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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JOHN S. MANN,
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F. W. KNOX,
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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 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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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,
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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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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

Charge of the Mule Brigade.

[On the night of October 28th, when Gen'l Geary's Division of the 12th corps repulsed the attacking forces of Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tenn., a number of mules, affrighted by the noise of battle, dashed into the ranks of Hampton's Legion, causing much dismay among the Rebels, and compelling many of them to fall back under a supposed charge of cavalry. Captain Thos. H. Elliott, of Geary's staff, sends us the following rendition of the incident, which he gleaned from an interior contemporary. Its authorship is not known by the Captain.—*Ed.*]

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward.
Right toward the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred
"Forward the Mule Brigade,"
"Charge for the Rebs!" they neighed;
Straight for the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.

"Forward, the Mule Brigade!"
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
All their ropes sundered;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to make them fly.
On! to the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules also behind them,
Pawed, neighed and thundered,
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops
Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all their eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scatt'ring all the chivalry there,
While all the world wondered!
Not a mule back-bestraddled,
Yet how they all skedaddled!
Fled every Georgian,
Unsabered, unsaddled,
Scattered and sundered,
How they were routed there
By the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules all around them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head,
Fu'l many a hero fled,
Fain in the last direful dead,
Back from an "ass's jaw,"
All that was left of them,
Left by the two hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Mule Brigade,
Long-eared two hundred.

TAKEN PRISONER.

"No rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the year, I'll go there myself, and get the money, or I'll know the reason why!"

Mr. Mathew Doane was particularly bad humor this raw December morning Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the ink-stand on his special and peculiar heap of paper—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Doane was consequently and correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Go to the Widow Clarkson's and tell her I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind: Jenkins, confidently to receive that rent money. Or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there starin' like an idiot," snarled Mr. Doane in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterwards Mr. Mathew Doane brushed the brown hair just sprinkled with grey away from his square yet not unkindly brow, putting on his fur lined overcoat, he walked forth into the chilly winter air fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house which appeared originally to have aspired two story hood lot, but cramped by circumstances and settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the doorsteps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Doane remark, as he pulled the glittering brass door knob, and strode into Mrs Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded, in the stove, and at a table with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr. Doane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's neice, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long lashed eyes and a very pretty mouth, hiding teeth like rice kernals, so white they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod, which was grimly reciprocated by Mathew Doane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss Mellen!"

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of her timid temperament, I sent her away I prefer to deal with you myself."

Mr. Doane started—the cool audacity of this damsel in grey, with red ribbons in her hair, rather astonished him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive—pardon me, I must speak plainly—I shall send an officer here this afternoon to put a valuation on the furniture, and"—

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir."

Olive's cheek had reddened and her eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Doane turned towards the door, but ere he knew what he was doing, Olive had walked quietly across the room, looked the door and taken out the key—then she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be obliged to reconsider the question," said Olive.

"Obliged?"

"Yes—you will hardly jump out of the window and there is no other method of egress unless you choose to go up the chimney. Now, then Mr. Doane, will you tell me if you —a Christian man in the nineteeth century—intend to sell a poor widow's furniture, because she is able to pay your rent? Listen, sir!"

Mr. Doane had opened his mouth to remonstrate, but Olive enforced her words with a very emphatic little stamp of the foot, and he was, as it were, stricken dumb

"You are what the world calls a rich man, Mr. Doane. You own rows of houses, piles of bank stock, railroad shares, bonds and mortgages—who knows what? My aunt has nothing—I support her by copying. Now, if this case be carried into a court of law, my poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer—you would emerge unscathed and profiting! You are not a bad man, Mr Doane; you have a great many noble qualities, and I like you for them."

She paused an instant and looked intently and gravely at Mr. Doane. The color rose to his cheek—it was not disagreeable to be told by a pretty young girl that she liked him, on any terms, yet she had indulged in pretty plain speaking.

"I have heard," she went on, "of your doing kind actions when you were in the humor of it. You can do them, and you shall in this instance. You are cross this morning, you know you are! Hush, no excuse, you are selfish, and irritable and overbearing! If I were your mother, and you a little boy, I should certainly put you in a corner until you promised to be good."

Mr Doane smiled, although he was getting angry. Olive went on with the utmost composure.

"But as it is, I shall only keep you here a prisoner until you have behaved, and give me your word not to annoy my aunt again for rent, until she is able to pay you. Then, and not until then, will you receive your liberty. Do you promise? yes, or no!"

"I certainly shall agree to no such terms," said Mr Doane, tartly.

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the pocket of her grey dress, and sat down to her copying. Had she been a man Mr. Doane would have knocked her down—as it was, she wore an invisible armor of power in the very fact that she was a fragile, slight woman, and she knew it!

"Miss Olive, he said sternly, "let us terminate this mummery. Unlock that door."

"Mr. Doane. I will not."

"I shall shout and alarm the neighborhood then or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Doane, do so, if you please."

She dipped her pen in the ink and began on a first page. Matthew sat down puzzled and discomfited, and watched the long lashed eyes and faintly tinted cheek of his keeper. She was very pretty—what a pity she was so obstinate.

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck twelve."

"I heard it!"

"I should like to get out to get some lunch"

"I am sorry that luxury is out of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry!"

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this sort of thing any longer."

"No?"

How provokingly nonchalent she was Mr. Doane eyed the pocket of the grey dress greedily, and walked up and down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at one!"

"Indeed? what a pity you will be unable to keep it."

He took another turn across the room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes! what else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket, with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr. Doane. I dare say you think me unwomanly and unfeminine, but indeed you do not know to what extremities we are driven by poverty Good morning, sir"

Mr. Doane sallied forth with a curious complication of thoughts and emotions struggling through his brain, in which gray tresses, long lashed blue eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

"Mind your business, sir," was the tart response.

"I pity her husband, he thought, as he turned the papers over on the desk—'How she will hen peck him By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?"

The next day he called at the Widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next but one after that, he came to tell the young lady she need entertain no doubts of his integrity And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse!

"When shall we be married, Olive? Next month, dearest? Do not let us put it off later."

"I have no wishes but yours, Mathew."

"Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone, one would suppose you had never locked me up here, and tyrannized over me as a jailor!"

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear old Matthew, I give you warning beforehand that I mean to have my own way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Doane didn't, he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be hen pecked by Olive.

INFAMOUS.—We learn that recently at at Lawrenceville, two young ladies of highly respectable families went from a Donation with two young men who were to get a carriage and take them out riding. On their way they called at a drug store where one of the young men was a clerk and drank some wine with them. Both ladies were soon taken sick or became intoxicated and vomited all over the room, and became nearly or quite helpless Both passed the night in the Hotel, without the knowledge of the landlord, who supposed they had left, one of the young men staying all night with them One of the ladies remembers nothing that transpired after reaching the Hotel, untill she found herself at the home of her female companion about daybreak. The other young lady states that her female friend was so very ill that she was not able to be removed hours sooner. stop?"

"You told me, madam, to leave you at Forty ninth street."

"Well, I meant Twenty-ninth street; and, any way, you might have known where I live, for I ride up here every week in your 'buss."

"Madam," said Jehu, with Napoleonic composure, "I've drov stage on this line for ten years or less, and I never yet missed leaving a passenger where he or she directed me to leave him or her; and, madam, if you don't know where you live, *you'd better move!*"

A HUMEROUS DRIVER.—A veritable Jehu, who drives one of the stages of that line that runs up to High Bridge, perpetrated a dry joke the other day. A middle aged female passenger requested to be left at Forty-ninth street, and so, when Forty ninth street was reached, Jehu reined in his horses and stopped. The old lady got out, and staring wildly up at the driver's perch, exclaimed:

"Well now, I should like to know why in the name of goodness you have carried me a mile beyond where I wanted to It is surprising that they did not call up on the landlady for relief and assistance The excitement consequent upon this affair has been so great that the young man who was with them during the night has left town, having previously been horse-whipped by the justly infuriate father of one of the girls.—*Corning Journal.*

The safest way for young "ladies of highly respectable families" is to let wine alone.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

Over warm friendships and hot potatoes are generally dropped as soon as taken up.

Blessed are they that are ignorant for they are happy in thinking that they know everything.

A Richmond paper advertises a lot of brown paper suitable for wrapping paper or envelopes at $80 a ream.

There are 8,000 trains connected with the Potomac army. If placed in a line they would reach over sixty miles.

A Moment of Horror.

The *Mobile Register* is answerable for the following:

About twenty-three years old Jake Willard had cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefore a support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His rout led him through an old worn out path of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well twenty five or thirty feet deep that at some time probably had furnished the inhabitants of a ruined house near by with water. In passing this spot an ill wind lifted Jake's hat from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about the recovery of the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding that it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down the well himself. To accomplish this he made one end of the rope fast to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader thereof, that Ned Wells was in the ruined building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse with a bell to his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the horse and unbuckling the bell strap approached with a slow and measured "ting a ling" to the edge of the well

"Dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a cummin' this way shure and hain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!"

But the continued approach of the "ting a ling" said just as plainly as words that "Ball" wouldn't whoa.—Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalum!" said he, "the old cuss will be a top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa, dang you, whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa! Now I lay me down to sleep—whoa, Ball! I pray the Lord my soul to—whoa, now. Oh, Lord have mercy on me!"

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearing that Jake might suffer from his fright, revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well Maybe Jake was not up to the top of it in a short time; and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this it will be the last squib you will get from this writer.

A SECOND DIOGENES.—An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmont, was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I am a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps!"

"You are not far from wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothes; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

He was dismissed.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at twenty-two, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man.

Have courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Girls on Ice.

Don't imagine, for an instant, girls, that learning to scate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions—far from it. I will tell you just how it will be. You will say to John Henry:

"How I should like to know how to skate."

John Henry will say.

"Certainly, my love. Of course."

The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of "Duffin's best."

To morrow evening you will get your skates about half past five, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are on ice. He leads you from "terra firma" to "terra-icea," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which causes you to bow seventeen different ways at once. John Henry tells you to do as he does. You try to do so, and immediately—some one falls. You look around to see who it is, and the thought strikes you "perhaps it was myself." You are picked up, and fall down eleven times without stopping.

Your skate is loose. Of course it is, or you could strike out. John Henry loosens and tightens your strap in the usual way.—You strike out with hands and feet, with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up and you throw yourself into his bread basket in a very inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper:

"John Henry, I shall faint if you push me down again."

He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the boon; and after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quietly "settle slantindicularly into John Henry's coat sleeve. A look of despair says as plainly as a look can, "John Henry, why do you push and throw me down and about in this disagreeable way?"

He looks at his watch.

"Is it possible! Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be home at nine."

Your prayers have been answered; and it is be that wants to go home, and not you. You go home, and if not very pious, you think a few very pious, and a few very mild bad words about skating in general, and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house without limping—if you are reckless of life or limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or "married to a feller what your pa likes and you don't"—you will go again and learn to skate.

FIVE DEATHS AT A TIME.—A Frenchman, resolved to get rid of life, went a little before high tide, to a post set by the seaside. He had provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end of the rope to the post, and the other end around his neck, then he took the poison; set his clothes on fire, put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder; he snapped the pistol so that the ball missed his head, and cut the rope by which he was suspended; he fell into the sea, thus extinguishing the flames of his clothes, and the sea water, which he involuntarily swallowed, counteracted the poison; thus in spite of his precautions, he remained unhanged, unshot, unpoisoned, unburned and undrowned.

☞John Forney was tried in Connellsville, a few weeks since, for the murder of Lieut. E. N Ford, (at one time a workman in the *Journal* office,) of the Provost Guard Forney was drafted in 1862, under the blundering State law put in operation at that time. Before the draft he appeared and had his name stricken off as being over forty five years of age. The Commissioner was afterward led to believe that he had been imposed on; the exemption was annulled, and Forney was drafted. He again appeared before the Commissioner proved that he was forty six years of age, and was discharged. By some culpable carelessness, Forney's name was entered on the list of deserters furnished to the Provost Guard. He was arrested as a deserter, but discharged on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Ford again attempted to arrest him, and was shot, by Forney. The latter surrendered himself for trial, and after being taken to Washington was sent back to Fulton j. During the raid he was released by the rebels and run off, but returned and surrendered himself for trial. The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." Forney was discharged.