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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13 jy 1864.

ONE VACANT CHAIR.

We will meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We will linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening's prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But the golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruins lie.

At our hearth, so sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble brother fell.
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our Country's honor
With the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore shall deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only,
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed!
Dirges from the pine and cypress,
Mingle with the tears we shed.

BATTLE OF DONELSON.

The army correspondents had no power, through love or largeness, to obtain horses on their February campaign in Tennessee, the second year of the War.

The talisman of the Press had lost its equine potency, and most of the war-pursuing Bohemians were compelled to go to the field from Fort Henry over a rough and miry road in a pedestrianizing capacity.

Philosophers complain of nothing; but, to a vivid imagination, the prospect of the approaching fight was more unique than fascinating.

I fancied the Bohemians wandering over the field knee-deep in mud, liable, without uniforms or any badge of distinction, to be mistaken by each side for foes, and, in event of a defeat, to be ridden down and shot at, under suspicion of being Rebels, in the most miscellaneous and magnificent manner.

So I fancied; and my fancies were more than half realized.

No one cares for a Bohemian, I hope, and no true Bohemian cares who cares for him.

If, to speak typographically, he is set *up leaded with a shooting-stick*, or his form knocked into everlasting pi by a shell, no column rule will be turned for him. There will be merely one journalist less in the World, and one more phase of boredom exhausted.

For any ill-fated quill-driver who may breakfast with Proserpine one of these dull mornings, I have composed an epitaph, which nothing but regard for my readers, and the memory of the deceased that is to be, prevents me from inserting here.

Well I remember how we of the Press wandered about that hard fought field, half starved and half frozen, having left our blankets and india-rubbers behind, and brought no rations with us; supposing, as did every one in the army, that the capture of Donelson would be a simple before breakfast recreation.

Few of us, as I have said, had horses; and, being without tents, provisions, or sufficient clothing—particularly after the sudden change, on the day of our arrival, from Spring like softness and warmth to raw, biting, penetrating wind and storm, followed by sleet, snow, and severe winter weather—we suffered greatly, but, fortunately for us, not long.

At Fort Henry an explosion of a box of ammunition had dashed a piece of *cartridge paper into one of my optics*, which soon inflamed the other through sympathy, and made me nearly blind.

For three days I groped over the frozen and snowy ground, and, with my companion of the New York *World*, followed, from time to time, army wagons, to pick up pieces of hard bread which were jolted out semi-occasionaly over the rough roads.

I thought that difficult to endure then; but, since my long apprenticeship in Rebel prisons, I regard by comparison all previous experience of my life, however unpleasant and painful, as a path of roses and a stream of joy.

The battle of Donelson, or siege of Fort Donelson, as it is often called, was continued by land and water for four days, February 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15; though, from the position of the Rebel works on the river, our gunboats were enabled to do little toward the obtainment of the victory.

The country about Donelson was very uneven, being surrounded by high hills, and covered in many places with trees and undergrowth, so that nothing could be seen of the main work from any point of land that our men were able to reach.

Although I was wandering over the field all four days, I did not see the fort proper *myself*, nor meet a single person who had seen it, though the outworks were visible from various places, and the Rebels working the guns.

On Saturday, the 15th inst., our troops, though most of them had never been under fire, fought like veterans, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, having been without sleep for two or three nights, and without food for twenty-two hours.

All the officers acted coolly and gallantly, and encouraged the soldiers by word and example.

A lieutenant seized the colors of one of the regiments, after the ensign had been shot down, and bore them for a quarter of an hour in the thickest of the fight.

A captain of one of the companies received two balls through his hat and three through his coat without being conscious of his narrow escapes until after the battle.

Three or four of the officers had the hair of their head and faces grazed by musket balls; and, in two instances, the skin was removed from the ear by the leaden messengers of the Rebels.

An orderly sergeant, seeing a Rebel pointing a rifle at the captain of his company, threw himself before his beloved officer, received the bullet through his breast, and fell dead in the arms of the man he had saved.

The sergeant, I learned, had been reared and very generously treated by the father of the captain, and had declared, when he first enlisted, that he would be happy to die to save the life of his benefactor's son.

Most nobly and gloriously did he redeem his promise.

The severest and the decisive contest was on the left at the close of Saturday. General C. F. Smith, with his division, composed of Indiana, Iowa, and Illinois regiments, marched up to the breastworks, and engaged the enemy in the most spirited manner.

The Iowa Second was the first regiment that scaled the breastworks, performing the hazardous and brilliant movement in masterly style, after the manner of the veterans who immortalized themselves in the wars of Napoleon.

They never hesitated, they never faltered, but with a firm step and flashing eye, passed, without firing a gun, into the Rebel works.

In a few seconds other regiments followed, and a terrible strife ensued between the contending parties. The Secessionists seemed resolved to drive the Unionists back, and the latter equally determined not to surrender the advantage they had obtained.

For at least two hours the rattling of musketry was unceasingly heard, and the armed masses surged to and fro. Fortune appeared to favor now one side, and now another.

Ever and anon, a loud cheer went up for the Union, and that was caught up at a distance and echoed by our soldiers, and joyously re-echoed by the surrounding hills.

Many a brave warrior heard that glorious shout as his senses reeled in death, and his spirit went forth embalmed with the assurance that he had not fallen in vain.

A large Rebel gun every few seconds would pour its iron hail against our struggling heroes; but generally, as the sequel proved, the firing was too high. Of that fact we were not aware at the time, and the booming gun caused much uneasiness and alarm.

The correspondent of the St Louis *Republican* and myself were on the summit of a hill near the hostile breastworks, indulging in a little amateur pugnacity with Birge's sharpshooters, who had very kindly loaned us two of their Enfields. They were trying in vain to pick off the Rebel gunner, whom we could not see, though we could determine, by the puff of the smoke from the vent, about where he stood.

"Are you a good shot?" inquired one of Birge's men of me. "If you are, here is as good a rifle as ever killed a Rebel; and if you'll pepper that fellow over there at that gun, I'll give you anything I've got."

I made no promises, for I had very little skill as a marksman, but quietly accepted the Enfield, with the air of Leather Stocking; and, waiting until the gun went off again, I fired at the very moment the blue smoke puffed above the earthworks.

For some reason or other, the gun was not fired for nearly five minutes.

The sharpshooter looked at me with wonder and admiration, and saying, "I think you fixed him that time," received back the rifle I handed him as if there would be no more use for it in the future.

"I shouldn't be surprised," I remarked to my companion, and walked dignifiedly away while my laurels were green.

That sharpshooter will believe to his last hour I killed that Rebel gunner.

I hope as he believed.

Soon after that incident, a loud report was heard, and the woods reverberated with a Union cry of joy, for the soldiers recognized it as the thunder of a Yankee gun, gotten into position at last, and believed it would do much to decide the battle.

Again and again that gun sounded, and the national banner waved, and the Rebels were driven from their redoubt.

The Union regiments received orders to hold their position during the night, and renew the strife in the morning.

The morning came, but there was no need of further contest; for in the morning the enemy surrendered, and Donelson was ours.

SOUTHERN WIT.—While the train was stopping at a small place near Weldon, a robust Georgian trooper hailed one of the many loungers about the station with: "Say, old tar heel, got any tar for sale?" The native so addressed answered rather shortly, to his "gallant defender," "No, sir-ee!" "Wal, you've got some pitch, haven't you?" "Nary pitch here," answered the sandhiller. "Well what have you done with 'em, for you know you live on sich stuff." About this time the long, lean specimen of a tar-maker brightened up and replied, "Well we sold all we had to Jeff Davis." The Georgian, thrown off his guard, could not resist asking, "Why, what did old Davis want with all the tar?" Quoth the man of pitch: "Why, you Georgians run so, that he had to buy something to make you stick."

A MELANCHOLY TRUTH.—When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has but few loving, helping hands for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly mortalities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

A PARTICULAR IRISHMAN.—One of the city colporteurs of Cincinnati some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor benighted ones about the town, met with an amusing incident. Coming to an isolated building of humble pretensions, he opened the door without the ceremony of knocking, saying:

"Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of the letter-press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied:

"Yes, be jabers; a whole section, if you give a good title; but I'd like to know if there be much fever'n ague there to bother a poor divil?" The colporteur retreated.

PIETY QUAINTLY EXPRESSED.—At a funeral at St. Augustine, Fla., a short time since, a colored preacher was enlarging on the gratitude that the freed men owed to God for the marvellous deliverance that he had wrought in their behalf. His climax was somewhat in this wise:

"My brethren, Gen. Sherman has done much for us by bringing so many of our people out of bondage; Gen. Saxton has been our benefactor by defending us from being imposed upon and giving us lands; brother Lynch has deserved our thanks by his care for our spiritual welfare; but remember, my brethren, that the Lord has done more for us *than any other man!*"

In the days when Connecticut was largely engaged in breeding mules for the Southern market, one morning, Tracy, who was as shrewd a Yankee as ever whittled shingles or sold a clock, stood with a South Carolinian on the steps of the Capitol, when a drove of mules passed by on their Southern journey.

"Tracy," said the Carolinian, "there goes a company of your constituents."

"Yes," was the dry retort, "they are doubtless going to South Carolina to teach school."

A NEW READING.—At a Brooklyn mass meeting recently, a speaker told this story:

In Sunday school, the other day, while a recitation of verses of Scripture was in progress, a little lad suddenly exclaimed:—"I know a verse!" He was desired to recite it, and did so thus: "If any one attempt to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

"And that," said Dr Willetts, who told the story, "is the doctrine according to Gen. Dix."

SYDNEY SMITH was once looking thro' the hot house of a lady who was proud of her flowers, and used, not very accurately, a profusion of botanical names.

"Madam," said he, have you the *Septennis psoriasis?*"

"No," said she, "I had it last winter, and gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the spring."

Septennis psoriasis is the medical name for the seven year itch.

The savage maiden paints her body; the bright eyed beauty of civilization paints her cheek. The one wears a ring in her nose; the other rings in her ears. The one girdles herself with the gaudiest zone she can command; the other arrays herself in stuffs of the costliest quality and richest dyes. They are the same by nature: they have been changed by circumstances.

An Irishman in describing America, said: "I am told that ye might roll England thru it an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground;—there's fresh water oceans inside, that ye might droun ould Ireland;—an' as for Scotland ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd niver at all be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of bad whiskey.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began, "Gentlemen all I want is common sense." "Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you *do want!*" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

A PHYSICIAN prescribing syrup of buck-thorn for an old lady, wrote his prescription according to the usual abreviation of *Ramus Cathavticus*—Syr. Ram. Cat." On asking her if she had taken the medicine, she replied, in a great rage: "No, I ain't going to take syrup of ram cats for anybody under heaven".

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Bill Tompkins, what's a widow?"

Bill—"A widder is a married woman what ain't got no husband, koz he' dead."

Master—"Very well. What is a widower?"

Bill—"A widderer is a man what runs after widders."

"Papa," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting stops, my child."

"Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel as the cider is running all over the floor."

"DOCTOR, I want you to prescribe for me. The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only want rest." "Now doctor, just look at my tongue! just look at it; look at it! now say, what does that need?" "I should think that needs rest, too." Exit madam in a state of great excitement.

A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.—An auditor at a funeral once remarked:

"When the minister kept saying, "Thy servent the deceased," and I thought of what a lying, cheating man Mr N——had been, I couldn't help wonder who the minister was praying to."

ABSENT MINDED.—A young man who was very fond of a clergiman's daughter, was taking tea at the house of his adored a short time since, and had some fruit cake offered him. Being somewhat absent minded, he stammered out, "I pass!" The father hearing him, and he having played some in his younger days, was struck with the infatuation of the youth, and said bluntly, "You pass, do you! There's the door; now let's see you pass out!"

ALL bachelors are not lost to refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was lately given by one of them at a public dinner: "The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

A DISAPPOINTED candidate for the office of constable remarked to us, in speaking of men who would sell their votes, that they were "as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of potash."

THE FIRST DECISION.—Chancellor Shackelford, at a term of the Chancery court of Tennessee has rendered the first decision, in regard to slavery in the late rebel States. Several minor children were brought before him on *habeas corpus*, they being claimed as slaves by a widow named Williamson. After an argument, the children were set free, under the provisions of the new Constitution of free Tennessee. This establishes a precedent for all times to come.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina—rebel has been arrested and taken to Washington.

The Navy Department has received a number of packages of rebel flags captured on Mobile river, from Secesh Iron clads.

Internal Revenue officers have been appointed for Alabama, and the State divided into three districts.

It is claimed that a majority of disunionists have been appointed to the Virginia Legislature. Will they "go out" again on States Rights?

Wendell Philips, of Boston, gives in his taxable property at $702,000.

How does Hamlet resemble the devil? Because he could a tale (tail) unfold!

Why are authors perfect beings? Because they do nothing but right (write.)

A regularly organized band of robbers are infesting Center county.

In China if a man is not married at the age of twenty, he is drummed out of town.

A canter will give you ruddy cheeks, but a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome.

Dishonest Petroleum stock dealers are being hauled up in Philadelphia.

Judge Patterson, a son in law of President Johnson, has been elected U.S. Senator from Tennessee.

Plain honesty is the very best kind of politeness, and temperance is the very best physician.

Provoking—to dream you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself an editor.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land

A woman applied for a free ride on the railroad near Troy N.Y., on the ground that she had three husbands in the army.

The first man killed in this war was Daniel Howe, of New York, at Fort Sumter, in 1861, by the premature discharge of a gun.

The Baltimore *American* denies the story about the breaking open of ex Governor Hicks' tomb.

Small silver change is making its appearance again. The Old stockings are being opened.

The Mayor of Boston has vetoed the Act of the City Councils allowing the public library to be opened on Sunday afternoons.

Prince Arthur, of England has just passed his fifteenth birthday. The event was duly celebrated at Windsor.

The Rebel Gen. Lee and family are now living in Richmond on government rations, regularly served out to them.

The total number of schools in California, is eight hundred and thirty-two.—The number of white children attending is 20,847.

Brig. Gen. Pennypacker of Chester county, who was wounded at the storming of Fort Fisher, is still very feeble.—One leg remains entirely helpless.

In the book of Revelations, Death is represented as riding a white horse, but in these days he rides an iron horse—the locomotive.

Since Barnum got into the Connecticut Legislature, unusual sensitiveness has been manifested by its members. They are afraid he will show them up.

Why is it natural that a young lady having seven lovers should desire to add another to the list? Because all ladies wish to fasten eight (fascinate.)

"Madame," said a gentleman to his wife "let me tell you facts are stubborn things." "Dearie me, you dont say so," quoth the lady: "what a fact you must be."

The first to "strike ile," it now appears was Job, who says: "When I washed my steps with butter, and the rocks poured me out rivers of oil."—Job 29; 6.

Maj. Gen. Terry has been rewarded with the honor of a brigadiership in the regular army, being the only volunteer thus distinguished.

Passenger trains are now running thro' to Lock Haven from Tyrone, connecting the Pennsylvania Central with the Philadelphia & Erie.

A Renovo correspondent of the Clinton *Democrat*, calls the Methodist preacher at that place, "a red haired blood hound of Zion" because he wants rebels punished.

It is understood that the Secretary of War places a very high value upon the female apparel in which Jeff. Davis was captured, as a relic of the last shift of the Confederacy.

Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, said that he who caused one blade of grass to grow where before none grew was a greater benefactor than he who made ten thousand prayers.

Brigandage is reviving in the Papal States. The whole country is in a state of terror, and no man dare go into the mountain country, or, for that matter, far from Rome except upon the paroled roads.

Jeff. Davis was captured disguised as a woman! Jeff was never a very good looking man, but it appears his wife's dress made him captivating.

Secretary Seward was at the State Department on Friday, transacting diplomatic business.