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

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C. S. & E. A. JONES,
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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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WHEN BABY CHARLIE DIED.

When baby Charlie died,
'Twas only to this earth-life;—
Two blue eyes opened wide
And smiled upon the Angels
Who drew him to their side.

Two tiny feet unshod,
Pressed softly that sweet pasture,—
The upper fold of God;
Where watched by the Good Shepherd,
So many lambs have trod.

While night and Death were ours
Two little hands were busy
In Heaven's immortal bowers
Plucking the fruit of gladness,
Twining its fadeless flowers.

His voice, to us so still,
Woke, with a gush of music
All Zion's holy hill;
Through the high courts of Heaven
Angelic harp-strings thrill!

While we, with spirits tried,
Seek, through the paths of duty
To reach our darling's side.
Thus light was born of darkness,
When baby Charlie died.

MRS. D. S. HARRIS.

Gen. Butler's Speech in New York.

The following is the important portion of Gen. Butler's significant speech in New York at the entertainment given him Monday evening. It undoubtedly foreshadows the policy of the government:

Does any one now claim, as was claimed in 1860, that Abraham Lincoln is the President of a minority? That question is settled by an overweelming majority. (Applause.) Let us look for a moment at the fact that if we count every rebel against him, as he was, if we count every sympathizer with rebels against him, as he was, if we count every untrue and disloyal man against him, as they all were, yet he is reëlected by a majority only second to that with which Jackson swept the country in the hour of financial peril. Those material results have been achieved. Now, then, what is the duty of the government in the present and future?—War cannot always last. The history of the nations, the experience of the world, has shown this. War, therefore must come to an end; but how? A war of this kind is to be prosecuted for the purpose of breaking down the power of those opposed to the government, and bringing them into the field of the government, under the supremacy os its laws. In view, therefore, of the unanimity of the American people, in view of the strength and majesty of the law, in view of the might of the nation, might it not be suggested that now is a good time for us once again to hold out to the deluded men of the South the olive branch of peace, and say to them, "Come back, come back now This is the last time of asking. Come back and leave the feeding upon the husks and come with us to the fat of the land and let bygones be bygones; if bygones are bygones, our country will live in peace hereafter."—(Loud applause.)

Are we not able to afford that now? Do we not stand strong enough? Do we not stand with union enough to be able to afford that to the leaders and to all? There might have been reason, I think, among a proud and chivalrous people that they would not desert their leaders in answer to the amnesty of President Lincoln; but now has come an hour when we can say, "Come back, come back and submit to the laws, and you shall find exactly such laws as before, execpt so far as they are altered by the good judgment of the legislatures of the land. (Applause) We are in a condition now, not taking counsel from our fears, not taking counsel from our weakness, but taking counsel from our magnanimity and our strength, again to make an offer for the last time; to call upon them, and then shall we not, in the eyes of the country, have exhausted all the resources of statesmanship in the effort to restore peace to the country. (Laughter.) Who shall hinder? Not for the rebel to come back after he has fought as long as he can, and then chooses to come; but to set some time, perhaps the 8th of January, for the association will be as good as any, for all to come back. And when that time has come; to every man who shall scout the proffered amnesty of a great and powerful nation, speaking in love, in charity, in kindness, in hope of peace and quiet forever, we say to them, to him who scouts that proffered love, and kindness, let us meet him with sharp, quick, decisive war that shall bring the war to an end, to the extinguishment of such men wherever they may be. (Applause.)

But how is this to be done? Blood and treasure have been poured out, spent without measure, until taking advantage of supposed depletion of treasure first, bad men have banded together by speculating in that which ought to be the circulating medium, and raised upon the poor man the price of the coals upon his hearth, and the bread upon his table. Let some measure be taken to stop that, or perhaps a better measure than any other is to let it be understood that hereafter we pay no more bounties from the taxes of the North, but taking counsel from the Roman method of carrying on war, we say to the young men, look to the fair fields of the sunny South, and unless they take our amnesty, let us go down there and you shall have whatever you get by a fair division; we will open new land offices wherever our armies march, distributing lands among the soldiers, to be theirs and their heirs forever. A harsh measure, everpbody will say; but is it not quite as just as it is that we should tax ourselves and raise the prices of the necessaries of life for the purpose of giving bounties and support to the soldiers in fighting these men whom we have three times over solemnly called to come and be our friends; in 1862, to come in June, in 1863, to come in September, and in 1864 to come by the 8th of January, 1865. And when the clock strikes the last knell of that parting day, then all hope of return for those who have not made progress toward the return shall be lost forever. No longer can they live in the land of America. Mexico, the West India Islands, or some place I care not to name, because I know no land hard enough to be cursed with their presence, shall be their dwelling place. They shall never come here again.

I look with some considerable interest upon what I believe to be the present results of this election. I believe, first, we have settled the question of the war by settling the question that the people are determined to carry on that war. I think it has always been claimed that we should be strong enough, after a great victory, to offer new terms of peace to the rebels. I never expect to see in arms or in council a greater victory than the one we have achieved. I think we are now strong enough to make that offer, and then, I take it, that the most squeamish of our friends will agree with us when they find that we have exhausted every resource of statesmanship in the attempt to carry out peace—that it is time then to make war, yea, war from the hilt.—Such a war will be a decisive war, and, therefore, without trespassing too long upon the festivities of this occasion, and keeping the ladies in waiting far too long, in answer to what you were kind enough to suggest, I look upon this victory as one which has decided the war—decided it not in a military point of view, but in that overpowering civil point of view which decides the fate of nations, everywhere. To this it may be answered, and to that answer, I desire for a moment to call your attention, so that every man may work out in his own mind more clearly than any suggestion of mine could do, the problem that if we go on with the strength and stringency that I have suggested, how shall we live in the same land with the men whom we thus fight?—Again, let us go to the teachings of history, and we will draw from the history of that nation which we are proud to call our mother land. Every considerable estate in England under Cromwell passed through the courts, or commissions of confiscation. Every considerable household fought against every other considerable household; the people fought against the nobles and the nobles against the people; and yet, when the king came to his own again after a time, the nation came together, cemented in friendship, never to be divided thereafter. Is there any difficulty then, looking at the teachings of his history, in the Anglo-Saxon race knowing how to live in equity and peace, amity and friendship, with those with whom they have had a fight? Is it not a well known rule that those with whom we have fought bitterly, after the fight is over, are the ones who become the mere endeared to us, and we are more ready to take them by the hand? Therefore, I see no difficulty in every good man of the North and every good man of the South coming together, and letting bygones be bygones. As I have said, I desire to extinguish all the bad men so far as this country is concerned.

WHEN THE DEVIL SOWS.—The seeds of vice are dropped into young hearts in nearly every case between sun-set and bed-time, away from home. The boys and girls step out of the family circle, and spend their time—how? In spending money they never earned—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco shops, of the circus, the negro minstrels, the restaurant, and dance; then follows the Sunday drive and the company of those whose steps take hold on hell. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, the destinies of children are fixed between the ages of eight and sixteen, those few years, when the devil will preempt the precious soil, unless the parents are vigilant to make home more attractive than the streets.

☞ An Englishman, who exhibited an inordinate fondness for rare beef, died the other day in attempting to swallow a cow catcher attached to a locomotive.

CHASE OF A FAWN.

A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

One morning, after gamboling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter, and who still kept several dogs; one of the hounds came with him to the village upon this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden uprising of instinct in that beautiful creature.

In a second, its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; the nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn leaped wildly through the streets, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed on its track; the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name in had hitherto known, in vain.

The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no more success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onwards towards the lake, and threw itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound pursued it in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in pursuit.

Quite a crowd collected on the bank; men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the splashing of the oars, the voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the pet animal was directing its course across a bay towards the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land, the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land—in one leap it had crossed the narrow piece of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, pointing at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the same critical moment. Would the dog listen to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons men and boys, dispersed themselves through the wood, in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, and reported that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showed a collar with her name upon it. He said he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved towards him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died. One would have thought that the terrible chase would have made it afraid of man, but no, it forgot the evil, and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the man who shot it. It was long mourned by its owner as her best friend.

Married the Wrong Lady.

Love is a very uncertain thing, and it is not safe to be too certain of the symptoms until they are unmistakable. The following will explain our meaning:

Vienna has been stirred up, lately, by the comical result of a strange love story. It seems that in the house of one Herr Kuhns, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant a young lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady, burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady, being unmarried, evinced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She made love to him, in fact, very strongly, and persuaded him to visit at her house. But, alas! he loved another lady. One evening, while conversing with the doctor, she said:—"With your favorable idea of matrimony, may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?" Dr. Kant sighed, and his eye rested on the ground, hesitatingly muttered in reply: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice but ——" "But!" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I could hardly aspire to her hand, and rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passion in my breart, and leave it unavowed forever." At an early hour the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and in legal form declared her wish to present and hand over as his sole property the sum of 150,000 guilders—(£15,000)—to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and enclosing it in an elegant envelope, added a note to the following effect:

"Dear sir—I have much pleasure in enclosing a paper, which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, &c., ALICE MARTINI." Dr. Kant, for he and no other was the addressee, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fischel, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had been flattered by his delicate though unavowed attentions. His reply to Fraulein Martini, beside conveying his sincerest thanks, contained two cartes de visite, linked together by the significant rose colored ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution, but, as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was, by two successive courts, decided against her.

Life's Autumn.

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that does its work well. If we rejoice at the advent of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning weares the glory of a completed task?

Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness of innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of premise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and, as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops are blighted and the mildew blasts the early grain and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad: but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoice that earth is capable of so much sadness, and is permitted such virtue.

☞ "To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

MONEY!

Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Every thing resolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing, to building churches. Childhood covets pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his clients, the judge decides the case of life and death, for a salery.—Money makes the man—therefore man must make money, if he would be respected by fools for the aye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys hussels carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages and pays the pew rent.

It buys silk and jewelry for my lady, it commands obsequious attention. It gilds the rugged scenes of life, and spreads over our rugged existence a velvet carpet, soft to our tread; the rude turmoils and scenes are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness—stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor humanity that it is dust. Thus wealth passes on the brink of eternity—the beggar and the millionary rest side by side beneath the sod and rise in equality to answer the final summons.

A Romance of The War.

The memphis *Argus* tells the following story: "We learn from a gentleman lately from Morganzia, Louisiana, that there is now on trial at that place, by court martial, a young officer attached as adjutant to a New-York regiment, charged with attempting to betray his men into an ambuscade. It seems that the unfortunante young man became enamored of a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy planter residing not far from the coast, and that, desiring to make her his wife, he proposed and was accepted, on condition that he would betray his command to a confederate force to be conveniently ambushed. In an ill starrde moment he accepted the proposition.

"Accordingly, plans were laid, and the commander of the Confederate foeces near was communicated with. A propper pretext given, on the day appointed, the whole force at Morganzia was marched up in search of the enemy, who, it had been asserted, had been depredating upon the neighboring plantations. Before they had gone far, the Colonel commanding, from the awkwardness of the traitor, suspecting that all was not right, halted the column, and posting pickets securely, immediately commenced an investigation, which resulted in the confession of a sargent of one of the companies, who had been entrusted with the secret by the adjutant. The Colonel thereon marched his men back to quarters and promptly ordered a court-martial for the trial of the officer, who there is little doupt, will be convicted. If this does not smack of the romance of war, nothing that we have heard of in the past four years can be so accounted."

HOW TO BE HATEFUL.—There are some persons who seem to treasure up things that are disagreeable, on purdose. I can understand how a boy that never had been taught better might carry torpedoes in his pocket, and delight to throw them down at the feet of passers-by and see them bound; but I cannot understand how an instructed and well meaning person could do such a thing. And yet there are men who carry torpedoes in their pockets all their lives, and take pleasure in tossing them at people. "O," they say, "I have something now, and when I meet the man I will give it to him!" And then they wait for the right company, and the right circumstances and then they out the most disagreeable things. And if they are remonstrated with, they say "It is true," as if that was a justification of their conduct. If God should take all the things that are true of you, and make a scourge of them, and whip you with it you would be the most miserable of men. But he does not use all the truth on you. But is there no law of kindness? Is there no desire to please and profit men? Have you a right to take any little story that you can pick up about a man, and use it in such a way as to injure him or give him pain? And yet how many men there are that seem to enjoy nothing so much as inflicting exquisite suffering upon a man in this way, when he cannot help himself. Well you know just how the devil feels. Whenever he has done anything wicked, and has made somebody very unhappy, and laughs, he feels just as, for the time being, you feel, when you have done a cruel thing, and somebody is hurt, and it does you good.

Perley Valandigham, a nephew of Clement L., is going to inhabit the Iowa State Prison a while, as a punishment for illegal voting last spring.