

# The Potter Journal

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

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## From the New York Ledger. The Game of Life.

A ROMILY.—BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called *Euchre*, (though I never have played it, for pleasure or lucre,) in which, when the cards are in certain conditions, the players appear to have changed their positions, and one of them cries, in a confident tone, "I think I may venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's, A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards, And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife Some excellent hints for the battle of life; Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or three—The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world in a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled, And got—hot a convert—for all of his pains, With only derision and prison and chains, "I'll assist," "for 'till that!" was his answering tone, For he knew, like the Earth, he could "go it alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect, piercing afar, Discovered the laws of each planet and star, And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name, Derided his learning and blackened his fame; "I can wait!" he replied, "till the truth you shall own," For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends, In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends; Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never atone for inglorious ease, Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan, That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold; Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold, The fortunate owner may fairly regard, As, each in his way, a most excellent card; Yet the game may be lost, for all these for your own, Unless you have the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or in business, whatever the game, In law or in love, it is ever the same: In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf, Let this be your motto—"Rely on Yourself!" For, whether the prize be a ribbon or three, The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

## From the New York Weekly Argus. A Homily on a Homily.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVINE.

I have read witty Saxe, your last verses on *Euchre*— (It's a game I have played—although never for lucre.) And if you but knew it as well as I know it, You would find, oh most genial and excellent poet, It teaches a lesson more useful than one To be gleaned from the sentence—"I'll play it alone!"

Self-reliance, we know is an excellent trait, The Advance guard of Science who patiently wait, Until Time has developed the Truths they proclaim, Deserve a high place on the record of fame, And often in life, as in *Euchre*, I own You make a Big march when you "play it alone!"

But to "go it alone" you no doubt understand, You must hold the *Big Knave* of the pack in your hand, And too often in life, in a similar fix, You depend on such cards to secure you the tricks, So that something too much of the knaves may be shown In a selfish desire to "go it alone!"

But the game you describe as a "trivial strife," Has a moral to point for the Battles of Life. It is this: When the cards are all dealt round on the stand, And each player looks anxiously into his hand, How bravely your partner ill-luck can resist, If cheered by the sound of your voice—"I'll assist!"

The great Galileo, imprisoned and bound, In the depth of his sorrow this sympathy found, When angry Dominicans hurled at his head, All the wrath on which bigotry's passion is fed, A fair form appeared through the dungeon's dim mist, And a daughter's soft voice whispered low—"I'll assist!"

What's the worth of this world, if designing and cold, You selfishly seek all the Honors to hold, Repelling your neighbor's, with glances of stone, And the words harshly spoken, "I'll play it alone!" No—no! higher up on humanity's list, Is he who can cheerfully say—"I'll assist!"

Then in love! Oh, rash poet! if she whose bright eyes Are gazing in yours with a tender surprise, Should apply to your own case the moral you're showing, And quietly tell you to "play it alone!" With what passionate ardor those lips would be kissed, Till they murmured once more the soft words—"I'll assist!"

Then shuffle the pack! Cut the cards once again, And let a new moral awaken your strain! Go, teach to the world that the battle of life May be lightened to all who partake in the strife, If the generous lesson thus taught be not missed, And each man to his neighbor will say—"I'll assist!"

## For the Potter Journal. Degrees of Comparison.

BY L. C. S.

I have read, sprightly Leven, your excellent poem, Addressed to friend Saxe, and attempting to show, in a far better moral deduced from the cards, Than that which he draws from the "skirmish of cards." And you can't object for the game isn't whist, If I catch the infection and dare to "assist!"

'Tis not at all strange that each one of the bards, Should see his own whim in the "skirmish of cards," While Saxe has a fancy to "go it alone," And Leven a wish to "assist" him has shown, I, though I've no relish for games of that class, Have not self-denial sufficient to "pass."

The game justly christened a trivial strife, Has still other hints for the battle of life. One is this, when the cards are all dealt round the stand, And you find the wrong color displayed in your hand, You may baffle ill-luck and opponents harass By firmly but quietly saying "I'll pass."

The great Galileo imprisoned and bound, For proclaiming that earth in her orbit rolled round, When his jailors the price of his liberty named, That he should renounce the great truth he proclaimed, His freedom was precious, he yielded alas! He had not the firmness this offer to "pass."

The case of great Kepler was wrongly translated; Instead of the moral which "witty Saxe" stated, "I can wait!" meant "I'll pass" (this was truly sublime) "Till my trump shall turn up in the shuffle of time," And not "go it alone" but perhaps "go to grass" Would best show his thoughts as he uttered "I'll pass."

And often in love, when the heart of some youth Is besieged by the wiles of a Rachel or Ruth, Who, when she has pierced him with arrows of Cupid, Will leave him in scorn as she votes him "so stupid!" He only is safe with the coquetical lass Who-a-l her soft wickeries calmly can "pass."

And not seldom in life you go up on the list Not by what you accomplish, but what you resist; And pleasures on which 'tis delightful to look, May prove but the bait on old *Cloven Foot's* hook, So wine when it moveth bright in the glass, Will prove your destruction unless you can "pass."

Young friend, be persuaded to never play *Euchre*! If play it for pleasure, you soon may for lucre, And though some may call it an innocent pastime, This easy to see that it leads the wrong way, So as you would turn from a moral morass Remember pernicious amusements to "pass!"

He is high in attainments I cheerfully own, Who ever is able to "go it alone," And higher is he on humanity's list, Who ever is ready the weak to assist, But highest is he who with calm steady eye Can "pass" all life's foibles and vanities by.

## THE RAGGED SOLDIER.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war, there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of central Massachusetts a ragged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the corn-fields tasseling for the harvest, on the rich, bright patches of wheat ready for the sickle, and on the green potato-fields, with curious eyes—so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer dressed in home-made brown linen trousers, without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged soldier stopped under the shade of a great sugar-maple, and Mr. Towne overtaking him, stopped also. "Home from the wars?" he asked. "Just out of the British clutches!" replied the man; "I've been a prisoner for years." He rejoined suddenly, "Can you tell me who lives in the next house? Is it yours?" "No," replied Mr. Towne, "Tompkins lives there. That house and farm used to belong to a command of yours, as I suppose; his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against the tree. "What kind of a man is he? Would he be likely to let a poor soldier have something to eat?" "If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first rate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is the snarliest cur that ever gnawed a bone. He is a terribly surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying the fellow, but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm after Jones went off soldiering; and when my son came back and said he was dead—he saw him bleeding to death on the battle-field—she broke right down and this Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he laid himself out to do first rate. He somehow got out on the blind side of all of us, and when he offered himself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry I did it. You had better

come home with me. I always have a bite for any poor fellow that's fought for his country."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier, "but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant—sort of old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to know her first husband, and guess I will call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins. "He is some old sweet heart of hers, may be," said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself. "He comes too late; poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now." Then Mr. Towne went home to supper, and he will go in with the soldier.

"Couldn't you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale, nervous woman who opened the door. "My husband does not allow me to give anything to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper if you won't be long eating it," and she wiped her eyes with her white and blue checked apron, and set with alacrity about providing refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown himself in the nearest chair, and with his head on his breast, seemed too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I wouldn't hurry you for anything, she said in a frightened way, "but you will eat quick, won't you? for I expect every minute he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head as though he belonged to the Society of Friends, but that could not be, for the Friends do not go to the wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter, and cold meat, and how long he was about it.

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me," said she to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily; but there was no token of his meal coming to an end. "Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those in his hand; Oh dear, how slow he is! hasn't the man any teeth?"

As last she said mildly, "I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but couldn't you let me spread some bread and butter, and cut you some slices of meat to take away with you? My husband will use abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply, footsteps were heard on the door stone at the back door, and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked at the soldier as a savage dog might look. Then he broke out in a tone between a growl and a roar.

"Heyday, Molly, a pretty piece of business! What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master. And you, you lazy thieving vagabond, let me see you clear out of my house and off my land a good deal quicker than you come on the premises!"

"Your house! and your land!" exclaimed the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and dashing off his hat with a quick fiery gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and his lips quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was evidently afraid of him, and his wife had given a sudden nervous shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and half fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

"You hain't any business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, sulkily, cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

"Your wife!" exclaimed the soldier, with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins with an air of effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones, since you ask; the owner of this house and this land, which you will leave this very hour! As for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us."

"O Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save me!"

"With one step he was at her side, holding her in his arms. "What did you mean treating this poor child so? Do you think because she had no earthly protector that there was no God in heaven to take her part against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in town knew that Harry Jones had come back alive and well to rescue his much enduring patient wife from a worse constraining than that of a British prison; but what they all said, and what Harry said, and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for here the legion ends.

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## How long will you Live.

You will live forever.

There are no dead. The blow which struck asunder the body and spirit did not destroy the spirit's life. And so the countless myriads of the past, whose dust have long since mingled with the soil, "still live." The men, women and children of Noah's day, and Abraham's and David's—the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian prophet—the swarms of Goth and Hun, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the Eastern world—the red men that roamed the forests of the Western world, and left in mounds and tree-grown ruins the dim history of their earthly existence—all these are yet alive. They cannot die. Immortality is their birthright and inheritance. With their first breath of life they inhaled immortality.

You, too, are henceforth eternal. The life you have begun is an endless life. You have only crossed the threshold. The countless ages lie before you stretched out in immeasurable distance. When you have trod the paths of those years or millions of years which you can reckon up, there will be before you as many more, fresh and new like the first—and so on for ever and ever. As a traveler can discern his pathway winding among the hills till far off on the horizon it seems to end, but when he reaches the place there stretches the pathway again away to the hills—so will the ages of your endless life lie before you ever the same, age following age, cycle following cycle, till all your powers of computation and measurement have been baffled and silenced—and yet you have scarce begun! The never-ending eternity stretches just as far ahead as when you took the first step of the journey.

How long will you live? You will live forever. And your life there will depend on your life here. Every day, as you complete it, will re-appear in the years to come—every hour, every moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to be read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of your heart records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets. You are writing your life for eternity.

In a gallery in Paris hangs a famous picture by Murillo of an old Spanish monk seated at his desk. He had begun the chronicle of his life. Death had summoned him before the work was done; but he had sought and obtained leave to return to earth and finish it. You see in the monk's pale face a more than natural energy. Those sunken eyes had looked "beyond the veil," and gazed with the visions of eternity. The soul within has communed with the unseen world, and beheld face to face "him who is invisible." And the solemn task is renewed with the earnestness of one who has passed the fading scenes of time, and is absorbed in the realities beyond.

So let the record of your life be written as in the light of eternity. Look beyond, and see the unutterable things which shall soon surround you when you stand before your Judge. Behold your endless life—your speedy departure. O heedless soul, I adjure you to prepare for that eternity—and write now such a life-record of faith in Jesus Christ, and obedient service towards him, that you may read it in eternity with joy.

## THE BIBLE.

DR. HALL, in his *Journal of Health*, speaking of the importance of inhabiting houses in their structure and situation favorable to health, refers as follows to the Bible:

"There is more sound, practical hygiene, on the subject of healthy houses, in the 14th chapter of *Leviticus*, from verse thirty-four, than in all the skulls of all the health commissioners and common councils of all the cities in Christendom. Pity it is, we do not read our Bible more, that great book which contains the leading principles of what is indisputably good, and useful, and true, in all that really pertains to human happiness; and what a pity it is that the Sunday newspaper, and the trashy weekly, and the enticing story book, for childhood and boyhood, on subjects pertaining to the world and party preaching, and infidel peripatetic lectures, with their new-fangled crudities for human amelioration, and their theories for elevating the masses; pity it is, we say, that all these things so attract attention. The Bible, the best of all, the wisest in all its theories, and in all its practices safe, has become a sealed book to the many; and any other volume on the centre or side table would be opened sooner than it."

Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water to wet his whistle.

England gave refuge to Benedict Arnold; why should she not welcome to her shores Messrs. Mason and Slidell?

## Berdan, Col. of the Sharpshooters.

The following anecdote is told of Col. Berdan who was always an expert shot. Many years ago he was talking, with a friend in the bar-room of an inn at a town on the Kentucky side of the Ohio. In the room was also one of those Bowie-knife bullies who infested the South and West; a man who made himself dreaded wherever he was known by his readiness to pick a quarrel, and his skill with the knife, the rifle and the pistol. This man stepped up to Mr. Berdan's friend, and said he wanted to speak with him. "Wait a moment," was the reply; and the interrupted conversation went on. Soon the bully stepped up again, laying his hand on the shoulder of his acquaintance, and said, in a tone of half banter, half earnest, "J—, when I tell you I want you, I expect you to come." "Certainly, certainly," but Mr. Berdan was talking about his invention; and it was so interesting that—"Oh—d—d those Yankee inventions, and the scaly fellows that come to sell them." The words were hardly well spoken when the speaker was flying backward over a huge open stove behind him, being constrained thereto by a well-delivered blow between the eyes from Mr. Berdan's right arm. There was a tumult at once; and the men threw themselves between the inventor and immediate death. They informed him, however, that he would probably have to fight. Berdan replied that he was not a fighting man, but he should not brook an insult. He was challenged in due form and accepted—named as his weapons, rifles at two hundred yards. The terms suited his opponent "exactly," but he wanted to wait a few days, till he recovered the use of his eyes. Mr. B. was accommodating. But the blow was so well planted that recovery was rather slower than was expected; and meantime a long expected rifle match came off in the neighborhood, which was to decide the merits of two rival manufactures, one of whom was the famous Wesson. Wesson had undertaken to produce a man who, with his rifle, could beat Diminick, a great shot, whose remarkable feats had brought the rival gun to general favor. To make the story short, Wesson's champion proved to be Mr. Berdan, who, on three trials of ten or twelve shots each, at two hundred yards, not only beat Diminick on every trial, but made the greatest rifle shooting on record in this country. His name, of course, was in that place, at once in everybody's mouth; but the nub of the whole affair was, that he soon received a message from his challenger longer that it was hardly worth while for him to await the recovery of the damaged eye, and that he might consider the challenge as withdrawn. And so ended the only duel and the only rifle-match in which Col. Berdan was ever engaged.

## Mrs. Rochefoucauld's Maxims.

A woman hates a question but loves to ask one?

The female mind is too poetical to be tamely methodical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love letter?

Cupid is blind to everything—save pin money.

Praise a woman's taste, and you may attempt her sense with impunity.

Your candid friend has never anything pleasant to say to you. He reminds you of his pet virtue, by wounding you with it.

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say about them.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him; and a young man by talking to him.

Enjoy to-day, for to-morrow the first gray hair may come.

Hypen is only Cupid in curl papers.

Women confess little faults, that their candor may cover great ones.

There are no reasons which explain marriage.

Age is venerable in man—and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

When a woman vows that she never firts—she is flirting.

GENERAL ANDERSON AND THE FLAG OF FORT SUMTER.—The time is rapidly approaching when an expedition, specially fitted, will in co-operation probably with land forces at Port Royal, advance upon, and in the words of President Lincoln's first proclamation last April, "retake possession" of the government forts and property in the harbor and city of Charleston. We understand that General Anderson has carefully preserved the Union flag which was lowered from Fort Sumter last spring, and he cherishes the hope that he may be enabled to accompany the expedition and again wave the beloved ensign over the place now disgraced by the flaunting of the rebel standard.—*Boston Journal*.

Spare that you may speed; fast that you may feast; labor that you may live; and run that you may rest.

## He Has a Hard Row to Hoe.

Who, not in cities bred, has not heard this a thousand times, and said it a thousand more, about anybody and everybody that encountered some difficulties and did not advance at a 2:40 rate toward the acquisition of fame or fortune.

"Poor fellow! a hard row to hoe," so they all say, some with a sigh, but more with a laugh. Like many sayings it is the casing of a pretty picture; a field of waving corn, and a bright, blue sky in June, and the workmen going through the rustling ranks for the last time; the rows so long that they seem to come together across away, and the weeds all the while on a great race with the corn.

That's the picture, but there's something more than a specimen of the fine arts in the expression—there's a bit of philosophy.

It occurs to us, there is all the difference in the world in the way people ply that humble instrument, the hoe; and almost everybody works with something very like it, whether they work in the field, or the counting house, or the mechanic shop. The thing is done that is worth doing, by hard digging. Some people go through the field and through the world, slaying this way and that, now through a hill of corn and now through a weed, making the area look like the lightning's summer fallow. Such people certainly "have a hard row to hoe," if indeed, when they finish it, it proves worth hoeing at all.

Others, again, strike at the little weeds with a sufficient expenditure of strength to fell quite a respectable tree, and the result is, that about midway of the field, and on the first row, they lean upon the implement and sigh to themselves, "We have a hard row to hoe." And they tell the truth, for so they do.

Now and then a man manages to strike every stone in the vicinity a perfectly annihilating blow—annihilating to the hoe we mean—and before the day is half done, his weapon is disabled and he faces like the rest, that "he has a hard row to hoe."

Sometimes a little green remnant of the fall springs up close at the root of a blade of corn as much as to say, "reach me if you dare." Well, the man is too lazy too stoop and pluck away the intruder from its anchorage, and so he levels a very dexterous blow at the offender, cuts it off without benefit of clergy, in a twinkling, and—the blade of corn, too!—and when harvest comes, and the corn cribs are half filled, he murmurs to himself that "he has a hard row to hoe."

In fact, the world is like a huge corn-field, and there's nothing like knowing how to handle the hoe.

## The First Prayer in Congress.

In Thatcher's *Military Journal*, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence.—Here it is, an historical curiosity:

"O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of Lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers on the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontested over all the Kingdoms, empires and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech thee, on these American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection; desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the unadvised designs of our cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, O let the voice of thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unwieldy hands in the day of battle! Be thou present, O God of wisdom! and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored; and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish among thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and vigor of their minds; shower down on them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world; and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour. Amen!"

The Spaniards do not pay hyperbolical compliments; but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says "they were in mourning for the murders they had committed."