

The Potter Journal

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

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 40.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1861.

TERMS.—\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THEY WILL BE DONE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not: all our way
Is night: with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture-wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are scathed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial bath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

HOW WILL IT END!

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

No reflecting person can fail to perceive that the civil war in which we are now engaged must form an important epoch in Anglo-American history—an epoch not at all less marked than the famous revolution which, in separating us from the mother country, extinguished among us the idea of hereditary privilege and monarchical rule, and established the elective principle as the sole basis of our Government.

The revolution then accomplished failed, however, to be complete. Monarchy and privilege, so far as the white population was concerned, were set aside; but the holding of negroes in slavery still remained. The patriots and philosophers—indeed the great mass of the intelligent men of the revolutionary era, were not so blind as not to see that slaveholding was wholly incompatible with that system of republican equality which they sought to make the basis of their Government; and under the impulse of this conviction the abolition of slavery was decreed in all the Northern States, and was made the fundamental law of the new States to be erected northwest of the Ohio but in the planting States the pecuniary interests involved in this institution were too great to allow it to be summarily disposed of; and the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Henrys, the Pinckneys of that day were obliged to content themselves with the hope that time and the growing wisdom and conscientiousness of the people would bring the Southern States into harmony, in this respect, with their Northern sisters.

It was in this hope, and with this trust, on the part at least of a great majority of its framers, that the Federal Constitution though obliged to wink at it, and even to grant it a large portion of political influence, avoided an open mention of it, and referred to it only by a veiled periphrasis. For the thirty years that the attention of the nation was fixed almost entirely upon foreign affairs and the maintenance of those maritime and commercial rights in which slaveholding and free labor had a common interest, these two incompatible elements got on tolerably well together. But no sooner did domestic affairs begin to be the chief subject of attention, than the Missouri controversy gave the first warning of that incompatibility which now approaches its final solution. Both parties started back in terror and alarm from the desperate struggle which opened before them; and that generation, by a compromise such as was still possible, put off the evil time beyond their day. But by the eternal law of providence and nature, the duty which the fathers shirked devolved upon the sons. Slaveholding and free labor, as we all now see and feel, cannot coexist together as the joint basis of a common society and a united Government. It therefore only remains for us to complete the work which our fathers left unfinished, and in completing it to thank God that he has given us the strength and the grace to do that of which our grandfathers and fathers, memorable and great men as they were, did not prove capable or worthy. Ioto that Canaan which they only saw afar with the eyes of faith from the top of Pisgah it is for us

to enter, not, however, without wars and fighting.

How shall matters be so arranged as to make the triumph of free labor and republican ideas complete, and to prevent forever the recurrence of any similar struggle?

To answer this question does not seem to be very difficult. The first-fruit of the triumph of our arms must be the total and immediate abolition of slaveholding. The great body of the slaveholders, from the active, open, and leading part they have taken in the present revolt, have made themselves just subjects of confiscation, and have totally forfeited any right or pretense of right they might have had to their slave property under the Constitution against which they have been in arms. As to such slaveholders as may be able to show that they have been loyal throughout, and have given no aid or encouragement to the revolt, they might be justly entitled to a pecuniary indemnity for the loss of their slaves.

But it would not be their slaves alone which the slaveholders would forfeit as the penalty of their rebellion. By the same rule, they would forfeit all their lands also. These lands ought to be divided into two portions: one to be reserved as a fund for paying the debts to Northern manufacturers and merchants out of which the rebels have attempted to cheat them; the other, and far the larger portion, to be distributed among our five hundred thousand volunteers as bounty lands, in hundred-acre lots, and on condition of settlement and cultivation.

Let no one cry out that this is a scheme of general confiscation against the people of the South. It would fall extensively on the principal and leading rebels, and would leave the great mass of the Southern people who cultivate their own lands with their hands not only untouched, but retrieved from the overwhelming blight of superstitious neighbors, and, as we shall now show, vastly improved in their condition, both social and pecuniary.

It has been made a great objection, and a very plausible one, too, to the abolition of slavery, that it would throw the entire industry of the slave States into confusion, owing to the disinclination and even the moral incapacity of the slaveholders to assume the functions of employers of hired labor, and the disinclination of the slaves to work for their late masters. By the plan which we propose all this difficulty would be got rid of. The five hundred thousand volunteer settlers would understand perfectly the management of hired laborers. They would set the negroes an example of industry and skill by themselves heading the row. They would take the negroes as apprentices, and would soon instruct them in a hundred kinds of handicraft labor now unknown at the South. They would inspire, encourage, and lead on the great body of native poor whites by their example; and these poor whites, by the opportunity which the general emancipation would afford them of employing hired negro labor, would have a door opened to wealth which is now totally closed to them.

It is not easy to exaggerate the blessed results which must follow this substitution of free for forced labor, and this transfer from the North to the South of half a million of intelligent farmers and mechanics. In ten years the productions of the South would be doubled, nay, quadrupled. The Northern system of free schools would follow in the wake of free labor. This transfer of population would bring about a unity of sentiment and feeling hitherto unknown. The whole South, under this influence, would undergo the same civilizing process which, by means of a similar infusion of Northern settlers, has been accomplished in Southern Ohio, Southern Indiana, and Southern Illinois, originally chiefly settled by emigrants from the slave States.

It is hardly necessary to add that, with these five hundred thousand volunteers encamped in the South, and backed by the great body of the whites and all the emancipated negroes, the idea of new slaveholders' insurrections would be quite out of the question.

A NOBLE REPLY.—Among the Federal prisoners, writes a correspondent from Richmond, is a noble looking and intelligent Zouave. I saw him on the field just after he was taken. While passing a group of our men, one of the latter called him some hard name. "Sir," said the Zouave, turning on his heel and looking the Virginian full in the eye, "I have heard that you are a nation of gentlemen, but your insult comes from a coward and a knave. I am your prisoner, but you have no right to fine your curses upon me because I am unfortunate. Of the two, sir, I consider myself the gentleman." The Virginian slunk away under the merited rebuke, and a dozen soldiers gathered round the prisoner, and assured him of protection from further insult.

The pure in mind are not suspicious.

MAKING CALLS.

"Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, tho' blessed, new blessings crave:
That we may all have what we like,
Simply, by liking what we have!"

"Mary," said Charles Henderson to his wife, as they rose from their noon-tide repast, "this would be a pleasant day for you to go out calling; can't you go?"

"I suppose I could," was the reply, "but I should have to take Charley with me, for I promised Jane she might have this afternoon."

"Well, then, draw Charley down to the store and I'll take care of him," said Mr. Henderson kindly; and as his wife followed him to the door, he gave her a good-bye kiss, and walked with elastic tread down the neatly graveled path leading to the little white gate.

Mary stood looking after him with a loving eye, and thought "what a dear, good husband he is! I ought to be very thankful."

It was a lovely day in October, and the breeze stole gently through the crimson vine-leaves clustering around the piazza of their cozy cottage home. Mr. Henderson was engaged in mercantile business in the thriving town of Westbury. Industrious and frugal in his habits, he had fair to become a successful merchant; and his young wife was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and by her economy and tact, aided him more than either of them realized. Nevertheless, she was not always contented with their still humble lot, although she seldom troubled her husband with any complaint. Many of her acquaintances moved in a higher circle of society, and she was by no means insensible to the inferiority of her furniture and dress, when compared with theirs; and it must be confessed that the remembrance of this fact sometimes caused her an unhappy hour.

On the afternoon in question, these repining thoughts thronged unbidden round her heart, and soon gained undisputed possession of that citadel. She turned away from the door with a listless air and ascended the stairs to her own room. How cheap the pretty cottage set looked in comparison with Mrs. Thornton's elegant rosewood furniture! The white window shades, too, were vastly inferior to the costly curtains that draped the windows of her aristocratic friend; and how low the ceiling was! And how mean the ingrain carpet seemed to her ambitious vision! And as she began to make her toilette for the afternoon's walk, she ejaculated impatiently:

"Oh! dear! I've nothing fit to wear! My black silk looks so dowdy, and then, I've worn it so much; and my blue is at least two inches too short. I do think Charles might let me have a new dress; but it's always the way, a merchant's wife must be the last one served. Well!" she concluded with a sigh, "I must gear the black;" and as she fastened the despised dress she could not help mentally confessing that it fitted her form admirably, and although more than two years old, had borne its age remarkably well. Her next straw hat, with its bright fall ribbons and flowers, was very becoming; and her street basque, just the style, although made out of her old cloak. Her kid gloves were not new, but were free from those untidy rips which too many ladies leave unattended. Surely these articles of apparel were not indicative of extreme destitution!

Before donning her outer wrappings, however, she prepared her twelve-month boy for his visit to "Papa's store." A fine little fellow was the pet Charley, and when clad in his new morino dress, with a pretty cloak and fancy hat, he might well be looked upon by loving eyes, with fond and proud affection.

Jane helped her mistress draw the little carriage down the steps and out of the gate, and Mrs. Henderson proceeded on her way in rather a more desirable frame of mind.

She met several ladies who stopped to kiss Charley, and call him "a jewel," "a beauty," and "a splendid boy;" and arriving at her husband's store, he greeted her with his accustomed kindness, and proudly lifted his darling boy from the carriage, and telling his wife to enjoy herself all she could, and be at home at tea time, he again bade her "good bye."

Her first destination was Mrs. Judge Thornton's brown stone house on the hill; she was one of the elite of Westbury. As Mrs. Henderson opened the heavy iron gate, and walked up the boxed walk, she gazed half enviously upon the elegant mansion and its tasteful surroundings. The yard was very large, containing fine trees and shrubbery; vases of geraniums, and mounds of verbena and heliotropes, while a fountain threw its crystal spray high up in the autumn sunshine, falling again with a musical sound into its marble basin.

She ascended the granite steps, and rang the bell, and was guided by a servant into a dimly lighted parlor; she sat down on the purple velvet tete-a-tete and looked about her. It was all marble, velvet and rosewood; everything that

fancy could desire, or art invent; but it looked too formal, too faultless, and the visitor remembered that it was a childless home—there were no tiny feet to tread upon those gorgeous carpets, no little hands to disarrange those curious ornaments on the egerie, no young faces to be reflected in those full length mirrors—and she said to herself, "I would not give my Charley for them all."

Just then the rustle of brocade was heard, and Mrs. Thornton languidly entered the room. She was a pale, haughty looking person, but when she spoke, there was a gentle cadence in her tones that told she might have been an affectionate and happy woman had love but touched her heart with his magic wand. But the blessed ministry of children had been denied her, and ambition was the idol of her proud husband. It was evident that amid all the luxuries of wealth, she still felt lonely and sad.

After a brief call Mary left, and as the iron gate again clanged behind her, she gave a sigh of relief, and hastened on to Mrs. Livermore's who lived in the large white mansion nearly opposite Judge Thornton's. When Mrs. Henderson took her seat in the parlor, she needed no previous acquaintance with the family to assure her that children formed an important element of the household. The floor was literally strewn with toys; a broken-headed doll lay on the sofa, a rocking-horse stood in the room; and immediately after her entrance a noisy boy rushed in and began bounding a ball, at the eminent risk of mirrors and vases! He was soon followed by two little girls, with dirty faces and aprons, who were quite overwhelming in their attentions to Mrs. Henderson's bonnet-strings and face-trimmings.

At last Mrs. Livermore entered wearing a wrapper which might once have been of rich cashmere, but which was now quite too much soiled to be elegant. She held her baby in her arms, and although its robe was of finely wrought cambric, it was too crumpled and dingy to be excusable in the eyes of Mrs. Henderson, among whose distinguished traits was a love of neatness and order. The call was as agreeable as could have been expected under the circumstances. Mrs. Livermore was a gossamer, affable woman, but too indolent and careless to govern her children, or to keep them and herself dressed tidily. No wonder that her husband, who had been a prim and precise bachelor, was deeply shocked at the appearance of his house and family, or that he rarely chose to spend an evening amid such confusion; which fact, together with his unruly children, and inefficient domestics, formed the staple of Mrs. Livermore's conversation on all occasions.

Mrs. Henderson, again drew a long breath as she turned toward Mrs. Leigh's tasteful cottage. Here all was in perfect order; the two children models of good behavior, and Mrs. Leigh an excellent and amiable person; but alas! she was a widow, and as Mrs. Henderson thought how lonely it must be to tread life's pathway with no strong arm to lean upon, she prayed that she might be truly grateful for the love and devotion of her kind husband.

Her next call was at Mrs. Stanton's, a large and showily furnished house, but it was well known in Westbury that only the most strenuous exertions enabled the aspiring family "to keep up appearances." They toiled early and late, contrived, pinched and scrimped in their daily living and apparel, that they might have the means for occasional display at parties and at church. Mary pitied them and thought how unsatisfying must such a life be; all outside show,—no pure home enjoyment. And again she felt thankful for her own less ostentatious, but far happier lot.

The short Autumn afternoon was drawing to a close, and she had time but for one more call, and that was on Mrs. Lane, the wife of her pastor. The parsonage was an attractive and cheerful looking dwelling, lacking none of the appliances of wealth. Mrs. Lane was blessed with a devoted husband, and three beautiful and affectionate children; but she was a confirmed invalid, and could not rise from the lounge in the sitting-room, to welcome Mrs. Henderson. She was a sweet-looking intellectual woman, but her life was one of weariness and suffering; and only the consolations of the religion which she not only professed, but exemplified in all things, enabled her to endure her pain and languor with so much meekness and patience. Again did Mary's conscience reproach her,—with the priceless boon of health, how could she call herself poor?

She now returned with a light step, but lighter heart, to the little cottage from whose windows she had lately seen a light beaming invitingly. The cozy sitting room had never looked so pleasant to her before; a cheerful fire burned in the grate; her husband was seated near, reading the evening paper, and Charley was asleep in his arms. The tea-table was neatly spread, only awaiting her re-

turn; and as she laid aside her outer garments, Jane brought in the tea and toast. Charles laid his little boy down gently in the crib, and after giving his wife the usual kiss of welcome, they sat down to their evening meal.

"Had a good time, Mary?" was the first inquiry.

"Yes, Charles, it has been truly a good time, for I have learned a lesson this afternoon, which I trust will be life-long in its good results. I have been taught that none however favored, can expect unalloyed happiness on earth, and that wealth does not bring with it perfect enjoyment. I would not exchange my quiet home, my husband, and my baby, my health, and my warm heart for all the glittering treasures that gold alone can buy. I have learned that the sweetest of all earthly blessings is contentment."

That evening after Charles had returned to his store, and little Charley had been undressed, Mary was seated at her little work-table, but the sewing dropped from her fingers, and she thoughtfully took up her pocket-bible, the gift of her sainted mother; was it an angel's hand that opened it at the words of the Apostle?

"But godliness with contentment is great gain."
"For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

"And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."
"But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

And as Mary closed the sacred volume these words sank deep into her heart.

What better moral could we find for this little story about "MAKING CALLS?"
—Rural New Yorker.

BONED TURKEY.

George Coleman and myself were chums, and, as a natural consequence, roomed together. George possessed a spirit for fun; and when an opportunity offered whereby he could outwit the faculty or the ever watchful tutors, he was sure to improve it.

One cold and rainy evening towards the latter part of December, George and myself were snugly ensconced in our little room on the third floor of the college building. Both of us had been for the last two hours deeply engaged in study. Now, our studies being fully learned, we threw aside our books and sat gazing vacantly at the fire. Presently, George arose; and after pacing up and down the room several times, exclaimed aloud:

"I have it! Now for some fun."
He thereupon seated himself in front of me, as though some matter of great importance was to be discussed.

"Law," said he, "what do you say to having some roast turkey?"

I replied that it would be very acceptable, and wished to be informed how we were to procure the article in question.

"Why, easy enough," replied he. "All you have to do is to follow my directions, and the turkey will be forthcoming."

He then bade me remain until he returned. Putting on his hat and coat, he left the room. He soon returned, however, and from beneath his overcoat produced a fine, plump turkey, all dressed, ready for cooking, procured by some mysterious means. He set about the task of being chief cook, tying a piece of thin wire to the neck of the fowl, and then suspending it, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, from the mantle-shelf, thereby imitating the old custom of cooking.

All things had progressed very well, so far; and the savory smell arising from the now nearly cooked turkey, served to increase our appetite, and our mouths watered at the sight. It was now done and ready to be served, when we were startled by a loud knock at the door.

George hastily caught up our bird, and raising the window, let it gently down by the wire; then making the wire fast he softly closed the window, and resumed his studies, while I waited on the door, which I opened; and there before me stood one of the tutors. He said he called to see if our room needed any repairing; and we, of course, invited him to enter, which he did.

He said that he always took a deep interest in the personal welfare of the students, and he thought, perhaps, our closet wanted repairing;—thereupon looking into it. He next looked under the bed, to see if we needed any carpet there; also in the bed, to see if more covering was essential to our comfort. But finding all right, he seated himself in a chair, and very coolly wanted to know if the culinary department had been moved to the upper part of the building, as he smelt the fumes of cooking very plainly. We

made what excuse we could; and after remaining in all, about an hour and a half, he took his leave.

George immediately raised the window, and hauled up the wire, on which our evening meal had been suspended. Not judge of our chagrin and astonishment when we beheld, instead of the turkey, only the bones fastened to the wire, and a paper accompanying them, on which was written:

"That was mighty good! Send us another."

The joke of it was, we had hung it against the window of the room, below ours; and the inmates seeing it dangling down, appropriated it to their own use. Long after that we were known as the cooks.

MANLY MEN.

A man may chain his appetites and hold the realm of knowledge within the cincture of his brain, and yet, in the saddest aspect of all, be overcome by the world. And again I say, how startling is the fact that one may hold on steadily up to a particular point, and there all gives way. O, my brother man, meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion! the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong; more to be dreaded in its whispers to the heart's secret inclinations than in gross shapes of evil. And let me say to you that it is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world. It is a great thing, by God's help and your own effort, to keep it in its place, and say to its eager pressure, "Thus far and no farther." A great thing, O merchant! to carry the blue of rectitude to the labyrinth of traffic, and to feel the woof of eternal sanctions crossing the warp of the daily interests. A great thing, O politician! to withstand the fickle teachings of popularity, to scorn the palatable lie, and keep God's signet upon your conscience. A great thing, O man! whatever your condition, to resist the appeals of envy and revenge; of avarice and pleasure, and to feel that your life has higher ends than these. Strenuous must be the endeavor; but proportionally blessed is the victory of him who in these issues overcomes the world.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

HON. THEODORE FREELINGHUYSEN ON THE WAR.—No man in this country has a deservedly higher reputation for religious intelligence, and Christian judgment than the venerable President of Rutgers College, and President of the American Bible Society. In his late address to the graduating class; he says:

This, then, is a righteous war. The President of the United States is fulfilling the sacred obligations which his duty and his oath imposed, "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

We war not for revenge, but for duty, for fundamental principles, for the very foundation of all government. The memories of the past, the solemn pledges of fidelity often given and renewed, and the best hopes of humanity, all constrain us, as a people, to this painful necessity. To draw back in this day of her trial, would be as ungrateful to our country as it would be unjust to ourselves. We dare not despond, and cannot afford to lose the rich blessings of our free institutions and suffer them to be rashly broken up, without the last efforts of a patriotic struggle to maintain them.

Jeff. Davis on Treason

Jeff. Davis, in the summer of 1858, in Faneuil Hall, pronounced an anathema upon traitors and treason in language to be remembered when he is captured, and the leaders banded with him in the sacrilegious attempt to overthrow the sacred edifice of the Constitution which they had sworn to support, and which has given them their welfare. It was in such words as these that the chief of the traitors invoked confusion to traitors four short years ago.

Among culprits, there is none more odious to my mind than a public officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution—the compact between the States binding each other for the common defence and general welfare of the other—yet retains to himself a mental reservation that he will war upon the principles he has sworn to maintain, and upon the property rights, the protection of which are part of the compact of the Union.

It is a crime too low to be named before this assembly. It is one which no man with self-respect would ever commit. To swear that he will support the Constitution—to take an office which belongs in many of its relations to all the States, and to use it as a means of injuring a portion of the State of which he is the representative, is treason to everything honorable to man! It is the base and cowardly attack of him who gains the confidence of another, in order that he may wound him.