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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jw13 1864.

SLEIGH-RIDING LONG AGO.

Hurrah for the Winter moonlight!
White light on the drifted snow;
Hurrah for the dear up country,
Hurrah for the long ago!
How I shiver and shudder and tremble!
Old! fearfully old, and cold!
But hurrah for the old man's treasures,
The old man's memories of gold!

I remember a Winter moonlight
Of exceeding beauty, like this;
When all of the stars together
Sang an audible song of bliss;
When the blue was so deep that my young eyes
Never dreamed of that land of delight,
Which the old, over whom it hangs lower,
Forever, imagine in sight.

There are stories of Paradise maidens
That hemp-drunken sons of Islaam
Hear, drowsily murmured by breezes
That rustle the whispering palm.
There are tales of pure virgins whose fingers
Hold goblets of life-giving wine,
Whom the dead, that die bravely in battle,
Shall clasp in an embrace divine.

I remember a hazel-eyed woman
Than whom never dream was more fair,
Like a star in a storm gleamed her brow
Thro' the dark flowing flood of her hair.
How swift flew the horses before us,
How swift flew the passion-winged hours!
No Turk ever dreamed of such houries
As lie in the arms of the Giaours.

Fast, fast went the horses before us,
Fast, fast in the night keen and cold;
If to-night those wild bells sound so clearly
It can't be that I am so old.
Soft, soft, but how warm was the pressure
On mine, of her velvety cheek;
Oh, stars! ye have not yet forgotten
That joy, too delicious to speak.

Fast went the horses before us!
Close, close pressed the cheek soft and warm,
And then—oh, ye stars! through what Winters,
What Winters of snow and of storm,
What Summers and snows ye have kept it,
Her secret and mine, of our bliss,
When her red lips turned joyously, gently,
And blessed my thrilled lips with a kiss!

Hey, PHILIP, my grandson, stand up here:
Dost ever go sleigh-riding now? [cups,
Are there maidens, whose lips are like wine-
Whose cheeks are like sunset o'er snow?
Have the hearts of the girls grown colder,
Are cheeks now forbidden to press?
Or are there lips whose soft voices yet whisper
Love's latest and sweetest caress?

My lips have grown thin—I am old,
And the current of life runneth slow;
They glide swift as the sleigh-riders drive
Who travel the road that I go;
But silently, lonesome and cold,
No bells ring out on the night,
No cheek against mine, no delicious caress,
Till my hope shall be changed into sight.

The snow-drifts lie deep in the church-yard,
Heaped up over head-stone and cross,
While deep under snow drift and grave-mound
And head-stone long covered with moss,
Like the maiden, whose eyes of soft hazel
Were as deep as the depths of the skies;
And the kiss of her lips that once blessed me,
I shall know—when the blessed arise.

My boy, when you drive down the valley,
Rein up at the church in the glen;
Go slowly and sacredly by it,
And, Phil, do not touch her lips then;
Don't kiss the dear child, but keep quiet,
And press your cheek closely to hers;
Let the horses go gently, and hear you
The psalm of the solemn old firs.

Then up the long hill with a rattle,
Then down the sharp hill with a shout,
Then clasp the glad girl to your bosom,
And kiss the red lips till they pout;
Then tell her the old, happy story,
And hear her sweet "Yes," whispered low—
While I sleep in the white Winter moonlight
And dream of the bright LONG AGO.

HOW I WON MY WIFE.

Jessie Hale was the merriest, prettiest, most provoking daughter of Eve that ever existed—at least, I thought so—though perhaps I was deeply in love,—and, in fact, I don't believe I could remember of a time when I was not in love with her. It certainly was not when a youngster of twelve I took her under my especial care, feeling prouder of my curly-headed charge than I could now of a mine of gold; nor when a tall, awkward boy of sixteen, I first ventured to ask for her company home from church; or still later, when, after four year's absence, I returned to my native town and set up as a surgeon in the house where Dr Moore's name had been my earliest recollection.

Oakdale was a remarkably healthy place, or else the good people felt a little afraid of trusting their lives in the hands of such a young scrapegrace as they had known me to be, for somehow my horse and gig found more employment in carrying Jessie Hale to ride than any more profitable business; and it is certain more of my time was spent in Mr. Hale's pleasant parlor, than in either study or practice of medicine. Some of the neighbors slily remarked that I must have a very sick patient there to occasion such frequent visits; and I was certain that if I had no patient there, all the patience I ever had was required there at times; for of all the tantalizing little wretches that ever fascinated and provoked a poor fellow—until he could not have told whether he was in the body or out if it—Jessie Hale was the worst.

And there was I—William Tremaine—standing six feet in my stockings, big enough to have known better, that is sure, led about by that little elf, coming and going at her every beck and call, as if I were a great simpleton, as in truth I must have been, for after playing yours most devotedly for six months, I was no nearer winning than at first. Open-hearted and candid she was on every other subject; but just let me speak of love or marriage, and I might as well talk to a stone wall for all the sense I could get from her. No matter how cautiously I might approach the subject, she was always ready with some off hand answer as far from what I wanted as the equator from the poles, until I was almost in despair, but more eager after every failure, 'All is fair in love and war;' or at least I thought so, and resolved to try the result of strategy on my wilful lady-love.

One fine morning, as we were about starting for a ride on horseback, and I was assisting Miss Jessie into the saddle her horse commenced rearing and kicking at an alarming rate; of course the jagged bits if iron I had cautiously inserted beneath the saddle had nothing to do with it. By the time she was fairly seated he had become perfectly unmanageable, throwing her violently from the saddle: of course I caught her before she touched the ground. No sooner was she in safety, than, with a deep groan, I staggered back against the fence, my right arm hanging helpless by my side. It took nicely, for Jessie was beside me in a moment.

"O Will," she said piteously, "that terrible horse has broken your arm; and what will you do? Poor Will! poor Will!"

How like a rascal I felt at sight of her destress; but I was not going to give up then; so I answered, with another terrible groan, "It is nothing, dear Jessie; I would suffer a thousand times more to feel that I had saved your precious life."

"But oh, I am so sorry! What can be done for you? she said, in such touching accents that I half repented.

"The end justifies the means," I tho,t. The end accomplished certainly did.—My answer was in a voice low and faint, as if I was just dying.

"Only tell me that you love me, Jessie, darling; it will soothe my pain more than anything else in the world." And then, like the great simpleton that I was I put that right arm around her, and never discovered my mistake until she sprang suddenly away from me.

"Wouldn't a little brandy and water do as well, Mr. Tremaine?" she said archly. "There don't seem to be any bones broken; the injury was internal, I should think."

Weldn't I have sold myself for a sixpence? But there was no help for it; so I had to own the trick, and went home wishing I had broken my arm, or neck I didn't care much which. After that, for awhile, I was rather shy of the love subject, for I did not fancy hearing of my last attempt; but "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and my heart was so full of my love for Jessie Hale, that I could not force my tongue to keep silence very long. So one morning, after lounging in my study until I was tired of every thing—myself in particular—I went over the way, resolved that the matter should be decided before I returned. Jessie was sitting by the parlor window, busily sewing, and humming some merry tune to herself when I entered. She was looking prettier that ever, I thought; and I found it terrible hard work to talk on commonplace subjects, when my mind was so full of the one so important to me.

At last I broke in upon some of her careless nonsense with—"Why in the world, Jessie, don't you say whether you love me or not? What is the use of keeping a fellow in suspense forever?—I believe you do—in fact I know you do,"

Here I was again making a simpleton of myself. I might have known she never would have told me after that, but I did not understand woman kind as well then, as I have done since.

"Oh! you know, then, do you, "she said, cooly, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Then, of course, there is no need of of my telling you,"

"No, I did not mean it, Jessie," I said penitently. "But do you love me? Will you answer me, yes or no? Will you answer me, yes or no?"

"Yes or no," she answered, demurely.

"O Jessie Hale," I exclaimed, impatiently, "you will drive me crazy?"

"A terrible misfortune, surely," she said, with a laugh, throwing down her work and stepping through the low window upon the lawn. "Now Will, I will tell you what I will do if you will promise never to plague me again about this."

"I will promise anything if you will only give an honest answer," I said eagerly.

"Well, then, if you can catch me before I reach the elm tree, I will give you a candid answer, upon my honor."

I thumped my head against the window sash, and away I went racing over the green sward with ten times more eagerness than I ever displayed in playing catch in my boyhood days. A very dignified proceeding truly, for a staid surgeon. All the gossips in Oakdale would have held up their hands in picus horror had they seen me then; but I did not care if half the world saw me, so intent was I on catching that flying gipsy; and catch her I did, before she was half way to the old elm.

"Now for the answer," I said, eagerly.

"Oh! but can't you wait until I get breath?" drawing it in quick, spasmodic jerks, like some dilapidated old steam engine. "Let me see; what was it I promised to tell you?"

"Whether you love me or not, you provoking little wretch!" I said, fairly out of patience.

"Now look here, Mr. Will; if you don't leave off calling me names I won't tell you at all; though perhaps this is love talk is it? Will, I promised, you say?"

"Of course you did; so don't be all day about it."

"If you hurry me I can't speak at all; for it will take me some time to think over the objects of my love to see if you are among them. Let me see,"—beginning to count her fingers—"there's Chloe, that's one; and Prince—though he hurt your arm, you know—is two; and old Brindle is three; and Watch is four, and—let me see—yes, there is—Mr. William Tremaine is five.

I don't think I stopped to thank her for that answer, and if my return to the parlor was not as rapid as my exit from it, it was certainly far more dignified. I had taken my hat and was out of the gate before Jessie reached the house.

I went home in no very enviable state of mind, resolving that I would never go near her again. But by the time I reached my study my anger had cooled considerably, and I sat down in my arm chair and began to think of any plan just as I had done a hundred times before, how I could outwit this provoking little elf.—Have her I would; but how? That was the question.

"A letter for you sir," called out the boy at the door.

I took the letter and tore it open. I was to much occupied with my thoughts to care much what its contents were; but the first few lines fixed my attention. It was from an uncle of mine—a surgeon in a flourishing village—making me a very advantageous offer if I would come and take his place. This was just the situation I had been wanting for years, and I hailed it with delight now.

A moment's reflection showed me what was needed, for if she really cared for me my absence would make her willing to acknowledge it. It did not take long to make arrangements, and before night they were all completed; and the next morning I started for the station, calling at Mrs. Hale's on the way, to bid Jessie good bye. I could see the little witch did not believe one word of the story I told her.

"I hope, Mr. Will, you won't break your arm in the train; it would make it so bad for you," she said, with a queer smile, as I concluded.

"And you not there to cure it," I retorted.

"But seriously, Jessie, I am in earnest now. It is proable I shall not see you again for years; for if I like the place I shall remain there."

She still believed it some trick, for her eyes said plainly, 'You can't cheat me again.' And she said good-bye as coolly as if it were only for a day. I went down the walk, feeling much as I think Adam must have felt when he lef Paradise, except that his Eve went with him and I left mine behind.

I was well pleased with the place, and was not long in accepting my uncle's proposal. I wrote to this effect to a lawyer, desiring him to dispose of my property at Oakdale. I knew Jessie would hear of it, and it would give her to understand that I had no intention of returning, determined that if I did not succeed this time, I would give her up forever, though my heart gave a quick throb of pain at the thought.

It was just at twilight, of a pleasant September day, when I reached Oakdale. Direct to Mr. Hale's I took my way, saying over to myself as I went, "Now or never!" Straight up to the gravel walk and across the broad lawn I went, and on into the dusky parlor, unannounced. By the light I saw Jessie sitting on a sofa, her head resting on a pillow. She was alone and had not heard my step. Was she asleep? A quick sob answered me, that augurs well for my success. In a moment I was kneeling beside her, and had raised the bowed head.

"Jessie! dear Jessie!" I said tenderly, scarcely knowing how she would receive it. With a quick start and a glad cry of surprise her head was pillowed on my bosom.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you, Will!—They told me you would not return, and I have been so lonely without you."

"And I have been lonely, too, Jessie, darling," I said. "My home anywhere would always be lonely without you. Will you not go and share it with me?"

The answer was very low, but I knew it was in the affirmative.

"Will you become my wife next week?" I was determined to make sure work now.

There was some hesitation, and a few objections raised, but I finally gained the same answer to that.

Then I hurried to the drawing room to see the old folks. There was considerable pleasure expressed at my unexpected arrival, and great surprise was manifested when my errand was made known; and a few tears and regrets from the mother at parting with Jessie, and hearty congratulations from the father concluded by the remark, "That just as likely as not she would change her mind while changing her dress."

I think I accomplished more in that half hour than I ever did in twice that length of time before or since; for at its expiration I was supremely happy. And the result was that in a week I got the prettiest, best little wife in all England; and what is better still, I think so now even though she did say, ten minuted after the ceremony, "I never told you I loved you, Will!"

And she never has, to this day.

A Change of Scene.

In front of the Court House in the City of Savannah were found, when our army entered, the usual evidence of Southern civilization, thick heavy oaken tables, used as auction-blocks. On these auction-blocks all slaves sold at public sale in the city, were exposed to view, when sold at auction. There for over half a century, men, women and children, met for the last time in this world.—There the father would for the last time look upon his wife and children, as he was marched off by some *kind master* to the rice swamp; and his wife handed over to the tender mercies of some equally *kind* master, who held that "niggers" were much better without being married that with families. The children, some other son of "chivalry" would take too, as a great and exemplary southern christian gentleman, who has no doubt but but what God had made these young "niggers" on purpose for him, to buy.—The reader will bear in mind, that these "chattles" combined all ages, all sizes and all colors of human beings, from the shiny ebony African to the lilly white, or delicately tinted yellow. From these blocks all the anguish and agony the human soul is capable of enduring, went up almost daily, calling on the Great God to avenge their sufferings and wrongs. At last it has come. It came when Gen. Sherman and his noble army of abolitionists entered Savannah. They have swept the the soil of Georgia as with a whirlwind, and when the men—the soldiers who carried their muskets across a continent, came within sight of these damnable auction blocks, an insult to decency and humanity, they *burnt them up*—the tears of blood and anguish they sent heavenward, with the flame and smoke of the burning embers. This is, indeed, glorious! The American soldier, wherever he has gone through Georgia, has struck off the shackels of the slave and destroyed every evidance of the infamous institution. The slave-pen and the auction-block have alike shared the same fate; and we believe that men, women and children, have been sold in Savannah for the last time. And we hope to see the day, when the last slave shall have shaken off his shackels, wherever our flag floats.

What a grand work. Who dreamed four years ago, when Abraham Lincoln, had to steal his way into Washington city, the Capitol of the Republic of which he had just been elected President, that these things would during his day cease in Baltimore, let alone Savannah. Yet look at it: Baltimore, New Orleans, Nashville, St. Louis, Savannah, Vicksburgh and Memphis, all free cities. States are shaking off the vile thing, and millions of bond-men are looking up from their lowly nothingness into the clear light of freedom.

Though we as a people have suffered and borne losses; seen our young men go forth to battle and death, we yet thank God that Jefferson Davis has lived to carry out and lead his people up to the principles taught by John C. Calhoun.—Yes, the triumphant end, Liberty and Freedom, are worth all they have cost in securing them. No more slave auctioneers in Baltimore, New Orleans and Savannah! Let men pray, for angles rejoice

☞ Miss Lovely says that the males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.—*Ex*

The interval between these stages is a very brief one.

Mr. Nasby "Waileth and Cusseth."

SAINT'S REST, (wich iz in the stait uv Noo Gersy,) Dec 26th 1864.

I've heerd from Savannah! I red u' it. Gancy the feelins uv a man who hed bin fer weeks spectin 2 heer uv Sherman's bein entirely chawed up by the undanted Suthern melishy!

The follerin impormtoo cuss and wale (ekally mixt) riflex the stait tv mind uv the Democrisy uv this sekshun.

Hart-sick, weary, alone, bustid.
Gone up, flayed, skind, hung out.
Smashed, pulverized, shiverd, scattered.
Physikt, puked, bled, blistered.
Sich is Democrisy!
Alone I sit, like Marius, amung the roolns.
Alone I sit and cuss, and this is mi cuss:
Cussid be Calhoon, fer he interdoost us to that paintid harlot, Stait Rights, who sedoost us.
Cussid be Peerse who consentid 2 the Nebrasky bill, which bustid us.
Cussid be Bookannon, who favored Lecompton, wich peeled us.
Cussid be Breckinrig who woodent support Duglis, and 'lectid Linkin, wich giv our Post Orifises 2 Ablishnists.
Cussid be the Post masters—may tha bekum suddenly insanie, and wildly go 2 trustin out postige stamps to dimekrats.
Cussid be Grant, and Sheridin and Rosycrance for the're dun fer dimocrisy.
Cussid be them ez went in the army Dimekrats, and kum out ablishnists.—(wich iz eppydemic.)
Cussid be Vallandgum wich went a practisin law, leevin me in the Dimocrisy biznis alone without eny cappytle to run on.

[SPESHLY HOT.]

Cussid be Sherman, fer he took Athants.
And he marcht thro the Konfedrisy, and respected not the feelins uv enybody.
Hiz path wuz, like Moses,' lit with pillars uv fire and smoke, only the fire and smoke wuz behind him.
His path iz a desert—lo the voice of the Shaughy iz heerd not in all the land.
And the people uv the South lift up ther voises and weep becos the niggers are not.
And he took Savannah, and cotton enuff 2 have satisfied Bookannon's cabinet.
And he turns his eyes toward Charleston, and is seroslly thinkin uv Richmond.
He started with three skore thousand—he stoppeth with three skore and ten.
The wind bloeth where it listeth—he 'listeth wher he goeth.
As the lode-stun is to steel, so iz his steel to the Georgia nigger—it draweth him on.
Who will save us from the fury uv this Sherman? who will deliver us from his hand?
Johnston he beset, Hood he fooled, and Wheeler he flogged.
Lee wood do it, but he's holding Grant and cant leeve go uv him.
So he cavorts ez he wills, like a yerlin mule with a chesnut bur under his tale.
Bitter in the mouth uv a Dimocrat is quinine, bitterer is gaul, but more bitterer is Fedral victrys.
We hev bin fed on victrys lately, and our stumick turns.
Played out is Davis and Democrisy has follered soot.
The Dimocrisy is turnin war men—tha are bowin' the knee to Linkin.
Voorhees will yet be a Briggydeer, and Vallandygum will cry aloud fer a war uv extermynashen, and Fernandy Wood will howl fer drafts.
Fer though John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave, his sole is a marchin on.
I ain't the rose uv Sharon, ner the lily uv the valley—I'm the last uv the Kopperheads!
I bilt mi polittikle howse on sand—it hez fell and I'm under the rooins.
Uv pollytix I wash mi hands, I shake its dust orf mi few remaining garmence.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Late Paster uv the Church uv the Nos Dispensashen.

Why was Samson the greatest actor that ever appeared on the stage? Because he *brought down the house* when the audience was composed entirely of his enemies. The same gentlemen says that the reason why Jenkins is unlike a dorg's tail is, that Jenkins keeps a carriage, and the tail beeps a waggin.'

As a matter of fact preacher was coming down the street the other day, a gentleman asked him—"Sir, can you tell me how to finp out the Sheriff's office?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "every time you earn five dollars spend ten!"

☞ Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

Philip Huber, of the Golden Circle notoriety, has prosecuted the loyal man who gave him a free ride on a rail—ungrateful.