The Potter Journal

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

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

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***Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No 342. F. & A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
B. S. COLWELL, W. M.
SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW 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 promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by O. 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.

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st. Coudersport, Pa.

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

S. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY
OLMSTED & KELLY,
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.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.
SPRING MILLS, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.
ELIAS HORTON, JR., Principal
MRS. ADA WALKER HORTON, Preceptress
MISS NELLIE WALKER, Assistant
MISS GERALDINE WOOD, Teacher of Music
The Fall Term commences August 26.
The Winter Term commences December 9
The Spring Term commences March 25.
Tuition from Three to Five Dollars.
Board $1.50 per week.
Furnished rooms for self-boarding at low prices.
For further information address the Principal or the undersigned.
WM. COBB,
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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 convenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860.-12

Wanted—A Minister.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We have heard of at least a score;
All d'an "tip top" preachers.
Or so their letters ran,
And yet we can't exactly hit
Upon a proper man.

The first who came among us,
By no means was the worst;
But then we didn't think of him
Because he was the first;
It being then the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the Church in earnest
Determined what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
With a serious, earnest way,
Who but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday, one or two
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
All went smooth and pleasent
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners,
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit.
The cast of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit;
Of course his fate was sealed;
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners,
If you would get a call.

Next we despatched committees,
By twos and threes to urge,
The labors for a Sabbath,
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came, a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots,
As he pressed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn,
Before the second line.
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayers e'er addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food,
On such a lovely topic,
"The joy of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams.
Of warbling birds and moonlight groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance,
He nothing had to say.
He rounded off the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
We gave in former days,
We thought it very liberal.
And found it hard to raise.
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts,
We had no chance at all,
We found two city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where they bid the highest,
'Twas whispered he would go.

And now, good christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd,
To guide our church affairs.
With this clear understanding—
A man to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vicant news.

How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.

For hard lying, the following can't be beat A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies he can tell, and as a sample, relates the following:—

Joe called at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested—

"You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em"

"Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"Seen a smoky chimney cured?" said old Joe "I think I have! I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why, you see," said Joe, "you see, I built a little house out yonder at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other.—I told him that he would have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house. Well, we moved in, and built a fire the next morning to boil the tea kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows; not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By and by it came on to rain, and the rain begun to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned. In fifteen minutes the water stood knee-deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon see what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards; it gath'ered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by the bucketsful."

"Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton. "But what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney?"

"Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe. "Yes, I did."

"How," asked Holton.

"Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much."

"Drew too much?" asked Holton.

"Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down and the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see another of 'em shoolten towards the fire place Next the table went, and I seen the back log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under t'other, and started; but just as I got to the door, I seen the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just seen her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her."

"Well, what did you do then?" asked Holton. "Of course you couldn't live in such a house?"

"Couldn't I, though?" said Joe; but I did I put a poultice on the jam of the fire place, and that drawed t'other way; so we had no more trouble."

Southern Principle.

Let the South talk until doomsday about the high *principle* involved in the Civil War that it has involved us in, one fact suffices to overthrow that bragging assertion—that is the fact that the South has a strong antipathy to paying honest wages for honest labor. The planters repudiated hired laborers, and merely gave their bondsmen hard work, scanty clothing, miserable huts, and an insufficiency of coarse food. When tired of them, or when wanting money, they sold the miserable slaves, just as we sell cattle in the North. As to paying them wages, out of which they could maintain themselves, the South never did anything of the sort.

In the eye of the Constitution, one man is declared the equal of every other man, with rights well defined—rights which the law defends But if the man's color be not of the standard white, he has no rights in the South. *Here*, a man exchanges his labor, of hand or head, for an equivalent, the amount of which is defined by custom, by competition, and by the price of the necessaries of life which such amounts will purchase *There*, the employer always fixes the rates and mode of payment, making both as easy to himself as possible: in plain words, he kept his slaves on the cheapest food, in miserable hovels, with course clothing, subjecting them to great labor, and flogging them at will, in order to get as much work out of them as their heavily-tasked strength could give. All this, because these poor, over-tasked, under fed, capriciously punished human creatures had a dark colored cuticle What a mercy to some folks, that having sandy colored hair was not established as a special reason for making them slaves, and perpetuating slavery among them, while the waters run to the sea, and the waves dash against the shore! If a black *skin* makes a man a slave, why not a dark *eye?*

If the South had originally been honest, paying fair wages for fair work, it might have had fewer acres under cultivation—it might have raised less cotton, rice, or tobacco, but it would have had a class of prosperous laborers, whatever their color. They went in *not* to pay wages or any fair equivalent They battle now for only one principle—to continue the system of Work without Wages.—*This* is the principle for which they commenced and are continuing this cruel war.—*Press*

NOBODY giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to him. "Ye gods!" said he, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

☞"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck, have you any daughters that would make good type setters?"

"Not exactly, but I have a wife that would make a first rate *devil*"

TROUSERS not paid for, are breeches of trust.

The Rebel Currency.

During General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania last summer, a detachment of the rebel army had possession for a few days of the thriving town of Hanover in the county of York, lying some twenty or more miles west of Gettysburg Apprised of their coming, the merchants and business men of the town mostly placed their movable goods safely out of the reach of the pilferers. They secured but little booty. What they could lay their hands on, however, they did not fail to bag.

Among the heaviest losers was one of the landlords of the town, the proprietor of a well-stocked and well-conducted country tavern At his house the hungry rebels made themselves "well at home." Without leave or license, they devoured his stock of bacon, beef and poultry, consumed all his flour, which they forced the landlady to bake into bread and pies, used his forage, occupied his beds, and, of course, drunk up his entire stock of liquors. Of this, before they came, he had ten or a dozen barrels; when they left, not so many pints, for what they could not guzzle on the spot they contrived to take along.

As they were about taking their departure for Gettysburg, a Georgia Colonel, exhibiting a degree of conscientiousness not shared by any of his associates, remarked to the landlord that it was a pity to consume so much of his property without any compensation, and that if no one else would extend justice to him, he would, at the same time throwing on the bar a bill of the denomination of twenty dollars.

"There," said the rebel chieftain, "my good fellow, take that as my share of our indebtedness"

"Vot kind of monish ish dat?" inquired the landlord, one of the class of Pennsylvania Germans so proverbial alike for sagacity and integrity.

"That sir, is a *greyback*; in other words, a note of the Confederate states of America."

"O stranger," said the hotel keeper, "if you hash not got no better monish as dat, you'll better keeps it. I don't wants none of it; it is goot for nix; no better as plank paper."

"Sir," rejoined the somewhat indignant epauletted Georgian, "I advise you to take it and be glad for the opportunity You will soon find it is the best money in the world. Keep it, sir, keep it."

"Nein, nein," retorted wynherr of the swinging sign; "dat monish will never be wort anthing here nor anywhere I would not give one silver thaler for a bread basket full. I won't be seen mit it in my hand; and if you don't take it along, I rolls it up holds it at the candle un lights mine pipe mit it."

He was about suiting the action to the word when the Georgian took the note up from the counter, and returned it to his wallet. The Hanover landlord deserves praise, not for his loyalty alone in the presence of an insolent foe, but is likewise to be commended for his financial sagacity, which is far ahead of Memminger himself

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S "LAST" STORY.—A few days since a New England gentleman called at the White House to propose a new plan for capturing Richmond "I know, Mr President," said he, "that the Union men in the rebel capital, with the prisoners and contrabands there, are able to overpower the garrison—so all you have to do is to let Gen Meade make a diversion against Lee's army, and then let Gen. Butler go up James river to cooperate with the Unionists." "I have great confidence in Gen Butler," replied Mr Lincoln. "But I am not sure about Richmond. Your plan reminds me of a story told of a lot of Methodist ministers, who were the trustees of a Western college. It so happened that this college was subjected to be carried away by freshets At last they held a session, to receive the plans of a noted bridge builder, a good mechanic, but rather a profane man—'Can you build this bridge?' asked a reverend gentleman. 'Build it,' bluntly replied the mechanic, 'I could build a bridge to Hell.' This horrified the trustees, and after the bridge builder had retired, the minister who had recommended him thought proper to apologize 'I feel confident,' said he, 'that our energetic friend could build a safe bridge to Hades, although I am not so sure of the abutment on the other side.' And so with your plan—concluded the President—I have great confidence in Gen Butler, but doubt the strength of the Unionists in Richmond"

☞The earth is a great factory-wheel which, on every evolution on its axis, receives fifty thousand raw souls, and turns off nearly the same number worked up more or less completely.

IT is stated that the snow is forty feet deep on the Rocky Mountains—a greater depth than has been known there for years.

FEW people know the use of this line.

General Scott.

"General Scott kept open house on New Year's. He has broken up housekeeping, and has rooms at Delmonico's. In the elegant mansion of Moses H Grinnell, corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, with several spacious dwelling houses added to it, Delmonico has his up-town establishment. In a suit of parlors on the lower floor, furnished in a style suited to his rank, General Scott has his headquarters. His rooms are such as a military gentleman of position and fortune would desire. They are ornamented with busts, statues, maps, paintings and implements of war His daughter lives near him, and her children, intelligent and sprightly, may be seen roaming round the rooms, climbing his knee for a kiss or a smile or a kind word, and throwing a halo of youth and pleasure over the home and declining years of the invalid hero. General Scott is a great favorite of the ladies. Every day rare and fresh flowers are laid by fair hands on his table, filling the room with exquisite sweetness. Fruits of all kinds are sent in to him daily, and of these attentions he is especially proud, and makes particular mention of them to all familiar friends who visit him. His bodily health is not firm. Five years ago he met with an accident that affected his spine, since which time he has not been able to sit on his horse Indeed, he has not been on a horse but once since the accident, and then he was helped on and off, remaining but a few minutes that his portrait might be painted He seldom leaves his room, and walks about it with great difficulty. But his mind is just as clear as when his cannons pealed along our frontiers in the war of 1812. He is conversant with all the acts of the government and of the army. He reads everything that relates to our national peril; has his own decided opinions of movements and of men, and expresses himself freely, without the veil of secresy or reserve about the war, its duration and termination, the courage and skill of our generals and the obstacles that still lie in our path."—*Boston Journal*

Soldiers in Winter.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, writing from the camp of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment at Dechard Station, Tennessee, thus describes how the men make themselves comfortable in winter:

"The camp is laid out in regular order, with an eye to health, comfort and beauty. The company streets are all one width, twenty feet. The houses of the enlisted men are all of one size and appearance, with a space between of two paces, and the same space between those of each company, while the internal arrangements are nearly all the same—each house has two bunks and accommodates four men. The most of the houses are built of logs, some few of boards, but the dimensions of all are the same. Each house is provided with a fireplace and chimney, built of brick, in the rear opposite the centre, to the company street. Now let the reader imagine one company having twenty four houses, each other company having the same number, the dimensions of each the same, and as follows: ten feet long, eight feet wide and four feet high, with four shelter tents for a covering, having a regular pitch, forming the roof Place twelve of these on a line, fronting lengthwise, with a space of two feet between each—the door of each opening out on that line opposite the centre of the house, while opposite the door in the rear of the house is the fireplace and chimney; placed on a parallel line, leaving a space of twenty feet in front, the other twelve huts, fronting also lengthwise on said line, similar to those on the first line, with the exception of the front of each, house, which is reversed, so that the doors of each row front each other, leaving the space twenty feet between the two rows of houses This space is called the company street. The company kitchen, five feet longer than a company hut, but other dimensions the same, is also built fronting on the first line of the left of the first row, leaving a space of ten feet from the left."

PUSILLANIMOUS PEACE.—"War never leaves, where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without mature deliberation; not a deliberation lengthened out into perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgment When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reasons as valid, as fully and as extensively considered. Peace may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear; and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly."—*Burke*

THE proposal to sell the Great Eastern by lottery, seems really to be entertained by the shareholders. The sum to be raised, is £250,000.

A Grifty Kentuckian.

Willard Davis, of Richmond, Kentucky, who minutely describes himself below, has written the following letter to the Provost Marshall of the Eighth District of that State, in answer to a call to such as were enrolled to show cause, if any, why they should be exempted:

"I have seen your advertisement, giving people desiring exemption from the coming draft an opportunity to lay in their complaints, &c. Now, sir, I have never had the honor of your acquaintance, but I can refer you for the truth of what I am about to say to my worthy friend, James D. Foster, surgeon, and a member of your honorable board. My complaints are as follows, viz:

"I have no broken limbs. I have no chronic diseases, such as inflamatory rheumatism, chronic inflammation of the stomach, phthysic, white swelling, &c. I am not blind in either eye I am not knock-kneed. I am not bandy-slanked. I am not bow legged. I have no bad teeth, and can bite off a cartridge. I can stand straight on my pastern joints. I have never been drilled in the Southern army, and never been so fortunate as to be a member of the sympathizing party in Madison. I have no impediments in my speech. I am neither near sighted nor far sighted. I can hear well—the ring of a musket as well as the ring of a silver dollar. In short, I am sound in wind and limb. I am a housekeeper, and have a wife, (a good Union woman) and no children living. I am a citizen of Madison county, Ky., from which you want 239 soldiers. I am as brave as any man who is no braver than I am. One of my legs is as long as the other, and both are long enough to run well. I am for the last man and the last dollar, nigger or no nigger, especially the last man. If you have a good musket marked U. S. send it down, and I am ready to bear it in defence of the Union. I am no foreigner, and claim all the papers that entitle me to in."

Marks of the Nails.

Did you ever hear the story of Amos and the nails? There was once a boy, whose name was Amos. His father was a very good man, and was grieved and troubled at his son's wickedness. He tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to do better. One day his father said to him, "Amos, here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong thing, to drive one of these nails into this post."

"Well, father, I will," said Amos.

After a while Amos came to his father, and said:

"I have used all the nails; the keg is empty; come and see."

His father went to the spot, and found the post black with nails.

"Amos," said he, "have you done something wrong for each of these nails?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Oh! Amos! how sad this is to think of! Why will you not try to turn about and be a good boy?"

Amos stood thoughtfully for a few minutes and said:—"Father, I'll try; I know I have been very bad. Now I mean to pray God to help me to do better."

"Very well," said his father; "now take the hammer, and every time you do a good act, or resist a wrong one, draw out a nail and put it in the keg again."

After a while the boy came to his father, and said: "Come father, and see the nails in the keg again. I have pulled out a nail for every good act, and now the keg is full again"

"I am glad to see it, my son," said his father, "but see *the marks of the nails remain.*"

So with every wicked deed; it leaves its mark as the wages of sin. Ah! how careful we should be to avoid sin.

NO MORE SLAVERY.—People say that the war is drawing to a close; that a cessation of hostilities is to be asked for, &c. We hope it may be so; but we hope, too, that those who will have the interests of the North in their keeping, will insist on the total abolition of slavery. If this be not done, what will we have gained by the war? Allow slavery to raise its head again, and our efforts will have been in vain; destroy it root and branch, without mercy, without hesitation; destroy it with every demonstration of horror for its memory, and we will have gained much by the war. The unity of the nation will be preserved, peace will be on as sure a basis as aught in this world can be, and other nations will not mock us when they point at our battle fields and say—the men of the North died in vain We must have some compensation for the blood and treasure which we have been forced to spend—this we will find in the abolition of Slavery.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

☞An apple is generally preferred when mellow. A man isn't.