





Deboted to the Principles of Irus Democracy, and the Disschination of Morality, Literature and News.

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COUDERSPORT HOTEL, ter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connect

tion with this Hotel.

H. J. OLMSTED.

DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON fore the boy's life had reached its third WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court year, the grass had lain its green cover-House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet ing over the mother's head. fron Ware made to order, in good style, on

WM. H. MILLER. J. C. M'ALARNEY. MILLER & MCALARNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A
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Claim Agent Conderport Pa.

June 8. '64.-1v.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING!

The waters kiss the pebbly shore The winds all kiss the hills: The sunbeams kiss the tulip but For the odor it distills.

The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn, The cereus dew at eve, And fern and flower in circling clasp Their mystic beauties weave.

The moon-beams kiss the clouds at night, The star-beams kiss the sea, !! While shadows, dreamy, soft and light Are kissing on the lea

The zephyrs kiss the blushing pink That blooms on beauty's lip; And ruder blasts through cold and chill, Its ruby nectars sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers The laughing merry rills, Are kissing all from morn to eve; And clouds still kiss the hills.

E'en Heaven and earth do meet and kiss, Through tears of sparkling dew; In kissing then, can there be harm? don't think so do you?

"Well, Aunt Esther, what did he say? "Yes, do tell us what he did say !" Cousin Alice Lake eagerly echeed my gords as our aunt came into the sitting coom where we were lounging away the pleasant summer afternoon.

I see her now though half a score of cars has the grave hidden that face from the eye that loved it, as she came thro' ings on every Wednesday Evening, for work the door with her soft, low step, with her and przetice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
D. C. LARRIBEE, W. M. trimmed with white satin ribbon. Aunt trimmed with white satin ribbon. Aunt Esther Lee was our father's only sister, and she had been a childless widow for many years, the latter part of which she

had passed at our home. Cousin Alice Lake was passing the vacation with us. There was not a year's difference in our ages, and we had been schoolmates from early childhood, and I believe sisters seldom love each other as

That afternoon Aunt Esther had start ed out on a visit to Farmer Pike's, the

Farmer Pike was a strange, hard man. You would have felt this with one glance at his strong rugged features, his iron TTORIES AT LAW, Coulersport Pa., will grey hair, and his large, muscular person regularly attend the Courts in Potter and that had not bowed itself with the weight

of three score years. He lived with his housekeeper and his hired men, in the great yellow brown respectfully informs the citizens of the vil- house, an honest, industrious man, but respectfully informs the children of the without a single affection, or social symbage and vicinity that he will promptly repair in the world, with a life as cold, spond to all calls fer professional services, pathy in the world, with a life as cold, Office on Main st. in building formerly oc- stark and barren as a desert ever whose no sweet flower opens its lips to the sun

shine. Yet Farmer Pike's life had its tragedy; so I believe all lives have, if we could are laid away from every eye but God's.

self. A woman with one of those gentle. coarse rugged character.

However, they got on well together. D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner o-and it is probable that the gentle wife was in the coarse soul of her husband. delicate mother fell into decline, and be-

> schoolmates, and had always been friends, he's got pretty nigh tuckered out." so the farmer placed Joseph under her

some boy, but he was a cold, undemonwounds received or disease contractracted strative man, and he and Joseph never

As the boy grew older, his father determined upon making him a farmer, but or been killed while in service. All lette: of Joseph's active, energetic nature revolted as I flung out the water after Weston had inquiry promtly answered, and on receipt by at this life; he was bent upon going out done drinking. will forward the necessary papers for their into the world, and trying his fortune determination: there were harsh threats other, until worn out with these things, Joseph made up his mind to "run away

day of his death. And he kept his word, on a silver tree, and if you don't know in it.

He lived in the old yellow brown house, that, you can't forget that heap of golden by his cold, selfish, unproductive life the them excepting on one head, and that's boy acquire a tolerable stature than he his return to the army was in the habit

One day in the late spring, however, child stopped at our house and asked for shook so he couldn't stand. Aunt Esther Lee. Then for the first Joseph Pike.

boy that stood before us.

Joseph inherited the delicate constituman who brought him to us, was one

Aunt Esther bowed her head above years. hose golden curls, and said, while the

the pastures of Woodside.

and I simultaneously, as we looked up lisped out so pretty, won't you kiss me from the magazines we were reading.

this afternoon. He will be just about over his dinner nap when we get there.

We believed it too, when we saw the the neighbors had informed Farmer Pike other all the time. that Joseph was dead and he had bequeathed his only child to my aunt, he I asked, as soon as I could. sternly replied-"Let her keep him then. do with him."

the table, seated berself in the arm chair, she'll thank me for it." while her features worked painfully.

ried a woman much yourger than him. her cheeks. After awhile she grew child. calmer and told her story to Cousin shrinking, mimosa natures, that seemed Alice and me, sitting in her large rocking palm leaf fan.

from his afternoon nap, and was going child, and he hin't a going to think less called out whatsperer of tenderness there out the back door as I got around by the of me for this day's work. meadow front of the house. I spied him At last a son was born to them, and the and hurried round there as he got up to ing Earmer Pike came around to our it?

"How d'ye do, Farmer Pike," I said,

"The old man was completely taken care, and he continued to reside with her aback, I could see by the way he looked until my mother's death which occurred at me, and I looked back at him as cool er Pike came up to see his little grand. mouth. soveral years later, when my auut came and innocent as a lamb Then he glanc- son, and was never tired of bringing him to us and the boy went home to his father. ed at Weston and I saw the muscles about his tight mouth quiver a little, but ed to watch eagerly for his grandfather's Joseph was a warm hearted, but terri, about his right mouth quarter a little, but coming.

bly self-willed boy. My aunt had more he didn't say a word; he took up the tin coming.

The little golden head somehow cominfinence over him than any other person, cup that stood on the spout and filled it for she loved him almost as though he from the bucket, and held it out to me, to have."

"Now, say thank you, grandpa," I said, ters leaped out.

to speak louder.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter

SOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter

Address. Dr. J. Address Dr. Dr. J. Address Dr. Dr. Dr. Dr. Dr. Dr.

a lonely, childless, old man, broadening curls, just the color of ripe rye when the his acres every year, and broadening too, sun strikes on it. I never see curls like in after life is boy love. No sooner does a a visit to the city of Philadelphia, and on

now." an old man and a little, golden-haired and I saw it was because his great limbs cane, holds his head erect and struts a been to the theatre during his absence.

time in all these years we heard from farmer," I went on, "standing in the sun word, because it best indicates his happy Still I don't like the theatre as well as Life had been with him no "dance of the west. Speaking about Weston, tho', a fairy region somewhat collateral to the roses," but a long sharp struggle. He I don't think he has his fathers mouth, world, and yet blended somehow inextrihad married young, and his children died for Joseph's had a way of shutting tight cably with it. He perfumes his hair with speaker. "Do young, and his wife had been laid beside and grim, just like your'n, farmer, es fragrant oils, scatters essence over his them, leaving him only the golden haired pecially when his mind was made up on handkerchief, and despairingly shaves and said the lieutenant. any subject.

tion of his mother, and his health failed tern of his mouth was cut after Mary's culiarly predominate; and he plunges under all these trials. He had wandered even to the dimple in the left corner. I deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies from place to place in search of strength. declare, it takes me right back to the himself filled with the divine afflatus, and But he had failed rapidly, and at last time when Mary and I used to go to suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash-himself gave up all hope of recovery. school through the pasture. What a rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his Then he wrote to my aunt, the mother merry, loving creature she was. I always beloved: is raised to the seventh heaven hoops."

of his boyhood, as he called her, and be used to think her laugh sounded a good if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed hoops." queathed to her tenderness his only deal more cheery than the robins in the into the most astonishing costacies by a

whom Joseph had once rescued from Pike, and he put up his hand as though believes himself the most devoted lover drowning, and who remained with him it was more than he could bear, and his in the world. There never will be! He is out of gratitude to the last hour of his face was as white as marble. He hadn't the one great idolater! He dotes upon a called me Esther, for more than twenty flower she has cast away. He cherishes

tears dropped on the bright face that and says I "yes, I suppose it is trying to ish boy love! with its joys, and its hopes was so like its father's-"I'll take the your feelings, farmer, to talk about them and its fears; its reptures and its tortures; times, but it is comforting to think you've its ecstatic fervors and terrible heartburn-"I have made up my mind," said Aunt got your wife and son all made out like lings, its solemn ludicrousness, and its in-Esther suddenly, one day just after din- a picture there. "Weston, you dear boy," tensely prosaic termination. ner, as she folded up her knitting, and I called out to him, as he was hunting looked off a moment on the dusty road butterflies on the grass, and he came that wound like a dingy red ribbon thro' trotting up to us, "now go and say, grandpa, won't you kiss me?"

Add the little fellow went and lifted to do, Aunty !" asked Consin Alice Lake his sweet baby face to the old man, and to the traveller of the present day: grandpa?"

and go straight over to Farmer Pike's such a quick, hungry sort of way that I which showed here and there through the up. 'Hardly knew you!' I guess I don't The old man reached out his arms in was almost scared, and then he grouned accumulated dust and rubbish of ages .-"O Mary, () Joseph!" in a way that Before our eyes uprose a great mound of made my heart stand still, and he hugged earth, barren and bare. This was Bris-

At this point in her story Aunt Esther beautiful little creature waddling out of stopped and cried, and so did Cousin bearing his name have been found in the the gate by aunty's side, although when Alice, and I thought we laughed at each ruins. At the top of the mound a great

"Well, and what happened next, Aunty?"

"I didn't stay another minute, child, I As for me, I'll never have anything to couldn't. I slipped around the corner of the very mortar, the "slime," now hard as the house, and hurried home, but I heard granite, handled more than four thousand It was not to be wondered at that a deep sigh as I softly opened the gate, years ago by carth's impious people. From Alice and I awaited our aunt's return and I knew that it came from a heart the summit of the mound, far away over with eager curiosity, or that the inquiries that had not wept for more than forty the plain, we could see, glistening as a Hartford Courant tells a story of a farmlace of jewels; in whose dry, dead heart with which my story commences, greeted years. But it comforted me all the way star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that er near that place, who lost his wife about ber entrance. She did not reply at once, back to think that if Mary in Heaven eaught and reflected the bright rays of seven weeks since, and was left with six but took up a palm leaf fan that lay on knows what I have been doing to day the morning sun. This glittering speck children to provide for. He washed and

"But shan't we have Weston with us "I never had auything come across me any more now? How shall we get along so," she exclaimed, more to herself than without him? I exclaimed suddenly, Many years ago Farmer Pike had mar- to us. And then the tears rolled down for all our hearts had grown to the sweet

"Yes, we shall have him," answered Aunt Esther, quietly untying her bonnet. to have few points of sympathy with his chair, fanning herself with her favorite "Farmer Pike said more than twenty years ago he wouldn't trust any woman "You see Farmer Pike had just risen in the village but me to bring up his

Aunt Esther was right. Just at even

house, leading Weston by the hand.
"Mrs. Lec," he said, "I ain't got any in a free, neighborly way, as I came up to him, "can't you let this child have a drink of water? he's bad a long walk, and had always been friends in a free, neighborly way, as I came up to him, "can't you let this child have a drink of water? he's bad a long walk, and he's got pretty nigh tuckered out."

I said, body at home, I'd quite like to trust him with, but if you'll take the child, we won't szy anything about the price, only l'il see you don't lose by it."

And Aunt Esther took him. But every morning and evening Farmfruits and toys, until the little one learn-

pletely revolutionized the old man. The were her own child. I believe, too, but his great hand shook to the water barsh lines on his face grew softer, and Farmer Pike was very foud of his hand. spilled over the top, but of course I did he would sit for hours and watch its not notice that; I kept on talking in the play, or devise some new pleasure. In most natural way imaginable about the short the farmer's life seemed bound up weather and the good crops we are likely in his grandson's, for the angel had struck the gigantic rock, and lo I the wa-

YANKEE OUTBREAK .- A person of "Thank you, grandpa," came out in observing mind, if he has driven thro' a there. I knew the old yellow-brown the soft, small notes of the child, and I country town has neticed how curious house witnessed some terrible contests knew they went way down into the old youngsters along the route will fill the between the father's will and the son's man's heart like a sharp cutting sword." windows with anxious faces, is order to get ty, who can neither read nor write, has and narrow road dat leads to perdiction, "Who is that ar child?" he asked, in a glimpse at the passer by. Our friend fallen heir to \$300,000. Such is oil. on one side, and sullen resistence on the a gruff voice, as if he didn't dare trust it Jonathao, a peddler, drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and nof go to sca."

"to hear you ask that question. If you from his cart and the following dialogue

He did this with his usual rash impulcan't tell the color of them eyes, you took place with the man of the house:

BOY LOVE. One of the queerest things to think of

gulf between him and the kingdom of under the grass a long way from here begins to imagine himself a man, and to of giving a daily account of the wonders ape manish ways. He casts side glances he had seen in that place. One morning The old man sat down on the stoop, at the tallest girls he may meet, carries a his master happened to ask him if he had little in his walk. Presently and very soon to-day, though there's a good breeze from delirious self-abasement. He lives now in the opera." annoints for a beard. He quotes poetry "But if you look, you will see the pat- in which 'love' and 'dove' and 'dart' pewan who brought him to us, was one "Don't, Esther, don't!" said Farmer regions of misanthropy by a frown. He cus her glove -a little worn in the fingers-"I saw now that it was time to strike, next to his heart, Happy! Happy! fool-

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—In a recent issue of Blackwood's Magazine, a writer

"After a ride of nine miles we were at the foot of Bris-Nimrod. Our horses feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks ISAAC BENSON.

| house stood on the turnpike, half a mile | so long as he don't see the child, but up the boy so tight to his bosom that I | Nimrod, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, attend to all business entrusted to him with | from our house. knew that he would never let him go by which the first builders of earth vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here also it mass of brick work pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks-large, square shaped and massive-that were thoroughly burned : desire of every devout Mahomedan."

> husbands. Wanted for chemical purposes -A lady

"dissolved in tears."

train is feminine. Don't you often miss The heighth of Inhospitality.-Not to

entertain your own opinion. A man was gored to death, in Liver pool recently by an-Irish bull. A bird that always faces the storm-

The weathercock. The smaller the calibre of the mind,

the greater the Lore of a perpetually open The first thing a man takes to in life

is his milk—the last is his bier. THE PRETTIEST GIRL.—There is going to be a good deal of looking glass con, you may reasonably expect to find pears. sultation among the western girls, for a

\$1,000 dress case has been sent from London to the Chicago Fair, and it is to be voted to the prettiest girl in Chicago, it betokens that she should instantly at \$1,00 a vote. A good one is told of a Quaker volun- in wet weather.

teer in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a rebel, he re- tip is an intimation that you had better marked: "Friend it,s unfortunate, but leave of brandy and water. thee stands just where I'm going to shoot' and blazing away down came the rebel.

An Irish servant girl in Venango coun-

It is a fact that among the statutes of "Well, now, Farmer Pike," says I, the cook, staring from the windows, got off Georgia, there is a law which fixes a tax of ten dollars a year on all jackasses, doctors and lawyers.

> A little boy at school, when called up- oder a narrow and broad road dat leads to Man of the house—No; why?
>
> On to recite his lesson, was asked, "Of destruction."
>
> Jonathan—I saw that there was one what is the German Diet composed?" The "If dat am de case," said his sable questions of glass that did not have a head beer, and nix-comrous."

An Appreciative Negro.

Last summer, Henry,a contraband, paid "Oh, yes sah," was the reply: "I'so

I sat down too. "Tis rather warm, he falls in love yes, falls is the proper been to the theatre a good many times,

This was said with a sentimental air that reflected infinite credit on the

"Do you admire the opera very much?"

"Very much indeed," answered Henry. I goes every night when I possibly can." "Which sort of piece do you like best, the German or the Italian?" was the next inquiry.

"Don't know sir," was the answer; but I always likes that kind of pieces where de young lady jumps through de

It was evident from this that, Henry smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest had confounded the opera with the cir-

> "HARDLY KNEW YOU."-A maiden ady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but, on the accession of a small property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl, and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, etc., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and and hoopless old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Halledescribes the Tower of Babel as it appears | lujah ! Hallelujah !" The indignant spinster retraced he steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming— "Hardly knew you,' indeed! Why,

this is not the first time I've been dressed

A HARD HIT,-The following story is told of the Rev. Dr. Morse: At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The Doctor took the affirmative, and the was that Nebuchadhezzar built, for bricks chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the Doctor, "It cured you of it didn't it !"

SECURING A HOUSEKEEPER.-The was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray dressed and fed them and attended to before this at some period of his life-to their wants seven weeks, when he cocludkiss the sacred dust of the earth around ed that it was too much work for one man there at some time or other -- to bend his and started to the city to find a housebody and count his heads—is the daily keeper. After a long and unsuccessful search he was referred to a young woman who would be suitable for the place. She QUIDDITIES.—Domestic magazines— was called on, and after hearing the farwives who are always blowing up their mers statement, replied that she had no objection to do the housework of his establishment, or attend-and here she hesitated slightly-provided she went as Punch says the gender of a railway his wife! The reply was a poser, but the remembrance of six faces to wash, six heads to comb and pants and petticoats for six to mend settled the matter. A Justice was called in, and the former went home with his "housekeeper."

> DREAMS .- There is a new guide to the interpretation of dreams. An English paper thus puts it:

> To dream of a millstone round your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant vife. To see apples in a dream betoken a

wedding, because where you find apples To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobbie. When a young lady dreams of a coffin

discontinue lacing her stays tightly and and always go warmly and thickly shod To dream that your nose is red at the

NEGRO SERMON .- "Dar are," said a sable orator, addressing his brethren, two roads tro' dis world. De one am a broad and de oder a narrow and broad road dat,

leads to sure destruction." "What's dat?" said one of his hearers.

"Say it again." "I say my bredren, dar is two roads tro' dis world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdiction; de

Fo 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Ps. | never see or speak to him again to the shaking and diddling around like a leaf pane of glass that did not have a head boy replied, "Sour-krout, schnapps, lager tioner, "dis cullud indiwidual takes to de