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.

ODE.

O paper collar!
Necks to my throat I love thee.
Once so white and pure, like I is,
Now creased and wrinkled muchly
Who made you, and how came he to?
Goblin damned, or a foolscap?
I would write to thee, worn out p. c.

You come as high as linen--and half a inch more so,
It is easy to work a button-hole in thee
A penknife, a old nail will do it;
And though thee art paper
I've seen thy two ends meet,
I wish you were a girl's arm,
How I'd keep thee around my neck,
And write glad to do it—you bet!

Paper collar, you can't go to church to-morrow with me,
For you have no pew rity,
P. C. youre played.

A COINCIDENCE.

The fall rain dripped down drearily. The brown summer roads were heavy with mud, and the gutters were overflowing, and the boughs of the elm trees swung to and fro slowly, under their weight of chill water. There was a moaning wind astir, and the rose vines about the porch of Olive Hudson's home were shedding their russet leaves, and tossing their bare branches as if in secret pain. There seemed a vague distress, and all the gloom of wind and weather were reflected in Olive Hudson's face. her pale cheek pressed against the window pane, her heavy dark eyes, watching absently the falling rain, and the contracted lines about the beautiful mouth told of sadness within and without.

"A year to day," murmured the girl, looking down the length of the dark road. "Oh, Dick, have you forgotten me?"

It was the old lovers' quarrel. A misunderstanding, recrimination, a parting, and unspeaking sorrow dragged through the long space of a year.

Olive Hudson was a sweet grave girl—a farmer's daughter and an only child. She had grown up practical, high-minded, true-hearted, and with certain possibilities of beauty. A year before there had been a dimple and a rose flush upon the cheek that was now too thin for dimples and very pale. And in a year the large, dark eyes had lost their bright light. Only the mouth retained its sweetness of expression, and the forehead its calm smooth breadth, and those charms were Olive Hudson's striking characteristics. Her eye brows were well marked, and the heavy braids of her dark hair had a marvelous glossy richness; but yet her face pressed against the cold pane of the farm house window would more likely have been called plain than pretty.

"Oh!" murmured the girl, pressing her hands to her heart. "If he could only know."

Only the sharp stroke of the rain drops against the window answered her moan. The canary in the cage above her head was startled by the sudden gust and gave a sharp cry and a flutter. Olive looked up.

"Willy, Willy," she said, caressingly, "don't be frightened. Here I am. I will take care of you. Oh, Willy, I love you so, because he used to love you."

She put her finger between the wires of the cage, and the little creature sprang to peck it, tugging at it with all its slight strength until his mistress smiled faintly through her tears.

"Silly pet, are you hugry?"

The momentary diversion passed. The smile died. The girl turned from the bird and commenced walking the floor.

"If I could see Dick for a moment—only a moment," she murmured, "I am sure we could get at each other's hearts and be reconciled. I want him so, and I am sure he needs me. No one ever loved him but me. I think no one else in the world can understand him as I do. Then isn't it my fault we quarreled? I saw where the mistake lay, but I was so proud, and he thought me unjust, and, and so——"

She sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

It was late in the afternoon and the room began to fill with grey gloom. The tinkle of a cow bell sounded up the road as the cattle slowly came from the fields, where the grass had grown scarce and sere—and where, since noon, the rain had soaked the roads. The noise startled her from her abandon of grief. She rose to her feet, glanced quickly through the window to the barn, where her father was finishing his day's work, then turned quickly to bathe her face and serve the supper.

Like many another, Olive bore her grief secretly; not one of the many who had surrounded the girl from childhood, and who sat daily with her at the same board, dreamed that she had a grief or care beyond the moment.

When the day's work was quite finished, and her mother nodded over her knitting, while her father went quite to sleep over his Bible, Olive took a candle and stole up to her own little room. Her cheek was flushed, her eyes had something of their own brilliant light, and her hand trembled as she sat down to write. This was her letter:

"DEAR DICK: My heart aches so that I cannot bear it. It is grieving me to death to have this coldness between us. I was half to blame, Dick, and I ask you first to forgive me—forgive me and come to me. Next week I go to Brooklyn for a visit to Aunt Elsie. Will you come there, No. 40, S—— street, and see your

OLIVE."

She did not know the special address, so she wrote upon the envelope simply, "Richard Brown, New York," sealed it with her own little Scotch motto seal of "*Dinna forget*," and laid it by with a sigh of relief, for mailing on the morrow.

The next day the letter was duly mailed. * * * * *

The law office of Brown & Burleigh was very quiet. The book-keeper was at his desk and the two copying clerks at theirs Mr. Brown stood gazing thoughtfully from the window, and Mr. Burleigh was in Court. One would naturally think that Mr. Brown's intensely occupied mind was intent upon some law case. Not so. Instead he was saying over and over to himself, "I wish I could see Olive," and he was actually

"Longing to escape from study,
To the fair young face and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.

Very unpractical of lawyer Brown, but very natural, thus to stand dreaming of a little rosy cheeked, blue-eyed damsel—far off, she was—the autumn day so cool and suited to the mental labor of his profession. But lawyer Brown's thoughts would not stay in his office in New York, but went wandering over the harvest field of a country estate.

All at once there came a steady tread upon the stairs, and in a moment a penny-postman entered and deposited upon Mr. Brown's table a number of letters fresh from the afternoon mail.

Mr. Brown was a grave leisurely man. He looked at every one of the letters before opening any, and finally examined one quite curiously.

"A lady's hand—mailed at C——. Why, who in the world——"

He tore it open,

"It can't be from Olive," he thought. "The careless little witch don't write as well as this, I'll be bound. Why it is hers: Signed Olive as sure as fate."

He perused it carefully and smiled. He was a grave man of forty, and even his smile was a grave smile.

"Foolish little sensitive puss," he soliloquized. "To think of being grieved at such a trifle. I never should have thought of it again in the world. What strange creatures women are. See her at Brooklyn? Of course. I did not know she had an aunt there, though."

Mr. Brown had occasion to leave the office a few moments later. Passing through Nassau street he run nearly against a young man who was walking as fast as himself.

"Mr. Brown."
"Mr. Brown."
"I beg your pardon."
"Not at all. I beg yours."
"Thank you. A fine day."
"Very fine."

The other Mr. Brown had black eyes and brown curls, and a plain, proud, fine, youthful face of his own. The black eyes were very soft, and a little sad after the first flush of surprise had passed. A splendid fellow. His name also was Richard. My reader of course seizes the connection, discovers the coincidence and anticipates the story.

* * * * * *

Olive Hudson was in Brooklyn, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Elsie Grant. The old lady's last daughter had just married and left the paternal roof, and Mrs. Grant had sent for her favorite neice to spend a month with her, and relieve the quiet and solitude of the old house. It was a marvel of beauty to Olive, brought up among the simple arrangements of the country. She had fine tastes, and the Persian carpets, velvet lounges, and damask drapery were sources of quiet pleasure to her. She liked luxury as well as any one in the world, though she never complained at the absence of it. But no hour which she spent in her aunt's beautiful parlors, or at the theatres lecture-rooms or opera houses of New York, were half so much valued by her as were some little moments she had known in her simple country home, one year before.

One of the clearest and fairest of the last October days, she sat alone in the luxurious front parlor, looking absently out at the windows and then idly at the plates of the book she held upon her lap. Of course she was thinking of Richard Brown—wondering if he had received her letter—hoping that he would come—really waiting and listening for his coming. Twice she had been startled by the ringing of the door-bell that afternoon, yet still she sat with feverish cheeks and throbbing heart, listening for another summons.

She had something in her lap besides the book, a small, velvet miniature case. Once again for many times she opened it, and looked earnestly at the face within—a frank, proud face, with irregular features, very soft black eyes and clustering hair.

"I wonder if Dick has changed any in a year," she said to herself.

Suddenly there came a sharp, quick ring at the door. She sprang to her feet—her heart was leaping and bounding like a frightened bird. She listened to the servant going through the hall and unlocking the door. Than came the sound of a man's voice.

"Is Miss Pinkney in?"

"There is no one of that name stopping here, sir," said the servant respectfully.

"Isn't Miss Pinkney stopping here?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't this No. 40?"

"It is, sir."

"Isn't it Mrs. Elsie—or, ah, I don't know the name?"

"Mrs Elsie Grant lives here, sir. This is her house."

"Well, isn't a Miss Pinkney expected here?"

"I think not, sir."

Then came a long pause of perplexity; evidently the gentleman was distressed, perplexed and disappointed. Olive stood listening attentively just within the parlor door. Said the gentleman at last:

"I had a note from Miss Pinkney last week; and she informed me that she should be at this house to-day. This is certainly the house. I can't conceive why she isn't here."

Olive's sympathy for the gentleman was very keen, despite her disappointment, and she found herself stepping forward into the hall.

"There is probably some mistake, sir," she commenced to say when her glance fell upon the note, which he held in his hand. It was certainly her very own.

Her heart gave a wild throb. She flashed her eyes over the visitor from head to foot, to see if by any means she could trace a resemblance between a grave professional gentleman of forty and a certain quick motioned black-eyed man of her acquaintance. Never were two more unlike.

"Will you come in, sir?" she said at last

Mr. Brown followed Olive into the luxurious parlors.

"There is some strange mistake, sir," she said, facing him as soon as he was seated. "I wrote the note you have in your hand."

"You are mistaken, madam. It was certainly written by a friend of mine, Miss Olive Pinkney, and mailed at Corinth," and Mr. Brown looked wildly at the tall, slight, dark-eyed girl who claimed to be the originator of the epistle written by his little blue-eyed lady-love. Indeed, thoughts of intrigue and conspiracy flashed upon him as he rose to his feet, repeating, "You are mistaken, madam."

Olive could not but smile in spite of her disappointment, and in the midst of her bewilderment.

"It can't be a hoax, sir, for I certainly wrote the note; but how the mistake happened—Your name, sir?" as the thought flashed across her mind.

"Richard Brown, at your service, madam."

Mr. Brown repeated his respectable name with dignity.

"Oh, I understand now!" exclaimed Olive, and by the time the matter was clearly explained to Mr. Brown how the letter had fallen into his hands, through his name being the same as Olive's lover, lawyer Brown and the intelligent, dark-eyed girl, whose note he returned with a smiling bow and an involuntary compliment, were very nicely acquainted.

"There is another Richard Brown in town, whose post office address is box 285—a tall, black eyed fellow—eh?" and Mr. Brown stopped, laughing, for the sudden crimson of Olive's face revealed the whole story.

"Miss Hudson," he said archly, for he was fond of a quiet jest, "it really isn't possible that you have quarrled with such a fine fellow as that?"

It was such a pleasent, sensible face, and such an air of true diginty about the gentleman that Olive, finding that Mr. Brown knew Dick quite well, was led into telling the whole story of the quarrel, and ended with—

"I really must see him immediately."

"Must you, indeed? Is it possible that you are in love with such an unreasonable fellow, Miss Olive?"

"I was half to blame, Mr. Brown."

"Oh, woman! woman!" sighed the gentleman, "what angels you are—sometimes!"

"No said he, suddenly, "I know Mr. Richard Brown so very well, that if you will trust this little affair to me as a friend for a few days I will stake my reputation as a lawyer to bring the matter all out fair."

"I shall be perfectly willing to trust you."

"Then introduce me to your aunt, and go with me to the opera to night."

It was done. There in an opera box, without a lady, sat Dick Brown, listening to the music absently, and looking so grave and pale that Olive whispered to her companion—

"Call him—motion to him, please. I am sure he will forgive me and we shall be friends."

"Not at all. He deserves twenty-four hours punishment, my dear. He's a very unreasonable, obstinate fellow, and I am going to punish him a little. Just be patient, and you shall kiss him to-morrow night."

Just then Dick turned around and saw Olive and her companion. With an unconscious, burning blush of agitation her eyes fell before his, and after one long look at her, he turned away with a pale face and flashing eyes.

Mr. Brown would not give the girl a chance to see Dick when they passed out of the house, but she cried herself to sleep for joy that night because she had looked upon his face.

The next afternoon lawyer Brown sat alone in his office, when the door was opened quickly, and in walked Mr. Dick Brown, having a mien of subdued indignation and hateur. He went directly to the business of inquiring Olive's address. Mr. Brown gave it quite readily and courtecusly, only saying, as Dick started to go—

"I think Miss Hudson will be pleased to see you, Mr. Brown."

"Impertinence," muttered Dick. "How does he know whether she will be pleased or not?"

It wasn't half an hour before he was with Olive. And it wasn't any longer than it took to make an explanation and kiss each other before the quarrel was made up, and so ends my story—the story which lawyer Brown told his little blue-eyed wife that winter, as they sat together in the cosy little parlor of their new house-keeping establishment.

Mr. Nasby Renounces Slavery.

SAINT'S REST, (wich iz in the stait uv Noo Gersy,) Jan'y 15th, 1864.

"The wagis uv sin iz deth." Sich iz the substance uv a passage uv Skripter, wich, sense my exile 2 this loanly shoar hez bin mi solis. How troo the remark! how fertily hez it bin realized.

The anshent Dimocrisy owned this Guvernment, and mite hev hed it to day. But then tha wuz a ryechus set. Tha wuzn't dissipatid. Tha didn't run after harlots. Jaxon, and Benton, and Silas Write and sich men, who wuz men, kept us strate. But wen tha went to ther respectly rewards, another klass uv men okkepied us. Jim Bookannon and Jeff Davis tuk hold uv the Dimokratic kite, tore off its time honerd tale, Eka! Rites, and substitcoted Slavery. The result iz before the world. Dimokrisy iz in the mud, and the Ablishnists hev the Port orificis. Alars!

In the olden times we used 2 heer this song:

"How the car of emansipashen
Iz rollin grandly thru the nashen."

Ive seen that car. It's on tew wheels and carries balls from six 2 five hundred pounds in wate. Sherman road it in2 Savanner t'other dey.

The harder the wurk yoo dew fer the devil the moar deth yoo git fer wagis.—We laboard fathefully in the servis of slavery. We dismist our consbenses, went back on our recurd, swoar black wuz white and vicy versy, even going so fur ez 2 go in2 wars 2 perpetooate it.—What iz the result?

Linkin hez abolisht it bi proklamashun. Hiz bloo-koted hirelins hev abolisht it, niggers and all, wherever tha hev gone, and tha hev maid sum rayther extensive toors. And finelly the Konfedrisy, wich wuz institootid 2 presarv it, is perposin to throw it overbord ez the prise uv recognishin, and this tha dew without stoppin 2 enquire wat iz tew bekum uv us northern dimokrats who hev tied ourselves 2 it.

So reklis sailers fling overbord a prise-lis cargo 2 saiv a worthlis hulk. So Joner wuz histid in2 the billen waves to saiv a set uv marinors who wuz not profits. Wood o wood that i, like him, cood be gobbled up bi sum frendly whale, who wod, in doo time, vomet me out on dry land.

Ez fer me i'm dun. I'm a anti-slavery man frum this time out. Mi conschense won't allow me 2 support it no longer, and besides it don't pay. Ez the sole survivin leader uv the Dimokrisy, i shel immejitly ishoo a serkler instructin uv 'em 2 make this change uv frunt.

PETROLEUM V NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashen.

☞ A Boston powder company has built a church for its workmen, and blows them up if they don't attend.

How a Sutler was Sold.

An army correspondent of the Cleveland Herald tells the following story of a "smart" private and a "sold" sutler.

We had a call a day or two since from "Hi. Oviatt," of Euclid, now an "honerable private" in Battery K, 1st O.V.A., who told us how one of the K boys was anxious to celebrate the capture of Fort Fisher, but didn't have the wherewith to "raise steam." The sutler had whisky, but he was well aware that he (the sutler) wouldn't trust him. But he was resolved to have a canteen of whisky in some shape, and he did get it in this manner: Taking two empty canteens, he filled one with water, slightly colored with coffee, so it resembled ordinary "commissary" and with both canteens in one hand he presented himself at the "counter" of the sutler, and with the air of a "man of means," demanded a canteen of whisky. The sutler of course fills the canteen and passes it to him expecting in return a $5 greenback.

"I ain't got any money, and would you like to trust me,"—said the soldier.

"That's played out—I don't trust!" replied the hard hearted sutler.

"Well then you will have to take back the whisky, for I ain't got a cent," said the soldier in a mournful tone at the same time handing him the canteen containing the colored water.

"All right," responded the sutler, who was glad to get rid of a customer without money, and taking the canteen of water he poured it into the barrel and returned the canteen to our soldier friend, he walked off with his canteen of whisky, having made, as he thought, a "right smart" exchange.

LOST HIS WIG.—A gentleman while taking a drive through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away.—the gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously. His principal loss was that of his wig which had been shaken off, and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a most ludicrous condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers and his master's wig in the other hand, which he was surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said the master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt, is it? Ah, master, dear don't you see the top of me head in me hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable headpiece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as having arrived.

John Randolph of Roanoke, once exclaimed in Congress, after the duty on wool had been discused for many weeks: "Mr. Speaker, I am so sick of the word wool, that I would consent to walk three miles out of my way to kick a sheep."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side—it is the right side. The times may go hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy countenance, It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or arround us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You may have troubles, it maybe. So have others, none are free from them.—Perhaps it is well that none should be.—They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailors would never get skill where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the 'pright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn and the night will end in broad day.

The Cleveland Plaindealer mentions the case of a well dressed young man of good manners, who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the list among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income tax. The government made a good thing out of it, so did the young man.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune states that General Butler, a few years ago invested $100,000 in the stock of a manufacturing company of Lowell, which has since paid 50 per cent. dividend annually. The market price of his shares is now upwards of $3.00,000. It is also stated that the income from his law business was $20,000 annually before he entered the national service.