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

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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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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 covenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860.—12

The Waiting.

I wait and watch; before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears upr se
Beneath the oriflame of day.

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance,
I hear the day sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet,
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's use, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh, power to do! oh, baffled will!
Oh, prayer and action! ye are one;
Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!

THE PASTOR'S LIEUTENANT.

A STORY FOR BUSYBODIES IN GENERAL.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice at a fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall Cottage over the way. A very modest pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, and woodbines and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring them just then. She looked up at a front window, on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet and here it is six o'clock! And where is he I wonder?"

Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked mentally, the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby shrinked behind her curtain, saw a handsome, sunburnt man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see by the slight roll in his walk, that he was a sailor, though, for all that, his bearing, handsome face, and frank, hearty manner would have told the tale, if he had not stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing the cigar from his lips as he did so.

"He couldn't do more if he were speaking to a woman," said the spinster, applying her eye to a hole left purposely in the white curtain "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—and dressed in blue gingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year? And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet, well, there——"

Words failed the worthy spinster—Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed laced and roseted with a spangle that shone like a dew drop—tripped down the walk so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a push that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through alleys—to see him kiss her, when he had prisoned her at last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears for it, was a sight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby over opposite, fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square faced, sour looking woman, who had lived with her for years made her appearance.

"Susan!"

"Well," answered the amiable domestic, briefly.

Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

"Walking up and down in broad daylight with his arm around her waist—just look at her, Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that man is only her brother?"

"Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell. I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham; I was told."

"Umph! It is my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr Fullerton!"

"The minister? What for?"

"Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it means? They are no more brother and sister than you and I are."

"Well, what are they, then?"

"That remains to be told—the wretches! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me."

"Have some peace, I suppose," muttered Susan, under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sallied forth to the parsonage.

The clergyman was a quiet, peace loving man; somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments when she attempted to do so. She stated nearly half an hour with him; at the expiration of which time, people who were on the lookout saw her conveying the unhappy parson in the direction, and at last through the very gates of Randall Cottage.

A tidy looking old servant admitted them ushered them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a she dragon, eyeing everything about her, and making observations in an under tone, which however he could not help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at that carpet now—all rosies and lillies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a drugget, as I am?"

She took another turn.

"And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt; or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens!"

"Hardly, I think, or they would not have come to church last Sunday."

"Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they have had some private end to gain by it," said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton, beyond measure. She saw him laughing, and grew very indignant.

"Let those laugh that win, I say Mr. Fullerton. I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled."

"Not I," said the minister, with a rueful look.

"A crucifix, as sure as I am a sinner," she murmured, a moment afterwards. "There, Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! there it is hanging there in broad day light. Shall I pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby?" said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and of laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called a piece of her mind.—There was a race up the broad path that sobered into a walk when they neared the windows, following the old servant, who had been in the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking pleased to meet the clergyman.

"Sin wears a different face from that," he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney-piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby," said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her as they sought about for easy chairs, "it is all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with this matter. Say nothing and let this pass as a morning call."

"Say nothing, indeed! Mr Fullerton, I am astonished at you!" was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it though he was too courteous to look surprised.

"Pray, take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton, said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

"No, my child," said the clergyman kindly. Sometime I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite understand!" exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time," said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. "I will only say in explanation of this intrusion that it has been caused by a most ridiculous mistake."

"Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home?"

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—

"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the clergyman What does it all mean?"

Miss Jellaby heard it.

"It is this, madam, this and nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of his duty, I am not!"

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business! Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures. I command you, as your pastor, not to speak."

"I take no orders from a man who shrinks from his duty," said the spinster, loftily.

"My dear sir, (turning to the captain,) it seems that I cannot spare you this affliction so I might as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you, as you already know—"

"And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourself quite alone—remember that!" chimed in the the voice of the spinster.

"Do be quiet, Miss Jellaby. As she says she has often seen you—"

"Kissing!" exploded from her very thin lips.

"Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be quiet. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me into believing them. I need not add that suspicion vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your integrity."

"But, my dear sir," said Captain Graham, smiling, "of what does this lady suspect us?"

"Tell them, Miss Jellaby; I will not."

"Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton.—However, no one shall say I shrank back from my duty!"

"We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed," said Captain Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jellaby gasped at the caress, then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

"Before my very eyes, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you will kiss her next."

"Well, now you metnion it—I think I will." And he did. Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror.

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly, and watch this shameful conduct? As for you, sir," she added, turning to the good humored capatiin, "you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—"

"Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby."

"It is infamous," shouted the enraged spinster. "Brother and sister, indeed; you are no more her brother than you are mine, Captain Graham."

"I know it—I never said I was!"

Mr. Fullerton looked rather puzzled. Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

"Well you are brazen about it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you, depend upon it."

"I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother before," said the Captain, quietly. However, there is a relation between us, if it pleases you any better."

"What is it?"

"I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and I have always lived with her family in England!"

"Oh!"

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

"Also, I have the honor to be—"

"Her husband!"

"Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unclerical hurrah, and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.

"Her husband!" faltered the old maid. "I—I never thought of that!"

"Allow me to hope, madam, that you will have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal," said the Captain suavely. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He held the door open as he spoke—she could but take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state verging upon distraction. Staying to be laughed at, or sympathized with, was what she could not endure—the cottage was shut up the next day, and she and Susan were far away. Miss Jellaby had found her match, and the village has known peace since her departure, for the first time.

☞Most of the joys of man are only preparatives of joy. The burning sun of rapture is only revealed to our weak eyes in the seventy mirrors of our seventy years. Each mirror reflects its image on the next, fainter and paler, and from the seventieth, the sun shines frozenly upon us.

☞True friendship, as Tully observes, proceeds from a reciprocal esteem and virtuous resemblance of manners. When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill consequence to the union, and will scarcely ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration, and esteem.—*Swift.*

An Indiana paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcements of the death of any of our friends with pleasure.

☞We are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when we are painfully conscious that we are in need of it ourselves.

A Turkish Love Affair.

The modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance, in a very singular manner, any cruelty in females towards their admirers. While Dr. Clark was on that island, an insrance occurred in which the fatal termination of a love affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers called "homicide by an intermediate cause." The case was as follows:—

"A young man desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio, eagerly sout to matry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, by implication, of the man's death. Under the fifth species of homicide, he became therefore amenable for this act of suicide When the cause came before the magistaate, it was urged literally by the accusers, that 'if he, the accused, had not had a daughter, he would not hav fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed; consequently he would not have swallowed poison; consequently he would not have died. But he, the accused, had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love, and had been disappointed, and had swallowed poison, and had died.' Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, it was accordingly exacted!"

ARTEMUS WARD TOASTETH THE LADIES.—While attending a country fair recently, the omnipresent "moral showman" was a guest at a banquet, where he found occasion to drink a tost to the "phair sects," which he thus reports:

"Ladies," sez I, turning to the buteful femails, whose presence was perfumin' the fore ground, "I hope your'e enjoyin, yoursels on the present occasion, and the lemin and ise water ov which you air drinkin, may not go agin you. May you always be as fare as the son, and brite as the moon, and as buteful as any army of Union flags—also plenty of good close to wear.

"To your sex—commonly kawled the phair sex—we are indebted for bornin' as well as many other blessings in these low grounds ov sorrow. Some poor seperitted fools blame your sex for the diffikilty in the gardin; but I know men are a deseetful set, and when the apple had becum ripe, I hav no dowt Adam would have rigged a cider-press and like as not went on a big bust, an' been driven orf anyway. Yure 1st mother was a lady and all her dawters ere ditto, and none but a loafin cuss will sa a word agin you. Hopin that no wave ov trouble may ever ride acros yure peasful breasts, and I konklude remarks with the follerin centymint: Woman shs is a good egg"

NEW CLOTHES.—Said Joe to Bill—both were old bummers, and both were terribly dry—

"Bill, if you'll treat, I'll tell you where you can get a whole new suit of clothes on six months' trust."

"Will you, though? Now, no foolin' yer billy."

"True as preachin' I will," said Joe, and the parties took a drink at Bill's expense, when Joe, with a twinkling of the eye, said,

"You go up to the recruiting rendezvous, and tell 'em yer want a suit of clothes. They give them to yer on six months' trust."

Bill said that his health was so delicate that he couldn't "list."

A young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labor, and offered to take a bet that he would preach half an hour upon any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. A clergyman took his bet, and pointed out:

"And the ass opened his mouth, and he spake'"

☞We do not die wholly at our death; we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

☞A lady who had read of the extensive manufactory of odometers to tell how far a carriage had run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just step down to the post office.

☞Parents who are ignorant of their duty, will be taught by the misconduct of their children what they ought to have done.

☞He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Old Militia Muster.

"'Tention the hull! shoulder! as you were!"

"I say, capting, Mike's priming his fire-lock with brandy."

"Why, deacon Michael Bigelow, ain't you ashamed to do sich a thing arter the temperance paper? I'll report you to the court martial. You, without bagnets on your corn stalks, stand back in the rear rank—trail arms."

"Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks farther apart?—That are chap's bagnet has stuck into Jem's trowsers, and I rather guess he won't sit down as slick as he used to."

"I say, mister, don't blow your backer smoke in my face."

"Why darn it, how could I help it? This here feller shoulderin' his fire-lock, stuck his bagnet strate thro' the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a little on one side, smoke or no smoke Mister. hand me down my hat."

"Can't do it—wait till the capting tells us to order arms; won't bring down my fire-lock without orders if your head was on the top of it."

"That's right, Joe, rale soger, I tell ye—only arter this shoulder your fire-lock perpendicular."

"John, you've got a fire lock—what made you bring your numberel?"

"Why, capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screeching, so I knew we'd have a shower.

"Tom, what are you bawlin about?"

"Why, capting, Jame Lummis smashed my toe with the butt of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-six pounder, for its tarnashun heavy."

"Jim Lummis, fust have the purliteness to take your gun off Tom's tee, and look out how you smash arter this."

"Capting, I say, here's an engegement on the right flank."

"You don't say so, Leftenint—what is it?"

"Why Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes."

"Well make a ring after parade, and see fair play, only tell them to wait till we're done sogerin'."

"Capting, I say, it's arter sun-down, and I rather guess I needn't stay any longer according to law."

"Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a strate line as quick as greased lightning. Right face, dismissed."

THE MINISTER'S MISTAKE.—As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer—

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer.

"And what do you do with your mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer "And pray, sir, do you ever make mistakes in preaching."

"Yes sir, I have."

"And what do you do with mistakes?" said the lawyer.

"Why sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching I meant to observe that the devil was the father of liars but made a mistake, and said the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I left it go."

A DISPUTED QUESTION.—An old toper after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarity, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud-puddle. Gathering himself up as quickly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son who was standing by:

"John did you see me kick that ere hoss?"

"Why, no, dad; the hoss kicked you!"

"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly histed. *Taint me John, for I'm here.*"

☞A blind beggar was one day accosted by a clergyman, at whose request he detailed the circumstances under which he had lost his sight—accidental exposure to the blasting of a rock by gunpowder. The reverend querist after listening said, very feelingly, "Well, my poor man, I pity you, and could drop a tear over your misfortune," at the same time offering him nothing. "Thank you, sir," replied the beggar, but I'd rather you'd drop a shilling into my hat."

☞A letter from out West from a pious individual says: "Dear Brother; I have got one of the handsomest farms in the State, and have it nearly paid for. Crops are good and prices were never better. We have had a glorious revival of religion in our church, and both of our children (the Lord be praised) are converted. Father got to be rather an incumbrance, and last week I sent him to the poorhouse."