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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G. 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.

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

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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[Published by request.]

THE BATTLE OF KINGSTON.

BY J. L. AULT, OF CO. C, 101ST REGT., P. V.

Oh, listen, while I tell you boys,
Of Kingston's bloody fight,
The deafning peals—the cannon's noise,
Perhaps you heard and saw that sight.

We met the foe in forests deep,
Of pine and swamp and thickets,
Our Union boys and Rebels meet,
And we drive in their pickets.

The morn has dawned—the Sabbath day,
That God has made and blest,
For all his people on their way
To that Heavenly land of rest.

But a sullen foe before us wait,
A coming storm is near,
And each one thinks of coming fate
Approaching very clear.

What's this coming down the lane,
Making such a rattle?
'Tis our guns—you see the iron train,
Coming into battle.

And now they've passed our picket post,
And planted all their guns:
They've opened on the rebel host,
Along our line it runs.

Bang! bang! the mighty cannon roar,
In awful thunder dread,
And through the trees the missiles tore
The branches o'er their heads.

And now our forces marches down
And deploys on either side,
They now are on the battle ground
Where many comrades died.

They hear our guns, they hear our shells,
That passes o'er their heads,
Our whereabouts it surely tells
For them to hurl their lead.

We met them in a swampy mire,
Where they were all concealed,
To raise and pour a deadly fire
And drive us from the field.

Oh, fearful is the rattle now
Of arms on ev'ry side,
While blood is gushing from the brow,
And wounds are opened wide.

At last the order comes to charge,
The glittering steel is set,
As heroes brave, whose hearts are large,
Our force and their's met.

Charge on, my boys, our Colonels shout,
We'll surely make them yield!
And charging on they drove them out
And won the battle field.

The rout's complete, the rebels run,
The victory's now complete,
With here and there a rebel gun
They left in their retreat.

Quick! quick! the bridge they're passing o'er,
They're making for the town,
They're trying to make the other shore
Before the bridge burns down.

We reached the burning bridge in time
To stop the burning train
Of tar and pitch and turpentine,
And guns thrown in the flame.

The fire's put out, we flank them there,
But some have crossed the stream,
The deafning yells now rent the air,
Paint grandeur to the scene.

Six hundred foe fell in our hands,
Whose hearts are steeped in guilt:
Our fallen comrades in the hands,
Like Abel's blood was spilt.

Oh, comrades, we will ever mind,
The lonely spot you fell,
The host of traitors soon will find
Just vengeance meet them well.

As long as life, Oh, let me mind
The graves! may I remember,
The heroes dust there you will find [1862.
Who fell the fourteenth of December—

Hints to Skaters.

The following suggestions by an old skater belonging to a New York Skating Club, will be found adapted to the season, and we are sure can be read with profit:

I would advise beginners, in selecting ice-skates, to commence with *slightly* grooved runners, as the smooth kind, though best adapted for proficient skaters, are somewhat dangerous at first. They may be readily adopted after the rudiments are acquired, and any cutter will grind a pair of grooved runners into flat ones for 15 cts.

A stout boot should be worn, laced high on the ankle, and furnished with a heel capable of admitting the heel peg, if required. The sole of the skate should be of the same length as the shoe, and all superfluous strapping should be avoided as it prevents circulation, and the benumbed foot may be frozen before the skater is aware. A light stick or pole held in the hand will be found useful at first, but the sooner is can be dispensed with, the better. Choose ice which has been slightly roughened by skaters, and begin fearlessly but not in a hurry. Deliberation will ensure grace, but speed must be attained by practice. Keep the feet near togther; the ancle of the right foot firm, the knee bent, and the body inclined slightly, throwing its weight on the forward foot at starting. In striking out, the left foot should start at an angle of 60 degrees from the center of the right, which, in turn, must strike out from the left at the same angle in an oppisite direction. Each stroke should be slightly curved, and as long as possible, as the great aim in skating is, while moving, to balance the body on one foot at a time—Care must be taken to strike out evenly and equally with each foot, or a jerking and awkward motion will be acquired.

The arms should not be *swung*, but gently raised, alternately with the feet, and even then as imperceptibly as possible. Some of the best skaters keep the arms folded in front of the body.

We do not believe that any more directions are necessary; for after the feat of skating at all is accomplished, the best instructors in the world are smooth ice, a pair of good skates, and the attraction of gravitatiod.

No exercise can be more delightful, or, if sensibly indulged in, more healthful than skating, or better calculated to make young America broad-chested and strong-legged, and to turn to teh girl-phantom of the day into graceful, rosy and well-developed woman. It is the abuse and not the use of the art which has served to create a prejudice against it in the minds of so many parents and guardians.

1st. Be careful not to have your skate-straps too long, for they are apt to slip down, after a while, and in this case will inevitably get under the runners, and tell the ice one of those secrets of which we were speaking.

2d. Dress warmly. Boys' clothes generally afford ample protection from the cold; but girls should never go upon the ice without wearing Turkish or gymnasium trousers.

3d. Never kneel or sit upon the ice, especially when warmed by exercise, without useing a cushion or some intervening substance by way of protection.

4th. Keep your mouth closed as much as possible while in motion; breathing through the nose only.

5th. Do not sit down immediately after skating without having an extra garment to throw about your shoulders.

6th. If you are to ride home, before starting walk about for a few moments, after your skates are off. When the distance is not too great, however, walking is always preferable on such occasions to riding.

7th. Do not attempt to appear brave, at the expense of common sense, by venturing upon thin ice, or near dangerous or suspicious-looking air holes.

8th, and lastly. Do not go skating at all whenever, by so doing, you neglect any home or school duty; for that is penny wise and pound foolish" in the happiness line, as you will one of these days find out to your heart's content.

CALL FOR 300,000 MEN.

A PROCLAMATION:

Whereas, by the act approved July 4th 1864, entitled "An act further to regulate and provide for the enrolling and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes," it is provided tha the President of the United States may at his discretion at any time hereafter call for any number of men as volunteers for the respective terms of one, two or three years for military service, and that in case the quota or any part thereof, of any town, township, ward, of a city, precinct or election district, or of a county not so subdivided, shall not be filled within the space of fifty days after such call, then the President shall imediately order a draft for one year to fill such quotas or any part thereof which may pe unfilled; and whereas, by the credits allowed in accordance with the act of Congress on the call for five hunded thousand men, made July 18th 1864, the number of men to be obtained under that call was seduced to 280,000; and whereas, the opperations of the enemy in certain States have rendered it impracticable to procure from them their full quotas of troops under the said call; and whereas, from the foregoing causes but 250,000 men have been put into the army, navy, and marine corps, under said call of July 18th, 1864, leaving a deficiency on that call of 200,000; now, therefore, I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, in order to supply the aforesaid deficiency, and to provide for casualities in the military and navy service of the United States, do issue this, my call, for Three Hundred Thousand Volunteers to serve for one, two or three years. The quotas of the States, districts and sub-districts under this call will be assigned by the War Department through the bureau of the Provost Marshal General of the United States, and in case the quota or any part thereof, of any town, township, ward of a city, precinct or election district, or of a county, not so subdivided, shall not be filled before the 15th day of February, 1865, then a draft shall be made to fill such quota, or any part thereof, of any town, township, ward of a city, precinct or election district, or of a county not so subdivided, shall not be filled before the 15th day of February, 1865, then a draft shall be made to fill such quota, or any part thereof under this call, which may be unfilled on the 15th day of February, 1865.

In testimony whereof I have herewith set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. [L. S.] Done at the City of Washington, this 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty ninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Talleyrand and Arnold.

One day Talleyrand arrived in Haver on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to the United States in a ship about to sail.—He was a beggar and wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Is there an American staying at your house" he asked of the landlord of the hotel; "I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Brittain; but whether from America or England, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, brince and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered. In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head powed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but distinguished costume. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices. He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American: Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France, You will, please, give me a letter to one of your friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow; he spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name!"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its conclusive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone.

Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words, "Arnold the Traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth another Cain with the wanderer's mark upon his brow, and his sad fate is likely to be shared by others of our own day, who are proving traitors to their native land.

A WOMAN'S DESERT.—Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her to his arms, asked—

"Are you indeed changed, my Julia, that you have forgotten the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed, but I—I did not know what a desert was; or, at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert? Do tell me love."

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtle, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give parties, and be free from crying babies."

☞ "They're always giving things different resignations from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion what they call the new ralgia is catamount to old rhematiz."

☞ Water-lillies are white chalices, held up by unseen hands—beautiful thoughts rocked on the swells of a pure bosom.

☞ The sea is of the Quaker persutsion it has a broadbrim.

Mr. Nasby has a Difficulty With His Flock and Leaves It.

ON2 THE WING Nov. 10. 1864.—The dy is kast! All is ore! Ef Freedum shreekt when Kosciusko fell, she must have squawkt last Toosday nite ez she beheld the innanymait corps uv the Dimekratic party which fell, crushing Little Mack, and the hopes uv sum hundred uv good Dimekrats who spected to be pursuaded by their friends in2 acceptin the various offisis under the Guvment.

I am a lost and ruined man. My peple are uv the troo Dimekratic stripe. They hey faith in me. They blieve wat i tell em. I told em Mick-Lellan was certain uv the eleeshun, and that I hed ded-wood on the disposition ov the offisis in that seckshun. It immejitly bekum a ezy matter to borror munny. It wuz deliteful—wood oh wood that it cood hev bin perpetooal. Brother Savij left me $50 with the request that I wood speek a good word fer him fer a ferrin mishin.

I asoomed a virchus look and replied that i never sold my infuence, but that I alluz had a admirasheu for his massive intellek and menny virchoos. Bro. Guttle lent me munny, wantin this, and Bro. Sludge wantin that; in breef, every indivijule uv em who hed a fourhed a inch hi spected suthin. * * * The returns cum in Ohio—Linkin. "Good! Rah!" says I with grate presence uv mind

"Why good?" anxshusly asked the expectants.

"Becuz, to carry Ohio, the abilishinists must heve brot votes from Noo York, which will give us that stat shoor."

Noo Yark—Linkin!

"Good Lord?" ansers I promptly, "the Noo York abilishinists must hev voted in Ohio, and hev got home in time again.—But wait for Pennsilwany."

Pennsilwany—Linkum!

"My friends, ther wuz frawd—Massichusets solejers, at least 50,000, must hev voted there, Injeana will do it, however."

Injeana—Linkun!

"Not less than 40,000 Massichusetts sojers hev voted there. Illinois is safe tho.

Illinois—Linkun!

"40,000 Massichu—

"Give me my munny!" roared Savij, and the same remark with variashuns wuz made bi Guttle, Sludge, and the rest uv um.

"Gently my friends," sed i backin out ov the door, "we hev bin defetid, but the grate principel that a white man is better than a nigger, for which we hev so long fot, still lives. Let us sink all miner considerashuns, and—

The miner considerashuns i refered 2, wuz, however, uppermost in thar mines, fer tha all went fer me, yellin like Cusorious Injuns, "Give me mi munny," whereupon i retreted to the meetin house lockin miself in tha surrounded it swarin tha ud starve me out.

When a innocent boy i red a harrowin tale nv a Rooshun muther who wuz persood by frantic wolves, and who saved her own life by droppin her children to em wun bi wun. Mi privit barel uv whisky wuz in mi study—i wuz saved

I histed it out uv a winden, and calmly awaited results. Tha flockt around it—tha took turns at the bung whole—in wun short our tha wuz stretched helpless on the plane—ded drunk. Then and there i resined mi charge, and borrered sich munny and watches ez the ungrateful retches hed about em, 2 make up arrears uv salary and sich, bid adoo 2 em forever. I shall go 2 Noo-Gersy.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Lait Paster uv the church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

United States Supreme Court.

The appointment on December 6th of Mr. Chase as Chief Justic, completes the organization of the Supreme Court of the United Stastes. The Court is now composed of the following:

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Chief Justice; salary $6,500.

Nathan Clifford, of Maine, Associate Justise; salary $6,000.

Samuel Nelson, of New York, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

Robert C. Grier, of Pennsylvania, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

James M. Wayne, of Georgia, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

David Davis, of Illinois, Associate Justice; salary $6,600.

John Cartron, of Tennessee, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

Stephen J. Field, of California, Associate Justice; salary $6,000.

The Court meets on the first Monday in December of each year at washington. It is now in session.

☞ A fellow contemplated in utter wonderment the magnitudious dimensions of a bystander's feet, and in a tone of astonishment said, as he surveyed the man's proportions, "You'd have been a tall man if they hadn't bent you so far up."

The Dead Letter Office.

The Postmaster General's report contains some curious statistics relating to this branch of the Department.

The whole number of dead letters received during the year, was over three and a half millions, an increase of nearly a million over the preceding year.

There were returned to the respective owners, 25,752 money letters, containing $131,611. The number of letters containing papers of value, such as checks, drafts bills of exchange, &c., was 12,436, and the value of the enclosures was $1,015,694. the amount of money annually sent astray is surprising.

Letters containing photographs, jewelry, &c., numbered 43,380. In may last, a large number of packages, containing miscellaneous articles, which had been accumulating for several years, were classified and sold at public auction, the proceeds amounting to $4,175 27.

The number of what might be called letter-writer's blunders—that is, letters misdirected, or without postage stamps—was 115,812. The misdirections alone, which were so bad that the letters could not be delivered, were 38,068. A large number of this last class were without any address whatever, and in many instances contained inclosures of value.

There were 4,256 letters addressed to fictitious persons or firms, evidently for the purpose of conducting some fraudulent business, many of them containing remittances.

There were 41,015 dead letters written in foreign languages. The Postmaster General remarks, that during the first year of the Rebellion, the number of letters which passed between the United States and European countries decreased, while at the same time the ratio of letters returned increased. Each subsequent year the correspondence has been increasing, while the ratio of dead letters returned to Europe has decreased.

The gross revenue derived from the dead postage collected on the letters sent out and delivered, amounted to $23,668.-28, out of which were paid the clerks employed in directing them.

A Selfish Bridegroom.

A circle of gay young bachelors in St. Louis, was thrown into confusion, lately, by the desertion of one of their number, who fell a victim to the charms of a beautiful and amiable young lady. For some cause best known to himself, the enamored Benedict kept the matter a secret, and without inviting his bachelor friends to the wedding, had the knot tied in an unostentatious manner, and started on a bridal tour to some pleasant village in Illinois.

His friends, of course, heard of the wedding the day after it occurred, and feeling slighted, determined to have revenge.—When the happy man returned from his tour, he was taken aback by being waited upon by a stranger, a detective, who produced an order for his arrest, on a charge of disloyalty. Having at one time entertained a sneaking sympathy for "our Southern brothers," he was greatly troubled. He was taken by the detective into a darkened room, where the examining board was sitting, and was surprised to see that they all wore masks and dominoes.

He asked why he was not allowed to see the faces of his judges, and was told that they were disguised on account of the discovery of spies and traitors in the Government service. He was then accused of having uttered such and such sentiments, in the presence of certain of his friends, whose names were given, and as he could not deny what he had said, he plead guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court—urged his youth and inexperience—the fact of his recent marriage—the remote probability of his becoming a father, &c.

Although his pathetic appeal appeared to soften the flinty hearts of the judges, yet it could not turn aside the ponderous hammer of justice, and he was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Alton prison, at hard labor with ball and chain attached to his left leg. This was a terrible blow to a man who had been married but a few days, and the prisoner was greatly affected.

After witnessing the misery of the condemned man for a few moments, the mock judges threw off their masks, and appeared before him as his uninvited wedding guests. They told him they had taken this mode of punishing him for his failure to invite them to his wedding, and he was so glad to find that the thing was all a joke, that he treated the party to a champagne and oyster supper, and promised that he would never get married again without their presence.

☞ "People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs Partington, "and how they can fat on it; for my part, I think it is owing to vittles. Air may do for camomiles and other reptiles that live on it. But I know that men must have something more substantialler."