The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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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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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq. F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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jy131864.

[Written for The Philadelphia War Press.]

"Up With the Starry Banner."

Up with the starry banner!
Down with the stars and bars!
God bless the flag that's floated
In three successful wars!

Up with the starry banner!
Down with the traitor foe!
The Government our fathers made
Is the only one we know.

Up with the starry banner!
Forever let it fly:
A sign of hope to nation's far,
A beacon in the sky.

Up with the starry banner!
The banner of our love!
That came to us by angel hands
From regions far above.

Up with the starry banner!
Let it float o'er the land,
Aye, from the broad St. Lawrence
Unto the Rio Grande.

Up with the starry banner!
With not a star obscured,
But purified and hallowed
In all it hath endured!

THE CASTLE OF HOENSTIEN.

The time at which this tale commences was towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, when each baron ruled his own stronghold with absolute sway, not only over his immediate vassels, but also over the peaceful traveler, whom he stopped, robbed or murdered, without being in dread of any other punishmnnt than that inflicted by his own conscience, and which in general was easily appeased by a present to his confessor, or the offering of a wax candle or a petticoat to the Virgin, who generally occupied a snug corner of his castle chapel. At this time, then, those old and scarcely perceptible ruins that you may perceive about half way up the mountain, formed the magnificent castle of the proud Baron of Hohenstien, who acknowledged no laws but the dictates of his own inclination, and these, if his vassels spoke true, were not always confined to the strict rule of right. He exacted strict obedience from every one around him, and those who had the hardihood to disobey him once, seldom did so a second time.

The baron had an only son, in every respect the opposite to his father. Ulric possessed a heart feelingly alive to all the gentle influences of humanity; he was one of those who would turn aside to avoid injuring the worm that crawled in his path. Yet differing as he did in most things from his "inexorable sire," the stern baron loved him more than everything else; but his love did not show itself in the usual way.

The great hall of the castle was illuminated by a hundred lamps, hung around the walls in every variety of shape; and the shields of all the illustrious house of Hohenstien were each surrounded by a laurel wreath, in which the parti colored lamps were placed; and there all the magnates of the land were gathered to behold the wedding of Ulric with the haughty daughter of the yet haughtier Baron Eichnherz. The goblet passes round and all cares seem to be forgotten, and if the heart is sad the face does not betray it.

"The gay dance of bounding beauty's train,
Linked grace and harmony in happiest chain."

Old Time, even seemed to grow young again, and he fled with unnoticed wing Yet amidst all this joy, if the vassals spoke true, there was at least one heart that did not beat in unison to that gay measure; and that was Ulric's, on whom his father's eye often turned with an inexplicable meaning

Ulric left the hall with an expression of anguish on his pale, handsome face. He stood at the private postern gate, arrayed in his costly wedding dress, and gazed out into the night. The dark clouds were scudding along before the gale, which was whistling dismally thro' the battlements, forming a great contrast to the scene within. "Yes, yes," he muttered, "it must be done now or never;" and he then sprang down the cliff and soon reached the bottom, where now you may perceive the ruins of rather a large village. The inhabitants were all at that late hour asleep, and Ulric passed on unseen till he came to a small but neat cottage, which belonged to the widow of a distant relation of the baron's-whose husband had been executed for treason, and all his estates confiscated This small cottage had been given to her and her only daughter by the baron, and here Ulric, during his father's absence at the chase or in the carousals at the neighboring castle, spent the greater portion of his idle time. He knocked at a small latticed window. The noise was probably drowned in the storm, for he received no answer; so putting his face close to the casement, he said:

"Leiba, dearest Leiba, it is I."

The casement was opened, and Ulric sprang into the room,

"Are you ready, dearest?" he said.

Leiba threw herself into his arms, and hiding her weeping face on his shoulder, said:

"Oh, Ulric, you must not, indeed, you must not do this! I know your father will never forgive you; and how can you, Ulric, bear poverty, who have so long been accustomed to live in princely splendor, and to the gratification of every wish? You will repent of your hasty act, and—"

"Never, dearest, never;" interrupted Ulric. "You know, not many hours hence, I must wed the haughty maiden of Eichenherz, whom I can never love. No, Leiba, I would rather share poverty, sickness, death itself with you, than a throne with the proud Christine. I will never return to my father's hall, even should you not fly with me. I have bribed the boatman, and horses wait us at the other side of the river. Now, Leiba, will you come?"

She raised her head from his shoulder and looked out. "It is in truth, a fearful night, and it seems as if heaven frowned upon us—yet I will go"

They left the cottage, and a few minutes brought them to the river, where was the boat, and in it sat the old boatman, muffled in his large cloak.

"Now row us quickly across, good Fritz," saiu Ulric.

Scarcely had the frail bark left the shore, when a flash of lightning, so vivid as to light up the whole scene with a blinding refulgence, burst from the clouds immediately over their heads, followed by a clap of thunder so loud and long that it seemed as if the demons of the air were engaged in their din of war, and in all the confusion of a first onset. This was followed by so quick a succession of flashes as to be nearly continuous. The troubled waters were fearfully distinct and the whole river appeared one mass of white and sparkling foam. The strong oars bent like reeds from the vigorous strokes of the boatman, as wrapping himself closer in his mantle, he pulled silently into the stream. When he had reached the middle he laid on his oars, and throwing open his rough cloak, the lightning flashed upon his jewelled vest. It was the baron: Leiba uttered a piercing shriek, and then threw herself into Ulric's bosom, who, spell bound, sat gazing at his father.

"Ah, ah, boy!" shouted the baron. "did you think to deceive *me?* Now—now say, will you give her up?"

"Never, father, never!" answered Ulric resolutely.

"Then she shall die!" said the baron sternly; and holding back his son with one herculean arm, he with the other plunged the ill-fated girl into the whirling waters She gave but one long, piercing shriek, as she was borne down by the eddying current.

"Father," said Ulric, in a low, deep tone; and the lightning fell upon his face, disclosing an unearthly fixedness of purpose. "Father, you have destroyed your only son; and breaking with the strength of despair from the baron's grasp, plunged himself into the stream and disappeared.

Long and wildly did the proud baron watch for him to rise, but in vain. He then threw himself into the bottom of the boat, and wept with agony, and they were the first tears he had shed since his childhood. At length he rose, and called wildly upon his son; and then with a wild, demoniaial laugh, shouted: "I have no son! I had one once, but I murdered him! Ah, ah, ah!" and the rocks rang again with that wild, unearthly laugh, and he sank insensible into the boat. Next morning he was found many miles down the stream, and was brought home; but his mind was gone, and some months after he died a madman. Even to this day the fishermen tell that on the night of the wild deed, when the spirit of the storm is abroad, the scene is acted over again—the maiden is dashed into the river—again her shriek is heard—and again the baron is seen whirling down the stream calling upon his son—and again once more the rocks reverberate with his wild unearthly laughter

DEATH OF GEN. MCPHERSON.—Major General McPherson was killed in battle before Atlanta, on Friday, the 22d inst., by a ball through the lungs. He was a native of Ohio, and was only thirty-five years of age. By the death of this brave and gallant General we lose one of our ablest commanders. In all the Western campaigns he held very important positions, and never failed to distinguish himself and do good service to the country. In the army he had the reputation of a great soldier. It is by the blood of such heroes that the black and most disgraceful stain of slavery must be washed out, and our glorious Union restored.

On Monday night, Capt Brackman of Col. Stokes' Tennessee Cavalry attacked Pomp Curry's gang of guerrillas in De Kalk County, Ky., routing them, and killing Curry and five of his men. Curry was a noted guerrilla, and long a terror so East Tennessee.

Incident of the War.

At the door of the Chronicle office in Washington, is a bulletin board on which proof slips of important telegrams are posted. These last three weeks have given us who pass up and down the streets a new sight—not the last telegram, but long lists of killed and wounded; and not the crowd of men curious for war news, but the faces, eager and anxious, of fathers and mothers, whose hearts are with Grant's army. Passing the other day I found an old man there alone. Tall, erect, firm of mouth, tender of eye, nervous of nostril, quick of speech, he looked fifty or sixty years of age, and like a master mechanic; he stood close to the board, slowly rolling a lead pencil down the list of killed and intently following it with his eye. He turned as he heard my step—"Young man, let me use your eyes a minute." "Certainly, sir," I answered. "I've lost my glasses. I've got a boy in the army; we first heard he was wounded, and then we heard he was killed; help me."

He told me the name of the regiment—the 12th New Jersey. I ran down the half column of "dead" "Not there," I said. "Ah!" sharp and reserved, but there was a long, relieving breath thereafter. Then I began the columns of "wounded." Down the first one, down the second one, slowly, a little nervously, for I heard the labored breathing of the firm mouthed old man close at my side, and through his dress and bearing was looking into his Newark home. Three or four inches down the third column I found the name He knew I had found it before I took my finger from the paper. "Well?" The boy is a hero if he is like his father "In the arm, and in the Judiciary Square Hospital," was my answer. I left him at the gate of the square.—Next day I called at the hospital The old man met me at the door "All right; left arm just above the elbow, I've got him a furlough, and we go home to-morrow morning." I shall not soon forget the proud tone in his voice as he said that "all right."—*B. L. Taylor.*

A Funny Occurrence.

The Troy *Times* tells the following funny story about the loss of a looking-glass:

Day before yesterday, a thrifty citizen of West Troy, desirous to please his better-half and properly adorn his "palatial" residence, purchased a twenty five dollar mirror, "which was cheap and just suited her." The purchaser concluded to carry the mirror home himself, and not trust its transmisssion thence to the perils of a porter. With tired muscle and pouring sweat, he arrived on the St. Charles Hotel corner. The ferry boat was on "t'other side of Jordan" and the owner of the precious mirror was thirsty—therefore the mirror was stood up against the hotel stoop on the sidewalk, and a small boy was bidden to watch it, while the owner stepped into the St. Charles bar to get "suthin to cool himself with" At this unlucky moment a large billy goat, which enjoys the freedom of the city and is familiar to all the residents in that vicinity for his famous "bucking" power, came leisurely along the sidewalk. The small boy in charge of the mirror fled on double quick, in serious apprehension of being "bucked." The goat kept on his career until he caught sight of another goat reflected in the polished surface of the glass. Then he stepped back some dozen feet, reached aloft his caudal appendage, gave three or four preliminary shakes of the head, and rushed on his shadowy adversary with the power of "buck," which of all the creatures in the animal kingdom goats alone possess. The glass was shattered in a spray of fragments, and the goat went through the back of the mirror up to his head and shoulders. Whether the goat was more astonished at the utter demolition of his opponent, or the owner of the mirror at his unexpected loss is one of the problems not yet solved

LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows when he is going to say a good thing and a look when he has said it. Vain, and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no expression in the eye. How many furtive invitations are showed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark; but if in sympathy with the society, he is conscious of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep wells that men might fall into. And others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes and ascertaining eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith—some of good, and some of sinister omen.

Josh Billings on "Ordaining."

Josh Billings says: We kommense life—we are somebody's baby—we have flaxen hare—we go to the distriek skule—we slide down hill—we pla hookey—we have great differkulty with our nozes—we larn how tu smoke, and find ourselfs men grown all tu onst. Thus far natur has piped, and we have danced, and their haint bin no fiddler tu pa, but how cums in the speshial ordainment times. I hav bin thru with awl this miself and stood on the thrashold, young man, a looking around reddy to be ordained. I felt as tho I wud give $75 at least is sumbudy wud cum along and ordain me, and let me pitch in. I waited for six weeks, if I rekoleckt right, and I never got the fust smell of enny ordaining. Then I konkluded to ordain myself hit or miss. The fust thing I tried on was 80 akers ov land in the western kintry. I ordered the venison and wild turkey and possums tew leave, for I was a going tu farm it. I ordained a log house and much rale fense immegiately, and put in a krop ov wheat, and procured swine and a yoke of staggs. I worked 2 years, had the ager and lite crops principally, and managed tu sink the farm and staggs; I haint seen neither ov them from that da, and don't think I want tu. I didn't seem to be specially ordained for farming in the western kentry.

Since that time I hav tried every kind of bizness that I could hear ov, and haint bin speshially ordained yet in mi knollege. The fault all lays in the different kinds of bizness i haint the least doubt. The bizness that was designed for me probably haint been ordained yet, but i intend to keep boring, and when i do strike ile thare will be a good time generally in mi immegiate naberhood. I hav got any quantyty ov friends (tha don't seem to cum by ordinashun). I got mine, and manage to keep them by not asking them for enything but adviz; you cant ask ennything ov a man that he loves tu give more, and that kosts him less, than adviz.

PERILS OF DIVING.—A very expert diver has been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular or Oriental Company's ship Ava, wrecked not long since on the coast of Ceylon. Having, in a gutta percha dress, made his way into the saloon, he saw a large ground shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind, he lay motionless on the locker, and watched it silently, grimly cruising about. One can well [illegible] when he saw its [illegible] upon him, and felt [illegible] leaden soles of his [illegible] against his dress, the [illegible] which would have [illegible] minutes of suspense, which [illegible] an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice, to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness were rewarded by seeing him steer his way back as he came Afterwards he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether £220,000, having spent 750 hours under water

A Point Well Put.

The Rechester *Democrat*, in an article touching the constantly reiterated assumption that this is an "abolition war," puts the case in the following clear and pointed manner:

"The statement that this war is an 'Abolition War,' is the merest twaddle whose impudent iteration ought not to impose upon even an idiot. If the war on our part is simply a war for the emancipation of the negroes, then on the part of the rebels, it must be simply a war to prevent emancipation. Is that all they are fighting for? On the contrary, they are fighting for the purpose and in the hope of stripping the Republic of territory enough to make twenty states as large as New York—of stripping her of all that lies between the Potomac and Ohio on the north, and the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south. That is their object and their avowed aim. They are endeavoring to dismember our country, and President Lincoln and the armies of the United States are striving to prevent that dismemberment, striving to keep the country united and to keep the flag of the Union supreme over all its ancient domain.

"The demagogues and traitors who call this 'an abolition war,' know full well the falsity of their cry. They know that it would be just as reasonable to call it merely 'a cotton war' because the Government seizes cotton wherever it can be found on rebel soil, as to call it a 'nigger war,' because the Government uses negroes wherever they are available for military purposes and of course it can not deprive the rebels of their domestic slaves."

A Few Mistakes often Made.

To suppose a person can teach others what he does not know himself.

To expect to become learned or wise by mere *chance*.

To think the world will stand still for you to get ready to move.

To think that every body admires *bean soup*.

To attempt to fatten a dog on grass.

To suppose that a minister's wife and babies can live on the faith of the good man alone.

To think of qualifying a man for office, by giving him a majority of your votes.

To think you are "smart" because some body has told you so.

To imagine an editor can live upon paper and editorials. To think he never wants anything for that "little favor" he has shown you.

To suppose your neighbor is always glad to see you, because she says she is.

To think *your* "crow" white because it is yours.

To suppose you *accomodate* a man by paying him what you justly owe him.

To suppose a shopkeeper very anxious to sell you goods just to "oblige" you.

To suppose any "Professor of Theology" can fix your destiny.

To expect to see beautiful colors with your eyes shut.

To think to prevent people from talking by passing resolutions.

To imagine a woman to mean *yes*, when sha says *no*.

To think a "three-legged stool" will do just as well as a fine-tooth comb for combing hair.

"We Took Dem Pack Again."

A correspondent tells the following story, and declares that it is true:

"During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid, and inquired for Gen. Grant.

"'That's him with the field-glass,' said the aid.

"Wheeling his horse about, the officer rode furiously up to the general, and touching his cap, thus addressed him:

"'Sheneral, I vants to make you von report; Schwartz's battery is took.'

"'Ha!' says the general, 'how was that?'

"'Vell, you see, sheneral, de sheseshnists came up in de front of us, de sheseshnists came up in de rear of us, and Schwartz's bartery was took.'

"'Well, sir,' said the general, 'you of course spiked the guns?'

"'V-a-a-t!' exclaimed the Dutchman, in astonishment, 'schpike dem guns—*schpike dem new guns!* No; it would *schpoil* dem!'

"'Well,' said the general, sharply, 'what did you do?'

"'Do! vy, *we took them pack again, py tam!*'

"The general was satisfied with that report."

COMFORT BEFORE APPEARANCES.—Most people are to apt to sacrifice comfort to appearances, to subject their own families to manifold privations and discomfort in order to astonish with a show of affluence a few acquaintances who seldom visit them, and who only laugh at their foolish and puerile attempt at displaying a little upholstery in a room which none of the family dare make use of. Many is the house we have seen wherein the parlor was crammed with useless stuff while not a single room was comfortably furnished.

Every family should seek first the utmost comfort for its own members that its means will compass; and then if there is a surplus of funds which they know not what else to do with, let it be devoted to the purchase of something to please the eyes of strangers—or rather to excite envy in their bosoms; for such things generally occasion far more envy than pleasure to rival householders. Those apartments of a house which are most used should receive the most attention. The dining-room and sleeping apartments should receive the most especial care for on these does the health, (and consequently the comfort and happiness) of the family pre-eminently depend. In short, seek first your own comfort, and the "appearances" will take care of themselves.

Sometimes even the most serious advice becomes a joke, owing to the difficulty of taking the first step, as in the directions "How to Make a Paradise:" "Buy one acre of ground. Fence it.—Build a neat cottage on it. Plant it with shrubbery, and make a grand beautiful garden all around it. Marry an angel in hoops and take her home to the cottage. Go home to the cottage yourself. Abstain from all villainous drinks. Join the church and become a good Christian, live uprightly before God and man, and you will have regained all the original Paradise that has survived the fall." It is easy enough to say buy an acre, build a house. Where's the money? Easy enough to say marry an angel. Where is she?