

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 Freedoming our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made:
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BUSINESS CARDS.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons.
EULALIA LODGE, No. 842, F. A. M.
Stated Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport, Pa.
C. H. WARRINER, W. M.
A. SIDNEY LYMAN, Sec'y.

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

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
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.

ISAAC BENSON,
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,
PRACTISING 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.

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, Pot-
ter Co., Pa.
Every Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

H. J. OLMSTED,
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
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MILLER & McALARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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AGENTS for the Collection of Claims
against the United States and State Govern-
ments, such as Pension, Bounty, Arrear
of Pay &c. Address Box 95, Harrisburg, Pa.

Pension Bounty and War Claim Agency.

PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law.

REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq., DAN BAKER, Claim Agent Coudersport Pa.
June 8, '64-ly.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DISEASES of the Nervous, Seminal, Urinary and sexual systems—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. I. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. jyl31864.

WHERE IS THE BATTLE?

Where is our battle fought?
In the sin-cursed southern land,
Where War's dread arm is striking down
Rebellion's crimson hand?

Oh, sons of our country's pride,
It is not there alone!
All through the dear land's mighty breadth
The dragon's teeth were sown!

We are armed for the war, each man
A soldier, false or true!
And he who fights not for the Right
Fights with the rebel crew!

Our battle is fought in our homes—
In yours and mine to-day!
Wherever men and women meet—
Wherever children play!

Our battle is fought by the Press!
Its winged sheets that fly,
One with an angel's freedom song,
One with a demon cry.

Work for the right or wrong;
O! were it all for the right!
O that in Freedom's cause were spent
All of its giant might!

Our battle is fought to-day
All over the waking earth!
The workmen of every land
Know well dear Freedom's worth!

She nerves their hands to break
The chains that have bound them down,
And they give with joy to her glorious cause
Those brave hands and brown.

Our battle is fought in the air!
Unseen, by night and day;
Stern hosts of spirit-warriors meet
In terrible array!

The loyal Sons of Light,
To God's great Union true,
Wave airy banners of Liberty
Far up in the field of blue!

And the Rebel spirit fight
With their traitor-chief at the head,
To keep down forever the souls of men
In their Slavery dark and dread!

Ye will surely conquer at last,
O army of Love and Light!
For our son's can hear through the silent air
When we listen alone at night.

For the music of your march,
A thrilling battle-call,
"Union forever in peace and love,
And God's own FREEDOM FOR ALL!"

In Search of Fur.

On one occasion a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs including "beaver and cony." He wanted some "Russia." I told him we had some, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said.

I could not answer, but assured him that there were one hundred and fifty pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started, with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door, Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She the elder made, her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter Russia.

"What do you want of Russia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean?" responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No; for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats, I will call my daughter," said the old lady.

Passing into the other room, where Russia the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"Oh he means sister Mary, probably. I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," was Russia's reply, as she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger Russia.

"I wish to see who ever owns the property." Sister Mary was sent for, and soon made her appearance. As soon as he was introduced, the latter informed her that he wished to buy Russia.

"Buy Russia!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you."

"You name is Miss Wheeler I believe?" said the latter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

"Well, what do you ask for your Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir!" said Russia the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? if you do we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies?" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale."

"Now if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so; but if it can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother open the door, and let the gentleman pass out for he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be, if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing?"

"Business, poor man!" said Mary soothingly, approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter.

"My name is Walter Dibble. I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury. I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and I have purchased some 'beaver' and 'cony,' and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary.

"The clerk at the store opposite."

"He's a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. "Have you got any Russia, then?"

"My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Russia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store.

"You young scamp!" said he, as he entered, "what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you over there to buy Russia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Russia," I repeated, with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," replied he. "But never mind, I'll pay you off for this, some day."

And taking his furs, he departed.

The Deacon's Bull.

Deacon Joseph Jones, of Litchfield, Conn., was a fine specimen of the old style sturdy farmer, honest, conscientious and hospitable to a fault, and with one leading quality, which was his ability to raise the finest stock in the whole of New England. In his younger days the deacon had commanded a company of State troops, which had done service during the last war with Great Britain, and he had failed, in the technical application of the term, "to smell gunpowder," yet he had received the infusion of a warlike spirit, and earned the title of "captain," which, on the principle of "once a captain always a captain," stuck to him, and mingled with the more peaceful cognomen of the deacon.

The warlike spirit the deacon could never conquer, even though he had been frequently rebuked by the good dominie for showing so much of the church militant in his daily bearing; and he could find no greater delight, when he could obtain an audience, than in recalling the days of his captaincy and telling bloodless tales of "when I was out in '13 and '14."

Among the deacon's fine stock was a bull, a splendid animal, which for strength, size, and beauty, excited the envy and admiration of the whole country. So much was the deacon's bull prized, that very soon its owner began to think that he possessed the most wonderful animal that ever existed, and to boast accordingly.

From morning to night nothing could be heard in the neighborhood of Litchfield but praises of the deacon's bull, and estimations of its value. At last to such a pitch did this estimation reach, that the deacon, not content with bearing the palm from every cattle raiser in the country, sought, like Alexander, fresh worlds to conquer, and offered his bull to the competition of the whole country. To do this properly, deacon Joseph issued a handbill, setting forth in glowing lines the qualities of his bull, its size, weight, and color, leading off with a challenge to any one possessing an animal of like size and age, to vanquish the deacon's in a

fair fight for one hundred dollars. Here it was that the old warlike spirit peeped forth, and the deacon, instead of offering to match his bull for any of those qualities that go toward making good beef, proffered the challenge for its fighting quality.

These handbills were scattered far and wide by the aid of a peripatetic peddler, and one of them found its way to the hands of a noted breeder of stock in the western part of the State, who determined on accepting the challenge on behalf of a fine young animal of his own, and making an attempt to fob the deacon's one hundred dollars. Accordingly he started with his bull for the deacon's, but by some delays on the road he did not reach his destination until late on Saturday afternoon.

Upon his stating his errand he was warmly welcomed by the deacon and honest praise bestowed upon the splendid animal he had brought with him. It was too late that evening for the trial, and the bull was accordingly driven into the rich pastures to recruit after the journey, and his owner made free to the deacon's home.

The next day being the Sabbath, the family all set forth to church, the deacon surrendering his place in the family pew to the stranger, and staying at home under the plea of not feeling well. After they were all gone, the deacon, to aid in dismissing the thought of the two bulls, and of the coming fight on the morrow, got down the family bible and read a chapter; but still the bulls would mix themselves with the texts, and wander away with his thoughts. At last the deacon could stand it no longer, and putting on his hat, out he went to take one look at the fierce monster that was on the morrow to carry the laurels from him, or leave him the happy victor.

There he stood in the centre of the field, coal black, and shaking his fierce shaggy head in defiance. The deacon crept in admiration and the thought crept into his brain that to-morrow was a long time to wait and that there was nobody to see and no one to tell tales, he might as well give the bulls just one little tuck at each other that he might be the better able to judge, and if the contest waxed too warm he could drive off his own animal without trouble. No sooner thought than done, and the deacon stealthily let down the bars that led into the field and proceeded to drive his bull, but the strange bull in an instant saw the entrance open, and without delay, rushed through and in less time than it takes to tell it, tackled the deacon's bull.

The fight was terrible, and the deacon delighted. For a while he forgot his Sabbath breaking in the keen enjoyment of the fight, and the belief that his bull would be the victor, but at length the stranger began to have the best of it, and the deacon, fearing the defeat of his favorite, took a hand in the fight himself. He tore a rail from the fence and rushed at the black bull, punching him in the rear, and striving to drive him back to his pasture. The attack instead of attaining its object only increased the animal's rage, until with one fierce lunge he laid his antagonist on the ground, pierced him through the chest with one thrust of his sharp horns, and laid him dead in an instant.

No sooner had he finished his work in front than, like a good soldier, he made for the enemy in the rear; and the deacon made for the opening in the fence with the bellowing monster close at his heels.

Away they went, deacon and bull, straight for the house, the first puffing and blowing under his fearful speed, the last pawing and bellowing in a manner to strike terror into firmer hearts than that of the deacon. It was a terrible race; but the deacon won it by a few yards, just slamming the door of the house in the face of the bull, and rushing to the kitchen for safety. In a moment he heard with terror the blow of the monster's head upon the door; a second thump and down it went, admitting him to the hall.

The door of the parlor stood open, and upon the wall opposite was a large mirror, the pride of the deacon's wife and daughter, and the choice piece of their household goods. The bull did not waste time, but seeing his image in the glass, made one rush, scattering the glass in minute particles, and shaking the house with the crash.

By this time the deacon began to recover his wind and his presence of mind and think of a loaded gun hanging over the mantelpiece in the kitchen. Rendered desperate he clutched the weapon and rushed to the door of the parlor. The bull spied him instantly and made a rush—his last—for almost running the muzzle of the gun into his head, the deacon fired, and a dead bull blocked up the hall, deluging the floor with blood just as the family presented themselves at the door on their return from church.

The consternation of all may be imagined and the deacon had nothing for it but to make a clean breast and confess his Sabbath breaking, pay the stranger for his bull, hand over the hundred dollars, and make good resolutions about bull fighting for the future.

Death of Baron De Kalb.

Immediately on receiving orders of departure, we waited on the good old De Kalb to take our leave, and to express our deep regret at parting with him.

"It is with great regret, my dear sir, that I part with you," he said, "because I feel a presentiment that we part to meet no more." We told him we hoped better things.

"Oh no," he replied, "it is impossible. War is a kind of game that has its fixed rules, whereby when we are well acquainted with them, we can tell pretty well how the trial will go. To-morrow, it seems, that the die is to be cast; and in my judgment, without the least chance on our side. The militia I suppose, will as usual, play the back-games; that is, get out of the battle as fast as their legs will carry them. But that, you know, won't do for me. I am an old soldier and can not run; and I believe I have some brave fellows who will stand by me till the last. So when you hear of our battle you will probably hear that your old friend De Kalb is at rest."

I never was more affected in my life; and I perceived tears in the eyes of Gen. Marion. De Kalb saw them, too; and taking us by the hand, he said, with a firm tone and animated look, "No, no, gentlemen, no emotions for me; but those of congratulation. I am happy. To die is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay? Thank God, this is my case. The happiness of man is his wish; that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow at any odds whatever."

As he spoke this a fire flashed from his eyes, which seemed to me to demonstrate the divinity of virtue, and the immortality of the soul. We left him with feelings which I shall never forget, while memory retains her seat in my brain.

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugeley's Mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. At ten that night, orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who at the same time commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment the advance of the two armies met at two o'clock, and began firing at each other. It was soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared willing to leave the matter to be decided by day light. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeley's Mills and wait to be attacked. Gen. Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out an insinuation that it originated in fear. Upon this the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As day light increased the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddened all over with the scarlet uniforms of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge; and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke and fled in every direction. Gen. Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said, "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortunes of the day. More determined valor was never displayed; for though outnumbered more than two to one, they sustained the attack of the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorifying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valor do against equal valor aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting from the loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him as they strove to destroy or defend. In the midst of flashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, Col. De Brysson, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out, "Save the Baron De Kalb." The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died as he had lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When the English officer condescended with him in his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

He survived but a few hours, and was buried on the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when Washington visited Camden, he eagerly enquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "So here lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!"

Editing a Paper.
The following was found in the office of an editor by the county sheriff.

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If it contains too little they won't have it.

If the type is too large it don't contain reading matter enough.

If the type is small they can't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but a rattle-head.

If we omit jokes they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving them original selections.

If we publish selections, folks say that we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in their houses.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.

If we do not, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we speak well of any act of the President, they say we dare not do otherwise.

If we censure, they call us a traitor.

If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out they say we never attend to our business.

If we do not pay our bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay prompt, they say we stole the money.

Next to no wife a good one is best!
It costs New York city \$100,000 a year to clean its streets.

The cod-fishery the present season is said to be a failure.

A man choked his wife to death the other day in Springfield, Mass.

Miners in Idaho get \$12 per day—Shoeing a span of horses costs \$12.

A "live and let live" association has been formed at Manchester, N. H.

The Atlantic cable about to be laid will bear four times its own weight.

The North-western Indians want gold instead of greenbacks for their annuities.

Bears are occasionally seen in the highways among the oil wells.

Mr. Robbins, an old Chicago merchant, died lately, leaving \$3,000,000 to his heirs.

Lord Lyon says our government is not aware of the utter weakness of the rebellion.

Fifty pears on a stem eight inches in length, are exhibited at a Fair in San Francisco.

A man in London has sued a photographer for making his legs crooked in a picture.

Fifteen thousand dollars worth of rice was sold in N. Y. city the other day by one house.

The vintage of France is a wonderful one this year. It is difficult to obtain casks to put it in.

Bernard Murray was arrested in Philadelphia last week for murdering William Kness in 1858.

Mr. Libby, owner of the Liberty Prison at Richmond, was recently captured by our troops.

The Pittston Gazette, has raised its price to three dollars a year, not a cent too much.

In one breath the traitors tell us that Republicans do more for the negro than for white men, and in the next breath they are abusing and starving them.