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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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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18 jy 1864.

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

There's a modest little blossom
Blooming closely to the ground,
While its wealth of sweetest perfume
Thrills through all the air around.
White and pure a field of clover,
In the sunny summer day,
Brings a calm my spirit over,
Sweet as music far away.

In the rich man's terraced garden
Many a fair exotic twines;
Many a gaily tinted flower
'Neath the glossy foliage shines.
By the poor man's lowly cottage,
Violets sweetest odors yield;
Yet I love the air of freedom
Blowing from a clover field.

Lillies in the Valley growing,
Roses in their blushing pride,
These may wreathe their regal beauty,
Fitly for the youthful bride.
Laurel wreaths may shit the poet,
Forest flowers may lure the child
I would only ask the clover,
Meek and modest, brave and mild.

Little cares my hardy flower,
Though the soil be poor and dry;
Blooming by the dirty wayside,
Blessing all who pass thereby.
Let me learn the gentle lesson,
Even in my lowly way,
Working bravely, like the clover,
In the sultry summer day.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

The Captain's wife and daughters generally accompanied him in his voyages The latter was one of those sweet creatures that one cannot see without admiring, and cannot admire without loving You may easily suppose, then, from the numerous opportunities which circumstances gave me of meeting and conversing with her, that it was not long before I began to feel a more than ordinary pleasure and interest in her society But I soon discovered the hopelessness of any feelings beyond esteem for her virtues, and respect for her person, for we had not been above a week at sea, when I saw tokens of reciprocal attachment between her and Tom Truehold. Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. One afternoon, as I was walking on the deck. Truehold came up to me, in a state of great agitation, and told me that the Captain had just ordered him out of the cabin.

I asked him what he meant.

After a few minutes he told me that he and the Captain's daughter had long cherished an affection for each other; and that he had just asked her father's permission to marry her when we arrived in port again. On hearing which the Captain had flown into a violent passion, and ordered him to go on deck, never to enter his cabin in future, and never to dare to mention the subject to him again.

In the mean time the Captain had called his daughter into his cabin, and told her—with a threat of solitary confinement in case of disobedience—never, under any circumstances, to allow any communication to take place between her and Truehold, unless in his own presence, which she—two well knowing the inflexible nature of her father to think lightly of his threats—for some time tried to obey.

For the first month or six weeks of our voyage the painful injunctions of the Captain were, to all appearances, strictly observed by his daughter and Truehold. But the effects of so terrible a struggle in her heart were soon evident; and in spite of all that both the Captain and his wife could do to cheer their daughter, her spirit sunk, the ruddy tinge disappeared from her cheeks, and she gradually drooped, till at length the slender thread of her earthly existence seemed all but broken. In all his anxiety for her—for the Captain really loved his daughter—perhaps it never once entered into his mind that her illness was only the result of his own unnatural severity; nor did she disclose to her mother the secret that preyed upon her heart, and beneath which she was sinking.

We had been at sea about six weeks, as I said, when one night, after having been relieved from my watch, I remained for some time walking the deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the skies above me. After having remained a short time in conversation with Truehold, who took charge of the watch, I bade him good night, and went below to my berth; but, feeling rather disinclined for sleep, I sat down, and, taking up a volume which lay by me, commenced reading. I had not read above fifteen or twenty minutes, when I thought I heard a slight sound like the opening of a door. I listened for a few seconds, but hearing nothing more I again turned to my book. After the space of about five minutes, I was again startled by a creaking noise like the opening of another door, which, from the direction, I knew to come from the Captain's berth. Surprised, I attentively listened, putting out my light to avoid drawing attention to me, and immediately heard a heavy foot cross the cabin, and cautiously proceed toward the stair, as if for the purpose of going on deck. With a noiseless step I left my berth, and on reaching the bottom of the stair I saw the Captain crouching within the shade of the binnacle, apparently watching something on deck. After a moment he sprung forward, exclaiming,

"Ha, you villain! I have caught you then!"

Alarmed and wondering what this could mean, I instantly followed; and on reaching the top of the stair I saw him grasping Truehold by the collar, while his daughter was clinging to his knees in terror and supplication.

"Get up!" said the Captain, addressing his daughter, and spurning her from him. "Get up! I shall put a stop to your moonlight assignations for the future Go; get below with you! Up, up, I tell you!" cried he, with increasing wrath, as she still clung to his knees. "And you, Sir," he continued, addressing Truehold, "I shall take care you don't neglect your duties any more. From this moment consider yourself discharged from all responsibility on board the ship. Go below, Sir; go below to your berth, or I shall send you down in chains."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed his daughter, in a wild and beseeching tone; oh, father!"

"Silence!" he cried interrupting her fiercely, seizing her by the arm and dragging her after him. "I have long tried to catch you at your midnight meetings, and have succeeded at last."

"For Heaven's sake, Captain," said Truehold, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, "do not use your innocent daughter so harshly."

"What! cried the Captain, still more fiercely; "what! will you dare to interfere? Go; get you below this instant!"

"I will not, Sir," replied Truehold, firmly

"Eh! you won't, do you say?" exclaimed the Captain, grinding his teeth with rage. "You wont?" he reiterated, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Then, by Heaven! I shall send you a berth you don't expect!" and, without further warning, fired the pistol, which, fortunately missing the mark, entered the mast close by where Truehold stood. In a moment the captain, dashed the pistol on deck, pulled out another, and proceeded to take a more deliberate aim at Truehold, who stood without attempting to move from his position; but at the moment the Captain's finger was on the trigger I sprang forward, seized his arm, and tried to turn the pistol from his intended victim. In the short struggle that ensued the pistol went off, and shot his daughter through the shoulder A half-suppressed cry burst from her lips; and, with a faint smile passed over her palid features, she sunk into the arms of Truehold, who caught her as she was falling.

Petrified with horror, thinking he had killed his daughter, the Captain dropped the pistol at his feet, and stood for a few moments as if every sense and feeling had left him. Then uttering a wild shriek, he cried:

"Oh, my daughter! I have murdered my daughter!" and before any one was aware of his intention threw himself overboard.

At the same moment his daughter opened her eyes, and, conscious of what had occurred, looked up in Truehold's face with an expression of mingled entreaty and affection, faintly saying, "Save my father! I'm not much hurt! Save my father!"

"I will or perish!" replied Truehold; pulling me back as I was about to leap over after the Captain; and motioning me to take charge of her, ordering the ship to be brought to and a boat to be lowered, at the same moment throwing off his jacket and springing with a bound into the sea.

A boat having meanwhile, been lowered, in a few moments they were all extricated from their perilous situation and placed safely on deck.

The Captain, who was carried below in a state of insensibility, was immediately attended by the surgeon belonging to the troops, and was soon restored to animation.

In the mean time I had conveyed his daughter below; where, finding her wound nowise dangerous, I consigned her to the care of the assistant-surgeon of the troops, and hurried into the cabin where the Captain had been carried, who was just becoming sensible as I entered.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and looking wildly around him. "Ah! I have no daughter! I have murdered her! She is dead! O my daughter, my daughter!"

"She still lives," returned the doctor, undisturbed by the violence of his patient. "She still lives; and, if you will keep calm, she will be well again."

"Then I will be calm," he replied, assuming a sudden composure, which continued but for a few moments; for he almost immediately exclaimed, "No, no, you only try to deceive me; she is dead!"

"No, I do not try to deceive you," said the surgeon, "she still lives, and if you will promise to remain quiet, I will bring her to you!"

The surgeon returned, with the Captain's daughter, whose wound having been dressed, a shawl was thrown over her shoulder to hide all appearances of it from her father. She paused, tremblingly, as she entered, for at that moment the excited tones of his voice met her ear.

Looking round, the Captain now saw his daughter, and raising himself up—"My child, my child, thank God for preserving you!" he cried, as he stretched out his hands toward her, while she sprang forward to meet his embrace, and sunk into his arms, too much overcome by her feelings to speak.

For a few moments not a sound was heard but the suppressed sobs of the father and his daughter, and not a word was spoken. Every one looked on, as if afraid to break the solomn silence of the scene. At length, gently extracting himself fron the embrace of his daughter, the Captain looked around the cabin, and seeing Truehold watching him with a look of deepest sympathy, he motioned him to approach, and pressing his hand, said,

"Forgive me, Truehold, for the suffering I have caused both you and myself." Then taking his daughter's hand, and placing it in Truehold's, he continued "Take her, and may God bless you both!" The Captain paused, deeply affected, but evidently happier; while Truehold, with a look of mingled surprise, love joy, and sadness, clasped her to his bosom, whose, heart had so long been his.

A Greenhorn on the Railroad.

"When we got to the depot, I went around to get a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! It was no more like a hoss than a meeting house. If I was going to describe the animal I'd say it looked like—well it looked—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a regular he devil, snortin', and chawin' up red hot coals like they were good. A feller stood in a house like feedin' him all the time: but the more he got the more he wanted and the more he snorted. After a spell a feller catched him by the tail, and great *Jerico*! he set up a yell that split the ground for mer'n a mile and a half, and the next minute I found my legs a waggin', and found myself t'other end of the string of solubles I wasn't skeered but I had three chills and a stroke of paley in less than five minutes, and my face had a curious brownish yellow green blueish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is superflous." I took a seat in the nearest wagon, or car, as they called it—a consarned long steamboat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side big enough to hold a man and a half. Just as I sat down, the hoss hollared twice, and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then catched me by the head, and crammed me under the seat: the cars was jumpin' and tearin' along at nigh unto forty thousand miles an hour and every body was bobbin' up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth open and looked like they was laffin'; but I couldn't hear nothin' the cars kept such a racket. Bymeby she stopped all at once; and such another laff bursted out o' them passengers as I never heard before. Laffin' at me, too, thats what made me mad, and I was mad as thunder too. Iris up, and shakin' my fist at em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen look ahere I'm a peaceable stranger"—and away the darn train went like small pox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack, like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cursed mouths flopped open, and the fellers went to bobbin up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em and very naturally went to bobbin' up and down myself.

YOUR FARE, MISS.—A young lady from the rural districts lately entered a city railroad car. Pretty soon the conductor approached her and said:

"Your fare, Miss."

She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more:

"Your fare, Miss."

This time the pink on her cheeks deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied:

"Well, if I am good lookin, you hadn't ought ter say it out loud afore folks."

The passangers in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled the fare.

☞ That was a good joke on a young and gallant Hoosier officer, who, on receiving a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house, on the evening designated, took his volunteers and marched them to the young lady's residence.—When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, he said, "By golly the letter said company, and I thought the lady wanted to see all the boys."

A FOX STORY.

Two business gentlemen from New Haven, who occasionally indulge in a little sporting experience, visited Southington on a hunt the other day. Birds were not very plenty, and doubtful of success the gentlemen started for the depot toward night, to take the train home Coming across an Irishman, they accidentally asked him if there were any rabbits, partridges, quails, foxes, or any other game about there

"Bedad there is that! I can put my finger on a nist of foxes where there is five young uns and the old un! They are so tame yez can stroke em wid yer hand."

This was a chance to capture fur that must not be lost, and after some dickering, Pat agreed to pilot them to the nest for three dollars. After trudging thro' the woods about a mile, the party came to a clearing where stood a log house.—

With a horrid Milesian grin, he pointed to an old woman and five young imps lying loose about the main floor, exclaiming:

"See the tame crathurs! Mrs. *Patrick Fox*, these hunthers are after yez! Good day, gintlemen!"

The hunters got back to the depot too late for the train that day, but they arrived home all safe the next morning. It is unnecessary to mention, however, that it is not to them we are indebted for the above facts.—"New Haven Journal."

APOLOGUE.—A poor laborer in a certain village died after a long illness, and having escaped this existence, presented himself at the gate of Heaven, where he found he had been preceeded by a rich man, of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had just been admitted by the apostle Peter.

The laborer who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sound of rejoicing and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the rich man, and having knocked in his turn was also admitted.

But what was the poor man's astonishment at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been uttered!

"How is this?" he demanded of Peter "when the rich man entered I heard music and singing, is there the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?"

"Not at all," replied the apostle, "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas, it is scarcely once in one hundred years that a rich man gains admission.

LOGICAL PARADOX.—Epimenides said "*all* Cretans are *liars*"

Now Epimenides was himself a Cretan therefore Epimenides was a *liar*.

But, if he was a *liar*, then the Cretans were not liars.

Now, if the cretans were not liars, Epimenides was not a liar.

But, if he was *not* a liar, the Cretans were liars.

A Massachusetts Judge has decided that a husband may open a wife's letters on the ground so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophulus Parsons of Cambridge, that "the husband and wife are one, and the husband is that one."

WHAT AN EDITOR MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—Holland, the editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, has been up in Vermont, to "where he came from," and thus sketches what he should have been if he had not left home and become an editor:

Your correspondent would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying fifteen days in July, and taken for pay the iron works and running gear of a wagon.

At two and twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attention to a girl with a father worth $2,000, and a spit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school, and "set in the seats," and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl any way. Well, after seeing her home from singing school for two or three years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about $100 together he would have married and settled down Years would have passed away, and the girl with the spit curl would have eleven children—just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls.

We should have had a hard time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able enough to do the milking and help their mother wash days, and I getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, would be elected a member of the legislature, having been an assessor and a school committeman for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and a newspaper in my hand, I should sit and look at the markets through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder why should such a strange silly piece as this be published.

The small pox is prevalent in some parts of Bucks county.

The Indiana papers complain of the presence of gangs of gipseys in that State.

Troy has destroyed its old fractional currency issued in 1862.

An Austrian Princess lately died in a debtor's prison, in Vienna.

Gift enterprizes are being shut up in Baltimore by the police.

The Empress of Mexico rides in a phaeton drawn by six mules.

The Lebanon county jail is without a tenant.

The recruiting of colored troops in Richmond has been suspended.

The war between Brazil and Uraguay has terminated.

Large numbers of military and naval officers are resigning.

The rebel Gen. Mansfield Lovell is a grand nephew of Benedict Arnold.

Ex-President Franklin Pierce will be married next month to a second wife.

The late President Lincoln's carriages and horses are to be sold at private vendue.

The Southern portion of Peru is in a state of revolution against the government.

Jeff Thompson has surrendered his army in Arkansas to Capt. Mitchell, U.S. A.

Louis Napoleon demands five million dollars per month for his troops in Mexico.

Wickedness, with beauty, is the devil's hook baited.

Wealth is not apt to be modest; the face on a guinea never blushes.

Tar of very superior quality is now manufactured in Maine.

God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

If we expect charity from the world, we must be charitable ourselves.

On the 8th, 10th, and 11th of May, seven thirties to the amount of $47,987,-200 were sold.

It is said that Harris, now on trial in Washington, for treason, is the most profane man that ever sat in Congress.

A continued smile on *men's* faces, but not maiden's, is often the title vignette of falsehood.

A musquito is a customer who tries to get inside the bar and "take a nip" without paying for it.

Don't be to severe on yourself and your own feelings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

When a fish is wounded, other fishes fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

As Bellona is the goddess of war, the best diet to make men fight is probably Bellona sassages.

The moon seems pure and bright, but like many mortal beings, she casts a long shadow up toward heaven.

The mormons are putting up a private line of telegraph in Utah at a cost of $200 a mile in gold.

The Indiana Sanitary Commission has erected a chapel in Camp Carrington for military worship.

Three of four candidates for the Presidency in 1860 are now dead—Douglas, Bell, and Lincoln.

Major Field, formerly of the Dickinson House, Corning, has become the proprietor of the Brainard, at Elmira.

The War Department allows visits to be made to Richmond and Petersburg, but will not provide transportation.

All the white women who remain in Charleston have taken the oath of allegiance.

Two female rebel soldiers were recently captured in Tennessee, and are now in the Nashville military prison.

The plague has made its way into Germany, where it is spreading with considerable rapidity.

The mind is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it—they are both improved by dicipline, both are ruined by neglect.

The *Valley Spirit*, of Chambersburg, (copper) says that their District Attorney will not indict M'Causland for arson.—Birds of a feather.

At Zanesville, Ohio, a cake of soap weighing 2500 pounds was manufactured. It took eight days to cool, and is valued at $800.

The regents of the Smithsonian institution decided to rebuild those portions destroyed by fire, and to make them fire proof, at a cost of $120,000.

The corner stone of the monument to Thomas Wildey, the pioneer of Odd Fellowship in this country' was laid in Baltimore a few days since.