The Potter Journal.

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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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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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13 jy 1864.

FUNERAL ODE.

When raging earthquakes bury towns,
Or fierce volcanoes lash their manes
Of boundless, fiery ruin round
The groaning hills and shrieking plains,
The world may fitting emblems find
To speak the horror of its heart,
In cities craped, in banners furled,
And all the solemn show of art.

But when a Human Hand is turned
Into a ruthless demon-power,
And smites a nation in its Chief,
Even at his triumph's crowning hour,
What emblems shall Man fitting find,
What types sad, grand enough to show
The horror shaking continents,
And their infinity of woe?

Alas! alas! we wildly feel
There should be still some outward sign,
And so we furl the shining flag
And darkly cloud the glowing shrine.
How vain! At last the Nation lifts
Its naked hands to Heaven, and owns
The impotence of every type
Before the awful Throne of Thrones.

Then silent stands and thinks of him
The swerveless Good, the calmly Great:
In wonder would the reason pierce
Of their Beloved's mystic fate.
Was he too dear an Idol here?
Too *merciful* for this dread time?
Did Heaven now will a sterner hand,
With *justice* mailed, to guard the clime?

O God of Nations, if we sin
In questioning, forgive, for we
Are by our woe driven on to seek
The meaning of Eternity!
Forgive, and bless, and make us feel
That Thou wilt still love, watch, save and,
Though even the best of rulers die,
Though earth should sink and lances fall!

AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.

At the age of eighteen I married a minister.

Eugene Morrison was my first and last love; and though I must in truth say that the life of a minister's wife is a sort of refined slavery, still I have never for a moment regretted my choice

Eugene's first call, after our marriage, was to the village of Brookboro—a small place in the State of Illinois

Our home was primitive, but I had brought with me many luxuries from the East, and we both were young and hopeful, and life was not unpleasant to us.

I of course encountered the trials of most minister's wives. I was criticised and found fault with, until I wondered if I was not the incarnation of original sin itself; and I frequently had doubts whether anybody in the world was to be held responsible for their ill deed but myself. My theology was very dubious at this time, and my faith frequently went down below low water mark.

My parishioners were exceedingly faithful in pointing out the beams in my eyes If ever a woman had incentives to reform in the advice of friends, then I had; not a day passed but I was admonished in some way

Miss Splitwood said I dressed too much. A Minister's wife ought to set a better example before the younglings of her flock I laid her admonition to heart, and took the trimmings off my bonnet, and wore it with nothing but the cape. Then Mrs. Hale called to tell me that I was a disgrace to the parish, wearing such a dreadful bonnet. People would think I was of the Quaker persuasion. So I put the trimming on again Then old Mrs Stanly met me in the street, and said so much blue ribbon was unbefitting the wife of a preacher of the gospel. So I laid the blue aside, and appeared in brown.

Aunt Sally Lane called the next day before breakfast to know who of my folks were dead—she had notified that my bonnet was trimmed in mourning.

If I called on a few of our parish, they said I was gadding, and pitied "Poor Mr. Morrison, dreadfully;" if I staid at home, I was "too stuck up to visit poor folks."

Just as sure as the supply in my larder ran low, I would have an influx of company and the air of Brookboro was peculiarly favorable to the growth of appetite.

All the straggling ministers, tract agents, beggars, and vagabonds came to the parsonage; and we were obliged to entertain them, because Eugene said, by thus doing we might entertain angels unawares.

In endeavoring to obey this command, I gave shelter to a man who called himself a colporteur, and who proved his right to wear rings by stealing a dozen silver napkin rings and a butter knife, given me by my sister.

But I did not intend to write my own personal history—I was going to give you a glimpse of an Illinois wedding.

One fine day in early winter, my husband received a summons to Burks settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, and we should be expected to remain all night, and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr Burke the father of the expectant bride about noon. A dozen tow haired children were at the door waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the Elder and his woman! There nothing but *folks*!—She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing in the front of it; and his nose is just like dad's—crooked as a cow-horn squash!"

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain!

"Sam!" called a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot! Sall, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that corndodger under the bed! Bill, you wipe the taller out of that cheer for the minister's wife, and be spry about it!"

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat, and bare feet, came forward—wiping her face on her apron.

"How do you do, Elder? how d'ye do marm. Must excuse my head—hain't had no chance to comb it sence last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, haint it? Shoo, there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread trough! Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder

"Lawk, if she aint actilly a shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke—"bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this hot corn dodger into yer lap it's a good as a soapstone."

A fateful sqall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterwards he was bouncing about in a four pail kettle hung over the fire Sal returned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitors must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and butter and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill!" cried Mrs Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer, don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty. Dick, do you keep your feet out of the buttermilk—it wont be fit for the pigs when the butter is gathered Drive that hen out, quick—she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keerful. If you are a gwine to be spliced ier morrer, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I'd advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly thorned, dinner was ready! and you may be sure I did not injure myself by overeating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat, about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room—I hesitated.

"Come on," cried she—"don't be afeared. Sam, and Bill, and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck yer heads while the Elder's wife goes up Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimbly comes through—"

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board—stumbled and fell headlong through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms and set me on my feet, remarking, coolly:

"What made you come that way? We ginerally use the ladder."

I was duly commisserated, and at last got to bed The less said about that night, the better. Bill, and Dick, and four others, slept in the same room with us and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep, and dreamed I was just being fired from the muzzle of a Columbiad; and was awakened by Mr Morrison, who informed me that it was morning.

The marriage was to take place before breakfast and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I decended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico gown, over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel—a white apron with red strings—blue stockings—a yellow neck ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pug behind, and well adorn with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem Lord, the groom was coming Sally dived behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one end of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a stew pan following close behind and a few shap words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in sheep skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and in half an hour the room was filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead! I want it done up short.—I'm able to pay for the job—do your best. Come, Father Burke, trot out yer gal."

But sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We argued, and coaxed, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood up—The happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded — Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel "will you have this woman, etc.," down came the coverlet, envelet the bride, groom, and pastor, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft, and cut the string which held it.

Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking decidedly sheepish; and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question, Lemuel responded. "To be sure—what else did I come here for?" and Sally replid, "Yaas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison when all was over.

"I'm reddy to do anything reasonable, Elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that air. Jest show me how and I'll do it, if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum if I don't do ditto! cried Lemuel, and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me—smashed my collar, broke my watch guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeed in planting a kiss on my nose greatly to the delight of the company.

Then turned to my husband.

"Now, Elder, what's the damage? don't be afeard to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur from his pocket.

"There, Elder," said he, "thre's a muskrat's skin; and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage, and you're welcome to the hull of it.

My husband bowed his thanks—the young people went to dancing. Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast; and at my earnest request, Mr Morrison got our horses and bade them adieu.

I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the Elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the dickens.

Alas! "It might have been!"

SURFACE INDICATIONS—DANGEROUS.—Two men, the other evening, were talking in the oil exchange in this borough. Said one:

"Well, Jones how are you?"

"I'm anything but well; I am terribly troubled with biles. Do you know any cure for them?"

"Why, yes: I have heard that crude oil is good. That is, an outward application."

"Well, it's simple enough, and we have plenty of the oil here. I shall try it."

At this stage a third party steps, up and whispers:

"Dont do it stranger; for these oil-smellers going around will have a pump on the place afflicted before three days; don't do it."

A Boozy fellow was observed the other day driving a pig, holding on to its tail and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying geohography.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—How to get rid of your surplus cash. Marry a small "widdy" with a large family.

"A BIG THING ON ICE."—One evening in the second dog-watch, we heard Fin Buteerfield, an old Greenland "blub ber hunter," spinning one of his hawser-laid yarns, and we listened just long enough to hear of the best time ever made on any course in the world.

"Ye see, shipmates 'bout fifty miles due west from Uppernavik, down there in the Greenland sea, we struck a big bull whale and the old lubber, instead of takin' dead to win'ard, as a struck whale orter, he went straight to leeward toward a big floe fifteen miles across, and smooth as a big lookin'-glass.

"Ole bull took us in end forty-three mile an hour, and went slap under the floe takin the boat under after him."

"And all hands in her, Fin?"

"Thunder! no. D'ye s'pose we were goin to be drownded to lease that old whale? When the boat went under we all jumped on the ice, cut right across it W. N. W., got to the other side first and when the boat popped out all hands jump in again, hauled up to the old lubber, and turned him up with our lances!"

The Shirt of Happiness.—A bachelor's.

The Sympathising Woman.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs Dobbs, we should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she had not suffered. "She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road toward his house, he knew, that in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her, so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully!" groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Dobbs, "I came pretty near dying of it ten years coming spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Then again I'm very much distressed by inflamation of the bowels"

"If you've got that, I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs; "for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times Mr. Turner," said the sympathizing woman, "when I thought I should have gone distracted with the toothache."

"Then," said Bob, who having temporarily ran out of his stock of medical terms, resorted to a scientific name, "I'm very much afraid that I've got the *tethyasaurus*."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever ready Mrs. Dobbs; "I had it when I was young."

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued:

"I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ancle."

"Then you can sympathize with me Mr. Turner. I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is"—here Bob groaned—"I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected—that, in short, I'm a little crazy!"

Bob took breath, and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, is it possible," exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible! I know it is. *I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself.*"

Bob could stand it no longer; but burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

A NEW WAY TO GET AN OLD DEBT.—A poor creditor, wearied out with continued calls upon a rich rogue of a debtor, and being told repeatedly that he was not at home, at length hit upon a way to get rid of him.

"My master is not at home," said the servant, as usual.

"Is he aware that the debt due me has been discharged?" said she creditor.

"What is that?" said the debtor, darting suddenly out of an inner apartment, "Good-morning; I am not aware that my debt has been discharged, sir!"

"Nor I sir; here it is, and as I have at last found you at home, I will now thank you to discharge it."

"Um—Oh certainly; a—yes, yes—walk in and you shall be paid.

"HELLO, Sammy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only mother's a defaulter. She's took, and ran away with all father's funds and run for Justice of the Peace, and got beat by two votes and a policeman's club, that's all."

"Is that all?"

"Ain't that enough, 'sides, Sister Sall caught Moll Biddles' beau and the measles, and married 'em both, and killed one big cat coz she couldn't come up to the scratch, blast 'em."

The Vermont *Chronicle*, a religious paper, thus puffs a brother editor: "Mr. Noble is a gentleman of rare gifts, young and beautiful as a maiden's dream of man redeemed."

ARREST THE MURDERERS!

President Johnson has issued a Proclamation, this morning published, offering rewards for certain accessories to the murder of the late President. These are Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Jacob Thompson, Clemment C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, William C. Cleary, and other Rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, now harbered in Canada. For the arrest of Davis the reward offered is one hundred thousand dollars; for Thompson Clay, Tucker and Sanders, twenty-five thousand dollars each; and for Cleary, ten thousand dollars. The Provost-Marshal of the United States is ordered to cause a description of these fugitive criminals to be published, who must be arrested within the limits of the United States so that they may be brought to justice.

"It appears," says the proclamation, "from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted and procured by and between the persons for whose arrest these rewards are offered. It will be observed that the rewards are offered for the arrest of these men, not as traitors or Rebels, but as accessories, before the fact, to murder and attempted murder, and it is to be presumed that the evidence in possession of the Government is sufficient for conviction. None of them, except Davis, are now probably within the boundaries of the United States, and these, if taken at all will be secured by demand, probably, under the Extradition Treaty. Davis, if we may believe a dispatch from Washington which we publish, and which comes to us from very high authority, is penniless as well as a wanderer, the train containing the treasure, which he carried from Richmond, having been set on fire and the specie—amounting to only about $200,000,—stolen by soldiers and citizens. The large reward for his capture will stimulate an eager pursuit, and, unless he is beyond the boundaries of the United States before this proclamation shall be promulgated at the South, it is not improbable that he may be taken. Such is the end of the Great Rebellion; its head and chief a fugitive from justice, a houseless and impoverished wanderer, hunted of men, for a reward, as an accomplice in assassination!—*Tribune.*

Reducing the Expenses.

Our people have patiently, patriotically, nobly endured the measure of taxation necessarily imposed by the Government in sustaining our gallant Army and Navy in reducing the Rebellion. Our *financial* victory over the Rebels, preceded our victories by force of arms, and favorably aided in the great work. *Buchanan*, when he quit a *diviped* Union, could only borrow a small sum at twelve per cent. LINCOLN leaves a restored Union, when he could porrow hundreds and thousands of millions at 6 and 7.30 per cent.!

The subjugation of Lee's army kills the very brain of Rebellion, and we are glad to see that the President, his Cabinet, and Gen. Grant, are already entering upon the work of cutting down expenditures, No more men are enlisted—very few arms or supplies are to be purchased and thousands of civil officers as well as tens of thousands of military officers and soldiers, are to be discharged. It is estimated that, already, the National expenses are half a million dollars a day less than they were when the People, by reelecting Lincoln, pledged themselves to put down Rebellion, no matter what it might cost.

Reduce—retrench—reform, is now the motto, for the rulers and the people.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

The six Months are Ended.

During the last Presidential campaign the more candid and prudent speakers, on the Union or Republican side, expressed the confident hope and belief, that *the reelection of President Lincoln would practically close the Rebellion in six months.* This they said and argued, in all sincerity.

The "six months" are now about closed. And what do we find? The Rebels hold only one seaport (at Galveston,) and the Rebel Governor of Texas is the only one in his Capital. Lee, Johnson, and all the larger Rebel armies, are prisoners of war. Their seat of Government is taken and the President and Cabinet of Rebeldom, are all fugitives— running away from the colored soldiers and those lately their slaves. There are a few guerillas, and a small army in Texas—*but the Rebellion, substantially, is dead*

The Copperheads prophesied four more years of war, with riots, bloodshed at home and a worthless currency, unless M'Clellan was elected!!!!!!

Who are the true and who are the false prophets? Let History tell the facts!

Whose was the *awful "failure."*—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*