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 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 y 1864.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE SOLDIER-BRIDE.

There were wild flowers in profusion, in bouquet and garland, scattered about the small but gentle mansion of Widow Stonington. Mirrors and antique picture frames were wreathed with them; windows were garlanded, and even the very goblets—saving a sufficient number to accommodate the excited guests—were made to serve the purpose of vases. The long table with its snowy cloth, the side board, and the parlor ornamental-piece, bore a score of their fragrant ornaments, yet queen above them all, was the pure white boquet syringas and white thorn blossoms that lay upon the dressing table in one of the neatest little boudoirs in New England.

What a stir! what a tumult! what a running here and there! what a pattering of stippered feet up and down the stairs! what a flying of nimble fingers among bits of ribbon and tarleton and illusion! and why not? Sweet Lucy, the only surviving child of the widow, was that morning to marry Capt. Edward Burnett, a young and handsome officer, who had already distinguished himself in the Union service.

Lucy is not handsome but very pure and lovely in her pridal dress of pearl white gauzy texture, looped up here and there with boquets of the fragrant syringa; while among her golden curls peep out the white violet and moss rose bud just opening its petals to the light.

And Lucy looked dreamily happy that morning, yet astonishingly indifferent—so that the bridemaids protested—to her own personal appearance. She had not once raised her eyes to the mirror before which they were turning her from one side to the other as if she were but a moving wax figure, placed there to show to advantage the gauze and laces with which they were adorning her.

A light rap is heard at the door.

"This is Edward—let him come in," said Lucy, the lightest perceptible flush mounting to her cheeks at the well known sound.

"Oh! no, no!" chimed half a dozen voices "not till this loop of ribbon is fastened and the veil properly adjusted."

But Edward did come in, though he paused for a moment on the threshold to contemplate the loveliness of the group. The next instant he was by Lucy's side, rumpling veil, tissues, ribbon and flowers in one confused mass as he caught her in his arms and pressed his lips to her now burning cheeks.

"Goodness me?" "Oh my!" "Did you ever!" "The bear!" "The Hottentot: to swallow her at one mouthful!" and various other exclamations of disgust escaped the group of bridemaids, who looked with dismay on the havoc the sunburnt but still handsome captain was making of the bridal finery of their pet Lucy.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but I couldn't resist the temptation," said Edward; "there Lucy, shake yourself, and you will be just as good as new. Who shall say the beauty of a bird is not enhanced by ruffling its plumage?"

Just at this moment Mrs. Stonington entered to say that "the guests had all arrived and that the minister was getting impatient."

"Not more so than myself," said Edward, resigning the bride elect to her uncle, who was to give her away.

While the ceremony was being performed a silent prayer goes up from the heart of the widow and tears drop thick and fast upon her furrowed checks, for her home will now be desolate indeed; and when at last the two are made one the mother presses her daughter to her bosom—now hers no more forever—one, long moaning sob, which she tries to repress, escapes her, and she feels that the light has gone out from the hearthstone when the carriage containing the newly married couple rolled away from the door.

A month had passed Captain Burnett's absence had expired, he joined his regiment taking his young bride with him—much against his better judgement—to that desolate portion of Eastern Virginia which was soon after the scene of a terrible battle.

But though he presented camp life and marches in their dreariest aspect to her, her reply was:

"'Where thou goest I will go.' Had I thought you would refuse to let me bear you company in your perils, I would not have married you."

"Lucy dearest, how can a delicate form like yours bear the tedious marches which many a hardy soldier sinks under? and then to subsist for weeks on hard, dry, often times repulsive food—what a change from the delicacies you have been nurtured on."

"Let me but try, Edward: I am strong and brave and healthy, and will cheerfully bear all the privations you mention, nay, more, so I may be your companion."

And thus it was that the brave captain yielded to his young wife's entreaties.

The young bride was for some time charmed with the novelty of camp life, and while listening to the stirring beat of the drum, as the different companies went through their drills, she almost wished herself a "brave soldier boy." No prouder sight had her eyes ever witnessed than that of her gallant husband as, at the head of his brave band of cavalry he set out for the battle field.

"And am I to be left behind?" she asked, as Edward sprang from his saddle and entered the tent to give her a parting kiss.

"Certainly, dearest. What could we do with a woman on the battle field."

"I feel as if I could fight too, Edward. Pray let me accompany you."

"Not for the wide world can I consent. Some ill would most assuredly befall you; and you would be, at least, but a stumbling block in our way. I have given Stanton the charge of affairs here, and until I return or you hear from me, follow implicitly his directions. Should I fall, dear Lucy," and his voice trembled slightly, "go back to your mother without delay."

Lucy's eyes were dim with tears, but she soon wiped them away to watch the little band which her husband led as they galloped across the wide plain.

The battle field was not far distant, and soon she heard the roar of artillery. The loud booming of cannon and the fiendish hissing of the shells, that sped fiercer than thunderbolts through the air, set her nearly frantic.

"Stanton!" she cried, going to the door, where he was busy putting things in marching order.

"Is there a horse here?"

"Yes, ma'am, a couple."

"Then saddle the swiftest for me. I am going out for a ride."

"But, ma'am, the captain said—"

"No matter what the captain said, I must have the horse at once."

"I have no lady's saddle."

"No matter; a saddle of any kind will do."

"But, madam——!"

Stamping her little foot.

"Look yonder!" And she pointed to the north-east. "A heavy Rebel force is coming unexpectedly, upon our troops. With a swift horse I can reach my husband's column and give the alarm in time to circumvent them. Now do my bidding at once!"

Stanton in fear and wonder obeyed; and when he led forth the high mettled steed Lucy appeared in a regular military suit of her husband's, with her curls so nicely stowed away beneath the close fitting cap, that the man in waiting could scarcely believe the boyish looking soldier before him was no other than the captain's wife.

"Shall I not accompany you, madam?" he asked, as she sprang lightly into the saddle.

"I want no retainers, Stanton; stay where you are, and follow the captain's orders."

Lucy did not wait for him to finish the sentence, but putting spurs to her steed, took the route her husband had taken, and was, after an hour's fatiguing ride, in full view of the battle. She paused but a few moments and looked back. The enemy were advancing rapidly. She looked before at the contending armies. Shells shrieked past, and the force of the artillery caused the very ground to tremble beneath her feet. Her steed curved his proud neck and pawed the ground, impatient to proceed. She gave him the rein, for she saw where the dense volume of smoke was slowly rising, the form of Edward. At all events it was a cavalry company, and she dashed boldly forward.

Nearly deafened by the roar of artillery, and stifled by the smoke, she still kept on, until having reached Kilpatrick's division, she was dismounted by the stumbling of her horse.

"Will you put me on the way to Captain Burnett's company?" she asked.

"To the left," replied the soldier addressed, "but it is impossible for you to reach him."

"I must see him or die in the attempt," she cried.

And she did see him, leading on his brave but thinned company into the conflict.

She called him once, twice, thrice, ere he heeded her, and then gave her but a passing glance.

"The enemy are coming in large force from the west. Make haste and they may be taken in the gorge; tarry till they reach the brow of the hill and the day is lost to you."

Her voice must have been strangely altered, for her husband did not recognize it. He left his company in charge of his first lieutenant, sought Kilpatrick, and in a few minutes, with his own company and reserve corps, was soon galloping off in the direction pointed out by his own brave little wife.

"He did not recognize me, and it is well. It might have deterred him from going," she said to herself, yet a dizzy sensation crept over her when she looked upon the wounded, the dead and dying who lay in masses about her. She thought she heard a groan; she listened; yes she was not mistaken; half buried among the slain was a form familiar to her. She removed, as well as she was able, the weight that oppressed him, and asked if he was hurt much.

The soldier addressed turned his face toward her with a groan, saying, "I feel very faint and thirsty. In the name of Heaven give me a drink of water, and I shall die easy."

It was a terrible task that the captain's wife imposed upon herself—that of unstrapping and opening the knapsack of the dead. Several times a mist came before her eyes, as the ghastly upturned faces of the dead met her view; but well was she repaid when she returned and placed a canteen to his lips.

She seated herself, raised his head to her lap, and with her own handkerchief sought to staunch the wound in his temple. A moment after and her arm dropped powerless by her side; she felt a sharp cutting pain about her elbow, then she sank insensible by the side of the poor soldier, who was too weak to render her any assistance; nor did she recover her consciousness again until the heavy tramp of soldiery announced the return of Captain Burnett and his corps, who had succeeded in totally routing the enemy.

When they reached the point from whence they had started, Kilpatrick and his forces were in possession of the field.

The enemy leaving their field pieces behind them and flying in all directions.

"How did you get information of the approach of the rebs?" asked Kilpatrick after having congratulated Burnett on his success.

"That is just what I have been trying to make out myself General," replied Burnett. "As near as I could discern through the smoke, it was a boyish face and figure in a captain's uniform.

Suddenly he paused; for his eye fell on the pallid face of one of his own loved soldiers, and beside him—great Heaven! could he believe his eyes!—the drooping figure of his own wife, his Lucy, her long golden tresses, escaped from the cap, falling like a sunshine about her, were dabbled in blood—a sacred baptism of the good deed she had that day done.

Never had Edward Burnett's cheek paled so before the enemy, as when he raised his wounded wife in his arms, and turning to Kilpatrick he said: "General, the mystery is solved. This is the *boy captain* who warned me of the approaching rebel force.

"And the *boy captain* has won for you a colonelcy, and for herself lasting fame, and the thanks of all the true hearted Unionists," replied the General. And being as gallant as he is brave, it is said, though I will not vouch for the truth, that he gave the fair lady, at parting, a kiss on either cheek as a token of his just appreciation of her courage.

Lucy was placed in an ambulance, and with the soldier she had saved from death, borne to the camp where both with care and good nursing soon became convalescent.

Edward Burnett is still in the service of his country. Step by step he is ascending the ladder of fame, winning for himself laurels which shall neither wither nor decay.

Speech of a Converted Rebel.

At a meeting of Southern men in Memphis, recently, Colonel Grade, of Arkansas, spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I am the man who drew up the ordinance of Secession in the Legislature of Arkansas. I have been in the field fighting against the Union for nearly four years, but now I am a conquered and whipped man.—[Laugter.] As I was gallant in going out to fight, I now propose to be gallant at surrendering and submitting to the arms of the Government that we cannot whip. [Laughter.] I have no contempt for Federal authority now, if I ever had. I do not think there is a manly bosom in the South but that has higher respect for Northern gallantry than when we went into the fight. There may be some men in the North who may think that the South had a hand in the death of our lamented President, but I know that the people of the South mourn over his death, and feel that they have lost a friend. The North have maintained this conflict nobly, and the South have nothing to be ashamed of. I am proud of the South—there is something in the very atmosphere that makes men great. So, I say that the South is not an insignificant people; and if so great a people as they are cannot whip the world, who cannot come to the inevitable conclusion that the North is greater? [Laughter.] And I am not to stultify myself by saying that I have been whipped by somebody. Now it is our duty to respect and go back to this great national church—repent, get absolution, and be baptized afresh. [Laughter.] I know we will receive honorable and just terms. When I had an interview with the President, his heart seemed to be overflowing with love toward the Southern people. We first went out of the Union and threw down the gage of battle, and the North picked it up; we fired the first gun and took the first fort—Fort Sumter—which was taken back a few days ago. [Laughter.] The North seemed to be unwilling to fight; they did not think we would fight, and so we thought of them, but, to our sorrow, we have found out different; they seemed to spring up like mushrooms from all parts of the earth. Before this war I never saw a Federal officer hardly. I never felt the slightest oppression of the Federal Government; in fact I never thought we had one until I went out to fight, and then I found we did have a Government.

Sherman on the Horse.

The following letter, dated Augusta, Ga., Sept. 14, 1864, furnishes a humorous illustration of camp characteristics:

Rev.———, Confederate Army;

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of September 14th is received. I approach a question involving a "horse," with deference to the laws of war. That mysterious code, of which we talk so much, and know so little, is remarkably silent on the 'horse.' He is a beast so tempting to the soldier, to him of the wild cavalry, the fancy artillery, or the patient infantry, that I find more difficulty in recovering a worthless, spavined beast, than in paying a million of greenbacks; so that I fear I must reduce your claim to one of finance, and refer you to the great Board of Claims in Washington, that may reach your case by the time your grand child becomes a great-grand father.

Privately I think it was a shabby thing in the scamp of the Thirty-first Missouri who took your horse; and the colonel or his brigadier should have restored him. But I cannot undertake to make good the sins of omission or commission of my own colonels, or brigadiers, much less these of a former generation. "When this cruel war is over," and peace once more gives you a parish, I will promise, if near you, to procure out of one of Uncle Sam's corrals a beast that will replace the one taken from you so wrongfully: but now it is impossible. We have a big journey before us, and need all we have, and, I fear, more too; so look out when the Yanks are about, and hide your beasts, for my opinion is that soldiers are very careless in a search for title. I know that Gen. Hardee will confirm this, my advice.

With great resepect yours truly.

W. T. SHERMAN. Maj. Gen.

The following is the verdict of a negro jury:—We, de undersigned, bein a koroner's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sitten on de said nigger aforesaid, did on de night ob de fusteenth ob November, come to def by falling from de bridge ober de riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and arterwards washed on de riber side, whar we s'pose he was froze to def.

Josh Billings says: God save the phools and dont let them run out, for if wasn't for them wize men couldn't git a livin'.

Wendell Phillips.

From an address delivered by this gentleman in Tremont Temple, Boston, we make a few extracts:

"And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ? He sleeps in the blessings of the poor whose fetters God commissioned him to break. Give prayers and tears to the desolate widow and the fatherless, but count him blessed far above the crowd of his fellow men. [Fervent cries of amen!] He was permitted himself to deal the last staggering blow which sent rebellion reeling to its grave; and then, holding his darling boy by the hand, to walk the streets of its surrendered capital, while his ears drank in praise and thanksgiving which bore his name to the throne of God in every form piety and gratitude could invent, and then to seal the sure triumph of the cause he loved with his own blood. He caught the first notes of the coming jubilee and heard his own name in every tone. Who among living men may not envy him? Suppose that when, a boy, he floated on the slow current of the Mississippi, idly gazing at the slave upon its banks, some angel had lifted the curtain, and shown him that in the prime of his manhood he should see this proud empire rocked to its foundation in its effort to break those chains, should himself marshal the hosts of the Almighty in the grandest and holiest war that Christendom ever knew, and deal, with half reluctant hand, that thunderbolt of justice which would smite the foul system to the dust—then die, leaving a name immortal in the sturdy pride of one race and the undying gratitude of another—would any credulity, however sanguine, any enthusiasm, however fervid, have enabled him to believe it? Fortunate man! He has lived to do it! (Applause.) God has graciously withheld him from any fatal misstep in the moment when his star touched its zenith, and the nation needed a sterner hand for the work God gives it to do.

How Napoleon Treated an Artist.

About this time David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon, of the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attendance. The emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait, until it was brought, one day, to the Tuilleries for his inspection. It represented his majesty in his cabinet, as he had risen from his desk, after a night spent in writing, a circumstance indicated by candles burning in their sockets. Those who had seen it, considered it, as far as the features were concerned, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David.

"Still," said he, "I think you have made my eyes rather too weary. This is wrong, for working at night does not fatigue me; on the contrary, it rests me. I am never so fresh in the morning, as when I have dispensed with sleep. Who is this portrait for? Who ordered it? It was not I, was it?"

"No, sire, it was intended for the Marquis of Douglas."

"What, David?" said the emperor, scowling, "is it to be given to an Englishman?"

"Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French artists."

"Next to me," replied Napoleon, tartly.

After a moment he added—

"David, I desire the portrait. I say I will give you thirty thousand francs for it."

"Your Majesty, I cannot change its destination," said David, indicating by a descriptive gesture, that he had already been paid.

"David," exclaimed Napoleon, "this portrait shall not be sent to England; do you hear? I will return your marquis his money."

"Surely your Majesty would not dishonor me," stammered the artist, at the same time noticing that the emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for active interference.

"No, certainly; but what I will not do, either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me on canvas."

So saying, he directed a sturdy kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed directly through it. Without a word, he quitted the apartment, leaving a wonder stricken audience behind him. David had his picture carried to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the merit of the portrait, as a work of art and as a likenes, is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that its value is considerably greater as a memento of his Majesty's wrath than a specimen of the skill of the artist in ordinary.—*Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.*