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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O. T. ELLISON,
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C. S. & E. A. JONES,
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PENSIONS, procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contractracted 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 promtly 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.
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June 8, '64.-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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13 y 1864.

A PSALM OF OIL.

Tell me not in mournful measure,
Oil is but an empty show;
For 'tis earth's deep hidden treasure,
And a pump will make it flow.

"Oil is greasy," "Oil doth smell bad"—
So say those who have it not;
So of old, the poor fox felt bad,
When the grapes he had not got.

Not to stay at home and grumble
Is the way to make your pile,
But in hearty rough and tumble,
Dig and bore till you "strike ile."

Rods are long, and wells are sinking,
And the earth, half full of holes,
Shows the signs of constant drilling,
Shows the faith that fills our souls.

See at Oil Creek how they rally,
See in Mecca's mud domain,
In the Allegheny valley,
All have oil "upon the brain."

Trust no agent's specious story,
Go yourself, get you a lease,
Drill—drill deep in search of glory,
Find it when you find the grease.

Hits of greenhorns oft remind us
We, perhaps, by patient toil,
Can, departing, leave behind us
Quite a striking "show of oil."

Such a show as that another
Boring after without luck;
Some forlorn and fainting brother
Seeing, may keep up his pluck.

Let us, then, be busy boring
With the means at our control;
Keep on drilling, keep exploring,
With a pump in every hole.

Shortfellow.

NEWS FROM WALL STREET.

Brick Pomeroy, ever speculative upon current topics, has another rhapsody for the time passing:

"BRICK" POMEROY STRIKES PETER OLEUM.

O Petroleum! you are the Pete for me! Else why? Mr. Moses smote the rock and water gushered forth, first; I smote his rock, and exceeding much of oil treacled forth. And I am rich, oilso. To find such much of grease, doth well a grease with me. I skirmished from garret upon oil region. Ever since I became born, my poverty has been very hard to be borne! I have suffered—I have been bored by creditors! My credit was run into the ground. People thought me rich, meanwhile, and a very mean while it was, too! They thought I had plenty of money, so they wanted pay down for what I bought. Not wishing to humor people, albeit something of a humorist, perhaps, I would not purchase many things. I leased, I bored, I brought it! Veni, vidi, vici! Oili-ile-i-greased Oils well that ends well; especially if it is an oil well! I bored and it came. I drilled a hole through a rock and oilready have been rewarded with so much of the fuel prepared for the final conflagration, that I fear the last boil will end in as great a fizzle as did the Dutch Gap Canal.

And now I am rich—more rich than any man or any other man. I have lots of money now, when I have no use for it. What a queer world. Nothing like oil. Folks say, "Hello, here's Honorable Mr. Brick just struck a fortune.—Deuced fine fellow, Mr. Brick!" Three months since, I was plain "Brick." It's oil owing to Petroleum.

And now for a splurge. Brown stone house on Fifth avenue, with brown-stone front designed by old Brown himself, on both ends of it. Red horses with green tails, pink eyebrows, blue ears, chocolate colored eyes, frizzled mane and matchless style. Yellow wagon with black sides, purple blinds, and a brown top, a la clamshall. Ethiopian driver with white kids, solferino stockings, magenta hatband, and false teeth on gutta percha base. And sixty-four extave ethiopians with baccatelle drawers, that modesty may not be shocked by looking at the legs thereof. And a library devoted to red backs, yellow-backs, brown-backs, maroon-backs, and even "greenbacks!" Darn the expense, quothes I! And I'll have a pack in the woodshed, and a bathing-tub of oil in the Church, and a wild buffalo to cut steak from—and oysters as large as Lincoln's majority, and boots with round toes and square heels, and a seat in some fashionable Church, and new hoop skirts for all my hired girls, and I will employ so many niggers to wait on me, that oil I'll have to do will be to be happy. Oh, Pete! let me kiss you for your Ma! And I'll lay a bed mornings, and I'll set up all night, and bore my friends oil day till they can't bare-l it! Talk about honest industry, sawing wood for the dust, opening oysters for the shells, blacking boots merely to see your face in them, and being honest forty years, waiting for some rich man to adopt you! Played! Petroleum is the boy. And now I'll live high. Out of the house vain pomp!—Away from me, cold cuts, crackers, cheese, them mush-boiled, No. 5 mackerel, warmed up soup, and brilliant appetites. I've struck Pete.

Now, when I go on the street, folks run to the windows and smile. And they smile at me in the street. And they ask me to smile in Ginuel Cock Tails house. And they all have a kind word. O, Pete, you're the Roleum for me! Things in my limited Kingdom isn't as they used to once was! Farewell, ragged habiliments. Good bye, hungry stomach!—Oil River, cold shoulders! Its oil right now. Ten years ago Buggins wouldn't speak to me, cause I was not well, financially speaking. Buggins is now as cordial as horse-radish or hot whisky. And when I would wedlock those rich girl, who so sweetly was unto me, her cruel parients said, "O, poor, but honest youth, entice thyself hence!" And I enticed—nobody! Now those girl, and that cruel parients, wish me to call. How are you, bettered circumstances? It is good to remember oil these things! And the time dwells in those fond recollections of mine as how I was not wanted at fashionable parties. Now the doors fly wide, and ebony angels of shoddy swing the panels for me to enter and revel. O, Pete, you're oil right, my boy.

Money! More than would wad a columbiad! Everybody is willing to trust me now. I have no need for credit. Rich folks are deuced glad to see me now.—They didn't once. Great is Peter Oleum, and boring is its profit! Just to think of it. How I used to once dig potatoes on shares—turn grindstone for fun—milk cows for the buttermilk—cotton strings for suspenders—boss's old boots or freeze toes—hired man's hat or get tanned—second table or none at all—"dirty fingered type-sticker," or poor mechanic—go afoot or stay behind! Oil is a dream now. Stare, hilarous days, for poverty are over, and shoddy is indeed envious.

Guess I can kiss Matilda Jerusha now, and her dad won't object, for I've struck ile! Reckon tailor will have time to make those raiment for me this week. Think landlord won't insist upon my moving out of his abode. Things are working now. Another opened! And you don't know how nice it is. If I go in a "bum" folks look over it now. When I was poor they looked into it. I can kick the boot blacks, snub poor people, break car windows, throw goblets at waiters, visit questionable places, hurrah for any man I wish to, wink at whose wife I wish to, tie my team to shade trees, stand on church cushions with dirty feet, jam people's hats down over their eyes, tell a man he is a liar, spit on the carpets, get drunk or sober, swear or not as I please, and its oil right, for I've struck Pete!—And I can sit up oil night, and raise much h—armony. No one objects. Mrs. Stiggings says I is the nicest man she ever sawed. Mrs. Piggerly says I is the most delightingest gentleman she ever knowed. The Stiggings and Piggerly girls say I am mostly exquisitous. Its oil on account of Peter Oleum, who has lately come to see me.

And I'm on it now. Have left my measure for a set of diamonds size of a coal-hod. And I have ordered silk shirts, satin stockings, moire antique elastics and a gold shaving cup. And I'll have a guitar, harp, organ, piano, and the tinkling cymbal in the house, oiled with petroleum, so they will play easy. And my hair, my whiskers, my pocket handkerchief, my big clothes and my little clothes shall bask in a barrel of petroleum while I sleep. O, Pete, I am fixed at last. I'll found a church, or founder a horse. I'll buy a horse railroad, and run it with petroleum; hire religious editors to puff me into Christianity; buy a nomination for a fat office, and become as stiff as oil-boiled silk. Go way, poverty, wearying of your caresses! You have a large society, but I don't appreciate your grip. Your by-laws are right, but against my constitution. Now I can give advice, and it will be needed. Its nice to have struck ile—one has so many more friends than he ever thought for, and people take such an interest in you. I can go on change, buy a few thousand shares on call, sell gold long or short, deal in stocks at buyer's option, have a private box at the opera, shake hands with old Mr. Nabob, and sing what tune I please. Young man, bore for oil. Strike Pete, and be happy! Cause the earth to gush into your lap, and beauty will gush oil over thee. Strike oil and be great.

The question once was, who inflicted a blow under the auricular of William Patterson. Farewell, Pat! The interrogation now is: "Who struck Pete?" I've struck him, and once more am happy. If society wants to come forward and shake a new brother's hand, society can do it now. If young ladies wish to caress me sweetly once ere I become old, they will please come forward and not rumple my clothes. If any seeker after notoriety wish to kiss me for the Sanitary, they can do it, and one of my niggers shall hold the stakes. I've struck Pete, and the result is, much gorgeousness of apparel—many good things heretofore known to me only by observation.

I would not be a poor man—
I would not if I could,
But I need not fret about it,
For I could not if I would.

while the earth divulges its hidden secrets into my lap at the rate of three hundred barrels. Its oil right now. Once I was merely a bore. Now I am a successful borer. And my troubles have been drowned in oil by the genius of succes—Peter Oleum. Oilways thine,

"BRICK" POMEROY.

Hints to Young Gentlemen.

Don't give up your seat in the cars when you are tired with your day's work, to a pert young miss who has been amusing herself with a little shopping. She will not thank you for it; and if a man is going to sacrifice his comfort, he has a reasonable right, at least, to expect a little gratitude. No use being polite to some ladies—there is an old proverb about casting pearls before—what's her name?

Don't submit to be crowded off the pavement into a muddy gutter by two advancing balloons of silk and whalebones. Haven't your newly blacked boots as good a claim to respect as their skirts? Look straight before you, and stand up for your rights like a man—the ladies can contract a little, if they see there is no help for it.

Don't talk literature and the fine arts to the pretty girls of your acquaintance until you are sure they know the difference between Thompson's Seasons and Thompson's Arithmetic. And if they look particularly sentimental, then you may know that they do not understand what you are talking about.

Don't ask a nice little girl about her dolls, unless you are very certain she has not "come out," and been engaged in two or three flirtations already.

Don't say complimentary things to a young lady at a party without first making sure that her "intended" is not standing behind you the whole time.

Don't accept a young lady's invitation to go shopping with her unless you have previously measured the length of your purse.

Don't stay later than eleven o'clock when you spend the evening with a pretty friend—the wisest and wittiest man in Christendom becomes a bore after that hour.

Don't believe any woman an angel. If you feel any symptoms of that disease, take a dose of sage tea and go to bed—it is as much a malady as the small pox, and it is your business to get over it as soon as possible. An angel, indeed! If you do not find out pretty soon that she lacks considerably more than the wings, we are sadly mistaken.

Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt ribbon and velvet rosetts without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it, one woman can read another better in five minutes than you can in five years.

And, above all, do not imagine that you must keep your lady talk and gentleman talk in separate budgets, labeled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy-washy sentimentalism. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.

Remember all this advice, sir, and you may make rather less of a fool of yourself than you would otherwise.

Who Should not be a Wife.

Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who calls for a cashmere shall when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes six days out of the seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs not in the balance with the next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpets? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of congugal weakness to extort money or extract a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye, when at home, to the servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and a house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest ornament?

A down East Yankee has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

Soft Tommy.

Going to sea when I was a small chap the height of a capstan bar, was a very different affair in several respects from going to sea in these flying clipper and ocean steamer days. The bread feature has perhaps undergone a more radical change than any other. Now we eat "hard tack" at sea for a rarity. Then we East India goers saw a loaf or biscuit so seldom that we forgot the names entirely and called everything that was not hard tack soft tommy.

In my eighth year, I should think, we went to Providence with our cargo of teas one voyage, and a couple of days after our arrival, my father took the steward ashore with him, and sent down aboard by that official five great round loaves of Yankee brown bread, still warm from the oven, and two rolls of the nicest, richest yellow butter I had ever seen.

Depositing the loaves and rolls of butter on the cabin table, and saying—"Dick, you look out for that bread and butter, while I go hunt a washer-woman for the ship," off he went, leaving me the guardian of the five loaves and two rolls of butter.

"O, yes," I said, in soliloquy, "Dick will take precious good care of that precious bread and butter, some of it at least. And forthwith, provided with a carving knife, I slahed one of the huge loaves square through the centr, and then cutting a slice fully an inch thick, and I should judge about the size of a door mat I laid on to the best of my judgement three quarters of an inch of butter, and prepared to take care of the material.

I had only bitten out the first horse shoe when a tramp on deck announced the arrival of my father and company with him.

What was I to do? How or where could I hide my plunder? My father was on the stairs, and to run to the pantry would be to run directly under his eye. Help me mother wit, now if ever! A bright idea occurred to me. With the great slab of bread in my hand, butter side up, I spatted it up underneath the table,, leaf and it stuck there.

Down came my father, and down after him came four fellow sea captains, whom he had invited to lunch with him. Seating himself at the table, I was ordered to lay on knives and the great cheese, and at it they went, disposing of brown bread and butter at such a rate that I, after a little while, began to whisper softly to myself:

"Dick you're a lucky dorg to have secured just a taste for yourself"

But I hadn't quite done that, for after they had been gormandising a half hour or so, my father suddenly called:

"Boy, Dick!"

"Sir," I said promptly, standing up as straight as a stick close to his left shoulder.

Boy, do you love soft Tommy?" my father inquired, very earnestly.

"No—sir—I—don't—like—soft—Tommy!"

"Ah—hem—no—I s'pose not. I say boy, do you like bread and butter?"

"Don't know sir; never ate any."

"Eh! what! never ate any bread and butter? Upon my word, that's too bad Here, my lad, I'll give you a taste," and just then fetching away my monstrous slab of brown bread from under the table he spatted the slice, butter side to, slap fall over my face, and then said, very quietly:

"There, my lad, eat your way out of that, and you'll likely be able to tell me if you like bread and butter. And look ye here, my son, so long as you're cabin boy on this ship, and take a fancy for a first cut into anything, it will be well to ask permission to do so."

Eating a Pie Plate.

Obtaining liberty one day, I went right straight through the town, and right on out into the country till I got tired, and then tacked ship and stood along under easy sail homeward bound, until coming to a decent looking farm house close to the channel, I tacked ship again and stood into port to lay in provisions and water.

Found front door open and splint bottomed chair sitting against it inside; fine looking, motherly old lady spinning flax on little wheel, and two handsome, strapping young ladies spinning wool on big wheels.

Came to anchor in splint chair, and asked old lady for drink of water and piece of bread. Old lady said:

"Lucy get the boy a bowl of milk and a pie;" and while Lucy was obeying orders, old lady asked:

"Be yeou a sailor?"

"A small one ma'am."

Neow dew tell! My Billy's a sailor. Don't yeou know Billy?"

"Guess not. Plenty of sailors I don't know."

Just here arrived Lucy with a big bowl of milk, big pewter plate with a pumpkin pie on it. Scorfed the pie directly, and watching a fair chance, shied the plate out into the many weeds across the road. Sucked down the milk, and inquired of old lady, "what's to pay?"

"O, nothing; we don't never charge sailors for sich like. Lucy, yeou take the things." And when Lucy came for the things I handed her the bowl and looked innocent. Lucy held out her hand and said:

"Plate if you please."

"What say, Miss Lucy?"

"Why, the plate I gave you with the pie"

"O, my gracious! Miss Lucy! O, dear I din't mean to—I've eaten that plate. I beg pardon. I did't know there was anything under that pie. O. oh! I'm afraid I'll die some time or other. Here's a dollar. I must hurry to Providence and find a doctor."

The last I saw of these three spinners they were peeping around the corner of the house after me, probably wondering if I wasn't a young ostrich.

A traveller on the western plains, writing from Colorado Territory, recommends camp life in that region as a cure for all sorts of infirmities. He says:

A few years ago the great western plains were a kind of *terra incognita* to all but a few hardy pioneers. Now, thousands of immigrants and emigrants, teamsters, traders and soldiers go over them in all directions. Still the class that generally ventures out is the hardy sort, answering to the backwoodsman of forty years since, when Ohio and Indiana were considered the Far West. I have often wondered why our timid, nervous, delicate females do not occasionally take a trip this way. The stars are very brilliant in the clear atmosphere, the air exceedingly invigorating, and the fare peculiarly adapted to health. I sat opposite to a lady to-day at table, whose rosy appearance and *enbonpoint* showed well as she partook heartily of jack-rabbit. The day before, she ate wild goose with an equal relish. Effeminacy produced by *ennui*, delicacies and hot-beds, is altogether unknown. When a lady can learn to spread her buffalo-robe on the plain, and look calmly up to heaven—which seems nearer here than elsewhere—and sleeps while her husband whispers in her ear, and the wolves howl a symphony from an adjacent sand-hill, she is safe from hysterics and romance, and bids fair to be remembered by posterity.

We passed large herds of buffalo below Prairie Rock. The meat this season is remarkably fat and tender. Antelopes flit past us on almost every ridge. Geese and ducks are abundant on the Arkansas, and the jack-rabbit, which (judging from my opposite table companion), has become quite a favorite, springs from almost every tuft, like a young deer. It is indeed a wild country.

WALKING AND TALKING.—There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young, and the able-bodied of all ages, and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium thro' which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth is the true origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and the lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of, when not engaged in conversation, preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of the atmospheric air inhaled with each inspiration, and as it is unavoidable that it should be taken in, in volumes, by the mouth, whilst it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purpose of a healthy respiratory action whilst supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former one is adopted. Children ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open; for besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds, and sore throats.