

The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 23.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1863.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McALISTER, Proprietor.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

* Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M.
STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport, Pa.
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JOHN S. MANN,
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Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
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Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles.—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

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DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

Olysses Academy
Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptor, Mrs. N. JONES GARDNER; Assistant, Miss ADA WALKER. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from \$5 to \$6; Board, from \$1.50 to \$1.75, per week; Rooms for self-boarding from \$2 to \$4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 27th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, 1863.
O. R. BASSETT, President.
W. W. GRIDLEY, Sec'y.
Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

MANHATTAN HOTEL, NEW YORK.
THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Railroad and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms \$1.50 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 18th, 1863.

The Rochester Straw-Cutter.
OLMSTED & KELLY, Coudersport, have the exclusive agency for this celebrated machine, in this county. It is convenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860-12.

Now is the time to subscribe for your Country Paper—THE JOURNAL.

Caught in my Own Trap.

Dora and I had been silent fully fifteen minutes—an unusual occurrence for us—when she suddenly broke out with one of her gayest, sweetest peals of laughter. The cars were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but Dora's laugh rang out above all their noise and confusion.

"What is it, Dora, you witch, you?" I said, half-piqued that she had not first told me what pleased her, and laughed afterwards.

"Nothing, Nell; only I was thinking of something so funny. Do you see that gentleman just in front of us, with the beautiful black whiskers and dreamy brown eyes? Well, he's been watching you behind that book the last half-hour, looking as if he should love to take a bite from the red roses on your cheeks. Don't blush; for he's in love with you—I'll bet my gold thimble on it. I was just thinking of some of the stories I have read, about young ladies mistaking handsome fellows for their brothers, etc., and thought what fun it would be, if you could only manage to mistake that gentleman for your brother Fred."

I was ready for some fun in a moment. "Tell you what I'll do, Dora," I broke out, eagerly. "You know I haven't seen Fred since I went to school three years ago; and, of course, he's changed a great deal since then. Well, if that literary gentleman with the brown eyes (he is handsome, isn't he, Dora?) should get into the cars at our depot, I'll wait till he gets mixed up with the crowd; see him suddenly, as if for the first time, rush up to him in a flutter of delight, call him brother Fred, and give him such another kissing as he hasn't had since he saw his sweetheart last."

"Yes, I would, if I were you," said Dora, sarcastically. "You darent, you know."

"Don't I dars to, though? Wait and see!"

And so I dropped back into the cushion and silence, till the train stopped at our station.

Dora gave me a wicked look, and whispered that she knew my courage would fail me; for the gentleman was really getting off.

I was not to be triumphed over, though; and so, as we stepped out on the platform I saw the crowd, and with a little bound, threw myself into his arms and kissed him full in the mouth, hysterically saying:

"Fred, my dear, dear brother! how are you?"

I caught a glimpse of Dora—she was in danger of going into convulsions. I expected to hear the stranger confusedly say that there was some mistake; but, to my surprise, he gave me a hearty embrace—kissed me two or three times—said he was well—that I had grown a deal; and then inquired for my little friend, Dora—who, all this time, was exciting the sympathies of the crowd, as they supposed she was insane, judging from her frantic laughter.

"Father and mother are expecting you, Nellie, and are so impatient they can scarcely wait to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't know me; but I am really glad that my image has been treasured up so carefully in your little sister's heart."

I was bewildered beyond measure. It really was Fred, then; and I had not known him. I felt slightly ridiculous, and while introducing Dora to my brother, whispered to her to keep quiet in reference to my intended trick. I was too much confused to think of inquiring how he came to be in the cars without seeing me; so we all went to the carriage that was waiting for us, and rapidly drove home.

I had never known Fred to be so affectionate. He held my hand in his own all the time, and kissed me at unnecessary short intervals; but, to tell the truth, I had never loved him half so well before—never thought him half so handsome.

We reached the gate. Mother kissed me and cried over me all at once; father repeated it; and finally, a frank, hearty voice broke out with:

"Hallo, sis! are you going to notice your soap-ginger of a brother at all?"

And to my astonishment, a handsome fellow I had not seen before gave me a genuine hug, and a kiss you could have heard across the yard.

"There is some mistake," I murmured. "Are you my brother Fred? I thought that gentleman was," pointing to the handsome fellow I had embraced at the depot.

"Why, sis, are you going crazy? Of course I'm your brother, and that fellow there is my college chum, Archie Winters, who went half way up the line to meet you. What are you blushing at, Nell? There was't anything wrong in his going after you, was there? I didn't have time to go, and let him take your picture with him, so that he would be sure to know you. He's been playing off some of his mad pranks, and passing himself off for me, I'll warrant."

I looked at Archie Winters, beseech-

ingly; and as they were all going into the house I whispered to him:

"For pity's sake, don't speak of that mistake. How could it have happened?"

"I overheard you in the cars; and will promise to keep your secret only on one condition."

He whispered something to me that made my face flush scarlet; but I was at his mercy, and I said I would think of it. I did think of it, reader; and, to the delight of the whole family—Dora and Fred in particular—Archie and I were married in less than two months. And Dora said to me, as I bade her good-bye, that it would give unpeppable delight to Fred and herself, if I would attend their wedding in a month from then—and I did.

In our last impression (says the Field) we mentioned the departure of twenty-five couples of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. The Journal de la Vienne announces their arrival in Poitou, and prefaces the announcement with the following extraordinary paragraph:—"Every body knows that from time immemorial there have been no wolves in England; the race having been destroyed; but there are too many in Poitou. The Duke of Beaufort, an English sportsman, has just passed through Paris with a pack of two hundred dogs, intended to destroy these wild beasts, which are the terror of shepherds and of the inhabitants of lonely dwellings. It may be said of this peer that he is a sportsman by profession. He has inherited a rental of one million francs, on condition that he shall always maintain three packs of hounds, and shall hunt six days in the week. Another clause in the will binds him to expend two hundred and fifty thousand francs a year on his hunting establishment. There are collaterals always on the watch, who would cause the bequest to be revoked in case the conditions were not executed. These noble eccentricities are to be found only in England."

The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shadowed the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the widower's heart, and there is nothing to break its force, or shield him from the full weight of his misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy; and when the film of death falls over him he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave—*Lamartine*.

A physician at one of Paris Hospitals has just cured a case of *delirium tremens*, brought on by excessive drinking, by the singular remedy of subjecting the patient to the constant influence of the vapor of spirits. The plan is not new, having been long used in Sweden to radically cure drunkenness. The persons addicted to drink are shut up in a cell, and all the food supplied them is impregnated with brandy. At the end of four or five days they become completely disgusted with the taste and smell, and they come out radically cured. The slightest smell of spirits at last makes them shudder.

A curious experiment is, it is said, shortly to be tried in London to turn the scarcity of rags to good account. A rag-collecting brigade is to be formed, to consist of boys—of course otherwise neglected and uncared for—who are to be organized under a committee, and who are to go from door to door, asking whether there are any rags to be sold. The boys are to have trucks, and will be furnished with weights and scales, and will buy rags at a settled price, giving a printed memorandum for the weight and price. This rag-brigade, like the shoe-black brigade, will be dressed in uniform, and will be under proper control and care, morally and pecuniarily.

Let married people feel their chains if they must, but take especial care that the world does not hear them clank.

Government is like an hour-glass; when one side is quite run out, we turn up the other and go on again.

Conscious guilt or defect betrays itself by cowardice; the shaking and trembling of the frowny sod shows that it covers a hollow place.

Because poets have been called the irritable race, nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

That man's greatness is not appreciated who walks far in advance of his age; he dwarfs himself by the distance.

Mrs. James Billings, of East Winsted, Ct., while house cleaning, tossed a paper containing two pounds of blasting powder into the stove, to get rid of it. The kitchen was cleaned out in a hurry with all its contents, and Mrs. Billings somewhat burned.

From the 154th New York.

OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, May 9.

On the 15th of April we arrived at Kelly's Ford, and there we stayed two weeks and picketed. On the 20th of April, just at dark, we went down to the river, and the 73d Penn'a and our Regiment were pushed across the river to hold it until we could make a bridge for the rest of the troops to cross—this kind of a bridge is called a pontoon and is made of small boats—we lay in the sand until it was done and the troops were over, when we crossed back and stayed till morning. The next morning we crossed again and lay there that day and night; we then started again and about noon came to a river called the Rapidan—and it was rapid. It was the greatest sight I ever saw in my life to see our train ford the river; the water would take the mules off their feet, they would bounce around, get tangled in the harness and then they would make the water foam. I saw one get down and they pulled him through with his head under water and when he got to shore he jumped up and pulled at a great rate. We marched until twelve o'clock and then lay down and slept till morning. The fight commenced some distance from the place at which we were stationed, they threw a few shells and kept skirmishing all that day without accomplishing much. This was the first of May. The next evening, after being in the rifle-pit since morning, we were immediately behind the 11th Division, cooking our supper, when it gave way and we were ordered to its support. We had only time to pick up our guns and "go in," we tried to form in line of battle, but our artillery ran through us, broke us up, and every man went in for himself. We fell into the rifle pits and went at it. The Rebels came on yelling like so many devils and were so drunk that they did not seem to think we were shooting at them until they were tipped over. We held them about thirty minutes, until they had us almost surrounded, and then we had orders to fall back, when you might have seen some tall running. When we left the rifle pits we had to run about sixty rods before we reached the woods, then the Rebels had a fair sight at us and the way the bullets flew was a sight to snakes. I began to think my time had come, but my legs were pretty good and they did not stop until I came to a pretty good tree. I stopped and found myself minus knapsack, haversack and canteen. But the Rebels did not give me time to think, so I had to "git," again. In my "chase" this time I picked up a "canteen," two knapsacks, and a large Rebel bowie-knife. We left quite a number of our men in the rifle-pits; one man that lay by the side of me was shot through the head. I am sorry to say that William Nicolson was killed, or at least was seen to fall, shot through; and as for Peter, he was either killed, or wounded and taken prisoner. Jack was not in the fight, he is all right. Peter and William fought like tigers. The Company don't consider themselves disgraced by the Potter boys they had with them. Our Regiment lost in about thirty minutes 220 men, and our flag had 20 holes in it. The Rebels thought they had routed the whole army, and followed us till they found themselves in a pretty hot place, and our men opened upon them and they were mown down by the hundreds. They came right up to the mouths of our cannon as though they did not know they were in danger—but there are some that will never fight us any more. They fell back; we did not follow them, but I don't think we were whipped. We staid there two or three days and then came back to this side of the river.

TIMOTHY GLINES.

ANOTHER PERVERT.—An English woman, who answers to the very ordinary name of Miss Sarah Jones, has just published in London a provocative book entitled "Life in the South from the commencement of War, by a Blockaded British Subject," in which she lauds the rebels and denounces the government, and declares that, although she went South a believer in Uncle Tom's Cabin, she returns from it convinced that the patriarchal institution is a blessing to the slave. It appears that this converted Englishwoman engaged as governess in a planter's family, who made much of her, and whose decorum was greater than that of the federal officer who gave her a pass to return through our lines, describing her as "a person of robust build, florid complexion and curly hair." One of the London literary journals thinks the lady showed no ordinary moral courage in publishing this unflattering personal description in her volume.

The biggest hog probably in the United States, was exhibited in Boston. It was of the Leicester breed, raised at Amherst, N.H., and was fattened and slaughtered by L. B. Morse. Its live weight was 1,350 pounds—weight dressed, 1,180 pounds. It was 2 years 11 months old, and reached the size of an ox.

Another Yankee Trick.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubkins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that it was running just as Shakespeare said it did, rather roughly. "If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-sneaked, saunterin' shy critter Gusset, just accse he is a city feller, she ain't the girl I took her, that's sartain. No! it's the old folks; darn their ugly pictures! old Mrs. Peabody allers was a high-salutin' critter, full of big notions; and the old man's a regular soft-head, driven about by his wife, just as our old one-eyed rooster is driven about by our cantankerous five-toed Dinkin hen. But if I don't spile his fun my name ain't Johathan. I'm going down to the city next week by the railroad—and when I come back, wike snakes! that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the land, in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resides.

Mr. Jonathan Doubkins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only daughter of Deacon Elderberry Peabody, of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of Peabody's, one Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry-goods store in Hanover street, Boston, suddenly made his appearance in the field and commenced cutting out the game. Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined upon a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city and returned; of his business he said nothing, not even to the pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's—but labored away in his corn field, patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their daughter, in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chattering as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there ye are, Mr. Cornelius Gusset? Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is it that ye promised me afore the praste, ye hathen nagur? Runnin' away from me and the children—forsakin' your lawful wedded wife, and ruinin' afther Yankee gals, ye confidantial!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

"Devil a bit of mistake, ye sarpiant! Oh! wirra! wirra! was it for the likes of ye that I sarked little Dennis McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and all because you promised to make a lady of me—ye dirty thief of the warruld? Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, because he was too sick with the small pox to come any further, or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset. "Go and I will follow you."

He thought it best to temporize.

"I give ye tin minutes," said the virago, "if ye ain't there, it's me cousin, Mr. Thabby Mulgruddy, will be afther ye, ye thief!" And away went this unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, and a black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons, peched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream, "Ah! mon dieu! le voilla! Zere he is. Traitor! monster! Vat for you run away from me? Dis two, tree years I nevair see you—nevair, and my heart broke very bad entirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes straining out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

"He ask me who I am? O, you var respectable gentlemen, hear vot he ask! Who I am, *profite!* ah—I am your wife!"

"I never saw you before—so help me Bob," cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't yer swear! I said old Deacon Peabody, 'if you do I'll lick you into fits. I won't have no profane or vulgar language in my house.'"

"O bless you, respectable old man; tell him he must come viz me—tell him." Sobs interrupted her utterance.

"It's peasy bad business," said the deacon, chafing with unwonted fire. "Gusset, you're a rascal!"

"Take care, Deacon Peabody! take care," said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've gone and married two wives, and that ere's flat burglary. If I know anything 'bout the Revised Statoots!"

"Two wives!" shrieked the French woman.

"Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary," said the deacon. "Now you clear out of my house—go to the station, and clear into Boston—I won't have nothing more to do with you!"

"But, deacon, hear me."

"I don't want to hear you, ye sarpiant," cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands; marryin' two wives, and comin' courtin' a third. Go long—clear out!"

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror; and in despair he fled to the railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That afternoon as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doubkins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast going horse before his Sunday-go-to-meeting chaise. He reined up and accosted her:

"Hallo, Suke! get in and take a ride."

"Don't keer if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"I say you," said Jonathan, grinning, "that ere city feller's turned out a poopy pup, ain't he?"

"It's dreadful, if it's true," replied the young lady.

"You had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he wa'n't never of no account, anyhow. What do the folks at home think about it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forgot that night you rode home with me from singing school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, they was good, wasn't they?"

"First-rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard of them 'ere kind of fruit, Suke," said Jonathan suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"G'lang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. "Have any idea where we are going, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No you hain't—you're goin' along with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence; and you don't come back until you're Mrs. Doubkins—no how you can fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan?"

"Darn the old folks," said Jonathan, putting on the string again, "ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be traden you off to some city feller with a half dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubkins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said, confidentially:

"May as well tell you now, Suke, for I hain't got any secrets from you, that Gusset never seed them women afore they came steppin' into your house and blowed him up. I had, though. Cost me ten dollars—thunder! I teachen them what to say; and I expect they done it well! Old Gusset may be a shop-keeper, but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Doubkins, he must get up a plaguey sight earlier mornings."

THE PRESIDENT'S INIQUITIES.—A Union orator writing from Michigan city, says:—"During my speech, I asked any Democrat in the house to be kind enough to tell me what clause of the Constitution President Lincoln had violated during the progress of the war? After a moment's silence, a voice near the door said 'I can tell you of one.' 'Name it,' said I. 'He has denied the right of—of—' (scratching his head)—the right of *Corpus Christi*!" Such an uproar of laughter you scarcely ever heard, I reckon. Upon inquiry, I learned that this champion of the Copperhead Democracy of Michigan city, is an ex-penitentiary convict, who was convicted of being one of the perpetrators of the Boone County Bank fraud, a few years ago. The State of Indiana had denied the right of *habere corpus* to him for the space of two years, at least."

WHAT PAID HIM FOR HIS TROUBLE?—An old negro in the West India, very desirous of learning to read the Bible, came regularly a long distance to a missionary for a lesson. As he made little progress, the teacher became almost disheartened, and at last asked him if he had not better give it up. "No, massa," said he with great energy, "me never give it over till me die," and pointing to John iii., 16, "God so loved the world," etc., he added, "It is worth all the labor to be able to read dat one single verse."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it down the garden. "Is it a laddie or a lassie?" asked the gardener. "A laddie," answered the maid. "Well," said he, I'm glad of that, for there's one of many weemin in 'the world.' "Heb, mon," said Jessie, "there's aye a lassie sawn o' the best erap!"