The Potter Journal.

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will 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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13 jy 1864.

WINTER WILL NOT LAST FOR-VER.

Winter will not last forever;
Spring will soon come forth again,
And with flowers of every color,
Deck the hillsides and the plain.
Lambs will soon in fields be sporting,
Birds re-echo from each tree,
"Winter's gone; its days are ended!
We are happy—we are free!"
Hedge and tree will soon be budding,
Soon with leaves be covered o'er;
Winter cannot last forever,
Brighter days are yet in store.

Sorrows will not last forever,
Brighter times will come again,
Joy our every grief succeeding,
As the sunshine after rain.
As the snow and ice of winter,
Melt at the approach of Spring,
So will all our cares and trials,
Joy and peace and comfort bring.
When the heart is sad and drooping,
Think, though you be vexed and sore,
Sorrow cannot last forever,
Brighter days are yet in store.

THE MASTER OF MILLDEAN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Becky! are you in earnest?"

"Why not, mamma? Don't you see it's a self-evident fact that money must be obtained in one way or another, unless we prefer starving to death; an alternative which I, for one don't relish!"

Becky Martel tied the Shaker bonnet resolutely over silky brown curls which would have driven a Broadway hairdresser frantic with envy, and drew back the curtains of the kitchen window, admitting a flood of bright May sunshine over the well scoured boards.

Well, after all, there may be as much romance in a kitchen as in a boudoir.—Don't you believe it? Then I wish you could have seen the bunch of purple lilac plumes in the pitcher on the table, and the curley white hyacinths in the window, and the tin tea-kettle prosing on the stove, and the glowing scarlet peppers that hung above the chimney, and above all, Becky herself in "madder red" calico that fitted as prettily as if it had been the royal purple velvet that Mrs. Lincoln wears on Reception Days. As for jewels, she had not one—what need of jewels when her hazel eyes were all instinct with diamond light and her cheeks like blush roses against white velvet, and her pretty mouth touched with a vivid crimson such as you see where a ripe peach is cleft away from its stone.

So Becky Martle stood looking out on the little garden border where May-pinks crowded the shrinking violets out into the path, and silver-green southernwood shook its head solemnly at the varnished gold of tossing buttercups—but she did not see the bright show of spring blossoms.

Mrs. Martel groaned dolorously as she surveyed the stockings she was darning.

"I never thought a daughter of mine would be reduced so low."

"As what, mamma?" said Becky, turning around quickly.

"As to work for a living."

"Is that all?" laughed Becky, suddenly, kneeling down so as to bring her cheek close against the old lady's cap-border.—"My gracious mamma, what do you suppose my hands were given to me for!—Now, if I was a romantic damsel, I should shed a few tears and take to poetry and the guitar, and see you suffer and consider myself generaly, in the light of a victim! But I'm not!" pursued Becky, setting her little white teeth close together; "and so I am going up to Milldean to try and get a situation there."

"As seamstress? or as companion to the housekeeper?"

"Neither," said Becky composedly; "as nymph of the kitchen and lady-president of the pies and pastry! Now, mamma, don't pray, look so horrified! Six dollars a month is quite a sum, and I tell you we must have money!"

Mrs. Martle did not answer, taking refuge in a disconsolate series of sighs, and Becky put the stray curl back under the Shaker, and walked away up the country road, to where the walls of Milldean gleamed whitely through the evergreens upon the hill-side.

The superb Bourbon roses hung in crimson drapery over the terrace in front—the honeysuckles were all alive with murmuring bees, and the close-shaven grass before the portico was sprinkled with a shower of golden dandelion blossoms, as Becky's madder-red dress brushed lightly over them and her elastic foot pressed down their bright disks.

"Why, Becky Martel is that you?"

Miss Anastasia Brown, the housekeeper's daughter, sat in the curtained bay-window, reading a yellow-covered book, in an elegant dishabille of blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons—a pale young lady with light eyelashes and reddish brown hair, whom you would have pronounced "rather pretty" in virtue of her blue eyes and wax-like complexion

"Good morning, Anastasia—is your mother in?"

"Mamma? Yes, I believe so. She is up stairs laying out the summer curtains. Did you wish to see her?"

"Yes," said Becky. "I understand the kitchen maid's situation is vacant."

"It is," drawled Miss Anastasia. "Can you recommend any suitable person to us?"

"I can recomend myself!"

"Yourself!"

Becky Martel laughed at Miss Brown's look of dismay.

"Why not? I am poor and must do something."

"But I thought Mrs. Martel had shares in some Company or other that rendered you independent?"

"The Company has unfortunately failed."

"Oh!" said Anastasia. "But Becky, you are a lady—or have been brought up as one."

"Well—cannot I be a lady still, even though it should be in a kitchen?"

Anastasia shrugged her shoulders.

"Why don't you teach or take in sewing, or something of that sort?"

Becky bit her lip; she did not like this species of catechism.

"I don't teach, because the district school is already taken, I don't sew because nobody in this vicinity has any sewing to give me. Now will you allow me to pass?"

Miss Anastasia drew back, and Becky Martel went up stairs to the housekeeper's room with the dignity of a young queen.

Mrs. Brown leisurly polished her spectacles on the end of her apron as she listened to Becky's statement of her errand.

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Brown. "To think o' your goin' out as a kitchin gal. Why, your hands is as white as our Stasia's. Its a comedown in the world, aint it—and Widow Martel has always held her head so high. Dear me—a kitchen gal!"

"Where is the the harm?" said Becky composedly. "I have yet to learn that there is any disgrace in earning an honest livehood in whatsoever manner may seem best."

"Of course—of course," said Mrs. Brown. "But Stasia never washed a dish or ironed a pocket handkerchief in her life—she things its kind 'o low work—and then Stasia's so literary. However, I don't know as I have any objections—what can you do?"

And Becky went through a list of her domestic accomplishments as calmly as a fashionably educated young lady enumerates the conquests she had made or the number of parties she had attended during the year. Mrs. Brown nodded her head thoughtfully at each one, and Miss Anastasia, who had sauntered up stairs, tossed her ribbons rather scornfully.

"Well, I guess you may come," said Mrs. Brown. "What do you say, Stasia?"

"Really," said Miss Anastasia, "It cannot be of much consequence to me who you employ as kitchen maid. Only, Becky Martel——"

"Well?"

"I prefer that in speaking to me you would say *Miss* Anastasia, or *Miss* Brown, henceforth. Our altered position, you know——"

"Certainly," said Becky, trying hard not to laugh—an effort that dotted her pretty cheek with dimples irrepressible. "I'll remember Miss Anastasia!"

"Of course there will be very little intercourse between us," went on Anastasia, not quite certain whether Becky Martel was laughing at her, but feeling a little embarassed, nevertheless. "You know we are related to the Smiths of Milldean——"

"Callender Smith's uncle's step-mother was my brother's second wife's cousin!" interrupted Mrs. Brown, complacently.

"Never mind that, mamma," said Miss Anastasia, rather tartly. "I dare say, Rebecca, you will find Desire Peabody a very pleasant companion—she is chamber-maid, you know: and I hope you'll not get discontented with your station."

"I shall endeavor to preserve a spirit of resignation," said Becky drily.

Miss Anastasia was a little puzzled at the new kitchen-maid's perfect self-possession, and went down stairs to resume the persual of the yellow-covered pamphlet, not exactly satisfied with the effect produced by her lofty speeches.

Mr. Callander Smith was packing his trunks to leave the city.

An occupation which Mr. Callender Smith particulary detested—and so he had given himself a recess for the purpose of smoking a cigar.

He was a dark, headsome young man, with bright arch eyes and very black hair—an offhand, gipsey style of good looks that corresponded with the crimson dressing-gown he wore to a charm. And withal there was a frank light under the jetty lashes, and a frank smile around the mouth that made people like Callender Smith whether they would or no.

"I don't see," soliloquised Mr. Smith, "how these things are ever going into my trunks. It's like the story in the Arabian Nights—the boots have swelled to twice their size since they came out. If I cramm 'em in, anyhow, and jump on 'em for sake of compactnes, its bad for the cologne bottles and fancy inkstands; if I pack 'em loose, I'd like to know how fifteen pairs of boots and a dressing-case are going into one valise? Who's that?—Come Jefferson—I can't ask you to take a chair because, you see, they're all full; but I shall be very happy if you will take the top of a trunk or the coal-scuttle."

Carll Jefferson advanced gingerly into the room, carefully avoiding the many traps and pitfalls that strewed the floor, and sat down on an empty hat-box.

"Packing up, eh? Where are you going?"

"Home."

"And where is that?"

"A place called Milldean, in the thriving State of Conceeicut."

"May I ask the cause of this sudden move?"

"Of course. I found myself getting dispirited and headachy, and generally disgusted with city life. Besides; I've a lively desire to see what a dandelion is like, and to inhale an atmosphere not impregnated with gas, frangipanni and bad cigars."

"A tolerably good array of reasons. Well, what sort of a place is Mildean?"

"Don't know."

"You don't know? Strangest of all the Smiths, what does this mean? Are you talking in riddles?"

"Not a bit of it. I never was there. The place belongs to an uncle of mine—by the way, his name was John—who was so kind as to will it to me in the absence of other heirs. It's a fine old house, they tell me; the housekeeper manages things very nicely, and I'm just going down to survey the domains for a week or two. I wish you'd go with me.'

"I could not possibly, Callender. You see—Hallo! where am I going to?"

"Only through the lid of my hat-box! Take care—there goes my dressing-case in your blind struggles! Never mind, there is no harm done.'

"I'm sorry—upon my word I am!" ejaculated the penitent Carll, rubbing his elbows and surveying the chaos around him with a ludicrously distressed face. "Don't move, Callender—I'll pick up the things in half a second; serve me right for being such a blunder blockhead! Here you are—pomade bottles, penknife, razor cases, hair brushes, and—what do you call this, old fellow?"

Callender Smith turned his head leisurely round; the color deepened suddenly on his dark cheeks as he saw Carll Jefferson holding up a small pink glove.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded, quickly extending his hand for it.

"Well, directly from the floor—indirectly, I suppose it came from this little ivory box, whose cover I regret to say, is broken. The idea of a lady's glove preserved so tenderly in Callender Smith's dressing-case! It is a discovery worth making. Number six—she must have a pretty hand!"

"Give it to me Carll—a truce to your nonsense!"

"Then it isn't all asbestos, as people generally think."

"What isn't?"

"Your heart; there *is* a soft spot about it somewhere?"

"Carll Jefferson, if you don't give me that glove, I'll——"

"Do something desperate, I suppose. Well, here's the little article. Now, whose is it, Callender, honor bright? Katie Morrison's?"

"That little flirt's? No, I should think not."

"Dora Casserly's?"

"Nor yet Dora's."

"Well, whose then?"

"No one you ever saw, Carll—and, what's worse, I'm very much afraid I shall never see her again."

"Then she did make an impression?"

"So much of an impression, Carll," said the young man speaking gravely now, "that although I met her only a few times at Saratoga I have remembered her ever since as the only woman I seriously admired or earnestly desired to make my wife."

"Why don't you marry her then?"

"I would, if I knew where she was, and whether she would have me."

"Look for her—ask her."

"That's easier said than done," sighed Callender. "I have looked, but in vain. Perhaps fate may bring us together one of these days; until then this tiny scented glove is the only link between us."

"Sentimental, very!" said Jefferson, shaking his head solemnly. "I'm afraid you are pretty far gone, my poor fellow! It looks bad!"

Callender Smith did not reply. He lighted another cigar, and looked pensively at its curling wreaths, as if the bright past were interwoven in these faint blue mists.

"Rebecca!"

The door opened, and the kitchen maid presented herself in answer to the housekeeper's abrupt call, with a blue checked apron tied about her trim waist, and the sleeves rolled above a pair of arms white as satin, and perfectly rounded.

"Well, Mrs. Brown."

"You are sure the fowl will be nicely roasted for dinner?"

"Quite sure."

"And the creams will be properly flavored?"

"Certainly—I saw to them myself."

"I wouldn't have anything happen wrong for ten dollars," said Mrs. Brown, solemnly. "You see it's Mr. Smith's first visit here, and so much depends on first impressions. O, by the way, do you know if Desire has ironed Miss Anastatia's white muslin?"

"I saw her carry it up stairs."

"O, very well. You see, Becky,', said Mrs. Brown, growing confidential, "Mr. Smith and Statia are sort of related—my brother's second wife's cousin was his uncle's stepmother—and if he *should* take a fancy to her! It's just like what's always happenin' in novels, and the child couldn't hardly sleep last night, thinkin' what *might* happen!"

Becky smiled a little, wishing in her secret heart that Mr. Smith's sojourn was over. What was he to her, this unknown employer, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand other Smiths roaming at large. So she took a little basket on her arm, and stole away down the shaded garden paths to gather luscious red raspberries for the manufacture of a nest of tartlets that were to crown the banquet that afternoon.

A very pretty picture she made, most unconsciously, the sunshine sifting thro' a tremulous canopy of soft green leaves upon the disordered silky curls, and touching her fair forehead with tiny shafts of gold, while the flush of heat on her cheek and the little mouth redder than the reddest cherry on the old tree overhead were simply bewitching! Perhaps the brown-winged robin in the hedge and great purple and maroon butterflies swinging among the rose thickets thought so, for they were her only companions until——

Ye fates! what a frightened bit of a shriek it was, as Becky Martel dropped her basket of crimson fruit among the bushes.

"I beg your pardon, really," exclaimed the embarrassed young man who had swung himself lightly over the hedge, "but I fancied this was the shortest way to the house. I did not know——"

He stopped all of a sudden, and looked at her with bewildered eyes.

"Miss Martel!"

"Mr. Smith!"

"What does this mean—how does it happen—I should say, how came you here?"

"I might ask the same question of you!" said Becky with all the regal dignity that never deserted that little kitchen maid.

"Why, I'm coming to live here—don't you know?"

Becky colored to the very roots of her flossy curls—she was just beginning to realize matters. But she was regal still, with the empty basket on her arm and her heart throbbing violently behind the waist of her blue check apron.

"And I *do* live here, Mr. Smith—although I never dreamed that you were the master of Milldean."

"Live here? Excuse me, Miss Martel, if I fail to comprehend you."

"I am kitchen-maid at the Dean," said Becky more like a queen than she had ever spoken in her life.

"Kitchen-maid! Miss Martel! Will you be so kind as to explain yourself?"

"Certainly, sir. I am poor—it became necessary to earn my living, and this was the only path that seemed opened to me. Do not for a moment suppose that I am ashamed of the position, involving as it does, honest labor, for I am not!"

No—she was not—and Callender Smith respected her at that moment more than he had ever done in the crowd and glitter of the Saratoga ball-room.

"Miss Martel," said he quietly taking her berry-stained hand in his, I have something to say to you—something I have wanted to say ever since the morning when you vanished away from Saratoga, no one knew how or whither."

"What is it?"

What was it! Ask the brown robins that fluttered around the two young heads—ask the great purple butterfly that hung in the air like a floating flower—ask the sunshine that streams in amber rain about their feet, for we shall not tell.—All we mean to disclose is that Mr. Smith walked up to to the house, in full view of the astonished housekeeper and and Miss Anastasia, with the kitchen maid leaning on his arm.

"Well upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown.

"Did you ever!" panted Miss Anastasia.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith," said the housekeeper, advancing out on the terrace to meet her new master, "but perhapse you are not aware that that forward minx is nothing but our kitchen gal!"

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Brown," said Callender Smith quietly. 'She is my betrothed wife—you may regulate your conduct accordingly."

Mrs. Brown staggered back a pace or two. Miss Anastasia, more susceptible, fainted on the sofa in the bay-window to the great crumpling and other detriment of her white muslin dress.

Not untill the day they were married did Callender Smith show Becky Martel the little rosetinted glove.

"You see how long I have loved you," he said simply.

ANECDOTES.

A writer in Providence, Rhode Island vouches for the truth of the following.—

Deacon W——had felt the silken halter for the second time. On his last marriage tour he visited by request, the family of Mr. H——of your city. He presented his bride, on arrival, thus: "This is Mrs. W——; tain't t'other Mrs. W——; I wish it was I!"

☞The same Deacon W——was connected with one of the Congregational societies of Providence, an honest man, a devout Christian, was the owner of a large bakery, which business he continued to prosecute in connection with an extensive wholesale grocery trade.

His habits and manners were as primitive as his dress. He often led in the vestry conference and vestry exhortations. He had speculated heavily during the close of the war of 1812. A vestry prayer meeting was in full conference on the evening on which the news of the treaty of peace was received, in February 1815. In this (then) town the bells rung out the joyfull tidings.

The deacon ceased his exhortations, and in reflective terms remarked, 'Lord a marcy! what are these bells ringing for? If for fire, 'tis well enough; if for peace I'm a ruined man!' He then resumed his petitions.

☞General H——and Colonel R——were popular members of the Rhode Island bar. General H——had been the popular Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. Colonel R——was one of the most brilliant men of his day—the Sheridan of the legal profession. A Rhode Island clam-bake and chowder is a state institution. In the mysteries of chowder these gentlemen were unequalled as experts; there existed a generous rivalry; each had his partisans. A pleasant party had assembled to test the relative powers of General H——and Colonel R——; each exceeded his previous effort, the crowd was fed; the verdict of the boys unanimous in favor of General H——, Colonel R——; asked consent to propose a toast to his successful competitor. He said a few words as only he could say and look such things, and proposed the health of General H——"the Great Chowder head of Rhode Island!"

☞Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man may be and live but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day during the heated term of last summer, one Mr F——of Jackson county, was observed to throw himself on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade tree, and to exclaim, emphatically to himself, "there! breathe if you want to—I shan't!"

☞Some years ago, in the great state of Indiana, lived and flourished a popular young preacher. He was not specially noted for his gravity, and some of his friends expressing an opinion that he was entirely too wild for one of his profession. A little girl of some ten summers replied indignantly that it was not so; at least, if he were wild at times, "he was tame enough in the pulpit!" and there the defence rested.

☞Rev. Mr. E——of St. Paul—Minnesota, was inimitable as a children orator, and was never as we know of discomforted in addressing the little folks but once. He was addressing some Sunday-School scholars, and was in his usual popular and effective way enforcing the duty of gratitude to God for His blessings. "What" said he, "would you say to me if I were to give you a fine suit of clothes?" From every part of his youthful audience bright eyes twinkled with delight; and a chorus of boyish voices answered, "Bully for you!"

☞Not long since a company of negroes was raised in the town of Piqua, who were to join a certain colored regiment being organized in Massachusetts. The night preceding their departure for the camp of rendesvous a meeting was held in the African Church, at the close of which the venerable minister, in a prayer made made the following remarkable request:—"That when these men went on the battle-field they might be as bold as lions and *harmless as doves!*"

Pennsylvania—The Oil-cup of the world