

The Potter Journal

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

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MY LITTLE SWEET-HEART.

Oh! sad are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having their chores
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings, they, as needs must
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any childless mother had—
You know them, who do smother nature's cries
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—

Who put your white and unadorning hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,
'Till death comes to you with his piteous care
And to unmarriageable beds you go,
Saying, "It is not much—'tis well if so
We only be made fair,
And looks of love await us when we rise?"

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms or calms:
My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs—
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his threshing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plow—alas!
Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheep-field
Where I had watched him tread

So oft on evening's trail—
A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough, wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweet-heart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law,
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meaning out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shuddering of fear
Had never in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unknissed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like a seamless mist.

God's sea and nay
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith, who only touch h's hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispy swiftness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, bringing rest, a welcome boon
Playing his pipe with many a stary stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune;

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see:
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity:

And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall;
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material on the external sight.

SEPTEMBER.

The burning heats of Summer are giving
place to the cool bracing air of Au-
tumn. The summer harvests are gath-
ered, the barns are full of hay and grain,
and the overflowing abundance stands in
stacks and ricks, upon the meadow. The
hard pressing work of the season is over,
and we begin to take things a little lei-
suredly. The corn has attained its growth,
and the kernels are beginning to glaze.
The potatoes, if full grown, keep safely
in the hill. The apples are turning red
and yellow upon the trees, and the lower
bending of the limbs shows that every
day is adding to the weight of the fruit.
There is rather gain than loss in delaying
for a few days, the work that must be
done. There is now time to attend to the
little jobs that have had to lie over dur-
ing Summer; to make fences, to ditch,
and drain, to dig muck, and make com-
post—profitable work always on hand
upon the farm. Those not driven by
wheat sowing have time to review the
season's toils, to project improvements,
and to enjoy life.

There is perhaps no class in the com-
munity that suffers so little in the present
troubled times, as the farmers. Outside
of the immediate theater of the war, life
moves on in its usual channels upon the

farm. In all the cities the calamity is
deeply felt. It has seriously interrupted
business, and multitudes are thrown out
of employment. There all the excite-
ment, as well as "the pomp and circum-
stance of glorious war," is felt. But upon
the farm, one would hardly know the
convulsion through which the country is
passing, but for the newspapers.

At all times the farmer's life flows
more smoothly and peacefully, than that
of other men. There is in it more of soli-
d comfort. The scenes in which he mingles,
and the objects of his daily contem-
plation, are calculated to make him cheer-
ful and happy. Nature in all its fresh-
ness and beauty is ever spread out before
him. It is not his gaudy boast that he
never sees the sun rise! The morning's
prime is not to him a vulgar hour. He
is up with the lark, and hears that choral
song at early dawn, with which the birds
begin their day. He beholds the first
streak of light, and the heavens passing
through all the changes of color—sober
grey, purple, sapphire, crimson, to the full
effulgence of the risen sun. There is joy
in beholding these scenes, with every
sense fresh from invigorating sleep.

The husbandman is much more inde-
pendent in his circumstances than other
men. Very generally, in this country at
least, he owns the soil he tills, in fee sim-
ple. The roof that shelters his family,
the barn that protects his crops and cattle,
the acres that yield them sustenance, are
his for a possession. He is made as
secure in the enjoyment of his home, as
it is possible for mortals to be. No land-
lord may turn him out at the close of the
year. Every improvement upon his
premises, is for his benefit, and that of
his family. There is joy in the owner-
ship of soil, somewhat difficult to analyze,
but a reality, as all know who have expe-
rienced it. The affections cling to it
quite as tenaciously as to living things.

With many, local attachments are much
stronger than the love of animals. They
can substitute one horse for another, or
one cow for another, without any painful
emotion, but the disruption of home ties
would be felt as a life-long calamity.

There is literally no spot like home to
them. Their affections take root in the
soil of their birth place, with every orchard
they plant, with every ornamental
tree they set by the road side. The home
feeling grows with every crop they culti-
vate, with every fence they put up, and
with every building they erect.

Here they are in a good measure inde-
pendent of the world. The farm yields
them almost every necessity of life, with
a superabundance to exchange for its
superfluities. This was more the case in
the good old days of homespun, than at
present, and if necessity ever requires it,
we can go back again to the cards and
the spinning wheel, to the hand shuttle
and the loom. It adds not a little to the
comfort of life, to know that our daily
bread does not depend upon the caprice
or necessities of an employer. No change
in the times deprives the farmer of occu-
pation. His work is laid out before him
for years, and he knows that as long as
the soil yields its increase, and he can
work, there will be meal in his bin, corn
in his crib, and pork in his barrel. His
sheep will raise wool, and his meadows
flax, whether cotton is king or not. The
doors of the school-house will be open for
the children, whether the temple of Jan-
us is closed or open. The cities may be
swept by the desolations of war, but the
farms can hardly be ruined. The world
must eat, and while wheat and corn grow,
and calves and pigs make beef and pork,
he will have something to sell and a mar-
ket for his products. It is one of the
misfortunes of most other callings, that
they are dependent for the necessities of
existence. The laborer has nothing but
labor to sell, and when that fails his con-
dition is very sad.

It is another of the comforts of the
farmer's calling, that his labors are lighter
than those of most other men. His
work is not nearly as exhausting to body
and mind, as that of the merchant, or of
people who follow trades; the greater
strength and vigor, and the better health
of farmers, as a class, are proof positive.
They have wholesome food, fresh milk
and butter, fresh meats and vegetables,
and eggs laid in the nest and upon the
table the same day. They pursue their
toils in the open air, and for the most
part with only such a tax upon the mus-
cles as aids digestion. There is no over-
working of the brain, no wearing anxiety
about the uncertainty of trade, no bank-
notes to meet at two o'clock, or be a bank-
rupt in fortune. His bank of earth re-
ceives all his deposits, and is always ready
to pay dividends. Look at that bin of
corn, yellow as gold, and always exchange-
able for it. Look at those porkers with
broad backs, and sleek sides, every one a
walking money bag, and growing heavier
every day. Look at those fat cattle, and
that span of Black Hawks. There is a
small mint in each of them, that keeps
down all pecuniary solicitude—and makes
the owner's life a scene of cheerful toil.—
American Agriculturist.

McClellan.

"When Gen. McClellan was a resident
of this City, he kept up an active corres-
pondence with his army associates, and
among them, with Beauregard, whom he
had known intimately. At that time, a
great filibustering expedition to Central
America, was contemplated by the restless
spirits of the South, and Beauregard be-
came one of the chief conspirators. But
he knew that Walker, then in full bloom,
was not the man for leader; and he
had not that entire confidence in himself
that would justify his taking the com-
mand. He applied to McClellan, offering
him the most flattering inducements that
could be held out—the leadership with
arbitrary powers, active support through-
out the South, the lion's share of the ex-
pected spoil, and the military dictation
of this to be conquered province—if
he would engage in the enterprise. This
offer was summarily rejected; but was
renewed again and again with new tempta-
tions, until McClellan peremptorily for-
bade any further reference to it. In the
correspondence, Beauregard admitted the
military superiority of McClellan, and ex-
pressed himself thoroughly satisfied with
a subordinate position in his command—
an estimate of our young General's worth
that expected events will abundantly
prove."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gen. McClellan is in the habit of rid-
ing around occasionally in citizen's dress,
accompanied by a few of his staff. A few
days ago he was walking through one of
the encampments, across the Potomac,
and passing the rear of the tents he saw
a bucket of coffee standing near a fire.
He asked what it was, and one of the
soldiers said "Coffee." "It looks more
like slops," he replied. "Oh," said the
soldier, "it's not fit to drink, but we have
to put up with it, and our food is not a
bit better." "Well, whose fault is it?"
he asked. "Oh, our Quartermaster is
drunk most of the time, and when not he
is studying how to cheat." McClellan
passed on, and seeing more evidence of
the dirty and slovenly manner in which
the Quartermaster conducted his opera-
tions in his tent, he accosted him with
the remark that the men were complain-
ing of bad treatment from him. The
Quartermaster flew into a passion, and
swore it was none of his business, and he
had better not come sneaking around try-
ing to make mischief. McClellan an-
swered him, telling him he had better be
cautious how he talked. The Quar-
termaster replied, "Who are you, that you
assume so much apparent authority?"
"I am George B. McClellan, and you can
pack up your traps and leave." The
Quartermaster was struck dumb, and Mc-
Clellan turned and left him. That evening
the Quartermaster left to the tune of
the "Rogue's March," played by some
of the boys who got wind of it. They
now have a Quartermaster who does not
get "drunk and cheat," and that regim-
ent would risk their lives at the can-
non's mouth for the man who does care
how the men are provided for.

The story has been circulated around
some of the camps, and the officers are
now always on the look out for the Gen-
eral, and of course do not have too much
lying around loose.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A gentleman tells this story of a
little drummer boy. He went on the
ship to Fortress Monroe, with his regim-
ent, and just at evening, overcome with
the fatigues of the day, he had laid down
upon the deck, and had fallen asleep.
The dews were falling. The Colonel
came along and shook him by the shoul-
der, and told him he would take cold if
he continued to lie there, and advised
him to go below and go to his rest for the
night. As he was getting up, his Bible
fell from his pocket upon the deck. He
picked it up and replaced it. Some kind
hand—perhaps a mother or a Sunday
school teacher—had given him that Bible.
He went below and prepared himself for
his bed. When ready, he keeled down
—many loud-talking men standing around
—put his hands together in the attitude
of prayer, and poured out his heart sin-
cerely to God. He heeded not the noise
around him. In a moment all was hushed;
the company being overawed by the con-
duct of the boy, reverently stood silent
until he had finished his prayer.

MAKE THE SACRIFICE.—To obey the
law of right—to follow out the law of
love, is only difficult because we feel, in
every instance of being called upon so to
do, that we are called upon to make some
sacrifice of ourselves. It is an error—a
mistaken feeling. We are called upon to
sacrifice, not ourselves, but a present in-
clination, which self suggests. Make the
sacrifice—obey, fulfil the law that makes
the claim upon you, and you will find
that you have relinquished a fallacious
for a real good. Follow the false inclina-
tion, and you will find that instead of
enthroning yourselves in despite of Heav-
en's King, you have begun to descend
steps of endless descent.

Before you denounce another for
his faults, look to your own.

The Cry of Peace.

Here and there all through the North
there are men who profess to be peace-
makers. They deplore the present war,
repine at its expenses, oppose every effort
to maintain the government, and call
loudly for "Peace." If peace can be en-
joyed on the right principles, indeed, is
it invaluable. But if in order to its en-
joyment we must surrender every princi-
ple of honor and manhood, yield our God-
given rights to usurpers, and give up the
government into their hands, purchasing
peace at the expense of all we hold most
dear, then war with all the evils that can
possibly attend it is more to be desired.
But are not the peace makers of to-day
the same persons who approved of the
war with Mexico? Are they not the
same who sneered at the cry of the inno-
cent and helpless in Kansas, who were
brutally murdered in their homes, by
those who are the very persons who have
millions from the treasury to purchase
more territory for the extension of the
institution which has plunged the country
into a civil war? The cry of peace comes
with an ill grace from the lips of those
who have betrayed our country into the
hands of its enemies, and stolen all of her
wealth that was within their reach. Those
who cry for peace are the men who de-
fend the South, justify rebellion, curse
the North and the defenders of the Con-
stitution, and utter their treasonable sen-
timents without a blush of shame. When
they ask for peace we understand them
to mean that the government should be
given up to the South, for with the same
breath they cry "peace," and "hurrah for
Jeff. Davis."

We might have peace if the President
would resign in favor of Jeff. Davis, and
the Northern people become subjects of a
Southern government, but in no other
way, for the South will be satisfied only
when in power.

Ben Wood's plea for peace is only a
plea for the South. It is the course of
such men that has brought the country
to ruin, and now they oppose every effort
of patriots to restore the government.
Wood counsels the Northern Democrats
to hold "peace meetings," that is, seces-
sion meetings, and pass resolutions against
this "iniquitous war."

Northern Democrats love their country
better than their leaders do. The leaders
are mortified and vexed because they can
not persuade them to side with rebellion.
Breckinridge in the Senate pleads for
"peace." While armed rebels are within
a days march of Washington, he denounces
the Administration for its defensive move-
ment. After sitting and seeing the gov-
ernment go down without raising his voice
to save it, he seems dissatisfied that the
rebellion has not yet proved a success; and
therefore utters his treason with a bold-
ness that would cause the cheek of Ben-
edict Arnold to blush with shame for
him. It is no time to listen to cries of
peace, when treason has so bold a front.
These are times for unflinching patriot-
ism. The kind words and gentle means
have been used and have failed. For-
bearance is no longer a virtue. Hard
fighting is the only means that will secure
peace, preserve the government, and en-
sure future prosperity. It is the only
manly, patriotic course that can be pur-
sued. The God who once gave victory
on the side of liberty, will aid his crea-
tures in perpetuating the same.—*Mon-
trose Republican.*

Fremont's Way of Doing It.

The proclamation of the Major General
of the West, declaring the State of Mis-
souri under Martial law, confiscating the
property and freeing the slaves of rebels
in arms against the government, hits the
mind of the people in precisely the right
spot. Missouri is overrun with insur-
gents, who are daily killing people and
destroying property, while the old State
government has fled and the new one is
unequal to the emergency. Founding
his action upon the law of August 6th,
passed by the recent Congress, Fremont
steps in to settle the difficulty. He is
resolved that the friends of the Union
shall be protected; he is resolved to visit
upon the malcontents the extreme pen-
alties of the law; and he is further re-
solved, that if the slaveholders who abet
the rebellion use their slaves to assist the
assassins and traitors in their attempts
against the life of the nation, they shall
forfeit that species of property.

Mr. Fremont has done what the gov-
ernment ought to have done from the
beginning. War is war. It has certain
necessities which cannot be overlooked.
When the owners of slaves use their mus-
cles to build entrenchments against us;
when they arm them, as they have done
in certain cases, to put the throats of free-
men; when they boast that all the white
population of the South may go to battle,
leaving the slaves to raise supplies in
their absence—it is our right and our
duty to deprive them of so formidable a
resource. It is our right and duty to
strike a public enemy in his weakest
point. Slavery is the weakest point of
the rebels, and when we declare their

slaves exempt from obligations to serve
them, we only act in self-defence.

Without the express authorization
which Gen. Fremont receives from the
act of Congress, he would still have a
right to proclaim the emancipation of the
negroes of the enemy. The war power,
in times of actual hostility, may supersede
the municipal law. As John Quincy
Adams long ago stated in the House of
Representatives, "when a country is in-
vaded, and two hostile armies are set in
hostile array, the commanders of both
armies have power to emancipate all the
slaves in the invaded country." The
same speaker showed that this was no
theoretic statement, but a practice fre-
quently resorted to by military command-
ers. The exigencies of the occasion over-
ride the usual institutions of society, and
the General must judge, from his knowl-
edge of the circumstances, whether such
an exigency exists.

That it does exist in Missouri no one
can doubt. A majority of the people of
that State are attached to the Union. By
their votes and by their daring feats of
arms they have shown that they have no
mind to be dragged into the service of
the Southern Confederacy. With the
state government strongly against them
at the outset, and with fifty or sixty thou-
sand armed marauders committing havoc
in many counties, they have yet made a
vigorous fight for their rights. But they
are likely to be overpowered by reinforc-
ments which are daily pouring into the
State. All the rascals of the border, and
even the wild savages of the West, are
banded together for their overthrow.
These are assisted by some of their own
citizens, who not only furnish the foe
with supplies, but join them in taking up
arms. At the battle of Wilson's Creek
several of the regiments were composed
of recreant Missourians. It is against
such as these that Fremont means to use
the strongest weapons in his power. He
has no idea that they shall ravage the
homes of peaceful citizens, all the while
that they draw their support from the
labor of the negroes. He discharges the
latter from the bonds by which they are
made the instruments of treachery. If
you work for the rebels, he says, you must
work of your own accord and not under
force.

These stringent measures, we are glad
to learn, as we do by our telegraphic de-
spatches, are warmly approved by the
loyal part of the community.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Appeal of Gov. Stewart.

Hon. R. M. STEWART, the predecessor
of CHAIRBORNE F. JACKSON, as Govern-
or of Missouri, has recently made an elo-
quent appeal to the people of that State
against the Secession movement. Although
always actively identified with the Demo-
cratic party, he has no sympathy with
the treasonable designs which the ambi-
tious and desperate conspirators of the
South have sought to conceal and promote
by their false professions of Democracy.
He warns the people of Missouri that they
can never gain peace or security out of
the Union, and truly says that "when the
United States Government surrounds its
right to navigate the Atlantic Ocean, it
may abandon its only thoroughfare to the
Pacific—not before." He also calls their
attention to the fact that "it was a part
of the original programme of Secession to
remove the burdens of the war from the
Cotton to the Border States," and that,
in pursuance of this selfish and artful pol-
icy, Virginia and Missouri have been
drawn into a terrible snare in which they
will be greatly injured. Speaking of the
objects of the war he says:

"Citizens of Missouri, you can bear me
witness that during my official life I have
labored earnestly against the doctrines
and practices of the extreme fanatics of
the North. Abolition and Secession are
two extremes that now unite in the de-
struction of everything we hold dear. Do
not flatter yourselves that this social war
in Missouri is against Abolitionists. It
is just what they have prayed for, be-
cause they saw in it the utter annihilation
of our domestic institutions. The only
practical Abolitionists in Missouri are
those who have inaugurated and are now
prosecuting this unholy war. If allowed
to continue, it will accomplish in a year
what could not have taken place in a cen-
tury—the practical abolition of slavery in
Missouri. The only safety for Missouri
slaveholders is in the Union. Out of it,
either by force or by treaty, their prop-
erty is utterly valueless. You have been
told that this war is waged on one side
for protection, and on the other for the
destruction of slavery. This is a false-
hood, a snare, and a delusion. This war
is for the life of a nation, and the lives
and fortunes of twenty millions of people
are pledged for its prosecution. Abolition-
ism is swallowed up and lost sight of
in the magnitude of this terrible crisis.
The war is to decide whether free gov-
ernments are practicable, and its issue
will fix the fate of Republics for well or
woe during the next thousand years. If
you would save your homes and your

property from destruction, this war in
Missouri must be brought to a speedy
close. This can only be done by driving
back the invaders from our southern
boundaries. This debt our State will be
relieved from military occupation; our
property will be secure, and our lives pro-
tected."

The Allegiance of Naturalized
Citizens.

The Boston Pilot of June 15, 1861,
publishes the annexed question, propo-
unded to the editors of the Cincinnati
Catholic Telegraph, together with the
response of Bishop Purcell, one of the ed-
itors of that paper. As many of the
adopted citizens of the country do not
take either the Boston Pilot or the Cin-
cinnati Catholic Telegraph, it has been
deemed proper to submit it to them in this
form for general edification:

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

VERY REV. AND REV. EDITORS: I
would wish to know whether, in your opin-
ion, a naturalized citizen, even in the
South, can take part with the Southern
Confederacy without the guilt of perjury?
In becoming a citizen he swears fealty, not
to any State, but to the United States.
Does that oath mean anything? If not,
to take it was a sin. If so, it must bind
to fidelity to the constitutionally elected
President and Congress.

CONSCIENCE.

REPLY.

An oath binds a man, under penalty of
perjury, to do what he conscientiously
considers his words to promise. Apart
from ignorance, prejudice, or false rep-
resentation, we believe that every natu-
ralized citizen has, according to the intent
of the form of naturalization, sworn to
support the legally constituted Govern-
ment at Washington. Many a poor man
may have been taught, however, that his
obligations were not of this character,
and may, therefore, without being willing
to perjure himself, be carried away by
the wave of public opinion about him to
the wrong side.—*Eds. Telegraph.*

We clip the above from the Cincinnati
Catholic Telegraph and Advocate of
May 23rd.

We may add to the very just answer
of the distinguished and learned editors
of the Telegraph, that it becomes the
duty of every clergyman in the seceded
States to abstain from any active act that
may lead their people to believe that they
are released from the obligation of their
oath of allegiance. The appointment to
a chaplaincy in a rebel regiment does not
imply that the chaplain sanctions the vi-
olation of the oath. He only lends his
services to reconcile with God a dying
soldier who may have been guilty of per-
jury.—*Boston Pilot.*

"GIVE ME A MOTIVE."—"Give me a
motive," said a young and enthusiastic
girl to a minister of Christ, "and I care
do anything." Here is the truest secret
of success in all enterprises. Motive power
has conquered the world. It is the
motive which inspires the heart with cour-
age; which infuses the will with energy;
which nerves the hand to action. The
motive which each sets before him when
he goes forth upon the journey of life,
usually decides his future course. The
miser heaping up his shining piles; the
pains-taking student, who sees honor and
fame in the distant future, with shadowy
fingers beckoning him on, these have both
a motive. So the conqueror wading thro'
a crimson tide to reach the laurel crown
of martial glory has a motive. Selfish,
no doubt! But most of the world's toil-
ers have the taint of selfishness upon
their motive.

If riches increase, set not your
heart upon them, because they are liable
to decrease as well as they increased; be-
cause they cannot satisfy the boundless
desires of the immortal soul; because
their possession is connected with new
anxieties and responsibilities; because
their possessor is subjected to peculiar
and injurious temptations; because they
must all be left at death, and death may
come at any hour; and because the good
things of the present life are of insignifi-
cant value, when compared with the treas-
ures of heaven, which he forever forfeits
who makes worldly wealth his supreme
good.

The Governor of Fernand Po has been
authorized by the Spanish Government
to receive on that island a certain number
of slaves, who may be captured by ves-
sels of the United States, that, being free,
they may acquire the benefits of civiliza-
tion. Flag officer Jamison has commu-
nicated this proposition to our Govern-
ment. It appears by the same corres-
pondence from the African squadron,
that the secessionists have been sending
circulars to naval officers of Southern
birth, holding out inducements to leave
the United States service and join that of
the disunionists with equal rank.

Do you want to fill a coward's grave?