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Bushwhacker Literature.

We lately published a long poem, written in Pennsylvania German, which, we are informed, was from the pen of Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, a distinguished clergyman of the Lutheran Church, now residing at Lebanon, Pa. A correspondent of the *Phila. Bulletin*, who says the poem "produced a wonderful excitement among those who were so fortunate as to comprehend the meaning of it in the original," sends us the following excellent translation:

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE CREEK.

(Das Alt-Schul-haus an der Krick.)

[A free translation from the Penn'a. Dutch.]

To-day it is just twenty years—
Since I sought northern lands,
Now, living still, I come to seek
The quaint old school-house on the creek,
Near Arty's house that stands.

In hundred houses I have been,
Of marble, stone or brick,
Yet of those mansions grand and tall,
I'd any day forget them all,
For the school-house on the creek.

He who forsakes the good of home,
In peace I'd let him go:
Still, let me say, ere he sets forth,
It is all humbug in the North,
As he'll find soon will know.

To every corner I have been,
And traveled, well or sick,
But ne'er in any spot have found
Such joy as caused my heart to bound,
In the school-house on the creek.

Sweet home-joys here I always had;
Now as I stand and gaze,
Old scenes before my memory wave,
Old forms arise as from the grave—
The ghosts of vanished days.

The stream plays by just as of old,
When I to hither played,
And where you older shades the stream,
The little fish still gladly gleam:
Time yet no change has made.

Still stands the white-oak by the door,
And shades the old roof tree,
The old grape-vine, too, still is green,
And look! the swallow's nest yet seen!
A strange thing seems to me.

Over the fields the swallows play
Their game of "first is best";
Erom gale end so quaint and old,
A house of straw and dirt behold!
That is a swallow's nest!

There lie the young birds very still,
In sleep all scattered round;
Wait till some wren the parent brings,
Then for their shrilly twit ring,
Till distance hears the sound.

Yes! all the scene is as it was,
When here a boy I ranged,
Yet dearer things no more are here—
And all must change and disappear;
I too, myself, have changed.

Like Ossian, by his desolate hall,
I watch the clouds fly by,
And half in joy—in sorrow half,
My tears come trickling, yet I laugh,
Your hearts can tell me why.

I used to go to this old school,
When but an urchin small;
There was the master on his stool,
There was his switch, and there his rule,
I seem to see them all.

The desks, the clothes-rings on the wall,
The school-room's ample bound,
And on this side the big girls sat,
The boys (not half so coy), on that,
See how they peep around.

The master's eye is on them now,
They'd better have a care;
That chap who writes the billets-doux,
And he who tricks the boys amuse,
And you had laughing there!

For big and little, one and all,
Are neath one equal rule,
Which is most just, for who doth break
That canon, must a licking take,
Or get turned out of school.

Inside, around the cosy stove,
Sit all the little chaps,
They study very hard, you see,
For who shall miss his A, B, C,
His ears shall meet hard raps.

Uneasy are the benches high,
Which keep the feet from floor,
One's back feels often strained and sick,
In that old school-house on the creek,
—And just about right sore.

Poor little souls, ah! there they sit;
Just think! how ill at ease!
It is no wonder, I declare!
They learn so little, perch'd up there,
On forms so high as these.

With all the drawbacks, anyhow,
It was a first-rate school,
For pedagogy in vain you'd look
Like ours—he's cyphered through the book,
And never skipped a rule.

Cross was he: yes! I can't deny,
He flogged us all around;
Yet he most equal rules observed,
Who felt the birch, the birch deserved
Completely—I'll be bound.

At dinner time, when school was out,
We felt "so good" just then,
And some the flying ball did chase,
While some amused them in the race,
And some played soldier men.

The big girls swept the school-room out,
The boys hung round the spot,
Pretending to be helpful about,
But soon the master drove them out,
The rules allowed it not.

The girls did "Copenhagen" play,
On yonder sod, so green,
But when the big girls crossed the ring,
Why then (it was a curious thing),
The big boys, too, "pitched in."

Big boys did always big girls tag,
And small ones always mis,
How swiftly run they up and down,
And this you may depend upon!
Who won—did earnest kiss.

On Christmas was the right good time,
With memories gay 'tis blent;
When we did hit the master out,
From door and sill, with timber stout:
"Now, master! gifts present!"

Then did he struggle mightily,
By force to burst within,
But while he knocked, neath the door so stout,
A written treaty we thrust out,
Sign this! we'll let you in!

Then out the master launched his gifts,
With sleepish looks,—but he
Chestnuts and apples, and much more,
Spread out our joyous eyes before;
We swallowed them with glee.

Oh! where are now my school-mates all,
Who studied here of yore?
Ah! some have wandered far away,
With some did fickle fortune play,
And death took many more.

My heart is swelled with thankfulness,
Yet grief my voice makes thick,
Could weep o'er memories of the past:
And yet, a joy it brings at last,
This school-house on the creek.

Good by! old school-house! echo's voice
"Good bye! good bye!" calls back,
Oh! school-house! school-house! must I go,
Oh! leave you standing lonely so?
You school-house on the creek?

Oh ye! who'll live when I am gone,
Yet once more hear me speak;
I beg, entreat you, hear my prayer,
Oh! take forever kind, good care,
Of the school-house on the creek.

A Coquette's Confession.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage, after I had lured them on to a "declaration." My last victim's name was James Frazier. He was a tall, awkward, ungainly, homely, man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Capt. Elliot, who had been unreturning in his attentions to me. Mr. Frazier warned me against Elliot; but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult. A few days afterwards Elliot and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic life seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a lifetime. Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not so miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in opulent circumstances, but having very bad health, she was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature, hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they might happen to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Capt. Elliot—but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was a captain, he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and in India, and wore medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest officer in it. I remember as well as possible the day we became engaged: he was on duty, but had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma;" he hastened to her, returned in three minutes and led me to her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given! To be sure! My dear mother hated trouble, as I have said, and she moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was pleased to find a husband presenting himself, in form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said; and at the expiration of this brief period, there might one forenoon have been seen a gay equestrian party riding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful Brown Bess. Captain Elliot was mounted on the handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a bevy of laughing girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward, silent James Frazier. His presence had marred the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all, that I might not see him.

And so we rode on, through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliot, who wished himself a knight and me a fair lady of the olden time, that he might go forth to battle for me, and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of

the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might thus proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this, and to believe it sincere, though I had no wish to put my lover to such a test. A shot suddenly rung through the still woods, and a wounded bird darted past, fluttered and fell at the feet of Brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her; and even as she flew, the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly and convulsively to the mane and bridle, and wondered helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins were torn from my hands, and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not see the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last!—all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliot's heart as he saw me lying mangled and dead; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing aid trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until, days afterwards, I awoke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home. I never saw Captain Elliot again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly daring. The last act of his life in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, he rode hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was seriously, but it was hoped not fatally, injured, he henceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from more rumor.

At last it was known that I could never entirely recover from the effects of my injury, and that very day Capt. Elliot departed suddenly from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once about and beginning, though with unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgement had taught me that in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at an end; but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor?) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of romantic love.

I had heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly conduct on that day; and I now first sought to enquire who had rescued me from imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazier, his arm already broke by the jerk with which Brown Bess (ore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and been the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he had made inquiries concerning me. His had been the hand that sent the rare flowers that decked my room. His were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother. His were the books I read in my lingering days of convalescence; and his, now, was the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather, he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and lovely spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside as utterly untenable, my pet theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or distorted, but shines the brighter that it is not marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

ETERNITY has no grey hairs. Here the flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity! Stupendous thought! Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its palaces are but sunshine of an hour; its palaces—they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its way will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night.

Love your enemies.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP CALIFORNIA, Va.,

Dec. 29, 1861.

DEAR MAC: I received your letter last Tuesday, but as I was out on picket duty I have not been able to answer it till now. In fact Sunday is the only time we have to write, for, what with drilling, eating, sleeping and keeping our accoutrements in order, all our time during the week is taken up, so if your letters are not answered in a week or two you will know the reason.

About 2 weeks ago at 10 o'clock P. M., just as we were getting into a comfortable nap, we were called up by the "long-roll" and started off at quick march which we kept up for a couple of hours, till we reached a place called Etail's Hill, where an attack of the rebels was expected. We laid out in the cold expecting, waiting, hoping, ay, most devoutly wishing they would attack us, for we were placed in a good position and felt a little vexed at being called so far (some five or six miles) for nothing. But "nothing nor nobody" appeared, and so when morning came we were marched back without accomplishing anything but getting very cold (for we did not take our blankets) and hungry and tired. But our General professed himself so well pleased with our actions on that night that he determined we should be detailed for picket at that place.

So Sunday morning (the 22, Dec.) we received orders to pack up and march, with four days' rations in our haversacks. We were nearly 3 hours marching those 5 miles, but that (though it may look different to you) is considered good marching for a Regiment with knapsacks and accoutrements on their backs. We relieved a New York Regiment of Dutchmen that were almost frightened out of their wits all the time they were there with fear that the rebels would make an attack. They had thrown together a few brush tents which we thought they could have better, but were compelled to take. As soon as we broke ranks we (Co's G and B) went to work building a log hut for our officers, and then tried to fix our huts, but the wind began to blow tremendously, and we had to shelter ourselves as best we might. We tried to eat our dinners but it was getting so cold that we had to put on our overcoats, throw our blankets over our shoulders and (those of us fortunate enough to possess them) put on our gloves and mittens to keep warm, and all that was barely sufficient, and went without our supper, contenting ourselves with a crust of bread, and went to bed (i. e. laid down) with all our clothes on and covered up with our blankets.

At about 6 o'clock it began to rain and soon the water began to pour through, under and around our tents. We lay till we got our blankets wet through and our clothes wringing wet, and then we sat up and kept in that position till morning when we got up and tried to get some breakfast. We did not care particularly as it was our turn for picketing that day. As two companies a day were detailed for that duty, our Captains (of Co's G and B) managed to get detailed together, and at about 9 o'clock we started out.

We marched about a mile and then began to post the boys, 5 at a post, four men and a Corporal or Sergeant. Company B was posted first, and of course, had the least dangerous posts, while our Company was placed on the extreme out-posts of the whole division. The Captain had quite a reserve with him while we were posted so if we were attacked we could fire and retreat till we reached him, and then it would take a large force to dislodge us if we held our post as we ought. If we were attacked by cavalry we could by retreating a rod or so, place ourselves in a growth of underwood and try that would make it utterly impossible to follow us, and if it were infantry they would have to cross an open field, and we could stand our ground behind our barricade. But we had no alarm, and, as we felt pretty cold and hungry, we spent the day cooking and drying our blankets. We kept one man at every post at the lookout and relieved him every hour, so that we could all keep comfortable. It snowed three or four hours and then blew off and we had it clear, cold and blustering. As we were compelled to keep awake, and did not dare to have any fire, the cold weather came just at the right time for me, for I feel sure I would have been caught napping at my post, for I had not had any sleep for two nights and had worked hard all the time, so you see "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and I was not the only one that felt as I did.

We were glad when morning came for we knew we would be relieved before noon. We had the privilege of sending off some scouts, so some of our boys went out to "see what they could hear." They went to a house and asked for some geese they saw before the door for a Christmas dinner; the owners were very independent about it, would neither sell, give nor allow them to take them, if they could help it. The boys accordingly started

after them (the geese, not the men) when they saw something in the field that they could use to better advantage in the Company. So off they started, and in a few moments a porker was lying on the ground with both fore shoulders broken. It was soon cut up and strung on our bayonets all ready to carry to our home, *pro tem*, and have a better meal than the Government furnished us with, for fresh meat of our own killing we had not had, especially pork. We marched back to the camp and found our huts all taken by the Companies detailed the first day, Sunday. We split up among the other Companies, and when night came some of us laid by the fire till morning, when we started out on picket again as the Colonel said he could depend on us more than he could on the other Companies, some of whom he utterly refused to allow either to scout or go out as pickets. As we had built nice warm huts of our own on our posts, we were eager to go, as we could do nothing in camp. Christmas was a beautiful day. The sky was clear and it was as warm as a June day. We felt in good spirits, though we wished we could be where we could have a nice Christmas dinner, and we thought how our friends would feel did they know where and how we spent the day. We thought of the sleigh-rides we would have had, of the happy parties on Christmas Eve. We thought, yes, we flattered ourselves we would be missed by some one somewhere, and then we determined to prove ourselves worthy of that remembrance. We expected an attack that day, and we thought as they had compelled us to lose our Christmas dinner and other attendant comforts, that they would pay dear for it. But the day passed and nothing more than a volley or two on our right, a mile or so from us which put us on our taps for a little while, and an alarm of "cavalry" sometime in the night, though nothing came in sight to us.

We were relieved by the New York 57th Regiment about 11 o'clock Thursday morning, and started for home which we reached, nearly used up, about 3 o'clock P. M. Since then we have done nothing of any consequence except receiving our pay. We were paid for the first half month (from the time we left home to the 31st of October). The next time we receive pay it will be for two months, which will make us pretty flush for a little while, though some of our boys will spend it as soon as they get it. Some who received nearly eight dollars had spent all but one or two dollars before night of the same day they were paid. We were paid with five dollar Treasury notes and the change in silver. They are making out the pay-rolls for our second payment now, so our next pay-day is not far off.

We have a great deal of sickness in our Company, as some of the boys are so careless of themselves (and the majority of our sickness is the result of carelessness), as to get a bad cold and do nothing for it till it gets so bad that they are taken with a severe fit of sickness, or cough their throats sore and then have to go to the Hospital, perhaps to be laid up for a long time. There has been one death at the Hospital, Almeron G. Burdick, and that could not be prevented as he had made up his mind to die when he went there, though the doctor falsely held out hopes to us of his recovery till within an hour or two of his death. He is missed in the Company, and his loss is felt by all the boys. He was very quiet, but made friends wherever he went.

We move from this place to-morrow, though our destination no one knows. Some say we will go to the hill on our right, while some think we will leave the Division, (we know our Colonel wishes to) and in that case we will go further. The reason why he wishes to leave is because we are the only Pennsylvania Regiment in the Division. I have a great deal more to write but fear I shall exceed the space which might be filled with more valuable matter.

BUTTY.

THE BUSINESS OF THE COUNTRY.—It is now estimated that the total importations of merchandise to the United States for the year ending on the 31st of December next, will be some \$175,000,000 or fifty percent less than in 1860. This leaves a heavy debt due us in specie, the import of which for this year will be over \$50,000,000. Last year we exported \$56,000,000 in specie over imports, to cancel balance against us. Thus there is a difference, in a single year, in the exchange between our own and foreign countries, of more than \$100,000,000 in specie in our favor.

Nothing hides a blemish so completely as cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that hours and heresses commonly learn. Would that equal pains were taken to convince them that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes does not entail any absolute necessity of providing blemishes for it to cover!

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN AND THE WAR.—However apathetic many be, there is no sympathy about the venerated statesman who has succeeded to the place of Henry Clay in the affections of Kentucky—"Glory be to God," shouted an excitable gentleman to John J. Crittenden, this morning, "McClellan is sending 20,000 men from Washington by Cincinnati to Kentucky. We're safe now."—"Safe!" exclaimed the veteran Senator. "Doesn't it blister your tongue to tell it? Safe! by Ohio and Indiana troops, while Kentuckians allow themselves to be protected by others. It's a shame to old Kentucky, sir."

I had thought that I understood the chivalrous fire of "Old Kentuck" before; but never did I realize it so fully as when, a moment afterward, the venerable Senator, addressing a townsman, evidently about his own age, but with whose portly form time had dealt more kindly exclaimed: "George, you're not too old for a soldier—of course not. I'm not too old for a soldier—not a bit too old! We must turn out and shame these pretty young men, who ought to have availed of them!" And sure enough the aged patriot started off, almost immediately afterward, to call out volunteers among the mountaineers. Let no one doubt the response. There may be traitors in Kentucky, as there are in Ohio; plotting agents of the Southern rebellion in Lexington and Frankfort, as there are in Dayton; but the great heart of the noble old State is sound, and Kentucky valor has not perished in protracted peace.

AN HEIRLOOM FOR THE SOLDIERS.

The scroll that is to be distributed to the soldiers of the present campaign will soon be ready for distribution. One will be given to each of the soldiers, whether in the regular service, or volunteers, either for the war or for three months. The one adopted by Secretary Seward is now being prepared in Albany. It is about twenty inches by thirty; a handsome lithograph of an eagle with outstretched wings, over which is, in a circular line, the sentence, "Legion of Honor," beneath it, "E Pluribus Unum," and Washington. In the centre of the Eagle is the Goddess of Liberty and the Goddess of Justice with Joined Hands, seated upon a fiery dragon, with their heels upon its head, the Goddess of Liberty waving an American flag; by the side of the Goddess of Justice lies a scimeter, and in her left hand is a bundle of fagots, from the centre of which one is projecting, the end of which is a tomahawk. In a semi-circle from one side to the other of the eagle are the mottoes of all the States. The right foot of the eagle clasps an olive branch, and the left a bundle of arrows.

Men grow old rapidly in such times as these. Our intense life wears heavily on bone and flesh and muscle. Measured by sensations and experience, we have lived a generation since Fort Sumter was bombarded. Even Bull's Run seems half an age ago. We have to stop and think when we read the words "Big Bethel" and "Laurel Hill" and "Phillippa." The Buchanan Administration seems a horror of a former era. We have almost forgotten the death of Douglas, profound as was the sensation which his death caused.

How events rush on! The Rebellion is not a year old, and yet what a page has been added to the World's history! A Republic of thirty millions of souls plunged into Civil War; eleven States revolted from the Federal Union, with three others trembling in the balance; seven hundred thousand soldiers in the field; a fleet larger than the Spanish Armada swooping down upon the Southern Coast; while States trampled under foot by the march of rushing squadrons!

SWEARING CHEAP.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to risk losing your own soul, (gradually rising in emphasis) and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap, indeed."

Missouri is one of the largest States in the Union. Its territory exceeds in extent the six New England States and the State of Delaware combined. It is divided into upward of one hundred counties. The State extends about two hundred and eighty-five miles from east to west, and two hundred and eighty miles from north to south.

A TENDER HEART.—A disconsolate widower, seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:—"Well, I've lost hogs, and I've lost cows, but I never had anything that cut me up like this!"

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.