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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June 8, '64.-1y.

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13 jy 1864.

OUR MARTYRS.

The cruel sounds of war!—the cries
Of souls that struggle unto death!
And the dear Flag—our blessed Flag!—
It trembles with their dying breath!
They stood for Truth—they fall for Right;
Around their living brows they twine
The flames of Death—a lurid crown!
And perish with a joy divine!
God called them on, they said no word,
But rose and took the hero's sword,
And, fronting wrong and danger there,
Sent their lives heavenward, for a prayer.
Ah! how holy must thou be,
Liberty,—
To endure the chrism of their blood!

Afar, home-eyes grow blind with tears,
Home-hearts are sick with longing love;
They knew it all, but could not turn,
While God was watching from above:—
They were not traitors, to prove false
When Duty pointed to the field!
Their hearts had answered Freedom's call,
Their hands should never weakly yield!
In lonely waste of swamp and plain,
Ended their long, cold march of pain;
In many a fatal trench, they rest
As still as on their mother's breast!
Ah! how glorious must thou be,
Liberty,—
Crowned with martyr-souls, like these!

By every Northern hearth is told
One story, with a different name,—
How some brave man laid down his life
To save our dear old Flag from shame;
How, though the glad years, singing, bring
The flowers of Spring, the Summer's glow,
There's someting lost, we shall not find
In all the years that come and go!
And wistfully our sad eyes turn [burn,
Toward where the Southern camp-fires
And, thinking of our dead, we pray,
"Dear Lord, haste on the triumph-day!"
Ah! how worthy must thou be,
Liberty,—
Baptized in tears and holy blood!

March 23, 1865. EVA.

A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

It was during the season of the Carnival, and I was at a masked ball at the French opera House in Paris. It was past three in the morning, and I was seriously thinking of retiring from that wild boisterous scene—not to call it by any harsher name—in which I had been a participant for hours. I was very weary of the dance, the lights, the music, the noise and confusion, the silly nothings that were being continually dinned into my ear by the flirting maskers—and I had withdrawn from the press and seated myself in the most quiet spot I could find.

While I was thus sitting apart from the throng, listlessly gazing upon that which no longer gave me pleasure, a mask, in the dress of a page, sauntered quietly past me, and said, in a low, guarded tone:

"Monseiur will not seem to see or hear, but will look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice"

I was only sure this language was intended for me, by finding there was no other at the moment within hearing; but what it meant, if it had any meaning, I was at loss to conjecture. I would have questioned the page, notwithstanding the caution not to seem to see or hear, but that individual had already passed on too far, and was about mingling with the noisy crowd.

As I sat thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that I had been mistaken for another person, and that what had been said to me, had been really intended for some one else. If this was so indeed, it might lead to a novel adventure, and no one was more ready for a novel adventure than myself.

"Look for the blue domino with a single spot of red on the bosom, and follow so carelessly as not to attract notice," I repeated to myself. "Very well—I think I will—if only to discover what it means."

The next minute the object for which I was about to seek, slowly passed along, not very near me, but in plain view. I arose with a yawn, and quietly, with a sleepy, indifferent air sauntered after the blue domino. I had no difficulty in keeping it in sight—for the masker—so disgnised moved very slowly through the crowd seemingly with no particular purpose. If she intended leaving the house, it was not apparent to me then, nor for some time after; and being really very much fatigued, and not certain I was not the sport of a mischieveous page, I was about to depart myself and finish my night's adventures in my own bedroom, when I perceived my fair unknown coming toward me with a finger on her lips. She came up close beside me and stopped, apparently for the purpose of observing something in another part of the house, and then to my surprise, I heard her say in English, in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Listen, my friend, but not seem to hear. In five minutes I shall leave the house by the entrance to Rue Lepelletier, and will meet you at the Place Vendome—after which we will perfect our plan. Do not fail me this time, or we may not have another opportunity before the count's return. Till then, adieu!"

As she ceased speaking, she moved away, and was lost in the crowd. What did it all mean? Unquestionably I had been mistaken for another person, as the words "Do not fail me this time" evidently proved. Who was the Count alluded to? and what was the plan on foot, to be perfected during his absence? My curiosity was excited, and I resolved to go forward in the part thus thrust upon me till I could ascertain something more definite. And then her words in English, so correctly spoken—plainly showing that either she was, or knew me to be a foreigner, or perhaps both—made me more eager to fathom the mystery. Perhaps some may blame me, knowing, as I did, there was a mistake, for seeking to find out that which did not concern me; and as I have nothing to say in my defence, except that I saw before me the prospect of a novel adventure, the temptation of which I was not just then in the humor to resist.

The French Opera House has three main enterances for three ranks, on as many streets—namely, one on Lepelletier for those who came in carriages, one on Pinion for those who come in fiacres, and one on Grange Bateliere for those who came on foot. My fair unknown had stated that she would leave by the Rue Lepelletier—which went to prove that she laid claim to the highest rank among those present, if not indeed among society in general—and I went out on the Rue Pinion to order a fiacre and join her at the Place Vendome.

I reached the Place first, and dismissed my driver before her carriage appeared, which stopped near the triumphant pillar of Napoleon le Grand. As I hastened up to the carriage—which was plain black, without emblazonry of any kind—the door was opened by a small gloved hand from the inside, while the driver sat still, neither turning his head to the right nor left. I could just see that my fair unknown was its only occupant, and I quietly entered and took my seat beside her, feeling a little nervous and somewhat guilty, I must confess. The door was then shut quietly, I heard the sharp snap of a spring, the blind was let down, and we were whirled away in almost total darkness.

For nearly an hour we rode in silence through the streets of the great city, I seeing nothing but the dim form of the fair unknown beside me, and having no idea of the direction we were going. I thought over some curious stories I had heard of strangers being by one means or another decoyed into dens of robbers, and began to feel rather uneasy. My pistols had been left at my hotel, and I had not a single weapon with me, unless a small pocket-knife might be so called. I had not the feeling, moreover, to give me manly courage; and I could not but admit to myself that, should harm come to me through this adventure, it would, in a great measure be owing to my own folly.

I had been thinking this matter over for some time, and had just come to the determination of declaring there had been some mistake, and taking a hurried leave, when, the carriage came to a sudden stop.

"Here we are at last," said the sweet musical voice of the fair masker—the silvery tones of which, coupled with my native language, tended much to reassure me.

The next moment the door was opened by the driver. As I descended the steps and offered the lady my hand, I glanced quickly around, and perceived we were in an inner court, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings. If I had really been entrapped, escape was impossible, and a sudden feeling of alarm made even my hand tremble.

"Come, my friend?" pursued the lady, whose face was still concealed by the mask; and taking my arm as she spoke, she led me forward to a door, which she unlocked and threw open

All was dark inside, and I fancied the air felt cold and damp. I hesitated, and even drew back a step. "What!" she exclaimed with a light laugh, "are you afraid to enter here to-night Sir. Richard, where you have so often been with me before?"

These words convinced me that I had indeed been mistaken for some body else—no less, in fact than an English baronet—and determined me to go forward and see the end of the strange affair.

"Of course, I am not afraid of you," I ventured to say; "but what if the Count should have returned during your absence?"

This was the first time I had spoken in the lady's hearing, and I was not a little curious to know what effect my voice might produce, notwithstanding her eyes had been deceived by my personal appearance, for I had at no time been masked myself. To my great relief she did not indicate in any way that there was anything wrong in either the sound or the words, but answered with assuring promptness:

"Oh, if that is all, have no fear, for he cannot possibly reach Paris before three days. But how was it, Sir Richard, that you disappointed me before?"

"I must explain that some other time," I evasively replied. "Here, madam, please give me your hand," I added, as she was about ready to set forward thro' the dark passages in advance of me; "I can always walk better with such a sweet friend to guide me."

She gave me her hand, though I fancied there was a slight hesitation. It might be only fancy, but somehow my suspicions rere reawakened. Could it be we were both playing a part? that the whole affair from the beginning was merely a plot to decoy me a foreign stranger into her meshes, for the purpose of robbery if not murder? that what I supposed to be a mistake was merely a ruse and for her own wicked purpose she was permitting me to think that I was deceiving her? The very idea under the circumstances, was so startling, that in a moment I felt the cold perspiration start from every pore, and I would have given half my fortune to have been safely at my hotel. It was now too late, however, to attempt a retreat; we were groping our way through a dark passage, with the door closed behind us; but her hand rested in mine, and I held it in such a way that she could not withdraw it without my consent. Daylight, moreover, could not be far off, and there was some little consolation in the thought.

We presently came to a flight of stairs, ascended to another story, passed thro' a long narrow corridor, with several sharp turnings, and at last stopped at a door, which she unlocked and threw open. A blaze of light from a large chandelier almost dazzled me, and I saw at a glance that the lady locked the door, and then removed her mask, disclosing a young and beautiful face, so animated and radiant with smiles that instantly I felt ashamed of my base suspicions.

"There, now, Sir Richard," she said, gaily, "you shall seat yourself in that fauteuil, we will have a glass of wine together, and then we will arrange the plan with what haste we may, so that you can depart before daylight, if you wish."

Could it be that even here, in this light, at such close quarters, she mistook me for one who by her own showing was an intimate friend? The thing hardly seems possible. If true our resemblance to each other must be remarkable indeed; if not true, then I had been lured hither for some dreadful purpose. I seated myself as directed, and awaited the result with a good deal of nervous anxiety She stepped out of the room for a minute, through an inner door that was slightly ajar, and returned without her domino, in a very rich dress, and with a decanter and two wine-glasses on a silver waiter.

"Here is your favorite sherry, Sir Richard," she said with a very sweet smile, placing the waiter on a table, pushing the latter up before me, and seating herself on the opposite side.

As I filled the two glasses, the thought occurred to me that the wine might be poisoned.

"If she drinks, however, I will," I said mentally, "but not otherwise."

We touched glasses, and both carried the wine to our lips. My eye was upon her. She coughed slightly, and removed hers untasted. In an instant I threw mine over my shoulder unperceived, and remarked, as I replaced my glass, that I had never tasted anything better.

"Try another glass: one hardly gives you the flavor!" she said with her sweetest smile.

I thanked her, refilled my glass, took it in my hand, and soon managed to get rid of it as before.

"Now, then," she pursued, "let us arrange our plan about Marie, while we have an oppertunity. You know the Count opposes your marriage for no other reason than—But, by the bye, Sir Richard, you have neglected to drink to her health!"

"True" returned I; "how could I have been so thoughtless?" I refilled the glass "To the health of my dear Marie, and our speedy union!" I continued raising it to my lips. The eye of my fair hostess gleaming with a peculiar light, was now watching me closely. "Hark!" said I looking quickly around, "what sound is that?"

"Where, what Sir Richard? what do you hear?" she exclaimed, with a startled glance around the apartment.

"I think I was mistaken," I said after a short pause, during which I had managed to get rid of the wine without drinking it.

When she turned to me again I was in the act of removing the empty glass from my lips. She saw this, and on the instant a strange expression of wicked triumph flitted across her beautiful features. It was momentary, but it was fiend like I felt my blood curdle. My worst suspicions then were just! I was ensnared! How should I escape? Instantly I resolved that she should not again quit my sight and my hopes lay only in threats upon her life, while alone with me and in my power. She now, without alluding to the plan which we had ostensibly come together to discuss commenced an animated conversation about the masked ball—glancing furatively at me the while, as I fancied to note the effect of the wine.—To be certain I was right in my surmise. I thought it best to affect a heavy drowsiness, and secretly watch her motions I did so, and gradually appeared to fall asleep. As she perceived this, the mask of nature was also removed, and I saw her her dark eyes gleam with a deadly light, and her proud lip curl in scornful triumph. At length she ceased speaking, and for a minute or two sat and watched me in silence. Then as if to make sure she approached and shook me, saying:

"You pay me but a poor compliment Sir Richard, to fall asleep in my presence!" And then, on finding I gave no sign of conciousness, she added, in quite a different tone: "Poor fool! it shall be my care that you do not awake again! You have played your part to suit me, and now I will play mine to suit myself!"

She turned away as if to leave the room probably to summon her accomplices to finish her wicked work; and at that moment I laid hold of her arm. As she looked around in alarm and found me wide awake, and my eyes fixed upon hers with a severe and penetrating expression.

"Madam," said I, in a low stern measured tone, "If you would save your guilty life do not attempt to escape or call help! I am not the poor fool you supposed! You have played your part and I mine! Do not flatter yourself I have been ensnared! I know you, and boldly came here to detect you in your guilt! Not a single drop of your poisoned wine has passed my lips! Your whole establishment is under the surveillance of the police! and unless I return to my friends by daylight, your mansion will be entered by the dread officers of the law, and every living soul in it will be taken into custody! Now mark well what I say! You must instantly yourself conduct me clear of your premisis! and if you dare to faiter in the least or attempt to raise an alarm that moment, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you die! Now give me your hand and lead the way!"

White with terrified amazement and trembling like an aspen the guilty, wretched woman stood cowering before my stern penetrating glance For nearly a minute she seemed too much overpowered to move from the spot. I took her hand, grasped it like a vice, and silently pointed to the door. At length she went forward with tottering steps. In silence she led me through the dark corridor, down the stairs, through the passage, into the court, through another passage, and opened the last door that admitted me to life and light Morn was just breaking and as I felt the cool air of heaven upon my fevered brow, and thought of my narrow escape from death, there came such a whirl of strange emotions that I reeled forward like a man intoxicated!

The mansion I had just quitted stood on the banks of the Sein, about two miles below the old city; and I believe if I had drank the wine offered me, my rifled body would soon have been cast into the rushing waters. I believe moreover, the mansion, grand as it appeared, was only a den of robbers and murderers—that the woman was only a beautiful decoy for strangers and foreigners—and that many a poor, unsuspecting soul had taken its flight from there to the eternal world! I did not communicate with the police, for the reason that, in the first place I could bring no charge of crime against any; and, in the second place, I did not wish to become involved with the French courts of law; but thankful beyond expression for my own escape, I firmly resolved never to risk my life again in another mysterious adventure in Paris!

ANDREW JOHNSON

Is now the constitutional President of the Republic His actions, his opinions, his record, and his habits become now more than ever a matter of public interest; and we are glad indeed that the concurrent testimony of those who know best, leaves no reason for apprehension as to his general sobriety and blameless deportment. Gen. Burnside, in a recent speech in New York, referred to the mortifying display at his inauguration, and assured his audience that they need cherish no fears as to his habits—that he is and ever has been a man of sobriety, and that protracted illness had necessitated the stimulants which unmanned him in the Senate. Senator Doolittle, who served with him in the Senate for a number of years, made a speech recently, and referred to the widespread anxiety as to Mr. Johnson's habits now that he has become President. Mr. Doolittle is a gentleman of the purest character, and entitled to the fullest credit. Speaking of the new President, he said:

"He is, I think, a native of North Carolina. He was an humble mechanic, a tailor by trade, and, it is said, received instructions in the first rudiments of education from his devoted wife. He is a man of medium stature, compact and strong built, of dark complection and deep set black eyes. He is of billious temperament, of strong intellect, indomitable energy and iron will, in whose character I should say the strongest feature of all is that of stern justice, mingled with a genuine hatred of all forms of aristocracy and oppression, and a patriotism so ardent that it amounts to a passion, almost a religion. He was the real author of the Homestead law, although it did not pass both Houses until after the rebellion began. On account of his determined and constant support of that measure of the people, and which of itself would bar slavery out of all new territories, the aristocratic slave-holders of the South—Mason, Slidell, Toombs, Davis, and the like—long before the rebellion, hated him with a perfect hatred.

"I have occasion to know how much he reciprocated their feelings towards him, for when I was occasionally, as a young Senator, engaged in controversy with them, he always took great pleasure in referring me to the necessary documents to enable me successfuly to controvert them.

"But, you ask me, is he a sober man?

"Such was certainly his character during all the time he was in the Senate of the United States. My best impression is that he did not drink at all at that time. After his leaving the Senate to go to Tennessee as a Brigadier General, to act as military Governor, I of course, do not know whether he did or did not, like a great many of the officers in the army, indulge in drinking. I am informed that when he left Tennesse to come on to Washington to attend the inauguration, he was just recovering from a severe illness. That he came upon most urgent solicitation, against his own preferences. That he was sustained and kept up more or less by stimulants prescribed and recommended by his physician. He was still suffering from his malady, when probably he ought to have been under the charge of his physician, on the day of his inauguration.

"What occurred then has given rise to a thousand criticisms and apprehensions. I shall not go farther into that than to say, I saw him several times afterwards before I left Washington, at the house of Mr. Francis P. Blair, where he was staying by invitation, in company with Hon Preston King, of New York, and I found him recovering from his illness, and, so far as I could judge in all respects, as he was in the Senate. I do not believe that Andrew Johnson, who always lived a temperate and upright life until past fifty years of age, now that the great responsibilities of the Presidency are thrown upon him, can, or will permit himself to indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks, and thus endanger that republic for which he would willingly lay down his life. I would sooner believe he would forswear all intoxicating drinks whatsoever."

—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives an account of a conversation with the late President, from which it appears that he had a presentment that he should not survive the close of the war. The writer says: He may not have looked for it from the hand of an assassin, but he felt sure that his life would end with the war long ago. He told me "that he was certain he should not outlast the Rebellion." It was in last July. As you will remember, there was dissension then among the Republican leaders. Many of his best friends had deserted him, and were talking of an opposition convention to nominate another candidate; and universal gloom was among the people. The North was tired of the war, and supposed an honorable peace attainable. Mr. Lincoln knew it was not—that any peace at that time would be only disunion.—Speaking of it, he said:—"I have faith in the people; They will not consent to disunion. The danger is, they are misled. Let them know the truth, and the country is safe." He looked haggard and careworn, and further on in the interview I remarked on his appearance, Saying: "You are wearing yourself out with hard work. "I can't work less," he replied "but it isn't that—work never troubled me. Things look badly, and I can't avoid anxiety. Personally, I care nothing about a re-election; but if our divisions defeat us, I fear for the country." when I suggested that right must eventually triumph—that I had never despaired of the result, he said: "Neither have I, but I may not live to see it. I feel a presentment that I shall not outlast the Rebellion. When it is over my work will be done.

A recent rebel letter, found in a Southern Post Office says:—"After the war I don't know which will sound worse to say I was in the penitentiary four year or that I belonged to wheeler's Cavalry."