# 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 endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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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 intrusted 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.

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Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GRIDLEY; 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, Sect'y.
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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 Rail Road 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 covenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860.—12


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## OUR GAL.

I must write it; if nobody ever reads a line of it, I must, while it is all new and fresh in my mind, write out the history of the last two weeks and the description of "our gal," as Harry calls her.

Our gal first made her appearance in the house two weeks ago last Monday, and I hailed her broad face and stout figure with a most hearty welcome. Little did I realize—but to begin at the beginning. I was, I am a very young housekeeper, yet theoretically I do know something of the arts and sciences thereunto appertaining. I was married about two years ago; but have always boarded until now, and when I started in my pretty house, with two good girls, and everything new, I fancied that clock-work would be a mere wandering vagrant compared to the regularity of *my* proceedings. "'Twas on a Sunday morning," as the song says, that my troubles began. I was dressing for church, when my chambermaid came up with a rueful countenance.

"If you please, Mrs. Harvey, I'm going."

"Going!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"To leave, ma'am! Home! I've got a spell of neuralgia coming on, and I'm going home to lay by."

"But you can lie down here, if you are sick."

"Well, ma'am, I ain't to say sick, exactly, but I'm fixing for a turn."

"A turn?"

"Yes; I have neuralgia in spells, and I always feel 'em a comin."

Words were vain. Go she would, and go she did I went into the kitchen to explain to the cook that she must do double duty for a time. She was a perfect termagant, and to my utter amazement she wheeled around with the cry—

"Gone! Jane gone! Will you get another girl?"

"Certainly."

"To-day?"

"How can I get a girl on Sunday?"

"And to-morrow wash day! *I'm* not going to stay to do *all* the work. You'll either get another girl early to-morrow or I'll leave!"

"You'll leave now, in the shortest space of time it takes to go from here to *the door*," cried Harry, from the sitting-room, where he could overhear us

With many insolent speeches she departed, and inconvenient as it was I was glad to see her go.

Of course there was no church, and I began to get dinner. Harry, like a masculine angel as he is, took off his coat and came down to help me, with the assurance that he actually could not sit still and hear the cook use the tone she did, one instant longer. It was a merry day. Harry raked the fire till his glossy brown curls were powdered with gray, which premature sign of age was produced, he assured me, by "care, and not the weight of years." He peeled potatoes so beautifully that they were about as big as bullets, after he had taken off the skin an inch thick all round. Pies were the only article of cookery with which I was practically acquainted, so I made a meat pie, two apple-pies, and short-cakes for supper, which we ate with the dinner at six o'clock. It was late enough when we cleared up, but at last all was done but one thing. Harry was in the bath-room, refreshing himself, when I discovered the coal was all gone. I hated to call him down, for he had worked hard all day, so I took the scuttle and went down in the cellar myself, laughing to think how he would scold when he knew it. I am a wee woman, and not very strong, but I filled the big scuttle, and tugging away with both hands, started up stairs. I was at the top, my labor nearly over, when somehow, I cannot tell how, I lost my balance I reeled over, and the heavy thing came with me, down to the bottom of the stairs. I felt it crushing my foot. I heard Harry's call, and rush down stairs, and then I fainted. I know now, though I did not then, how he lifted me in his strong arms, and carried me up stairs, and the touch of the cold water which he poured over me is the next thing I remember. As soon as I was conscious, and able to speak, I let him go for a doctor, lamenting that mother and Lou were both out of town for the summer.

Well, well! it was a weary night; no time to scold, Harry said, so he petted, nursed, and tended me, till my heart ached with its fulness of love and gratitude. Morning found me, my fractured ankle in a box, lying helpless in bed, and Harry promised to send me a girl immediately. So after all this long prelude I come to "our gal." Oh, I must tell you how Harry made me a slice of buttered toast for breakfast, by buttering the bread on both sides, and then toasting it.

It was about nine o'clock when my new girl came. Harry had given her a dead-latch key, so she entered and came up to my door. Her knock was the first peculiarity that startled me. One rap, loud as a pistol shot, and as abrupt.

"Come in!" I cried.

With a sweep the door flew back, and in the space stood my new acquisition.—Stop a moment! I must describe her. She was very tall, very robust, and very ugly. Her thick black hair grew low on her forehead, and her complexion was a uniform red. Her features were very large, and her mouth full of (her only beauty) white, even teeth. Still, the face was far from stupid. The mouth, tho' large, was flexible and expressive, and the big black eyes promised intelligence. But oh, how can I describe her "ways," as Harry calls them. She stood for an instant perfectly motionless, then she swept down in a low, and really not ungraceful courtesy.

"Madam," said she, in a deep voice, "your most obedient."

"You are"—I said, questioningly.

"Your humble servant."

This was not "getting on" a bit, so I said—

"Are you the girl Mr. Harvey sent from the Intelligence Office?"

"I *am* that woman," she said, with a flourish of her shawl; "and here," she added "is my certificate of merit," and she took a paper from her pocket. Advancing with a long step, a stop, another step, and stop, till she reached my bedside, she handed me the paper with a low bow, and then stepping back three steps she stood waiting for me to read it, with her hands clasped and drooping, and her head bent as if it were her death warrant.

It was a well written, properly worded note from her former mistress, certifying that she was honest and capable, and I really had no choice but to keep her, so I told her to find her room, lay off her bonnet, and then come to me again. I was half afraid of her. She was not drunk, with those clear black eyes shining so brightly, but her manner actually savored of insanity. However, I was helpless, and then—Harry would come as early as he could, and I could endure to wait.

"Tell me your name," I said, as she came in with the stride and stop.

"My name is Mary," she said, in a tone so deep that it seemed to come from the very toes of her slippers.

"Well, Mary, first put the room in order before the doctor comes."

Oh, if words could only picture that scene! Fancy this tall, large, ugly woman, armed (I use the word in its full sense) with a duster, charging at the furniture as if she were stabbing her mortal enemy to the heart. She stuck the comb into the brush as if she were saying "Die, traitor!" and piled up the books as if they were fagots for a funeral flame. She gave the curtains a sweep with her hand as if she were putting back tapestry for a royal procession, and dashed the chairs down in their places like a magnificent bandit spurning a tyrant in his power.

But when she came to the invalid she was gentle, almost caressing in her natural manner, propping me up comfortably, making the bed at once easy and handsome, and arranging my hair and dress with a perfect perception of my sore condition. And when she dashed out of the room, I forgave the air with which she returned and presented a tray to me, for the sake of its contents. Such delicious tea and toast, and such perfection of poached eggs, were an apology for any excentricity of manner. I was thinking gratefully of my own comfort, and watching her hang up my clothes in the closet in her own style, when the bell rang. Like lightning she closed the closet door, caught up the tray, and rushed down stairs. From my open door I could hear the following conversation, which I must say rather astonished even me, already prepared for any excentricity.

Dr. Holbrook was my visitor, and of course his first question was—

"How is Mrs. Harvey this morning?"

In a voice that was the concentrated essence of about one dozen tragedies, my extraordinary servant replied—

"What man art thou?"

"Is the woman crazy?" cried the doctor.

"Lay not that flattering unction to your soul!" cried Mary.

"H'm—yes—" said the doctor musingly; then, in his own cheery, brisk tone, he added: "You are the new servant, I suppose?,'

"Sir, I will serve my mistress till chill death shall part us from each other."

"H'm. Well, now in plain English, go tell her I am here."

"I go, and it is done!" was the reply, and with the slow stride and halt I heard her cross the entry. She was soon at my door. "Madam, the doctor waits!" she said, standing with one arm out in a grand attitude.

"Let him come up," I said, choking with laughter.

She went down again.

"Sir, from my mistress I have lately come, to bid you welcome, and implore you to ascend. She waits within yon chamber for your coming."

Is it to be wondered at that the doctor found his patient in perfect convulsions of laughter, or that he joined her in her merriment

"Where did you find that treasure?" he asked.

"Harry sent her from the office."

"Stage-struck evidently, though where she picked up that fifth cut actress manner remains to be seen."

The professional part of his visit over, the doctor stayed for a chat. We were warmly discussing the news of the day, when—whew! the door flew open, and in stalked Mary, and announced, with a swing of her arm—

"The butcher, madam!"

I saw the doctor's eyes twinkle, but he began to write in his memorandum book with intense gravity.

"Well, Mary," I said, "he is not waiting?"

"The dinner waits!" she replied.—"Shall I prepare the viands as my own judgment shall direct, or will your inclination dictate to me?"

"Cook them as you will," I said, "but have a good dinner for Mr. Harvey at two o'clock."

"Between the strokes 'twill wait his appetite." And with another sweeping courtesy she left the room, the door, as usual, after her exit standing wide open.

She was as good as her word. Without any orders from me, she took it for granted that Harry would dine up stairs, and set the table out in my room. I was beginning to let my keen sense of the ludicrous triumph over pain and weariness, and I watched her, strangling the laugh till she was down stairs. To see her stab the potatoes, and behead the celery was a perfect treat, and the air of a martyr preparing poison with which she poured out the water, was perfect. Harry was evidently prepared for fun, for he watched her as keenly as I did.

Not one mouthful would she bring to me, till she had made it dainty as could be; mashing my potatoes with the movements of a saint crushing vipers, and buttering my bread in a manner that fairly transformed the knife into a dagger. Yet the moment she brought it to me, all the affectation dropped, and no mother could have been more naturally tender. Evidently, with all her nonsense, she was kind hearted.

It took but one day to find that we had secured a perfect treasure. Her cooking was exquisite enough for the palate of an epicure; she was neat to a nicety, and I soon found her trustworthy. Her attentions to myself were touching in their watchful kindness. Sometimes, when the pain was very severe, and I could only lie suffering and helpless, her large hands would smoothe my hair softly, and her voice become almost musical in its low murmurings of "Poor child! Poor little one!" I think her large strong frame and consciousness of physical superiority to me in my tiny form and helpless state, roused all the motherly tenderness of her nature, and she lavished it upon me freely.

I often questioned her about her former places; and discovered to my utter amazement that she never was in a theatre, never saw or read a play, and was entirely innocent of novel reading.

I had become used to her manner, and no longer feared she was insane, when one evening my gravity gave way utterly, and for the first time I laughed in her face. She had been arranging my bed and self for the night, and was just leaving the room, holding in one hand an empty pitcher, and in the other my wrapper. Suddenly a drunken man in the street called out, with a yell that really was startling, though by no means mysterious. Like a flash, Mary struck an attitude. One foot advanced, her body thrown slightly forward, the pitcher held out, and the wrapper waved aloft, she cried out in a voice of perfect terror—

"Gracious heavings! What hideous screams is those!"

Gravity was gone. I fairly screamed with laughter, and her motionless attitude and wondering face, only increased the fun.

"Go down, Miss Mary, or you will kill me!" I gasped at last.

Apparently unconscious of the cause of my merriment, she went slowly from the room, waving, alternately, the pitcher and the wrapper.

To see her brandish a dust-brush would strike terror to the heart of the most daring spider; and no words of mine can describe the frantic energy with which she punches pillows, or the grim satisfaction on her face at the expiring agonies of a spot of dirt she rubs out of existence. The funniest part of all is her perfectly stolid unconsciousness of doing anything out of the way.

Harry found out the explanation. She has lived for ten years with a retired actress and actor who wished to bury the knowledge of their past life, and who never mention the stage. Retaining in private life the attitudes and tones of their old profession, they have made it a kind of sport to burlesque the passions they so often imitated, and poor Mary unconsciously has fallen into the habit of copying their peculiarities. When they left for Europe, she found her way to the Intelligence Office, where Harry secured her. Long, long may she remain "*Our Gal*."—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

## THE DRAFT LAW.

FACTS FOR THE CANDID TO REFLECT UPON.

The Congressional "Act for enrolling and calling out the national forces," was framed to be more efficient for war purposes than were the existing militia laws, less burdensome upon the treasury and the people, and more humane to the poor, than any similar law in the world. These objects, sanctioned by patriotism, economy, justice and humanity, *have been attained as nearly as the unequal lot of man kind will permit.* This law is enthusiastically welcomed by the armies of the republic, is referred to by other nations as the highest evidence of the determined purposes of the United States Government, is dreaded by armed traitors, and is denounced by Rebel sympathizers.

Contrast the provisions of this act with the provisions of the previously existing militia laws of the United States, and of the militia laws of the several States.—By those laws, certain classes of persons are *excepted* and *exempted* from military duty—from being drafted into the service of the United States. Neither those national laws, nor the laws of any State in the Union, exempt the poor, who have the aged, the infirm, the helpless, dependent upon them. At the call of the Government, under those laws, they must hasten away to the camp and the battle-field.

Who, then, were exempted by the existing militia laws of the United States, and of the several States of the Union? Not the poor, the dependent sons of toil, but the most fortunate and favored of the people—Members of Congress, custom-house officers and clerks, postmasters and clerks, professors and students in colleges, ministers of the gospel, judicial officers and other officials, persons who may profess conscientious scruples against bearing arms, members of engine companies, hook and ladder companies, or persons otherwise connected with the fire department.

The Draft (or Conscription) Act, on the other hand, exempts, in addition to such as are physically or mentally unfit for military duty, only—

First. The Vice-President of the United States, the Judges of the United States Courts, the heads only of the executive departments of the National Government, and the Governors of the several States.

Second. The only son liable to military duty of a widow dependent on his labor for support.

Third. The only son of aged or infirm parents, or parents dependent on his labor for support.

Fourth. Where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to a draft, the father, or, if he be dead, the mother, may elect which son shall be exempt.

Fifth. The only brother of children not twelve years old, having neither father nor mother, and dependent upon his labor for support.

Sixth. The father of motherless children under twelve years of age, who are dependent upon his labor for support.

Seventh. Where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military service of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians, or privates, the residre of such family or household, not exceeding two, shall be exempt.

Eighth. Young men between the ages of 18 and 20 are exempt, for the reason that experience proves that soldiers under 20 years of age can not sustain the burdens of camp life as well as men between 20 and 35.

These exemptions are in favor of those upon whose daily toil the aged, infirm, and helpless rely. Is it, as has been charged upon it, making "infamous distinctions between the rich and the poor," to exempt the only sons of poor widows, and to compel Members of Congress to fight, procure substitutes, or pay for substitutes? to exempt the only sons of aged or infirm parents dependent upon them for bread, and compel the whole army of custom-house officers, postmasters, and Government clerks to fight, procure or pay for substitutes? to exempt the only brothers of fatherless and motherless little brothers and sisters dependent upon their daily toil for support? to exempt the fathers of motherless infant children dependent upon these fathers' daily toil for sustenance, and compel State judges, justices of the peace, clergymen, and college professors to fight, procure substitutes or pay for substitutes? Shame on the men who misrepresent the beneficent provisions of an act passed to uphold the cause of our imperiled country!

The 13th section of the act in question provides that any person drafted and notified to appear at the rendezvous, may, on or before the day fixed for his appearance, furnish an acceptable substitute to take his place in the draft; or he may pay to such person as the Secretary of War may authorize to receive it, such sum, not exceeding $300, as the Secretary may determine, for the procuration of such substitute, which sum shall be fixed at a uniform rate by a general order made at the time of ordering a draft for any State or Territory. Any person may furnish an acceptable substitute to take his place, at any price for which he can procure one.

The sum to be fixed by the Secretary is not to *exceed* $300. It may be less, it can not be more. This provision was put into the law for the sole and single purpose of KEEPING DOWN THE PRICE OF SUBSTITUTES, so that men of moderate means, and even poor men, could more readily obtain substitutes. Without this provision, it was believed that the price for subtitutes would go up at once to $1,000 or $2,000, so that none but very rich men could obtain them. If any drafted man can obtain a substitute for a *sum less than that fixed* by the Secretary he is at liberty to do so. This authority conferred upon the Secretary to fix any sum less than $300, was purposely given to check speculations, to keep down the price of substitutes, and it must do so.

Poverty is always a disadvantage, but how could a draft be more considerate for the well-disposed men of every rank, and still be of any force? *And no men have more true interest in putting down this Slaveholders' Rebellion, than have men of little wealth.* LIBERTY AND LAW are their most precious heritage and gift to their children.

AMPLY REWARDED.—In France, the society for the protection of animals does not enjoy the proper respect which it deserves, the "wits" of the capital indulging in an endless variety of jokes at its expense. The last *bon mot* is to this effect:

A countryman armed with a club, presents himself before the President of the society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replied the countryman with *sang froid*; "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swung his weapon in the air, to the immense discomfort of the President.

"But where is the wolf?" inquired the latter; "what had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the quick reply.

The President reflected deeply for an instant and then said, calmly—

"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of £100 a year," said the old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "but she is not so old; she may marry again. Won't you make any change, in that case?—Most people do."

"Do they?" asked the farmer; "well, write again, and say, that if my wife marries again, I will bequath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, that's double the sum she would receive, if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened, if the widow marries again."

"Ay," said the farmer, "but him that gets her 'll desarve it."

EMPLOYMENT FOR OLD BACHELORS.—An old bachelor writes to the Rural New Yorker to know "how to get rid of bed bugs." A lady contributor to that paper, replies to the inquiry as follows:—"I know of a sure way to get rid of bed bugs. Take a straw and tickle their ears; this will make them open their mouths, and then have a little kerosene oil ready to put in. This will fix them; and I don't know of a better employment for an old bachelor."

The editor of the Gettysburg *Star* (Republican) says the Rebels, after using his office, "pied" his type. They gutted his home, and those of other citizens, from top to bottom—wantonly destroyed women's and children's clothes—smashed up clocks, pianos, and other property they could not carry away—polluted dwellings with indiscribable filth—in short, they behaved more like savages than like the "chivalry" we read about. If they had stayed long, they would probably have "improved for the worse."

The draft in Elmira, N. Y., came off on Tuesday. Trouble had been anticipated, but the utmost good feeling prevailed during the draft. At 5 o'clock the conscripts formed a procession with bands of music, mottoes, costumes, &c. Loud cheers were given for the Constitution and laws. Speeches were made, and the occasion was one of rejoicing and festivity rather than of disappointment—The Empire State is loyal outside of New York, and stands by the Union to the last.

Francis Patrick Kenrick, R. C. Archbishop of Baltimore, died on the 8th ult, in his 66th year.

"Revenge is sweet," as the boy said who had been whipped by a grocer while he was stealing his sugar.