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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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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June 8, '64.-1y.

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THE CAVALRY PICKET.

All day long, before the front,
They had borne the skirmish brunt—
Swift advance and sudden rally,
Through the Shenandoah Valley.

But, at last, the blessed calm
Of the evening fell, like balm,
And they rested in the van, on
Lines of rifles, swords, and cannon.

With their bridles in their clasp,
And their sabres in their grasp,
Kept they thus each greenwood alley,
In the Shenandoah Valley.

When, at once upon the breeze,
From the woodlands and the leas,
All along the dusky thickets,
Rose a yell from Rebel pickets.

Then, with bridles tightly clasped,
And with sabres firmly grasped,
Waited they, with hearts enlarging,
For the wild delight of charging.

And they listened, while that yell
Rang from Rebel glade and dell;
But no bugle sounded sally,
Through the Shenandoah Valley.

So they marvled, all that night,
Till they learned, at morning light,
How those Rebel acclamations
Hailed "Chicago Nominations!"

Not for victory their vaunt,
Over Sherman—over Grant—
Not for bounteous crops or season—
But for strength through Yankee treason.

Rebel throats, with loud acclaim,
Cheering GEORGE MCCLELLAN'S name!
Comrades! this is worth your tally,
In the Shenandoah Valley!

A. J. H. DUGANNE

In Camp, Middle Division, Shenandoah Valley, Sept. 1864.

THE DIAMOND RING.

It was the night before Christmas.

Mr. Almayne did not observe the little blue-nosed boy, crouching by the brilliantly illuminated plate glass window, as he sprang out of his carriage and went into the thronged shop. How should he? But little Ben Morrow's eyes, eager with the sickly light of extreme poverty, took in every detail of the rich man's equipage, and his purple fingers clasped one another as he looked.

"Oh!" he thought, "how nice it must be to be rich—to have cushioned carriages, and big red fires, and mince pies every day! Oh! I wish I were rich!"

And Ben shrank closer into his corner as the wind fluttered his thin, worn clothing, and lifted the curls, with freezing touch from his forehead.

Nor did Mr. Almayne observe him when he entered his carriage, drawing on his expensve fur gloves, and leaning among the velvet cushions with a sigh scarcely less earnest than little Ben's had been.

The child's ideas of the "big red fire" would have been quite realized if he could have seen the scarlet shine that illuminated Mr. Almayne's luxurious drawing rooms that night, the light glowing softly on gilded tables, alabaster vases, and walls of rose and gold—while, just before the genial flame, the pale widower sat, thoughtfully watching the flickering spires of green amethyst light, and very lonely in his splendid solitude.

"I wonder what made me think of home just then," he murmured, idly tapping his foot upon the velvet rug. "I wonder what alchemy conjured up the old house under the walnut trees, and the broken bridge, where the willow branches swept the water—the bridge where little Clara Willis used to sit and study her lessons, while I angled vainly for the fishes that never would bite! How lovely she was, that golden-haired girl, with her blue-veined forehead, and dark, downcast eyes! I was very much in love with Clara Willis, in those boy and girl days. I should like to know on what shore the waves of time have cast her barque. It is not often that a person one has known in lang syne vanishes so entirely and utterly from one's horizon. Poor Clara! what glittering air palaces we built in the future—how solemnly we plighted our childish troths! And when I came back with the fortune on whose golden colonades our fairy castle of happiness upreared its pinnacles—she was gone. And Mary was a good wife to me, and a true one—but she was not Clara Willis."

As the thought passed through his brain, he instinctively glanced down at the finger upon the betrothal gift of his dead wife. The ring was gone!

"Lost—it can't be lost," he murmured to himself, trying to think when and where he last observed it. "Can it have dropped from my finger without my knowledge? I must notify the police at once, and have it advertised. Poor Mary's ring! I would not have lost it for twice its value, and that would be no mean sum!"

It was a narrow and murky little street, with here and there a dim lamp flaring feebly through the white obscurity of the driving snow; but little Ben Morrow knew every one of its covered flag-stones by heart, and ran whistling down the alley-way of a tall, weather stained building, undaunted by wind or tempest.

"See, sis, what a jolly glove I've found!" he ejaculated, diving suddenly into a narrow doorway, and coming upon a small room, only half lighted by a kerosene lamp, beside which sat a young woman, busily at work. "Hallo! is the fire out?"

"Wrap this old shawl around you, Ben," said the woman looking up, with a smile that partook more of tears than mirth, "and you won't mind the cold so much. All the coal is gone, and I can't buy any more until I am paid for these caps. Did you sell any more matches?"

"Only two boxes," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara, that I couldn't go round to the houses."

"Well, never mind, Ben," she said, cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh! Ben, I should like to have given you a nice whole coat for Christmas."

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day? You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister instead of only half a one!"

She smiled through her tears.

"What was it about a glove, Ben?"

He sprang suddenly up as if remembering.

"A gentleman dropped it in the street. I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis?"

"Very nice, Ben."

She drew the fur glove abstractedly on her hand, and looked at the rich, dark fur.

"Why, Ben, what's this?"

Her finger had come in contact with something in the little finger of the glove, and she drew it out. Even by the dim light of the lamp she saw the myriad sparkling fascets of a diamond ring.

"The gentleman must have drawn it off with his glove," she said, while little Ben stood by, in surprise and delight. "Ben, this is very valuable. We ought to return it to the owner at once."

"How can we, if we don't know who he is?" said Ben.

"It will be advertised, dear; every effort will be made to recover so valuable a jewel. To-morrow morning you must borrow a newspaper, and we will look at the advertisements."

"Sister," said Ben, under his breath, "is it very valuable? Is it worth a hundred dollars?"

"More than that, Ben. Why?"

"Oh! Clara," he sobbed, burying his face in his lap; a hundred dollars would be so nice! I wish it wasn't wrong to keep it!"

Clara did not answer. She only smoothed down her little brother's tangled curls, and he never knew how hard it was for her to keep back her own tears.

Mr. Almayne was walking impatiently up and down his long, glittering suite of rooms in the Christmas brightness of the next day's noon, when his portly footman presented himself in the doorway.

"Well, Porter?"

"There's a young person and a little boy down stairs, sir, about the advertisement."

"Ask them to walk in, Porter."

Porter glanced dubiously at the velvet chairs and Wilton carpet.

"They're very shabby and muddy, sir."

"Never mind; show them in."

Porter departed, by no means pleased, and in a moment or two threw open the door and announced—

"The young person and the little boy."

"Be seated," said Mr. Almayne, courteously. "Can you give me any information in regard to the ring I have lost?"

Ben Morrow's sister was wrapped in a faded shawl, with a thick, green veil over her face. She held out the fur glove, and within it a little paper box, from which blazed the white fire of the lost ring.

"My brother found it in this glove, last night, sir," she said, in a low, timid voice. "The initials—M. A.—correspond with your advertisement, so we brought it at once to the street and number specified."

Mr. Almayne opened his pocket book.

"I have promised a liberal reward," he said, taking out a fifty dollar bill. "Will this be sufficient?"

Clara Willis threw back her veil.

"We are very poor, sir," she said, "but not so poor as to take a reward for doing our duty. Thank you all the same. Come, Ben."

Henry Almayne's cheek had grown very white as he saw the golden braids and clear blue eyes of his sweet first love beneath the faded black bonnet.

"Clara!" he exclaimed. "Clara Willis! is it possible that you do not know me?"

She turned at his wild exclamation, and gazed fixedly at him with dawning recognition.

"Are you—can it be that you are Henry Almayne? she faltered, only half certain of the correctness of her conjectures.

He took both her hands tenderly and reverently in his. If she had been a duchess, the action could not have been more full of courtly respect.

"Clara, do not go, yet," he said, pleadingly. "Let me unravel this strange enigma of our two lives! Oh! Clara, if this Christmas day has, indeed, brought me the sunshine which never yet irradiated my life, I shall bless it to my dying day!"

The low sun flamed redly in the west before Mr. Almayne's carriage—the very one which Ben had so ignorantly admired the night before—was summoned to carry Clara and her brother, for the last time, to their squalid home. For, ere the New Year dawned above the wintry earth, Clara was married to the man who had courted her under the green willows that overhung the wooden bridge, ten weary years ago. It was a very short engagement—and yet it was a very long one!

And little Ben Morrow, basking in the reflected sunshine or his half-sister's happiness, found out what it was to be rich.

From a Prisoner in Charleston

No Compromise With Traitors

[The following letter was written by a soldier in one of the rebel prisons in the city of Charleston to the Washington *Chronicle*. Read it, Loyal Men!]

CHARLESTON, Sept. 15, 1864.

Having established an "underground" I trust this will reach you. It is the result of careful observation, long experience, and unrestrained intercourse with the officers now prisoners of war in this city. Use your own judgment in giving it publicity; at all events correct the false statements made by our enemies North and South, that we sympathize in the peace movement now on foot at the North, and condemn our Government in not accepting such terms of exchange as that father of lies, Robert Ould, sees fit to propose. It may also serve as an indication of the sentiment of the military and naval power of our people, for when we reflect that there is not a brigade in our army, not a squadron of our navy, and, strange to say, not a State of the original thirty-four but what is here represented, it is not, in my judgment, assuming too much to claim that the opinions and language of these officers may be accepted as the index of the feelings, wishes and intentions of the army and navy. Keeping in mind, also, that this body of men is composed of the veterans of 1861, pupils of Buell in the West and McClellan in the East, and of all subsequent levies, it will surely be granted that no collection of men with the same degree of intelligence and experience in the *modus operandi* and practical results of this war can be found. In these premises, I will give you the prevailing, I may say, the unanimous, sentiment of one thousand United States officers.

Walk with me through the prison; you mark the eager discussion going on in little groups, while the Charleston *Mercury* passes quickly from hand to hand; that paper cost a dollar; it contains the Chicago platform.

Here is a group of Western men—Hoosiers, wolverines, Buckeys, Logan's Egyptians, Rousseau's Kentuckians, Carter's Tennesseeans—men who, from Cairo to the Gulf, have redeemed the Father of Waters; have redeemed five States, and whose brothers in arms are to-day driving Hood's shattered columns from out northern Georgia, occupying the "Gate City" of the South: Listen to that big cavalryman who rode with Grierson. He is now on the second resolution, which says we have "failed in the experiment of war."—"*That is a lie.* It was an experiment—it is not now. Does not the conquest as well as the reorgonization of the States we have passed through, prove that the present policy towards the rebels must result in certain success? Have we lost one foot of acquired territory since the war began? No, Gentlemen, the fellow that penned that resolution, and the men that voted for it never felt the glorious flush of victory; never felt the gratitude of liberated thousands, never knew the reality of our triumphs." This man was getting rather eloquent, when a Buckeye from Vallandigham's district blurted out, "I don't care for your liberated thousands, but that resolution is an insult to every man in the Western army, and I would like to "experiment" on every whipped dog that voted for it."

These parties seem beligerent, and I would advise the perpetrators of that resolution not to mingle much in Western military circles.

There is another group—officers of the Army of the Potomac—one of whom says. "I tell you, gentlemen, the Chicago platform has rather got us on the 'experiment' question. We have fooled around Richmond three years and have not got it yet; but I do think it is mean of General McClellan to twit us with it; we fought for him, we loved and trusted him; and now he has deserted us, utterly oblivious of the fact that he had more to do with the unsuccessful 'experiment' of war than any man on the American Continent. Now listen to that, Jack Tar. He helped to cut the chain at Fort Jackson, and has caught torpedoes in every river of the Southwest. Confound that resolution; how old Farragut will swear when he finds the Chicago Convention calls him whipped? No, sir, Jack knows better. We always have whipped the rebs, and intend to keep it up, although it is mighty hard to be legislated out of our grog."

So much we have heard and not yet a dissenting voice; and in this resolution, which, in our judgment, contains the whole policy of the Chicago platform, there is but one sentiment among our officers here. It is that of indignant contempt for the men who frankly own to an enemy, a hundred times beaten and chased up by us, that we are whipped, that we cannot succeed, that five millions have beaten twenty-three millions. We ask our friends, those who regard our honor and our feelings, not to make any such admissions for us. We are satisfied with our Union, meting out to rebels the just punishment of war.

We regard this same platform as *a peace platform*. Why? Because all rebeldom have hailed it as such. South Carolina has even claimed to be the birthplace of Gen. McClellan, in honor of his principles. We regard the movement as an ignominious endeavor on the part of the disloyal of the old Democratic party to regain, at the hand of rebels, the miserable pickings of former days, uninspired by one throb of patriotism, by one manly or gallant thought. No, gentlemen of the Chicago Convention, one thousand United States officers, representatives of the men who this hour are preserving our country, spit upon you and your resolution. fling back your false and taunting insult, laugh at your hypocritical whine about suffering prisoners. None of your 'sympathy' is requested. We do not doubt for a moment you would like to see Hood or Lee reinforced by 35,000 exchanged men, and have it credited to humanity; but we rather prefer to wait till the new levies are in the field, till these 35,000 can be counterbalanced. We have suffered; we can suffer, when we deem it for the interest of our cause.

The treatment in Charleston is good enough. Food is furnished, though coarse; and a spirit of courtesy is manifested that exists nowhere else in the Confederacy. The officers are confined in four buildings, viz; the workhouse, jail, the Roper and Marine Hospitals. Those in the Roper and Marine are paroled for the adjacent premises. The buildings are contiguous, and constant intercourse is had. General Foster's complements (*i.e.* shells) have but twice disturbed us, a fragment having struck the building. We are the only things in the immediate locality that can be injured, and it is quite the general wish that the General would throw his shells more to the right, in the vicinity of King street.

He is not doing much actual damage; only keeps business dull and exiles the *elite* from their elegant mansions. Cut off as we are, we hear but little news. Rebel lies and garbled extracts from the Northern press, permit but meagre information. Yet we are watching with anxious hearts the military and political struggle now going on. It is hard sometimes not to despond, but the spirit of devotion that made these men soldiers sustains them through every trial, and gives to them that fortitude which is the noblest courage. To our friends we say, do not, by word or deed, compromise our honor or give to the world the impression that we shrink from our duty.

A THIRTEEN MONTHS PRISONER.

PROVERBS.

A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry.

A wise man aims at nothing out of his reach.

A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself.

A contented mind is a continual source of joy.

A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father.

A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows everything.

An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you get from a fool.

An ill child is better sick than well.

A good wife by obeying commands in her turn.

A hearty good-will never wants time to show itself.

A good reputation is a second, or half an estate.

A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world.

An empty purse, and a new house finished makes a man wise, but this somewhat to late.

A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake.

A man is valued as he makes himself valuable.

For the Journal.

To the Central Park Hospital.

It was four o'clock before we could get off; a few minutes walk takes us to the Bowry where we wait for a Third Avenue car. Just as one comes along, a big wagon drives between us and it, so the drives does not see our signal. It is some consolation to see, when the car has passed, that it is crowded to overflowing, even the platform. We do not wait long for another in which we soon find seats, as the passengers begin to drop out. On and on between the brick walls, with now and then a pleasant view from the window up or down some tree-lined street, until we reach Sixty-fifth street, where we change cars. From here we get a view of the open country; the rocks crop out, looking as though it would take immense work to level them away and run streets through their place. But that is probably what they must come to as the city enlarges. "One Hundred and Sixth street," calls the conductor, and the car stops. Just an hour from home. Six miles from City Hall where we started; we have rode over five for sixpence. "That's the Hospital, where we see the flag waving," suggests Charley. Yes, it is; and we turn in through the little wooden gate, and follow a narrow, beaten path, through the turn-stile, under an arch of the Harlem railroad, through several very narrow gateways, minus a gate, over some stepping stones in the bed of a brook now dry, and so on up the little hill on which the building stands. Just before we reach the entrance, we notice a step behind, and moving to one side, a soldier with brisk, elastic step, but with both coat sleeves dangling from his shoulders passed us. One side of his face is still swolen; there is no mistaking it is he whose photographs a comrade was selling the last time I was at the Hospital, trying this to raise money to get him an arm. Our party bought several, and some are scattered around the country to swear by eternal hatred to Slavery and all that system of oppression that has brought such woe upon our country. He stopped to deliver his pass to the sentinel, and his voice was as cheery as his step was light, as he told him in which pocket to find the paper.

The sentinel takes no notice of us, and we pass in. I have not yet learned the way up stairs to Ward N, but after some inquiry, a soldier offers to go along and show us the way. "The Sergeant" he said "was at supper, but would be up soon." So we seated ourselves on the well scoured benches, like the seats in old time country school houses. We do not wait long; Sergeant Greenman comes in looking somewhat better than when I saw him last. After talking awhile, he proposes that we go in to see Scott who is back from his furlough. Poor boy! hardly eighteen, yet he has suffered the horrors of Libby prison till almost dead, and now Chronic Diarrhea is slowly doing its fatal work. Last May I saw him here; he said he should never get well unless they let him go home for thirty days. He seemed to gain some then; says he is failing again now. He seems patient and resigned to what may happen.

An hour has passed unheeded. We shall be dark home. Good-byes, are said, and we take the nearest way down stairs. We stop at the gate to inquire of the sentinel the name of the armless soldier. "Private Beary." Remember private Beary, ye who complain at lesser trials. I have seen him twice since, once at Barnum's Museum, always with the same brisk step, and bright, earnest look. When we were out on the walk I remarked that if we had come out the way we went in I meant to look in at Ward A, formerly the Convent Chapel. But Charley, who knows what boys' eyes are made for, took a good look as we passed going in, and said he saw dishes of blackberries being served out to the soldiers in bed. It seems to me a strange arrangement that fruit cannot be furnished at the common table here in New York, so near Sanitary Commissions and Fairs, where fruit can be so readily obtained.

The convenient cars are passing, a ride to Grand street, good-byes, and home again. E. C. H.

August 1864.

☞The soldiers and sailors of the Republic, dead and living, sound and wounded, received mention in the Democratic State Convention, which they may consider honorable to their bravery but not to their brains. For if any of them, on ship or shore, being especially delighted by this compliment, should be led to read the other resolutions, they will learn that this war, in which they are engaged as volunteers is an unjust and cruel one, and that they are merely the instruments of a tyrant and usurper—his hirelings, in fact with no motives higher than those of pay and bounty. If the army was full of conscripts, there would be no such impudent insult in these reluctant and interested praises, but, as it is, they read like the bitterest irony.