The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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☞This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
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UNION HOTEL,
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A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11,1861

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

[There is a moral in the beautiful snow, and the following paraphrase we find in an exchange, without a name, and without a credit. It is worthy a master hand, and ought to be restored to its author:]

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the streets,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicksome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by;
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall:
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh.
For all that is in or above me, I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone;
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and shroud of the beautiful snow.

VARIETIES.

Quit not certainty for hope.

Never meet sorrow half way.

Honesty is the best policy.

Poor freedom is better than rich slavery.

A fool's heart is ever dancing on his lips.

We see pride in everbody but ourselves.

Discretion of speech is better than eloquence

Chains are chains, though they be made of gold.

He who turns from evil habits does himself a good turn.

Counsel that favors our desires needs careful watching.

Money, like manure, does no good until it is well spread.

When you have no observer, be watchful over yourself.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

In courting, three hard squeezes are better than fifty soft words.

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

An unlucky word dropped from the tongue, cannot be brought back by a coach and six.

We sever what God has joined, and so destroy beauty, and lose hold of truth.

At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? At the point of the bayonet.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride.

Many who think Diogenes a great fool for living in a tub, are very proud of living in a pale—the pale of good society.

To suppress the truth may now and then be our duty to others; not to utter falsehood must always be our duty to ourselves.

Many papers give the dying words of great men, but none of them are so touching and beautiful as the last words of the old schoolmaster:

"It is growing dark—school may be dismissed."

Down to the gates of an unseen world he carried the love and regard of the children he had trained. It was his last kind dismissal in this world of schooling.

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

Were you ever down on the Red River, in Arkansas, reader? If not, all the "elephants" that you've seen lack the ivory. My first experience there was pleasant—I may say quite pleasant. I may detail it for you, perhaps one of these days. It occurred in consequence of an advertisement for an editor for the Alexandria Gazette, on the Red River, stating, as an inducement, that the salary was large, pistols, ammunition and bowie knives provided, and only six editors had been killed in the previous five months.

Whether I accepted the situation or not has, however, nothing to do with this story. It was only a few weeks after that advertisement met my eyes, that the same eyes were blessed with a first "sight" at Clara Burton. And as a first sight almost always brings a dead shot, so I got a plumper right in my heart when I saw her.

The glossiest of curls danced about the rosiest of cheeks, and down upon the shoulders as white as magnolia leaves; the most kissable of rubient lips opened to reveal the pearliest teeth—her eyes twinkled like dew drops on a sunny June morning, while her voice sounded like the cooing of a dove when it answers its mate; her form was plump, yet fairy-like in its proportions—her dear little foot, encased in a gaiter boot was annexed to a faultless ankle; in short, and in brief, Clara was a beauty and "nothing shorter."

She was the life of a ball room, and the queen of the parlor, and on horseback—why, Sir Walter Scott's "Di Vernon" would have wilted before her. Fond of equestrian pleasure as I was, it need not be wondered at that I often volunteered to accompany Miss Clara on her rides, and, hunter-born and bred as I am, it need not be thought strange that I should frequently take a six shooting rifle along, the more especially as our rides were through a "game" country in the literal sense of the word. Many a fat buck and many a prime turkey fell before my unerring aim in these rides, even though my hand trembled the more that she was by my side, and many a pretty doe bounded away in safety because Clara asked for its life. Ah! Clara! Clara! how could you be so false to one who loved you so?

One day, how well I remember it, Clara and myself took a long wild gallop away up along the banks of the Red River, and only paused when we reached a deep and sluggish bayou which extended up from the river some ways, and here in the shade of some tall magnolias we dismounted, so as to rest our horses, which had come at full speed for miles. Like most of the bayous in that section, it was full of alligators, which lay snoozing here and there upon the water, some of them half out on the oozy banks where they could find a sunny spot to "lay off" in, like a Wall street broker waiting for a streak of luck in the wake of a crisis. Across this bayou to the opposite shore a most dangerous bridge extended, at least a perilous one to an inexperienced foot, for it was a long and slender pine, nearly branchless, which had been toppled over by some hurricane.

"What'll you wager, Captain, that I dare not cross on that pole?" said Clara, as she glanced at the slender tree.

"I'll wager all that I possess that you will *not* make the attempt *in my presence!*" I replied. "It would be as foolish as it is dangerous!"

"Then *the more pleasure for me!*" she cried, starting up from the mossy bank whereon she reclined.

"For heaven's sake, stop, stop, Miss Clara!" I cried. "Just look at the alligators in the water!"

"Wouldn't I create a sensation among them!" she cried with a silvery laugh, and before I could prevent it, she was on the fallen tree and advancing.

My heart was fairly in my mouth now, for I did not dare to speak to her—the slightest nervousness or miss-step would be sure to have precipitated her down to the dark waters where the great, ravenous, fresh-water sharks lay, looking at her with eager eyes, perchance fancying what a delicious morsel she would make. But grasping my oft-tried rifle in my hand, I advanced to the edge of the bank and almost breathlessly watched her progress. All went well—her step as free and as firm as it had been upon the flowery sod, until she had reached a point about two-thirds the way across. Then the crackling of some of the top branches on the other shore caused the tree to waver and settle. She became alarmed, lost her self-possession, and the next instant with a wild scream of terror, losing her balance she fell into the water.

I *had* been scared before, had been *some* troubled when I was surrounded by over twenty yelping Camanches, and had to fight my way out alone, or die in my tracks; but was never quite so much "put out" as now. I was in the act of springing into the water to her rescue, when I saw that drowning was the least danger that menaced her. Several of the huge hideous alligators were moving towards her with open jaws, for her clothing prevented her from sinking instantly. I had no time to lose. In a second my rifle was at my shoulder, and soon a ball from its muzzle penetrated the eye of the nearest monster. But scarce had it plunged down into the foaming waters, when another was almost upon her. Another bullet from my rifle and it with a horrible bellow, went down. Another and another followed in quick succession until the water was red with blood, and lashed into foam by the wounded monsters, and worst of all my last charge was expended and there was no time to reload.

Clara had ceased to scream, but she was now sinking, for her clothes had become saturated. One glance at her sweet, pale face, and her imploring eyes, decided me to go in, and either save or perish with her. So I threw down my rifle, loosened the bowie in my belt, and rushing out upon the tree plunged into the water by her side.

Fortunately for us both my heavy weight brought the tree down to the water, and when I rose and clasped her by the waist it was within my reach. *Fortunately* I may say indeed, for the water was now fairly alive with the hideous creatures, which maddened with the smell of blood, made the forest echo with their dismal bellowings. How I got her upon the fallen tree and how I clambered after her, and how we reached the bank, and there, covered with blood and slimy mud, sunk exhausted upon the earth, is more than I am able to tell, or even fully to comprehend.

But there we were, fully ten miles from home, in a pretty condition to "see company." Both of our horses gone, for they had broken their bridles and fled, terrified almost to death by the hideous noises which they had heard.

And the first thing which that witch of a girl did while we sat there, was to burst out in a fit of laughter.

"*Didn't* I create a sensation among the Alligators?" she asked.

"I think this is no time for joking, Miss Clara," said I, half angry at her levity. "You have escaped from the very jaws of death!"

"From the jaws of the alligators, you mean!" she cried, with another laugh. "What a figure you are, Captain; you look as if you had been swimming through a battle!"

"If my appearance displeases you, Miss Clara, I hope you will excuse my further attendance!" said I, now as completely riled as the bayou was, and I started up to leave.

"Forgive me, Captain," she cried, and a sad look usurped the smile on her pretty face. "I'm so full of fun, it seems as if neither water, blood, nor mud, or even the presence of death could dampen or chill my spirits. Forgive me, dear Captain. I shall never forget that you have saved my life—never, never!"

Did I forgive her? Did a donkey ever refuse hay, or *did a born toper ever turn away from a julep?* I did forgive her! more than that, I knelt down there on that flowry sod, in all the glory of muddy habiliments, and swore that I loved her harder than a mustang could kick, swore that I would live or die for her—angel that she was! And she—she—what do you think she said, while there I knelt, and held her little hand in mine?

That she reciprocated my passion?—No, sir! she didn't do any such thing!

She only said,—"Captain, couldn't you say it better if you had dry *breeches* on?"

I caved! What I should have done, at having *my first proposal* "cut down" in this manner, I know not; but just then a darkey hove in view, who had caught our runaway horses, and the sight of that nigger saved me from any act of immediate desperation.

We remounted, and I escorted the lady back to town, in a humor in accordance with my condition.

Just a month after that I received an invitation to attend Clara's wedding with Ketchimedad Muddi breeches, a mongrel Creole, half French and half Indian, who wasn't fit to carry curl papers for her hair when compared to me. But who can account for a woman's taste? Who?

Modern Definitions.

Oversight.—To leave your old umbrella in a news room and take a new one.

Unfortunate Man—One born with a conscience.

Progress of Time—A pedler going through the country with wooden clocks.

Rigid Justice—A juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Honesty—Almost obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his paper.

Credit—A wise provision by which constables and sheriffs get a living.

Love—An ingredient used in romance and poetry.

I am as Good as Anybody.

Are you, indeed? Then we honor you from the depths of our nature, for the world contains unquestionably some very good, very excellent people. There are those whose daily life is a religion, whose hearts are full of the child-like sweetness of reverence and trust. They are prone to forget themselves in their brotherly kindness toward a neighbor. It is a pleasure to be near them, and you, we are glad to learn, are quite as good as they.

So, you don't mean that exactly. You only mean to assert your social equality with the loftiest and the proudest. Liberty, equality and fraternity are a condensed summary of your social creed.—Very well. Society is known to contain a limited number of accomplished men and women. It boasts a few stars of the first magnitude, as well as myriads of lesser lights, from the numerous points that stud the blue, to the millions that are only perceptible in groups as a lustrous and nebulous haze. There are men and women who exhibit a rare harmony of development—the result of happy accidents of birth and training. There are graceful forms animated by serene and beautiful souls—choice buds of being, unfolded by the most judicious culture, and enlarging our conceptions of the possibilities of the race. There are those whose fine instincts are almost unerring—who glide into the right place as by magic, who drop the right word at the fitting moment, and act on the spur of the occasion as we afterward deliberately wish we had done. In the group where they are leaders, is unity and pleasure—Differences are reconciled, excellencies blended, strong points displayed in an agreeable light, and concessions yielded with alacrity where they are no longer offensively claimed. Social angels are these people—not always through moral superiority, but through a happy equability of temper, and a rare endowment of tact. They help to soften and beautify the asperities of life; they "breathe through the sky of March the airs of May." They are like moonlight to the landscape or fragrance to the flower.

No, this is by no means what you claim. In truth you have never been remarkable for polish and suavity of manner. You despise hypocrisy, and your genuine nature, fairly acted out, is a little harsh and abrupt. You do not always place your own undeniably good qualities in the most attractive light, and you often fail to impress people with the benignity of the impulses you really feel. You are not eminent for the traits that win acceptance in society; these are not your boast, and you add to this admission a disclaimer of unusual wealth, beauty, and intellectual or physical power. You do not claim to be one of the remarkable men and women of the age, but only to be their equal in the more fact of humanity. This, in the last analysis, is the sum of your self assertion. This is all, and it is also much. To be human is to possess inexhaustible capacities for improvement, and one of their most hopeful manifestations is the reverent appreciation of *persons better than yourself*.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Indian Anecdote.

Years ago, when the copper faced natives had mingled with whites just long enough to confuse their ideas of property, when Judge Johnson held his court on the bank of the Mohawk, Big John, a prince of the royal family of Kinnikinnick, was arraigned, tried and convicted of the larceny of New England, fire-water. According to the laws in operation at that remote period, Big John was sentenced to pay a fine of five dollars, which was duly forked over. Whereupon the aboriginal culprit was at liberty to go. John gathered his blanket around him and approaching the Judge, demanded a receipt for his five dollars.

"There's no occasion for a receipt John," said the Judge, "you'll never be called upon to pay it again."

"Ugh! big Indian steal whiskey—pay five dollars—want um receipt."

"We don't give receipts here, John."

But the son of the forest was not to be cheated. He bored the clerk, the sheriff and every one connected with the court, until the Judge concluded to give him a receipt to get rid of him. He called him up to the bench and said:

"John, if you'll tell me what you want with a receipt, I'll give you one."

Upon which the red man delivered himself as follows.

"Big John die one o' these days! He go up to heaven—knock at the gate.—Peter say—'Who knock at the gate of heaven?' 'Big John.' 'John you pay for that whiskey you stole?' 'Yes.' 'Shove the receipt under the gate, John.' Then Big John have to go *hunt all through hell to find Judge Johnson and get his receipt.*"

"Mother," said a little fellow four years old, "if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mystery?"

NEWS ITEMS.

Arrest of Gen. Stone.

From the New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1862.

The following statement of the charges against Gen. Stone emanates from the War Department, copies of it having been furnished to the different representatives of the New York press. Gen. Stone was arrested while in bed at 2 o'clock in the morning. Parties already form in the hotels and other places of military and civic resort. The Union-restoring, Slavery-respecting, Secession-excusing class denounce the arrest as an outrage and a mistake. The earnest friends of the war and upholders of Secretary Stanton's new policy of action hail it as the date of an era of responsibility that may save us from commanders' mistakes and waste of blood. The substance of the charges against Gen Stone is as follows:

First: For misbehaviour at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

Second: For holding correspondence with the enemy before and since the battle of Ball's Bluff, and receiving visits from rebel officers in his camp.

Third: For treacherously suffering the enemy to build a fort or stronghold since the battle of Ball's Bluff, under his guns, without molestation.

Fourth: For a treacherous design to expose his force to capture and destruction by the enemy, under pretense of orders for a movement from the Commanding General which had not been given.

A Court-martial will be speedily ordered.

The arrest of Gen. Stone was made without consultation with or the knowledge of Gen. McClellan, as it was made without the privity or assent of the Secretary of State.

Mr Crittenden of Kentucky presented to the House of Repsentative a petition, numerously signed, proposing that Washington's Farewell Address be read generally on the 22d of February, and offered a joint resolution to refer it to a Committee of Five. Mr. Lovejoy moved to amend the matter by adding to the reading of the Address that also of the Declaration of Independence, and Secretary Stanton's order after the battle of Mill Spring. This amendment was agreed to, and the petition was referred by the House.

A report by Capt. Dupont to the Navy Department concerning the sinking of the second stone fleet in Charleston Harbor shows that the work has been successfully accomplished. The statements that the first operation was a failure, and that vessels have gone easily into the harbor by the obstructed channel, are shown to be false. The place is now effectively sealed up.

Among the confirmations by the Senate is that of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, to be a Major-General of Volunteers. He is a grand son of old Ethan Allen, and was with General Scott in Mexico; he is spoken of as a worthy representative of the Green Mountain hero. He is to command at Cairo.

The Rebel General H. H. Sibley, in New-Mexico, has gathered a force of about 2,500 men, and is approaching Fort Craig. Col. Canby will oppose him vigorously and successfully. Martial law has been proclaimed in the Territory.

Gen. Hunter has put Kansas under martial law, for the purpose of putting an end to jay-hawking.

In a mixed train of luggage and passengers from Glasgow were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter travelling on a "half ticket." After numerous stoppages and delays, by which the patience of the passengers was exhausted long before they reached their destination, the collector made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the pasteboard received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half fare."

"I know he is sir," said the lady; but then he's grown a good deal since we started."

When last seen Sandy was on his way to speak to the engineer about it.

DAVIS AND THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.—Washington's Birthday is to be desecrated in the South after the fashion indicated in the following paragraph from a Charlotte (N. C.) paper:

"On the approaching twenty-second of February the permanent government of the Confederate States will be inaugurated at Richmond. President Davis will be installed for six years, and other interesting ceremonies take place. It will be a memorable and interesting occasion, and a vast concourse of persons, no doubt, will assemble to witness the ceremonies of the day."

Marriage may be defined as love personified.