The Potter Journal.

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THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A District School, not far away,
Mid Berkshire hills, one winters's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannath Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good natured fun—
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil; should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to hoot.
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durst'n't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kis-ed her on the spot!
I know—boo hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow, from her looks—boo hoo—
I thought she kind of wished me to!"

"BIBLE" SMITH.

In Mr. Kirke's new volume, entitled "Down in Tennessee," is a very interesting account of "Bible" (William J.) Smith, the celebrated scout of Rosencrans' army. It appears that in November, 1856, Mr. Kirke, in one of his Southern journeys, sought shelter from a storm in Smith's house, near the little town of Richmond, in Bedford county, Tennessee and subsequently in May, 1863, met him at Murfreesboro' Thirteen years had passed, but Smith approached Kirke, as he alighted at the railway depot, and laying his hand on his shoulder, accosted him as follows: "I know'd it was ye; I know'd ye the minnit I sot eyes on ye. I'd a snow'd ye if yer face had been blacker'n yer Whig principles."

Regarding Smith as a "representative man" of the better class of poor whites—who, he states, comprise two thirds of the whites of the South, Mr. Kirke gives a full account of his manner of life at home, and of his history since the breaking out of the rebellion. Some of his account is full of humor—as witness Bible's story of his courtship, and of the singular duel he fought with Clingman, the North Carolina M. C—and some of it is touched with the deepest pathos. In modern biography it might be difficult to find many instances of filial devotion like the following.

Bible had been arrested for his loyalty and taken before the Military Commission "settin ter Chattanooga." Escaping from custody, he had reached home, and, joined by his only son, a lad of eighteen, had started on foot for the Union lines, when—but the rest we will let the Scout tell in his own words.

"We traviled all that night through the timber, and jest at sun-down on the next day come to a clearin'. We was mighty tired, but 'twouldn't do ten sleep thar, fur the trees were nigh a rod asunder; so we luck'd round, an' on t'other side uv the road, not a half a mile off, seed 'bout a acre uv laurel bush—ye knows what them is, some on em so thick a dog karn't go through 'em Jake war tireder nor I war, an' he sed ter me, 'Dad, let us git under kiver ter onst. I feels loike I couldn't stand up no longer." I was fool hardy loike, for the sun warn't clar down, but I couldn't b'ar ter see the boy so, an', agin my judgment, we went down the road ter the laurels. We lay thar till mornin' an' slep' so sound that I reckon of forty yerthquakes had shuck the yerth, they wouldn't hev woked us. Soon as sun up Jake riz, an' went ter the edge uv the thicket to rekonnnotter. He hedn't stood thar five minnits—right in p'ain site, an' not more'n a hun'red rods from me—afore I yered a shot, an' seed the pore boy throw up his arms, an' fall ter the ground. In less nur no time fifty Secesh was on him I war springin' up ter go ter him, when suthin' tuck me by the shoulder, helt me back, an' sed ter me: "Ye karn't do nothin' for him—Leave 'im ter the Lord. Save yerself for the kentry." It went agin my natur, but 'peared the Lord's voice, so I crouched down agin 'mong the bushes. I never knew what it war thet saved me till nigh a y'ar arterwuds. Then I tuck thet lefftenant pris'ner—I could hev shot him, but I guv him his life to repent in, an he done it; he's a decent man now b'longing ter Cunnel Johnson's rigiment.—Well, I tuck him, an' he said ter me: 'I war aside ov thet pore boy when he war dyin'. He turned his eyes onter me jest as he war goin', an' he said: 'Ye karn't kotch him. He's out ov the bush! Ha! ha!' He said thst an' died!' Ter save me, died with a lie on his lips!'

His emotion choked his utterance for awhile. When he resumed, he said:

"At the end uv a fortnit, traylin' by night an' sleepin' by day, an' livin' on darkies when my fixin's guv out, I got inter the Union lines abuv Nashville."

Mr. Kirke goes on to say, that—

Bible's intimate knowledge of the country, and acquaintance with the loyal men of the district, enabled him to perform more actual service to the Union cause than a regiment of men in the ranks. Hiding in the woods, or secreting himself in the houses of his friends by day, he would sally forth by night, and penetrating far into the rebel lines, frequently gather information of great importance to our army. Often days without food, sleeping out in the cold and the rain, hunted down by blood-hounds, betrayed by pretended friends, waylaid by a whole regiment, the mark for a thousand rifles, and with the gallows ever before him, he went on in his perilous work with a single hearted devotion to his country, and an earnest, child-like reliance on God that would do honor to the best names in History.

His scouting adventures would fill a volume, and read more like a romance of the middle ages than a matter-of-fact history of the present time. On one occasion, when about five miles outside of the lines, he came, late at night, upon a party of rebel officers, making merry at the house of a wealthy secessionist. Riding coolly up to the mounted orderly on guard before the door way, he pinioned his arms, thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, and led him quietly out of hearing. Then bidding him dismount, and tying him to a tree, he removed the impromptu gag, and leveling a revolver at his head, said to him:

"Now, tell me, ye rebel villun, whiskey kag, who wus ye watchin' thar?—Speak the truth, or I'll give ye free passage ter a hot kentry."

"Nine ossifers," said the trembling rebel; "a cunnel, two majors, a sargeon, two cap'ns, an' the rest leftenants."

"Whar's thar weapons?"

"Thar swords is in the hall way. None on 'em hain't pistols 'cept the sargeon—he mout hev a 'volver."

"What nigs is they round?"

"Nary one, I reckon, more'n a old man thar (pointing to the kitchen building) an' the gals in the house."

"Wall, I'll let ye go fur this, ef ye's telled the truth. Ef ye hain't ye'd better be a sayin' yer prayers ter onst, for the Lord won't yere ye on the t'other side uv Jurdan."

Fastening his horse in "the timber," and creeping up to the house, he then reconnoitred the kitchen premises. The old man—a stout, stalwart negro of about fifty—sat dozing in the corner, and his wife, a young mulatto woman, was cooking wild fowl over the fire. Opening the door, and placing his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence, Bible beckoned to the woman. She came to him, and looking her full in the eye for a moment, he said to her: "I kin trust ye. Wud ye an' old man loike ter git out o' the claws uv these durned seccesh."

"Yas, yas, massa," she replied, "we wud. We's Union! We'd loike ter git 'way, Massa!"

Then awakening her husband, Bible said to him: "Uncle, wud ye risk yer life fer yer freedom?"

"Ef dar's a chance, Massa, a right smart chance. Dis darkey thinks a heap ob his life, he does, Massa. It am 'bout all hem got."

"Yas, yas, I know; but ye shill hev freedom. I'll see ye ter the Free States, ef ye holp tuck them seccesh ossifers."

"Holp tuck dem, Massa! Why, dar's a dozen on 'em; dey'd chaw ye up in no time," exclaimed the astonished African.

"No, thar hain't a dozen on 'em; thar's only nine; but—ye's a coward," replied the scout.

"No, I hain't no ecward, Massa; but I loikes a chance, Massa, a right smart chance."

Bible soon convinced the negro that he would have a "right smart chance," and he consented to make the hazardous strike for his freedom. Entering the house, he returned in a few moments to the scout, confirming the sentinel's report; the weapons were reposing quietly in the hall, near the doorway, and the officers, very much the worse for liquor, were carousing with his master in the dining room.

Selecting three of the best horses from the stables, Bible directed the yellow woman to lead them into the road, and to bring his own from where it was fastened in the woods. Then, with his sooty ally, the scout entered the mansion. Removing the arms from the hall, he walked into the dining room. "Gentlemen," he said, pointing his pistols—one in each hand—at the rebel officers, "ye is my prisoners. Surrender yer shootin' irons, or ye's ded men."

"Who are you?" exclaimed one of them, as they all sprang to their feet.

"Cunnel Smith uv the Fust Tennessee Nigger regiment—one old black man an' a yaller 'ooman," coolly replied the scout.

"Go to ——," shouted the surgeon, quickly drawing his revolver, and discharging it directly at Bible's face. The ball grazed his head, cut off a lock of his hair just above his ear, and lodged in the wall at his back. The report was still sounding through the apartment, when the surgeon uttered a wild cry, sprang a few feet into the air, and fell lifeless to the floor! The negro had shot him.

"Come, gentlemen, none o' thet," said Bible, as coolly as if nothing had happened, "guv me the shootin' iron and surrender, or we'll sot the rest on yer ter his wuck—rakin coals for the devil's furnace—in less nor a minnit."

Without more hesitation the rebel colonel handed the scout the fallen man's pistol, and then all, followed by the scout and the negro, marched quietly out of the front door. The mulatto woman, holding the horses, was standing in the high way.

"Hitch the nags, my purty gal," said the scout, "an' git a coil o' rope. An' ye, gentlemen, sot down an' say nothin—'cept it mought be yer prayers; but them, I reckon, ye hain't larned yit."

The negress soon returned with the rope, and while Bible and her husband covered them with their revolvers, she tied the arms of the prostrate chivalry When this was done, the scout affixed a long rope to the waist of the officer on either flank of the column, and, and taking one end in one hand, and giving the other to the negro, cried out:

"Sogers uv the Fust Tennessee! Mount!"

The regiment bounded into the saddle, and in that plight—the planter and the eight captive officers marching on before, the self-appointed "cunnel" and his chief officer bringing up the rear, and the rest of his command—the yellow woman—a straddle of a horse between them—they entered the Union lines.

Here Mr. Kirke ends this incident, but we think we have heard that on Bible's arrival within our pickets, Colonel (now General) Stoughton, demanded of him the delivery of his prisoners. The scout refused, saying: "I doant report ter no small fry like ye is, Cunnel, 'ticularly when ye'se only a rigiment, and I hes a bull division. I doant deliver my corpse to nothin' short o' the General hisself."

And he did not. At half past three o'clock in the morning he marched his "corpse" up to headquarters, and made an orderly awake the General. Rosencrans came to the door in his night apparel, and, on learning the real state of things, went into explosions of laughter. The noise attracted the members of his staff, and when a dozen or more thinly clad gentlemen had gathered round him, the General composed himself enough to accept the delivery of the prisoners, and to appoint Bible Commander in Chief of all the black troops in his department.

Mr. Kirke has omitted this incident, evidently from a fear of wounding the sensitiveness of Rosencrans, but there is nothing in it the General need be ashamed of, and it is too good to be lost, so we print it.

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardner asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "asleep, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and the efore laid myself down in the shade."

HOOPING FROCKS.—The Poughkeepsie Press says:—Quite a rosy-looking girl from the country actually went into a cooper-shop in this city recently, and innocently asked one of the workmen what he charged for *hooping frocks*.—Innocence wished to be in the fashion.

A DAMPER.—At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal fraternity, the toast was given:—"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God."—But an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarcest."

Artemus Ward writes that he is tired of answering the question as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is that he one day used up the multiplication table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back yard, and went off feeling dizzy.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

I'SE JIST SAM.—During the last winter a "contraband" came in to the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marching up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

"What is your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No Sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist *Sam*."

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no other name, Sah; I'se Sam—dat's all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no massa now: massa runned away—yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now."

"Well, what is your father's and mother's name?"

"I'se got none, Sah— neper had none. I'se jigt Sam—nobody else."

"Have not you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, Sah! neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa—nothing but Sam. *When you see Sam you see all dere is of us.*

THE MARRIGE FEE.—The late Dr. Bounton was once disputing with a farmer about the case with which a minister earned his money. Now said the farmer, "when you are called on to marry a couple, you never expect a sum less than three dollars—this for a few minutes service." 'Pooh!' replied the doctor, "I would agree to give you half of my next marrige fee for a bushel of potatoes." 'Very well,' said the farmer, "I'll take your offer, and send the potatoes." A few days afterward, the doctor was called on to splice a couple at dogtown, a place about four miles from where he lived.—When the ceremony was over the bridegroom said to the worthy minister, "Well parson, I s'pose I must fork over something for your trouble. What say you to taking one one of my terrier pup's? The best breed I tell you, in the country. Shocking nice to have in the barn—Worth full five dollars—and I s'pose a figure 2 Wou'd do for the splice, eh?" The doctor took the pup with joy. The joke was to good; He hastened to the farmer saying: Now my friend here is my fee—how shall we divide it? The farmer relished the joke so well that he increased the potatoes to half a dozen bushels.

"Come and see me."

Never take 'come and see me,' as a phrase meant in earnest, unless accompanied with a date, All invitations 'without circumstnces' is no invitation at all. Depend upon it, if any gentleman or lady desire your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit. 'Call on me when you can make it convenient,' 'drop in as you are passing,' 'make us a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare,' are social indefiniteisms by which men of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested, When people wish to be cheaply polite, there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it a convenient medium of exchange for all that, and heavy debts of gratitude, that ought to be paid in better coin, are often paid with it. People that have more polish than principle use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men sparingly or not at all. Whoever makes a friendly visit at a fashionable house on the strength of a mere 'come and see,' will be likely enough to find that the family circle which he has dropped into by request as uncongenial as the artic circle, and to leave it with a chill feeling about the heart that will prevent him from venturing into the same high latitude thereafter. But when a whole-souled fellow whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand and says. 'Come and dine with me to day—dinner on the table at five o'clock,'—go if you can. and you will be all the better for it, both in mind and body. One likes to meet friends at the hospitable board— one's own or theirs, it matters not which—but a nod in the street is all sufficient from fashionable acquaintance.

If you want to be lionized go into the wilds of Africa.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Why is Asia like a negro's mouth?—Because it abounds in *gum* and *ivory*.

Why isn't a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

'Billy, my boy, can't you eat a little more?' 'Well, perhaps I could if I stood up, mothes'

A young Hibernian friend of ours, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic batery.

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

A youth wanted to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop without paying the fees of freedom, and is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuses him there. He makes the acquaintance of some members of the University who find him very intelligent and who permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking assunder and remaking all the machines he can come at. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and learnes those languages to read those books. The University people wonder at him, and they are fond of dropping into his little room in the evenings, to tell him what they are doing and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University collection wants repairing, and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam engine is constructed; and the giant mind of James Watt stands out before the world—the herrald of a new force of civilization. Was Watt educated? Where was he educated? At his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used his lathes and levers.

Paper Mattresses and Pillows.

These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable pedding for the sick and infants among the poor, who have often nothing better than sacks filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus:—The paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then be torn towards ones self in the seams, into strips; each strip should be torn into bits no longer than half a postage stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper must never be torn double, and each bit must drop seperately into the basket. There will be lumps for ever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. I have found out to my cost that though you may shake the basket of bits when they are thrown in double together they don't divide, and you put lumps into the case of linen or ticking, or whatever you prefer for the same pillow or mattress. No bitts with sealing-wax or gum upon them, such as some portions of an envelope should ever be dropped in; neither any colored paper because poisons are now and then used in their tints by the manufacturers, in the same way as arsenic is employed in the coloring of green muslin. I have been told by a good authority in the matter that newspaper stuffiing is healthy on acount of printer's Ink being peculiarly wholesome, For my own part I should prefer a pillow or mattress made of one sort of paper, either all newspaper and printed forms, such as circulars and clean old books sheets, or letter paper Your friends might tear up their letters which they do not wish to preserve, and contribute with advantage to your waste paper basket.—*Once a week.*

DIMPLES.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest devices and lurking places of Love.—When earth is dimpled by dells and valleys, it always seems to laugh, when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it speaks with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of a rosy babe. Mothers dote upon these darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfect dimples, enchanting at least to the eyes of enthusiastic young men, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of the "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

Why is the letter R the embodiment of every American patriot's hope? Because it is the end of war and the commencement of reunion.

'You are a nuisance—I'll commit you,' said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. 'You've no right to commit a nuisance,' said the offender.

An auctioneer lately sold a large lot of Testaments at a sale in Baltimore. On examination, the purchaser found that the Testaments were in the Choctaw language.

'Father didn't you say the world was round? 'Yes my son.' 'Well, how can it come to an end if it's round?' 'William I wish you woulbent talk with your mouth so full of food.'