The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
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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 endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms $1.50 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 18th, 1863.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe for your County Paper—THE JOURNAL.

To My Little Daughter.

BY SAMUEL BARBER.

Still, like the dewdrop on a flower,
The tear that sparkles in thine eye
Reveals a heart as warm and pure
As ever throbbed beneath the sky.

No wave-born pearl from ocean cell
E'er shed a milder, purer ray
Of light than on thy face doth dwell,
And round thy lovely lips doth play.

Fain would I clasp thee in my arms,
Upon thy cheek impress a kiss,
'Tis pleasure to behold thy charms,
To kiss thee! oh, why that is bliss.

Let no foreboding fears come nigh
To chill the heart's outgushing flow;
Thou'rt happy now and so am I;
The future's not for us to know.

Then let thy laughing eyes reveal
Joy's hallowed and enlivening beam;
While mirth and frolic set their seal
Upon the page of life's young dream.

"Papa Goes There."

"Mayn't I go with you, papa? Please say I may go, won't you?"

These words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them; a beautiful boy, with a fair, high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wreath of auburn curls; with dark flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds which taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty who had listened to his plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Aye, had been, for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheek, too, and a brutish expression on his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no, it's no place for you."

Again those fair small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I too? Do let me go?"

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to awake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old; then putting him down he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time, Willie stood where his father left him; then turning to the few embers that faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head upon his mother's lap, he said earnestly:

"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to be there."

It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had kept so far from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets, for a while, then said endearingly:

"Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you get older you will learn why he does not wish to take you."

Then rising, she carefully put down her little one upon its bed, and put on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, Willie, I'll come back soon, and then you shall have some supper and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes she went out. A wealthy mother would have been frightened at the thought of leaving so young a boy at night-fall alone, with an infant to care for, and an open fireside to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M—— knew well enough that she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there was not enough coal to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time, and he had always obeyed her. And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store, whither he knew his father went at evening; and his brain was busy with eager wanderings. He knew his father always went at evening; and he knew there must be something he liked for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me if I wanted to know anything very bad, to persevere, and I would find it out. Now I want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be pretty things behind those windows. I shouldn't wonder—and his cheeks were glowing—if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted up a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice, should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lips, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No, I'll come back soon, but I do want to take one peep."

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavements, and in a trice he stood before the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny in there."

A cold November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile. I am such a little boy, and am so cold here," he said as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he was away. But the warm air was grateful to his limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him he stole towards the glowing grate and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses, and dispersed about the room.

"Hallo," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here, my little fellow, who are you, and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M——. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the window, I thought I'd like to. But I must not stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

"And where is your mother, boy?"

"Oh, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have so much work as he used to once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so dark and cold at home. But I should think he'd bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all these pretty bottles, and those flowers with lights in them. Please sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of the listeners, "please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers?"

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft" said a deep distinguished voice.—"He deems me pure and holy. Heavens! what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy! you have saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here with my hand on thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as you value your soul's salvation, tempt me not to break my vow. Help me Heaven—help me, men, so as to live hereafter that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes there, Willie may go too."

Silently the door closed after them, and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away, and many a wife wore smiles that night; nor did the old bar-tender even curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

"Don't you like me, papa? Are you cross at me?" asked Willie in a hesitating tone, as they stood for a few moments the pavement, for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child, and he feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mamma would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you? was you?" was the eager question in a gladsome voice. "Oh, then I know you ain't cross. Oh, get oysters, and crackers, and tea, papa; and a candle, because there is only a piece. And please papa, tell mamma not to be too cross to me, cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps come yet, and she does love to have you home so much. Oh, I feel just like crying, I am so glad?"

"And I feel like crying too," said his father, solemnly; and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing the heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty; and hers of the sorrow that had wrapped it as a pall.

Taking up a Collection.

Rarely have we had a better story, or a better told story, than this, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri:

The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and populous communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of the older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and restrained by no irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty hard time of it. They live a sort of "rough-and-tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sometimes absorbs completely the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher that they have frequently to be powerfully "stirred up" from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our circuit preacher "ary dime," as the boys say, and we expected a scoring from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. The elder preached us a moving discourse from the text "*owe no man anything.*" At the close of his sermon he came at once to the "subject in hand."

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother —— anything this year?—nothing at all I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on the air, and you must pay up—pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to 'slide' out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, lock that door and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand table in front.

The steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, steward," said he, "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were taken all aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties.—The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table. The elder poured out "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start brethren! Go round again, steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters! Not enough yet. Go round again, steward!"

Around goes the steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow, brethren; 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat 'em! Go round again steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly, slowly, but surely, the "pile" on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust in holding a half-dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed:

"Here, Parson, here's your money: Let my gal out o' there! I'm tired of waitin' for her."

"It was the last hair that broke the camel's back" and the preacher could exclaim, in the language of "Ike Turtle," "This 'ere meetin's done burst up!"

A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day came, and so did the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went glibly on till the question came for the absentee, which the teacher asked:

"In what do you believe?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the boy, amid roars of laughter, "the boy who believed in the Church didn't come to school to day; he is at home sick abed."

BELL PLAIN, Va., April 3, 1863.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—In resuming my irregular pen I am compelled to the confession that there is nothing very strange—that I know of—to write about. The correspondent who would write a very interesting letter from the army, at this stage of the game, must possess great inventive genius. His originality, coupled with patient industry would insure success in almost any department of literature, to which his fancy might lead him.

In fact there is nothing going on here but preparation, and like all other army correspondents, I do not deem it expedient to state what that preparation is for—reason, the information if given might reach the enemy; besides I don't know.

The improvement in the order and discipline of this army, made in the past few months, is plainly apparent, and very encouraging. I am of the opinion that there has been too much disposition to lavish time and attention upon the more showy branches of our profession, while the "weightier matters of the law."—such as actual preparation for fight—have been, in consequence, neglected. Some orders issued of late rather tend to remedy this evil.

Yesterday this (the 1st) division was reviewed by Gen. Hooker. The day was windy—but clear—and the roads dry and very dusty. After the review, while the division was filing out into the road, on their way to camp, Gen. Hooker and Wadsworth—accompanied by their respective staffs—rode along the line.—They were everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering. If Gen. Hooker would permit it, the homage he would receive from his army, would fully equal that paid to McClellan, in his palmiest days. But he does not desire that "hero worship" shall become the prevailing religion of his army, and so all disorderly demonstrations are promptly suppressed.

Gov. Curtin has recently visited most of the Pennsylvania regiments in this army. In failing to visit those in this vicinity he missed seeing many warm friends.

Enclosed I send you a copy of the resolutions passed by the regiment to which I belong, the whole or part of which you are at liberty to publish. The regiment was assembled at the beating of the "long roll." The object of the resolutions was briefly and clearly stated by Col Kidder, the resolutions read and unanimously adopted, after which were had three cheers for Gen. Hooker, three "rousers" for Gov. Curtin and three groans for the copperheads. The feeling that prompts the expressions found in these resolutions is not confined to a regiment, division or corps, but pervades the whole army.

For the information of the soldiers friends at home, I desire to say a few words concerning the health and morals of the army. It can not be denied that change of clime, undue exposure, and irregular, or slovenly habits, makes fearful inroads upon the health. To remedy the evils flowing from the latter cause—and they are greater than those of the other two combined—it is strictly enjoined that regimental surgeons exercise constant vigilance, and they are clothed with authority to enforce regularity and cleanliness in person, dress and residence, even at the point of the bayonet.

You frequently hear I suppose of the many temptations of the camp. The fell diseases of a Southern clime, or even the fatal rebel bullets are scarcely less feared by anxious fathers, sisters and mothers than these dreadful temptations, truly they are dreadful. Insomuch as they frighten good people nearly out of their wits, they may well be called formidable. They are however for the most part fictitious "frights" having an existence only in the imagination. The fact is there are far fewer temptations here than among the associations of home. The main difficulty is a want of proper restraint; so that men constitutionally disposed to indulge in immoral or sinful practices, do so with more freedom, and their wandering feet get farther from the narrow way than the same feet would, if not incased in Uncle Sams' shoes.

On the other hand, those possessed of real manhood, "in whose hearts virtue, and in whose souls the love of God reigneth," find much to strengthen their good resolutions, much to develop their manhood, and much to increase their power for good. The sense of right is sharpened and made stronger by frequent exercise, and virtue loses nothing of brilliancy or attractiveness by comparison with the lower and more repulsive forms of vice.

If a man is not content to live for himself alone—if he would labor to make others wiser, better or more cheerful—here he has an ample field, where he can labor profitably and always have enough to do.

To any one who may be anxious about the moral well-being of a friend here let me say: If you could trust him out of your sight at home, if his impulses were good and noble, and his principles right—if he was not fond of the society of the vicious—you need not fear for him. But if he was somewhat wild and wicked, and his life spared, he may return to you with some new vices—his command of language in the vulgar and profane departments largely reinforced—but the same warm heart will be there. You will have a labor of love to do in reforming him.—It is to be hoped you will be faithful to that trust.

The weather here, to-day, is fine. The last time I heard from the 149th the boys were well.

Since I last wrote I have had the pleasure of hailing my old friend O. J. Rees, he was looking finely. He has lately been promoted to Quartermaster—a promotion which he has well merited.

I remain very truly yours,
"MONROE."

DANDIES.—They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads did I say? Nay, their caputs are only half-ripe muskmelons, monstrous thick rinds, all hollow inside, containing the seed of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral government is a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with the silk of self-complacency. Their apparel is all in keeping, and is imported fresh from the devil's wholesale and retail clothing establishment. Tinkered up with broadcloth, finger-rings, safety chains, soft-sodder vanity, and impudence, they are no more gentlemen than a plated spoon is silver. I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet floor. There are some fools in this world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go along in the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.

BABIES.—It strikes us that more lies are told about babies than anything else in the world. We all say that they are sweet—yet every body who can smell, knows they are sour; we all say they are lovely, yet nine babies out of ten have no more pretentions to beauty than a pug dog; we praise their expressive eyes, yet all babies squint; we call them little doves though one of them makes more noise than a whole colony of screech owls; we vow they are no trouble, yet they must be tended night and day; we insist that they repay us for our anxiety; though they take every opportunity of scratching our faces or poking their fingers into our eyes; in short, we make it our business to tell the most palpable falsehoods about them every hour of the day. Yet strange to say, wedlock seems a void without them, and those who have them even while telling these self-evident untruths, look just as if they expected people to believe them.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—The largest farm in Illinois is that of Isaac Funk.—Mr. Funk resides near Bloomington, McLean county The total number of acres occupied and owned by him is thirty-nine thousand, one farm of twenty-seven thousand acres, said to be worth thirty dollars per acre, and three pasture fields containing, repectively, eight thousand, three thousand nine hundred, and one thousand acres. His great crop of corn, all of which he consumes at home, and thus is enabled to market about seventy thousand dollars worth of cattle per year at New York. His stock on hand of horses, mules, hogs, and fat cattle is said to be worth a million dollars.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD!—"Ah! this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it! Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off—and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. They come gloomy hours when the fire will not burn in our hearts, and all within, is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentime we call a man cold when he is only sad."—*Longfellow.*

A loyal gentleman of Charlestown went into a retail store in Boston and made a purchase to the extent of forty dollars, and handed the shopkeeper four ten dollar greenbacks. The shopkeeper, a copperhead, with a sneer took them, saying: "they are not worth much." The purchaser asked to see them again, and putting them in his pocket, left the copperhead to dispose of his goods to a customer who had better money than Uncle Sam's.

The sunset clouds are the visible song of the day that is dead.

Nearly every evil has its compensations.