The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIII.--NUMBER 49. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1861. TERMS.--$1.00 PER ANNUM.

In Memory of Ed'd D. Baker.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oh, fallen hero, noble friend,
'Tis not the friend I mourn in thee,
Though called, in mid-career, to end
Thy shining course of victory.

I dare not grieve, for friendship's sake,
To know thy soldier's knell is rung—
That shame or glory ne'er shall wake
The silver trumpet of thy tongue:

That dim the eye whose lightning seared
The traitor, through his brazen mail:
That lips, whose smile of sweetness cheered
Our darkest day, are cold and pale.

No selfish sorrow fits the now,
And we who loved thee stand aside
While she, our Mother, vails her brow,
And in her grief forgets her pride.

When half the stars of honor fade
That gemmed her banner's morning sky,
She sees them triumph, who betrayed,
And he, her truest chieftain, die!

When low ambition rules the land,
And patriots play the trader's part,
We ill can spare his open hand,
We ill can spare his honest heart.

When timid lips proclaim their doubt,
To chill the ardor of the brave,
We miss his dauntless battle-shout,
That never truce to treason gave.

When Freedom's base apostles preach
Dishonor in the sacred name
Of Peace, his grand, indignant speech
No more shall smite the cowering shame!

God! thou hast sheathed the sword he drew;
We bow before Thy dark decree:
But give the arms that build anew
Our Nation's temple, strength from Thee!

A DUCKING, AND NOT A WIFE.

"Some time ago," said Jenkyns to three officers of marines with whom he was sitting smoking cheroots, "I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, every thing in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expiditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

"Ah! she was a stunner: you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

"'I tell you what it is, now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns,' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. 'Jenkyns,' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans, bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated.—Fanny was in the car. Every thing was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; 'some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom,' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

"'Perfectly,' I answered

"'Come along then!' she cried, 'be quick; before papa comes back.'

"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said,

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time:

"'I understand the going up part,' I answered; 'to come down is not so easy,' and I whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word

"'Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it you cripples!' and over went another sand bag

"'Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly; 'only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'one which I should have thought you would have *remembered*,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I remember it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that You see those five sand bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.'

"'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. 'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'Never!' she answered; 'I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here in all conscience.—Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Mr Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"'But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken; why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the decent this instant!'

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

"She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't! I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command,' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned toward her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had already been bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"'You villain!' said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!'

"'Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

Fear is the shadow of hope.

The Soldier's Fare—half price.

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

Why is a muff like a fool? Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it.

SPEECH OF GEN. JIM LANE.

In Camp at Springfield, Missouri, in response to a Visit and Serenade from the 24th Indiana Regiment, Thursday Night, Oct 31, 1861.

GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS: The reception of this compliment was as far from my expectations as from my deserts. I am aware that these demonstrations are not intended so much for me as for the Kansas Brigade; yet I should be the first to appreciate and acknowledge any honors which come from the noble State of Indiana. Can I forget Indiana? Never! [Cheers.] "If I forget thee let my right hand forget her cunning." It was the place of my birth, and is the place of my mother's grave. Indiana has given me Legislative, Executive, Military, and Congressional honors; she has nursed me as a good mother brings up her child; and let my heart grow cold, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when I cease to be grateful or fail to speak well of my benefactors. [Cheers.] But the home of my adoption, toils, and strife, is Kansas. She was a prairie waste when first I set foot upon her soil, but through desperate odds she has fought her way up into the sisterhood of States, and already her little army has become famous throughout the nation for its bravery and patriotism. For Kansas I have wrestled as the mother when she brings forth her first born. [Cheers.] Indiana as a part of the past is enshrined in my heart Kansas, as the living present, absorbs my thoughts and sways my destiny. Once I obeyed the voice of Indiana, and honored her; now I go at the bidding of Kansas, and love her. [Cheers.] But, gentlemen, I am proud and happy to see the two sisters of our glorious Union striking hands with each other on the soil of rebellious Missouri, determined that our united blows shall crush out this most wicked and causeless rebellion, and preserve the national heritage left us by our fathers.

Gentlemen, I shall not conceal the fact that in one respect I differ from some of my compeers in command, as to the mode of warfare which is best calculated to bring this wretched contest to a speedy, durable, and honorable close. The point of difference refers, of course, to Slavery—the cause of all differences—the Pandora's box from which have issued all our national troubles. My creed is, *Let Slavery take care of itself* If it can survive the shock of war, let it live, but if between an upper and nether mill stone it be ground to powder, and the wind drive it away, it is not for me to gather up the dust again. I do not propose to make war upon Slavery, but upon rebels, and in the meantime to let slaves and Slavery take care of themselves. An oligarchy more cruel and proscriptive than ever scourged and cursed a nation, ancient or modern, has brought on this war *for* Slavery; and if we are required to protect, or in any way help Slavery, then we are required to cooperate with the enemy, to help him to defend him, and work for the same end. Can we place ourselves thus in alliance with our deadly and barbarous foes and, at the same time conquer them, subdue them, crush them? When lesser contradictions are reconciled, we will think of harmonizing this. War, at least, is a terrible calamity to a nation. In all the country through which we have passed mails are stopped, schools are suspended, churches are turned into hospitals for the sick and wounded, and general demoralization prevails. Protract the war one year, and desolation, moral and material alone would mark the track of armies. Justice, humanity, and mercy require that the conflict should be terminated as soon as possible with the least practicable shedding of blood. Astonishing as it may seem to you, gentlemen from Indiana, it is a fact we have repeatedly demonstrated, that a heavier blow is dealt to the realm of Secessia in the abduction or freedom of a slave than in the killing of a soldier in arms. Yes, and I may put the truth in a still stronger light: abduct from the same family a slave, and kill a son in arms, and the loss of the slave will be regarded as the greater misfortune—the calamity for which there is no healing balm. I could bring up more than a thousand witnesses, whose observation and experience qualify them to speak of the truthful candor of my remarks. If, then, by allowing a slave to fall into the wake of the army and find the priceless boon of freedom, we avoid bloodshed, save property from destruction, and strike death-dealing blows upon the head and front of this rebellion, does not every good and just consideration require that this policy be adopted? This war is for Slavery; let us make it the mighty engine for Slavery's destruction, and the rebels will soon cry "enough." [Cheers.] They will see that, like Saturn in the fable, they are eating their own children, and will consent to cut short the repast. Every guaranty that is given to Slavery by the Government strengthens the rebels in their course. The Kansas Brigade has met the enemy in battle, and routed him in every conflict. We have destroyed Osceola—a sort of half town and half military post—but all these things combined have not brought the rebels so quickly to their knees as the escaping of a few hundred slaves by following the back track of the army. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, my logic teaches that we cannot defend and make war upon the same foe at the same time; and if it is the purpose of the Government to crush the rebels and prevent their slaves from stampeding, two armies should be sent into the field. The advance force might be called the treason-crushing army, and should be furnished with offensive weapons. The other should be called the Slavery restoring army, and should move about ten miles in the rear. It should be clad in defensive armor of tripple steel; for such is the meanness of spirit which is bred in the hearts of men by slave-breeding, slave-trading, and slave-holding, that the masters would creep into every place of ambush and fire upon those who were gathering up and returning their fugitive human property. It would be illegitimate for the Slavery restoring army to return the fire, as they might harm some of the pets and darlings for whom they were so generously acting. [Laughter.] Therefore, give them the defensive armor, but no defensive weapons. Such an arrangement, novel as it might seem, must be had if Slavery is to be preserved in the rear of an army, which moves with a force sufficient to crush this huge rebellion. In my opinion the second army should be as numerous as the first. Preserving Slavery will cost the Government ten times as much as crushing the rebellion ["That's so."] The policy inaugurated by the Kansas Brigade, which I have the honor to command, was not adopted in a moment, but is the result of much experience. In a speech, recently made in the City of Leavenworth, my feelings of indignation became wrought up to such a pitch that I was betrayed into the use of language which was justly condemned by the religious sentiment of the country, and which, in cooler moments, meets my earnest disapproval. But, whether excited or calm, whether my language is rough or smooth, principle and duty require that our policy be rigidly adhered to until condemned by the Government, and if it should be condemned, if the Government demand of the Brigade obedience to the behests of Slavery, I shall consider the question of withdrawing from the field. Since the Rebels have failed to nationalize Slavery, their battle-cry is: "Down with the Union." Let Slavery lift its crest in the air, and here I solemnly vow that, if Jim Lane is compelled to add a note to such an infernal chorus, he breaks his sword and quits the field. Let us be bold; inscribe "Freedom to All" upon our banners, and appear just what we are—the opponents of Slavery. It is certain, as if written in the book of fate, that this point must be reached before the war is over Take this stand, and enthusiasm will be inspired in the ranks. In steadiness of purpose and courage each soldier will be a Spartan hero. The spirit of the Crusader will be united with the iron will of the Roman, and an army of such soldiers is invincible. [Cheers.] These things to you, Indianians, may appear strange; but when your military education has received that peculiar cast which experience is sure to give it, and which now pertains to the Kansas soldier, then will we march shoulder to shoulder, and victoriously, too, against the enslavers and brutalizers of men; against the traitors to the best Government in the world.

Soldiers, we have a commander in whose skill, courage, and kindness of heart we may always confide. General Hunter has a Kansas education; he has suffered with us because of Slavery, and he will, I know, indorse the policy I have advocated to night.

It should be the business of Congress, at its coming session, to pass a law directing the President of the United States by proclamation, to order the rebel States, within 30 or 60 days, to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance; or in default thereof, declare every slave free throughout their domains. So far as I am concerned, I hope the Almighty will so direct the hearts of the rebels that, like Pharaoh, they will persist in their crime; and then we will invade them and strike the shackles from every limb. Provision, too, should be made for settling the Africans in Hayti, Central, or South America, and let the race form a nation by itself. Liberia has served a glorious purpose, in teaching the world that these oppressed and wretched people are capable of supporting themselves and of self-government. I look upon the Republic of Liberia as the bud—yes, the full-blown hope of the whole of Africa. I wish it every encouragement and success. But it is too many thousand miles for us to transport four million slaves. This fast age has not the time and patience requisite to such a task. But our own continent has room sufficient, with soil, climate and productions suitable for the accommodation of this people, who, in the mysteries of Providence, are thrown among us. Transportation to the places named may be made a practical reality. The good of both races requires their separation. Ages of oppression, ignorance and wrong have made the African a being inferior in intellect and social attainments to the Caucassian; while together we shall always have low cringing servility on the one hand, and lordly domination on the other. It is better for both that each enjoy the honors and responsibilities of a nationality of its own. In such an event our common humanity would make a vast stride toward perfection. As such a proclamation might have the effect to liberate the slaves of many loyal citizens, I would cheerfully give my consent to have them paid out of the National treasury for any loss they might sustain. Let us dare to do right, trusting to the principle that right makes might; and the Great Republic, once the wonder of the world, will emerge from these troubles purer, wealthier and stronger than ever. These are among the reasons why "Freedom to All" is the watchword of the Kansas Brigade. Would to God I could publish it throughout the army and to the whole nation! Let the wind waft it over the prairies of the West, let the thunder of our cannon speak it in the ears of traitor tyrants, let the mountains of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New England echo it to their whole people, let the ground swell from earth to heaven, and the great God of angels and men, as its Patron and Friend, will give it success.

Again I thank you, friends of Indiana, and of the Kansas Brigade, for the compliment of this occasion, and bid you all a hearty good night. [Loud cheering.]

ABOUT HORSES.—To be kept in a healthy condition, every horse should be exercised regularly—say two hours daily. ——It is estimated that there are 5,000,000 horses in the United States ——A tight girth that is not elastic, fastened around the body of a plunging horse, will entirely prevent rearing and jumping. Vicious animals want room to swell, and the tight girth prevents it.——One end of a chain looped around the neck of a balky horse, and the other attached to a powerful team, it is said will cure the worst cases of obstinacy. Should not be surprised if it did—especially if the team was started, for either the horse would move or loose his neck!——It is printed that a handful of dry wood ashes, in feed once a week, given to horse, will usually kill worms; but a more powerful medicine is the soaking of their grain over night in a solution of basswood bark for two or three mornings, and then physicing.

TRANSPLANTING.—This is the best season of the year for transplanting fruit or shade trees of all kinds. Any time in the Fall before the ground freezes deeply will do. Persons having unoccupied land, yards, &c., should plant them with trees. The result will amply pay the cost of labor and yield a thousand per cent, in satisfaction, comfort and beauty. Our Farmers' fields are too bare of fruit trees. There should be sufficient to furnish the cattle with shade during the heat of the day under a summer sun. There is land enough that might be well occupied for this purpose.

THOSE NEGLECTED TOOLS. A subscriber in Bureau Co., Ill., writes to the *American Agriculturist*, "I have no doubt you would feel terribly vexed, as I did, to see reapers and mowers left in the road, or in the field where they were last used, to stay there until wanted next year." Yes, it always vexes a man of common sense to see thriftlessness. No wonder "it's too hard times to take a paper" with such people. It is gratifying to know, however, that there is much improvement generally in the case of implements.

SALT FOR WHEAT.—Jno. Johnson, of Geneva, writes to the Ohio *Farmer* that he salted fourteen acres of wheat last autumn, and that it now surpasses any he has seen, and is superior to eleven acres on which no salt was sown—both being sown the same day and treated in the same manner. He thinks it will mature four days earlier. He is generally successful, and sometimes sows seventy-five barrels in a season. On a lighter soil we have seen salt in wheat without any visible effect

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PROFITS OF SHEEP-RAISING.—A Correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer* makes the following statement, showing how wool-raising pays those who manage it as it should be: "Last season I clipped 250 sheep; the wool sold for $552. I have sold within the year 74 sheep, which is equal to the number of lambs raised, for $814—making $1,366. My sheep are of the Spanish Merino breed, and mostly ewes." He considers sheep-raising the most profitable business a farmer can engage in.