration for his services.

With such motives to cheerfulness and energetic action, let no teacher despair; let none despise or slight his calling; for even the humble and obscure guide of the lowest grade of children, may be accomplishing the true purposes of life, far more perfectly than he who rides victorious over conquered nations, or he who sits in jeweled majesty, sovereign over the richest and broadest domains.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

There are about twenty-eight pounds of blood in the human body and this all passes thro' the heart, according to physiologists, once in about every minute and a half.

Obeys Orders.

The following extract from the letter of a father to his son, a young volunteer, contains good advice, and may be of importance to volunteers generally:—

When the soldier shoulders his rifle under the flag of his country, he must surrender unto that country his will, his whims, tastes, fancies and prejudices; the first, highest, and most solemn duty to his country, is the most implicit obedience to all orders of his superior officers. If an order is issued that must be an end of inquiry. The success of a battle or campaign may depend upon the concealment of the purpose of the command, and it may become necessary to punish with death an omission which may seem to be a very improper order to the soldier who does not understand it.

Napoleon issued an order that the lights of the camp must be extinguished at eight o'clock, and on seeing a light burning in the tent of an officer, after that hour had elapsed, he repaired thither in person, and entered his tent just as he was writing his wife's name on the back of a letter. He told the Emperor he had unconsciously broken the law for one moment, and this was done in the enthusiasm of affection, by the thoughts of home. "Unsuch that letter," said the Emperor "and write as I dictate." The officer obeyed and wrote as follows:—

"I die to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, for violating the laws of the camp by not extinguishing the light in my tent at the precise time I was commanded to do it."

That decision may have seemed savage and barbarous, but when you consider how much depends upon subordination and rigid adherence to the camp, you will see that Napoleon could only be just to the thousands of lives under his care by assuming the appearance of cruelty to this one delinquent.

Obedience is not servility—it is duty. It is therefore not cowardly, but honorable. The camp is no place for the soft manners of the drawing-room, and soldiers are proverbially blunt; therefore, do not imagine if an officer speaks sharply to you, he wants to insult or browbeat you.

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil—who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed by any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man who is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the fields lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous character.—*Edward Everett.*

Sam. Houston is acting as a private in a rebel company at Texas. How are the mighty fallen!

A PATRIOTIC SPEECH.—Owing to the alleged bad treatment by the State authorities, the Erie Regiment, near Pittsburgh, began to display a rather ugly, mutinous spirit, whereupon their Colonel (McLane) addressed them in the following pithy and patriotic speech:

"Gentlemen, there is one thing I want you to understand, and that is, that I intend to command this Regiment. I understand there are a number of you dissatisfied and uneasy because your payments have been stopped. There is no doubt but that we have been badly treated; and by the Eternal, the time shall come when we shall have our rights, and our wrongs shall be redressed. In the meantime, I advise you to act like soldiers and gentlemen. If the State refuses to do its duty towards us, let us do ours, and then they can have no fault to find with us. If there is any among you who wants to leave, he can do so, and I will give him a free pass home. I hope there is no one who will desert his post now, and who rates his patriotism at the paltry sum of \$17 23. I have spent \$1000, and have not received a cent in return, but I am determined to do my duty; and if the State of Pennsylvania is too poor to repay me, I will make a gift of my services to her."

COLONEL FRANZ SIEGEL.—This officer, who commands the Union troops near Carthage, Mo., is a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden, entered its army in 1840, held the rank of Adjutant General in the provisional army. He was the actual commander in the campaign of 1849, and maintained an able but unsuccessful opposition to the Prussian army. In the battle of Rastadt he had but 10,000 men to 37,000, and was overcome by numbers; when he retired to Switzerland and was taken prisoner. In 1852 he was obliged to emigrate to America, and has since lived in St. Louis. He was one of the first to answer the call of the President for troops, and organized a German regiment. The brief outlines of his life that we have given shows that his brilliant success at Carthage was no lucky accident but the result of experience and educated ability. He is now nearly forty years of age. Col. Max Weber, whose regiment is now with General Butler at Fortress Monroe, was a Lieutenant in the Baden army, and saw service with Siegel in the popular movement against the Grand Duke.

MAJOR GEN. ROBERT PATTERSON.—Major Gen. Robert Patterson was born in Ireland in 1792, and emigrated to this country when quite young, taking up his abode in Philadelphia. He received a collegiate education, and early manifested military inclinations. After graduating at college, he was appointed First Lieutenant in the 53d Regiment of regular U. S. Infantry, in April, 1831, he was transferred to the 32d Infantry; appointed Assistant Deputy Quarter-master-General (with the rank of captain), January, 1831, and captain-in-line, 1841, and thereupon relinquished rank in the staff. He retired from the army in the same year upon the disbandment of his regiment. Subsequently followed the profession of the law in his adopted city, and for many years he was connected with the military of Philadelphia. In 1847, he was appointed Major-General of volunteers, and proceeded to Mexico and assumed command of his division. He was actively engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, but shortly afterward his health failed, and he returned to the United States, and was therefore unable to take part in the well contested battle in the upper part of Mexico, which crowned the American army with glory and conquered peace.

CONTENTION.—I never love salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one—I will suffer a hundred rather than return one—I will suffer many, ere I will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior, is furious—with my equal, doubtful—with my inferior, sordid and base—with any, full of unquietness.—*Bp. Hall.*