

The Potter Journal

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

VOLUME XIII - NUMBER 45

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1861.

TERMS - \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

The land of love! the land we love!
How shall we sound its praise to-day?
Such hope and fear our spirits move,
We cannot sing—we can but pray.
Oh! Star of Promise, shine again
From out these cloud enveloped skies!
Oh, heavenly Light, our path make plain,
Through the dark mists that round us rise!
Since last to these fair vales and hills
We saw the hues of autumn come,
What desolating griefs and ills
Have frowned o'er Freedom's sacred home!
Now vail off all these splendors smile
On wooded height and winding shore;
They cannot sadden thought beguile,
Or charm us, as they charmed of yore.
In vain bright harvests gleam around;
In vain fair Plenty crowns the year;
No heart to Joy's light thrill can bound
While Warfare's heavy woe art near.
Oh! worse than in that weary time
When patriot sires their toil begun!
When, struggling long with hope sublime,
This goodly heritage they won.
They rose against a foreign foe;
They battled with an alien crew;
Their hands were strong to give the blow;
Their hearts were eager to subdue.
But we!—we pause in doubt and dread;
We have no spirit for the fray—
It is not alien blood we shed,
A friend, a brother, we may slay.
A brother? No! blot out the name,
And "traitor" let the record stand:
For traitors they—all lost to shame—
Who plot against their native land.
Just Heaven, that such a thing should be!
That recent man bright gifts should mar,
And wage 'gainst land so fair and free
Unnatural and unholy war!
Oh, Southern chiefs! oh, rebel bands,
A sacrilegious deed ye do!
Ye smite, with parhizial hands,
The sacred breast whence life ye drew.
Men of the North! go forth—go forth,
To aid your young Republic now;
Oh! let not her who gave you birth,
Beneath this weight of sorrow bow.
Take from her cheek the blush of shame;
To her sad brow its crown restore;
And let her, mid the nations, claim
The honored place she held before.
Show her she still has loyal sons—
Sons worthy their immortal sires—
Sons through whose leaping veins yet runs
The old, warm glow of sacred fires.
Go forth, unwavering, to the strife:
Give fervent prayers, your soul to prove;
Give toil and treasure, strength and life—
Give all to save the land you love.
[Mrs. E. S. SMITH in the Home Journal.]

A WIFE AND A DUCKING.

It was one of the most beautiful nights in August that our mess were seated before the quarters at Fort Corcoran, courting the muses and recounting tales of flood and field. O'B— had related a laughable story about
"the holy ground
Of potteen and potatoes."
W— thrown us into hysterics with "Larry M'Hale," when with one accord, the boys appended to R— for something sentimental.
R— was a handsome young fellow of about twenty-four, and as fond of the girls as a duck is of water. His easy nonchalant manner, combined with a spice of devilry, a fine voice, natural talent for music and a "good pair of legs," made him a general favorite with the gentler sex; and if he took a little advantage of this fact, it is excusable on the ground that "all is fair in love and war." If modesty was one of his inherent characteristics, its development had been sadly neglected, so, without further inducement, he related the following, which, as near as I can recall, I give in his own language.
"You see, boys, before I was transferred to this prison-house, I was in charge of a set of recruits as ever shouldered a musket or wore a uniform. They had rushed with willing hearts and sturdy arms from workshop and field to the defence of constitutional liberty, knowing as much about military tactics as an elephant about rope-walking—
Morning, noon and night, I manoeuvred those fellows until drill became a regular bore. Just as they had attained a respectable proficiency, and I was ready to enjoy the satisfaction which accompanies all good works, the following was placed in my hands:
"Head-Quarters, Army of the Potomac.
Lieutenant R— will prepare for a particular service and report for instructions at head-quarters. By order of
Brigadier-General McDowell,
Commanding.
A. A. CURR, Military Secretary.

"The routine of camp life had quite taken the romance out of soldiering, and I hailed with delight any change from its dull monotony. So after a hearty breakfast, I doctored my best clothes, mounted my pet pony, and rode up to head-quarters, where I was informed that strict attention to my duties in camp for several months, having much gratified my colonel, by his request I was temporarily relieved from active service, and ordered to northern New-York there to superintend the enlistment and forwarding of recruits to the seat of war.
"Bowling my thanks with as much calmness as I could command, I backed out of the presence of my superior officers, remounted my horse, rode off to tell the mess of my good luck, packed up my traps, and left in the first train for L—, a pleasant town on the Hudson, and not a thousand miles from Troy. My instructions amounted to little less than a furlough, the superintendence consisting in riding about to several recruiting stations to overlook the business.
"Of necessity, the entrance of a dashing dragon, all routed and spurred, somewhat disturbed the repose of L—, and more than one pair of bright eyes glistened through the bowed shutters, as I rode up to the Phoenix, (so called, I suppose, because it arose from its ashes,) my horse to the groom, and entered my name—Lieutenant R—, United States Army, in flaring characters on the register.
"It required but a short time for a scion of Uncle Sam, fresh from the seat of war, to make himself acquainted; and the second afternoon found me in company with Charley —, (a fine fellow who isn't, but ought to be, a soldier,) in presence of three as pretty and agreeable young ladies as one need wish to pass an evening with. There is a fatality in my existence: it never rains but it pours. The desire to have a flirtation was supreme, but how to choose from three equally attractive and pleasant was difficult. However, what indecision failed to bring about, chance accomplished; and in less than three days Emma (I drop the Miss, as merely conventional) and myself were skimming with our light artillery of glances, occasionally varied on my part by throwing in a few volleys of tender speeches, all supported by a reserve force of sighs whose import was unmistakable. In the mean time, Mary was by no means neglected; and as she lived in an other part of the town, the two affaires du coeur seldom conflicted; while Jennie, who manifested a motherly interest in all of us, looked particularly to the welfare of Emma, her cousin and visitor.
"Picnics, drives, sails, and surprise parties assisted old Father Time to travel with unusual rapidity, and I began to realize that my holiday was drawing to a close. The frequent, indeed almost constant, association with Emma, had excited in my heart something more than a transitory interest, although I was hardly willing to concede, even to myself, that I was fairly caught in the net woven for her. That she did not dislike me, I was convinced, but nothing had ever escaped her; which gave me much ground for hope; while, on the other hand, Mary was as attentive and engaging as a miss of sixteen, and evidently in no wise displeased with my show of devotion. To be the victim of unrequited affection was a little more than my instructions called for, and my recruiting expedition seemed likely, so far as a sweetheart was concerned, to be a failure. But I recalled the faint heart never won a fair lady's adage, and determined at least to make the attempt. *Veni, vidi, et vici*, and I didn't feel disposed to abandon the field without the vic.
"As a preliminary I projected a serenade, and, with Charley for a companion, proceeded, one magnificent night, armed with a guitar and camp-stool, to the scene of action. The prelude had scarcely died away when the shutters were slightly opened and two heads—white-capped, like the waves—became indistinctly visible through the crevice. Certain of the presence of my fair one, I cleared my voice for a sentimental melody, which was to send conviction of my sincerity to her heart. Striking an attitude—full opera—I blazed away, and was in the midst of something about a deep-seated affection, when the camp-stool broke, and over I went into the gutter, elevating my heels toward the window in an ungallant and spasmodic farewell. The serenade of laughter that followed would have waked the dead. Nightcaps protruded from neighboring windows; dogs barked, and watchmen sprang their rattles; so I scrambled up, and with the dilapidated remains of the guitar in my hands, beat a hasty retreat, rather crest-fallen, back to the hotel. "Allah is good!"—the girls kept the affair to themselves, and in a few days all went on swimmingly as before.
"My leave expired on Sunday, and it was already the Thursday previous when I called on Emma for the purpose of lay-

ing a plain statement of facts before her. What I said is what I did are not matters of historical interest. Suffice it to say that I left her several degrees happier than when we met, and with her father's address in my card-case.
"What to do in the other case became a matter of amusing importance. If straws tell which way the wind blows, Mary's actions indicated something more than ordinary friendship. So I consulted with Emma as to the course for me to pursue, and Jennie was called to advise in the premises. The council of war decided that nothing was left to me but a proposal, and to trust to luck for a refusal, which Jennie intimated would probably follow. Saturday evening was set apart for the ordeal, and with a palpitating heart I stood, at the time appointed, in her presence. There was a postive twinkling in her eye when she received me. I glanced around, but perceived nothing to excite distrust. We sat down near a curtained window which opened upon a veranda. My anxiety to finish the farce led me to a very early proposal. The extravagance of my expressions seemed to impress her, and several times she shook with suppressed agitation. (I learned subsequently that it was smothered laughter.) Thus encouraged, I fell upon my knees, which position brought my back toward the open window. At the momentous question, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and placing her hand in mine, uttered a loud and unromantic "Yes." At the instant I was deluged with water, while a very boisterous chorus echoed her reply. Utterly daubed, I jumped up, the angriest youth you ever saw; but before I had time for action, Emma, Jennie, and Charley, surrounded and subdued me. "Discretion was the better part of valor," so I forgot my wrath, laughing with the rest, though this struck me as rather a novel and cool way of endorsing an acceptance. Jennie had planned, and Emma reluctantly acquiesced, in a lesson which has effectually cured me of flirting.
"Sunday came much sooner than I desired. I made my will in favor of Emma, placed it in Jennie's keeping, took the evening boat from Troy, and am here now to tell the story.
"That recruiting expedition cost me a wife and a ducking; the latter I received at sight, and the other I am going to take next winter.
"In conclusion let me advise you not to put your trust in weak camp-stools or make a confidante of your sweetheart's cousin."—Home Journal.

My Mother taught me to Pray.

"My mother taught me to pray when I was a little boy. I had often to go to the town a mile and a half from my home, after dark, for the days are short in Scotland, and I used to be afraid. So my mother told me that when I was afraid, I must pray to God, and I used to do so.
"My father died when I was very young. I cannot remember him at all. My mother used often to have spells of sickness, and I felt badly for her, for I had no father to love, and I loved my mother very dearly, and I love her now. Once when she was sick, I prayed for her, and I told the Lord if he would make my mother well, I would never doubt him again. And sure enough she was well in the morning; it was in the morning I had asked, him she might be well. God has been wonderfully good to me. If you know how he kept me and my sister from evil to which we were exposed, you would say we have great cause of thankfulness. I have not served him as I ought, and I wish to do better in future."
Such were the words of a humble man who came to my study to talk to me. His health is feeble, and he is so deaf that I was obliged to use a pen for my part of the conversation, while he would speak to me in a feeble, but audible voice. His simple and fervent utterances touched my heart, and I thought they might interest some others.

Reviving Trade.

The New York Herald contains the following encouraging paragraph in its money article of Monday week:
"Commerce in the North, is already entering upon a phase heretofore unknown in the history of America, but far safer for the future welfare of the country. Instead of the insecure business with the South, by which our merchants have lost such vast sums of money, and have been obliged to sacrifice feelings and principles for gain, a certain and lucrative trade is springing up. We are becoming dependent upon each other, instead of upon strangers. Credit is certifying itself within limits that exclude the possibility of those periodic monetary convulsions, that have swept over financial circles every few years with such terrific and destructive violence. [Other New York and Philadelphia papers also speak of an increasing sound Fall Trade.]

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?

If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter gone from their bodies, partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bed clothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every hour of the night, the air will be continually saturated with smoke unless there be an open window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed, is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body.
Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses, in the morning before putting up in the form of a neatly made bed? Perhaps the worst of all bedroom evils is the feather bed—but according to the notion of some, it is old and dirty it is so much the better—if it was slept on by a great-grandmother, and has absorbed the exhalations of the body, the disease and decomposition of three generations, it is a capital bed. A grand mistake. Being an insulator against the free circulation of the electric forces of the system, and being a body of constantly decaying animal matter, a feather bed is the worst of all couches to sleep upon. A person of good health and vigorous constitution will never rise from one without feeling a weakness which takes hours to recover from. The moisture and vitality of the system has been absorbed without being replaced by an equal amount of life capital; and particularly when the room is poorly ventilated will the destructive and weakening influences of the feather bed be felt. Our advice is, to discontinue their use entirely.

HOW TO ADMONISH.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to carry it in a proper vehicle, and who can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. A facile department and complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

THE RUINS OF HAMPTON.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from Newport News, says:
A foray authorized by the proper officials, has just been made by us upon the ruins of burned Hampton. From them have been brought to our camp boards, stoves, and whatever was needful to preserve our men from suffering, and many a relic of these picturesque ruins and remembrances of rebel outrage and recklessness will reach in due time our Massachusetts homes. Orael, wanton was the destruction by Magruder's men of this once thriving and beautiful village, but the deed was done, and those scarred timbers were silent, and many homeless wanderers are eloquent witnesses of the atrocious character of this rebellion.
Some of the half melted or burned articles taken from these ruins look singularly like antiquies from Herculaneum or Pompeii. I have a portion of the metal of the noted bell which was given to the ancient Episcopal church at Hampton long before the separation of our country from Great Britain. Besides this relic, some odd half melted coins and books, (one more than a century old?) I have been permitted to retain as relics.

The Sunbeam in the Church.

It sweetly stole through tinted pane
With mild and mellow light,
And stayed within the sacred fane,
As though it loved the sight.
It played on childhood's cloudless brow,
In warm and rosy rays,
And gave the mother's pallid cheek
The bloom of other days.
It touched the old man's silver head
With amber's softest hue,
And fondly o'er the hallowed font
A peaceful rainbow threw.
It lit the sculptor's classic group,
Of mineral stone,
And lingered long with faith and hope,
And round the mourner shone.
It o'er the blessed Altar hung
And crowned the priest with gold,
A royal robe the surplice seemed
And fell in purple fold.
More bright than Aaron's breast plate glowed
The holy book of God,
And gems bestrewn the very floor,
Whereon the people trod.
E'en thus the Spirit's living light
Will all our lives surround,
And we that heavenly gift may seek
Within the Church's bound.
Then come, by font and Altar come,
With faith and works of love,
The darkest days shall brightly beam
With radiance from above.

Don't be Discouraged.

Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth, when clouds came over the sun, or letting his heart drop, like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came over him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't set whining under people's feet but get up, rub your elbows and begin again. There are some people whom even to look at is worse than a dose of camomile tea. What if you do happen to be puzzled a little on the dollar and cent question? Others besides you have stood exactly on the same spot and struggled bravely out of it; and you are neither halt, lame or blind that you cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy—very well—laugh between the drops and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall don't lament over your bruises but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum-pudding, eat your codfish joyfully and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape! But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles, and count over the calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the duck and done with it.
The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woe enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles. But then it is worth your while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone.
Don't get discouraged little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the puddings won't bake, and the husband says that the new shirts you worked over so long "set like meat bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew! Don't feel "down in the mouth," because dust will settle, and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that they are blessings until they prove to be something else.
Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable kind of a place, after all.

A noble lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table, "why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the person?" "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd that I shall never see a goose for the future without thinking of your lordship."
Religion is not a thing which spends itself. It is like a river which widens continually, and is never so broad or so deep as its mouth, where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.

Justice is a virtue of the mind, rewarding all men according to their worthiness.

An Original Zouave Letter.

The following is worthy the pen of the original Dosticks, and is a pretty good "take off" on telegraphic reports:
I've just returned from witnessing one of the most mournful sights that ever made a man feel as though he had been peeling onions all the week, and grating horse radish on Sunday. It was the dying scene of one of the Pet Lamme's down at Alexandria, and as one of Five's chaps remarked, it was enough to make the eye of a darning needle weep. Jim was the name of the sufferer—if he ever had any other it had slipped his memory—through his affectionate relatives sometimes called him "Shorty." He was out on picket guard when the Southern Confederacy attempted to pass him. He challenged the intruder, and called to his comrades for help, but before the latter arrived, the Southern Confederacy drew a masked battery from his pocket, and fired six heavy balls through the head of the unfortunate Zouave, nearly fracturing his skull, and breaking several panes of glass. The cowardly miscreant then fled to an adjoining fence, closely pursued by Sherman's artillery.
Upon discovering that he was wounded, Mr. Shorty examined the cap on his musket, and stood it carefully against a tree, buttoned up the jacket to the neck, and asked his comrades for a chew of tobacco. Too full of emotion to speak, the gentlemanly comrade handed a plug of tobacco to the dying man, who cut off about half an ounce from it, placed it thoughtfully in his mouth, and then stuffed his handkerchief carefully in the hole in his forehead hanging by the shot.
"Is any of my brains hanging out?" he asked of his comrade.
"No Shorty," answered the other, bursting into tears, "you never had any to hang out."
After this response, the dying man paused for a moment to spit in the eyes of a dog that was snuffing round his heel; and then proceeded in the direction of the hospital. As he passed the officers' tent, I noticed that the top of his head was completely gone, and one of his eyes was half way down the back of his neck. Upon entering the hospital, he took up a pipe and commenced to smoke it, at the same time giving us a history of his life and career. After finishing the pipe and history, he asked us to wrap him up in the American flag, and died.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that no such occurrence took place at Alexandria. The alarm was occasioned by the falling of a bundle of hay in the officers' quarters—the noise having been mistaken for the discharge of artillery. I have since learned that no accident has occurred, and that Shorty did not come with the regiment, but remained in New York.

Value of Human Life.

But the lesson of defeat would be imperfectly learned, did not the army and the nation alike gain from it a juster sense, than they before possessed of the value of individual life. Never has life been so much prized and so precious as it has become in America. Never before has each individual been of so much worth. It costs more to bring up a man here, and he is worth more when brought up, than elsewhere. The long peace and the extraordinary amount of comfort which the nation has enjoyed have made us (speaking broadly) fond of life and tender of it. We of the North have looked with astonishment at the recklessness of the South concerning it. We have thought it brave to save than to spend it; and a questionable humanity has undoubtedly led us sometimes into feeble sentimentalities and false estimates of its value. We have been in danger of thinking too much of it, and of being mean spirited in its use. But the first sacrifice for which war calls is life; and we must revise our estimates of its value, if we would conduct our war to a happy end. To gain that end, no sacrifice can be too precious or too costly. The shudder with which we heard the first report that three thousand of our men were slain was but the sign of the blow, that our hearts received. But there must be no shrinking from the prospect of the death of our soldiers. Better than we should fall that a million men should die on the battle-field. It is not often that men can have the privilege to offer their lives for a principle; and when the opportunity comes, it is only the coward that does not welcome it with gladness. Life is of no value in comparison with the spiritual principles from which it gains its worth. No matter how many lives it costs to defend or secure truth or justice or liberty, truth and justice and liberty must be defended and secured. Self-preservation must yield to Truth's preservation. The little human life is for to-day—the principle is eternal. To die for truth, to die open eyed and resolutely for the "good old cause," is not only honor but reward.
Justice is a virtue of the mind, rewarding all men according to their worthiness.