

# The Potter Journal

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

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## FREEDOM'S BATTLE.

Brothers! though ye strive full bravely,  
In the fierce and bloody fight,  
God will never let ye conquer,  
Till ye battle for the Right!  
When ye write upon your banners  
Freedom unto men enslaved,  
Tyrant hordes will feel the fury  
Of the storm that they have braved!

What! and shall a nation glorious  
As these proud United States,  
Have a plague-spot on its forehead  
In the sight of heaven's own gates:  
Have a brother's blood forever  
Crying upward from the sod,  
And not feel the special anger  
Of a sin-avenging God?

What! and shall a people conscious  
Of a heaven-anointed birth,  
Cringe beneath their tyrant masters,  
Proudly stalking o'er the earth;  
Cringe, and never once look upward  
Till a brightly beaming sky,  
Bending o'er them in its beauty,  
Panting still for liberty?

Out upon ye, men and brothers,  
That ye have a faith so small  
As to think a Father's blessing  
Cannot will encircle all—  
All in whom his own blest image  
Is, enstamped in living light,  
Till they stand within his presence  
Robed in pure and spotless white!

"All men," says our Declaration,  
"Were created equal," he  
Who denies so true a statement  
Casts contempt on Deity!  
Were endowed by their Creator  
With the right to love and bless;  
Seeking each his own subsistence  
And his highest happiness!

Up then with the Flag of Freedom,  
Forward, brothers, to the fight;  
Let our watchword be the "Union,"  
God is ever with the Right!  
Let us neither faint nor falter  
Till the "stars and stripes" shall be,  
Waving over every fortress,  
Floating over every sea!

## COLD AS MARBLE.

"Beautiful indeed, but cold as marble."  
My companion spoke in reply to my exclamation of admiration, as my eyes fell for the first time, on Leonore Bache. I see her now as she stood under the large chandelier of Mr. Willett's parlor, the tall light showing only beauties, revealing no defects. (She was very tall; the black velvet dress, which fitted her superb figure to perfection, fell in heavy folds to her feet, unreheved by one touch of trimming. It was closed to the throat with diamond buttons; and a small diamond star fastened the soft lace collar. Her round, white arms were bare, without any bracelet to break their pure outline. Her hair, black as midnight, was simply parted from the forehead, gathered into a heavy knot behind, and fastened by a silver arrow studded with diamonds. But the face; who can describe her face? Pale as marble, the regular features were perfect as those of a statue; the eyes were large and black, and full of intelligence. When I looked at her, she was leaning against a tall marble pedestal, upon which stood a basket of crimson flowers; and their vivid coloring heightened the effect of her pale beauty.)

"Who is she?" I asked.  
"Our new belle, Miss Leonore Bache. She is the rage just now; don't you see how the ugly girls ape the simplicity of her dress? Sometimes it is white lace, but always high in the neck, and in that style of simplicity."  
"Introduce me!"  
"Willingly! Guard your heart!"  
Vain warning; it was already gone, and an hour's conversation, revealing the mine of rich thought under the impulsive exterior, only fascinated me still more.

Weeks passed, and found me still the ardent lover of Leonore Bache, yet without one ray of hope that I could ever touch her heart. Always gentle and courteous, she seemed cold, hard and impenetrable as marble. Nothing touched her. I had seen her escape death in a frightful form, by just missing a heavy stone which fell from an unfinished house; and her eyes never moistened; her step was still firm and steady; and her hand did not tremble on my arm. While my whole soul sickened at the thought of the fearful peril, she continued her quiet flow of conversation, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it. I had seen her firm hand raise from the ground a little child, whose cries of pain, from a severe fall, filled the air; and while her musical voice soothed it, no touch of pity, no softening glance came into those dark, melancholy eyes. If merriment was all around her, she smiled a cold, forced smile with her lips; but it was evident her heart was not in it.

Cold as marble she was called, and my heart echoed the universal sentiment. Her small fingers drew music from the piano; she made every eye fill; yet her color rose not, and the softening influence of the sweet sounds never seemed to touch the musician.  
To me, this torturing coldness became, at length, almost maddening. I dared not speak my love, for her wit was often sarcastic, and I dreaded a stinging refusal.  
One evening, shall I ever forget it? I found her at home, alone. It was a rare privilege, and I was tempted to give voice to the love filling my soul. The piano stood open, and I took the vacant stool.  
"Do you play, Mr. Lee?" she asked.  
"Only by ear. Shall I sing for you?"  
She left her seat and came slowly to the instrument. Leaning upon it and facing me, she said quietly, "Yes, sing?"  
I remembered an old-fashioned love song that I found amongst my mother's music, and, after a simple symphony, began to sing. My whole heart went forth with the tender words, and I sang fervently, passionately. My eyes were fixed on her face, and, for the first time, I read deep feeling there. Paler she could not be; but the full lips became ashy white; the large eyes dilated with some deep terror or horror; and the whole frame shook with violent emotion. I finished the first verse before she spoke; then in a hoarse whisper she said:  
"Stop! do not sing any more. Stop for pity's sake!"  
Clasping her hands together she stood erect, and then fell forward upon her face. I sprang to raise her, but she slowly rose herself, motioning me back. Staggering to a chair, she beckoned me to come near her. I took a low seat at her side.  
"You love me," she said, in a low voice. "I have known it for a long time, and I have earnestly tried to chill your unhappy passion. I can never be your wife; I can never, never love you. You are wrong to let that look of grief come on your face. Rather thank God that I am frank with you."  
"In time—" I began.  
"Never! Yet I will trust you as a friend, for I know you are good and noble. I will tell you the story of my life. Two short years ago, I was the merriest, brightest girl of my circle of friends; then I loved—"  
Her voice became firm again; but oh! the wailing agony that shone up in her eyes.  
"I cannot trust myself to speak of the man I loved," she continued, "but I gave him all the passionate devotion of a young, warm heart. More, more! Oh! how I loved that man! Lawrence! Lawrence! Her figure rocked back and forth, and her hands clenched with her terrible passion.  
"We were married! privately, for he was, he said, very poor, and I knew my father would not consent to our marriage; so we were to wait till I was of age before we owned our love to him. One night, one terrible night, we were together, and he was singing to me, singing the song you sang just now, when through the low window came a crowd of men, officers of the law, seeking my husband—a notorious forger, who had escaped from the law in his native city, after murdering his own brother, whose name he had forged to the amount of his whole fortune. He resisted the men, fought desperately, and was shot dead before my face—falling at my feet—his death glance fastened upon me—"  
After awhile she resumed.  
"Go! leave me now. But when you hear of Leonore Bache, the cold unfeeling girl, shut up her secret in your heart and pity her."  
I tried to speak; but she only repeated, "Go! go!" And I left her.  
The next day I called. She was gone. One year later, I saw in the paper an obituary notice of my beautiful idol, and I knew that the disease which carried her to the grave was brought on by the concealed fire, the broken heart hidden by the face "COLD AS MARBLE."

The average coinage of the mint of Great Britain for the last thirty years is eighteen million pounds sterling per annum.  
The Plague in Europe, Asia, and Africa, commencing in the year 588 lasted for 50 years.  
Iron was first discovered by the burning of Mount Ida, one thousand four hundred years before Christ.  
Hour glasses were invented at Alexandria one hundred and fifty years before Christ.  
The sum of fifteen million dollars is expended each year in London for intoxicating liquors.  
The interest of the national debt of Great Britain is over twenty-four millions pound sterling.  
Vaccination was first tried upon condemned criminals in the year 1772.  
Looking glasses were first made at Venice in the year 1300.

quell a riot, from reaching the scene of disorder, is really a foe to the best interests of society, and an enemy of peace, although he may pretend that his chief desire is to avoid a collision between the violators of the law and its supporters.

## ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.

1. In an ordinary campaign, sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.  
2. On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woolen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light-colored felt hat, with a broad brim to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.  
3. Sunstroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat.  
4. Colored blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling, the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground is almost complete.  
5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat—a handkerchief, even, is a great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.  
6. While marching, or on other active duty, the more thirsty you are, the more essential it is to safety, of life itself; to rise out the mouth two or three times, and then take a swallow of water at a "me, with short intervals." A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.  
7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all-important in an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sundown, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.  
8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, not excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink as little as possible of even cold water.  
9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until Nature begins to recover herself.  
10. Never eat heartily just before a great undertaking, because the nervous power is irresistably drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus draining off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.  
11. If persons will drink brandy, it is incomparably safer to do so after an effort than before, for it can give only a transient strength, lasting but a few minutes; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance, and if longer than a few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus, it is clear that the use before an effort is always hazardous, and is always unwise.  
12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.  
13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the bare ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood laid side by side; or sit upon your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth, with the additional advantage of perfect safety.  
14. A cut is less dangerous than a bullet wound, and heals more rapidly.  
15. If from any wound the blood spurts out in jets instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes unless it is remedied, because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN the wound and the heart; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod between the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus until the surgeon arrives.  
16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, below the wound.  
17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart; for in the latter case the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows round it under the skin; but when it enters the stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under all conceivable circumstances; but it is scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two with perfect clearness of intellect, often not suffering greatly. The practical bearing of this statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but not longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in the summer a greater perspiration of the skin is induced, with an increase of evaporation; hence, greater coolness of the parts on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty, and dry.  
19. Avoid fats and fat meats in summer and in all warm days.  
20. Whenever possible, take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning, as soon as you get up; if none is at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether, or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration.  
21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.  
22. Wear woolen stockings and moderately loose shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always close cut.  
23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night, than to wash the face and hands of mornings; because it aids to keep the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chafings, blisters, and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.  
24. The most universally safe position, after all stunnings, hurts, and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only; aiding, more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.  
25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily you will take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is a slight air stirring.  
26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely wounded comrade, is first to place him on his back; and then run with all your might for some water to drink; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand, take your hat; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag, open at the neck only. A fleet person can convey a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the finger's end with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.  
27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, and no harm will result.  
28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means, when you have to use water for cooking or drinking, from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it, so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trousers leg.  
29. Twelve men are hit in battle, dressed in red, where there are only five dressed in a bluish gray—a difference of more than two to one; green, seven; brown, six.  
30. Water can be made almost ice cool in the hottest weather, by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woolen cloths kept plentifully wetted and exposed.  
31. While on a march, lie down the moment you halt for rest; every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.  
32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor, and endurance; this is promoted, in many cases, by stirring a tablespoonful of corn (Indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.  
33. Loose bowels, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterward, is the first step to cholera; the best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases, a woolen flannel, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.  
34. To have "been to the wars" is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in defense of your country will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

The following remedy for complaints of the bowels is said to have been extensively used in the Russian war.  
Take 2 ounces laudanum, 2 ounces spirits of camphor, 2 drams tincture Cayenne pepper, 1 ounce tincture of ginger, 2 ounces essence of peppermint, 2 ounces Hoffman's anodyne.

Mix well, and take one teaspoonful in a little warm water, after each operation of the bowels, or oftener if the case is violent.

## GENERAL LYON.

The funeral honors that have attended Gen. Lyon from the battle-field where he fell, across one half a continent, taken up from State to State, from city to city, from village to village, and carried forward for near two thousand miles amid the tearful eyes, the bowed heads, and the deepest expressions of personal sorrow of hundreds of thousands of grateful people—such honors never before, perhaps, paid to so young a General, came to their solemn conclusion yesterday in this city. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," said the Latin poet a great many hundred years ago; and surely though the sentiment be old and the line as trite as household words, not less true is it now than when Rome sent out her armies to conquer the world, that it is sweet and beautiful to die for one's country. This young soldier, like more than one other, has laid down his life in this war, and has by his courage, his devotion, and his patriotism, done his country a service by his example, to be preserved ever fresh and green with his memory, that is not often vouchsafed to the wisest and the best of men to do in centuries of time. Not without reason are such noble lives laid upon the altar! We garner up the remembrance of them—how this one saved a State, how that a city, and we crown ourselves with the names of heroes! Not in vain have these young men fallen; for other young men shall reverently lift the crown and remember that such death as theirs is dulce et decorum, if their country needs more lives!

And let us not forget this price which this war has already cost us. The precious blood that has been shed let us weigh drop by drop, as precious as our private honor, and our public name. The cost is not too much for the country's salvation; priceless as it is, it is given freely to purchase the God-given rights of a free people. But the least drop of it all should never have reddened the ground if the sword is sheathed till treason is driven howling from the land, and that peace shall come that shall bid all future generations bless the memory of the men who died for Liberty. When Lyon and others are laid with bloody wounds upon the bosom of their mother land, it shall be as a pledge that she shall be redeemed from the stain of treason, and made free, and they therein avenged.—Tribune, 3d.

## COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

Country papers are of much more use than people imagine.  
They very naturally aid in directing public attention to matters in which every citizen in the county is more or less interested.  
They contribute in a variety of ways to the formation of public opinion, on subjects of public interest.  
They furnish very convenient mediums for the discussion of matters of local interest.  
They aid in giving character and importance to the county in which they are published.  
They stimulate a taste of reading, and disseminate, in the course of a year, a vast amount of information, much of which would not reach a portion of their readers through any other channel.  
They are of essential service in publishing various items of local intelligence in which the citizens are more or less interested, but of which they would remain uninformed, if it were not for these papers.  
In short—country papers add in a great variety of ways to the character, intelligence and prosperity of the country in which they are published; and, therefore, have a strong claim for support upon all who are directly or indirectly benefited by them.

As to the objection we not unfrequently hear urged against the support of country papers that the price charged for them is too high, it may be replied, the price at which they can be afforded depends mainly on the number of subscribers. The publisher of a respectable, well filled paper, having ten thousand subscribers, can furnish it to a single subscriber at one dollar a year; if his circulation is five thousand copies, ten shillings must be charged; if one thousand, twelve shillings, else he throws in his labor, time, and capital without any pecuniary reward, not a solitary thank; but many gratuitous curses.

Muslins were first manufactured in England during the year 990.  
Air is eighteen hundred and sixty times lighter than water.  
Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.  
Linen was first discovered and made in England, in 1553.  
Microscopes were first invented and used in Germany in 1821.

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