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A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners, Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May beclothe the golden ore Of the deepest thought and feelings-Satin vests could do no more,

There are springs of crystal nectar, Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed, and overgrows:

God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me; While he values thrones the highest But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then, Masters, rulers, lords, remember That your meanest hinds are men; Men by labor, men by feeling, Mer by thought and men by fame, Childing equal right to sunshine, In a man's ennobling name.

There are form-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad rills, there are feeble inch-bigh saplings, There are cedars on the hills; God, who counts by souls not stations, Loves and prospers you and me, For to him all vain distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling han is alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame, Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same,

By the sweat of others forebeads. Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Valuer lifted up its voice.

Truth and Justice are cternal, Born with loveliness and light. Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right;
God woose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the publics in the sea.

Whimbamper and Lion Eight.

The menagerie was in town. A rare occurrence was the exhibition of wild preusted to his care, with pre pitnes and beasts lions mankeys, h enas, tigers, polar bears and ichneumen, in Baltimore. in the early days of which we are writing : vet they came occasionally, and this time cere visited by old Nat Wheatly, a jolly. weather beaten boatman; well known in Britimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get the windward of hin He was, furthermore, a soutterer

Nat disired the menage ie. As he entered the showman was stirring up the monkeys and formenting the liop, giving claborate descriptions of the various pro-

"I his, ladies and gentlemen, is the African lion | A noble beast he is, ladies and genilemen; is called king of the PEALERS IN DEUGE MEDICINES, PAINTS forest I have heard often that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures of every description when at kome in the woods. Certain it is that no other beast

> "Mini mister," interrupted Wheatly. 'd do you say he c c can't be whipped?' "I doz," said the man of the lion and tigers.

"What v- vill you bet I e-e can't fetch critter that'll whip him?"

I ain't a berting man at all, but I don't object to making a small bet to that effect.

"I'll b b bet that I can fetch a critter that will whip him. What say you to a handred dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatly well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made he was sure of winning, so that he gallons of rum if he won The menuge ulter this general effect. rie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting and he felt assured

"Certing, sir, certing, I have no objec-tion to old Hercules taking a bout with

"V-very well," said Nat, "it's a b bet The money was planked up, and the It requires very expensive machinery for night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news spread over Baltimore, while in the service of the United States; and and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled, the pit being cleared for the affray

Expectation was on tiptoc, and it was with great impatience that the crowd will forward the necessary papers for their awaited the arrival of Wheatly. He at length entered, bearing a bag or sack on his shoulders, which, as he sat it on the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance .--The keeper looked with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired. "Th there," said Nat, pointing at the bag with histinger.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man "Thath that, ladies and gentlemen

gesticulating like the showman, "is a

"A whimbamper!" ejaculated the showman. "That is certainly a new their tails off just behind their ears.

There is an excellent moral to the ful The keeper was excited. Accordingly lowing story which is told with great Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and out rolled a huge snap skill. It shows us how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between ping turtle, while the cheers and laughter

of the audience made the arches ring. "Th there he is," as he tilted the whimbamper over with both hands, and set him on his legs, all unconscious of its Wheatley was about leaving the ring,

when the keeper swore the lion should never disgrace himself by fighting with such a pitiable foe. "Very well," said Nat, "if y-ye choose to give me the h hundred dollars."

feature in zoology and anatomy. A

whimbamper! Well, let him out and

clear the ring, or old Hercules may make

a mouthful of both of vou."

"But it's unfair," cried the showman The audience interposed and insisted on the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in uspense. Lions are beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor, a large and inan imate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking popped out his head and rolled his eyes, while a sort of wheeze ssued from his savage mouth. The lion jumped back, turned and made a spring on the turtle, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terriffic jaws on his nostrils, rendering him poweriess to do harm; yet with activity of limb he bounded around the but the snapper hung on seeming to

"G g go it, wh-himbamper!" cried Wheatly from the boxes.

enjoy the ride vastly.

The scene was rich. The showman was no less enraged than the lion, and drawing a pistol he threatened Nat that if he did not call the turtle off he would shoot him.

"T take him off yourself." shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of osing a portion of his nose, the lion had the lack to shake his "pitiable," foe from him, and clearing the space between himsela and his eage with a bound, slunk quietly is to chew the cud of defeat in

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the "whimbamper" was the victor. " The next morning Nat carried his turtle to narket and sold him. So this valient champion, after conquering the king of the forest, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

The Income Tax.

The Philadelphia Bulletin makes some remarks on this subject which are deserving of consideration. It says:

We earnestly hope the Government will, before long, find it possible to remit this tax, which is perhaps one of the very worst forms of taxation ever devised and excusable by nothing but absolute necessity. We shall briefly state our reasons for this opinion:

1. It tends to lower the moral standard of the people by offering an immense remptation to deception. These decep tion are : such a nature that in the vast majority of cases they cannot be discov cred; therefore the inducement to practice them is proportionately greater.

2. It falls most heavily on the honest and straightforward, and lightest on had no difficulty in finding backers, one those who get unconscientiously; the of whom told him he world give him ten penalties fall exceptionally and do not

3. It is inquisitorial and to many exceedingly repulsive.

4. It imposes on many a long and roublesome labor to make the necessary estimates and calculations. Many who keep imperfect accounts cannot possibly do otherwise than guess, and here the honest and honorable make up for the deficiencies of those who are otherwise.

its collection. For these all sufficient reasons we hope hat other modes of taxation will be found to take the place of this, which, moreover, is essentially discordant with the character of our people.

RECIPES THAT NEVER FAIL TO flatten their heads in a lemon squeezer.

and dance.

make mouths at them.

lie with it open, and when a mouse's stand by and whiskers tickle your throat, bite.

Dog Fight in Frogtown.

A CAPITAL SKETCH.

wo puppies. The most remarkable fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the melee—interminable lawsuits or suits at ly," said the Quaker. law-distraction of the town and its er!" downfall or ruin.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker. man about town, a lounger without visible means of support -- a do nothing, the Deacon. loafing cigar smoking good natured fellow owned a dog; a sleek, intelligent, and and known as well as his master, and liked ker, "and I will chastise thee." far more by the Frogtowners. One day Quaker. making himself secure on the top of the Je and his dog were passing Burion's grocery store, when a pie bald ugly looking dog, standing alongside a wood wagon bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog-knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob fought, until Squire Catchem and the larter's wife who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards, and ner old sun bounet flopped off, and scared he horse attached to the wagon. He load of wood, all of which falling down ble, was bit in a mistake by the farious Gumbo's children on the head, killed it reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightfor a short time stone dead, and so alarmed ful velocity. The friends and fellow Mrs. Gumbo, that she dropped a stew clrurchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap against the Quaker antagonist, and then instead of the dish of the customer, who the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their sat waiting for the savory concoction by employer thus beset, came to the rescue, a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rush cucle, growled, roured, and lashed himself, ed for the child; the customer for the loor. Mrs Gumbo screamed, and the hands and sticks upon the combatants customer velled!

"Oh! oh! oh oh oh, my poor child!" eried Mrs. Gumbo. "Eh, e-he e e-e," screamed the poor

child!" Oh! murder r-r! Oh my everlasting ir, I'm scaided to all eternity l"

'Murder, murder!' roared the por

customer. The herse, a part of the wagon, and

ome wood were on their mad career .-The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog, and not waiting to see Joe let drive gave him such a pop on the back that gone at it hip and thigh, nip and catch A glance at matters seemed to convince Ab ahan; of the true state of the case; and in an unusually clevated voice, Abra ham called cut to Joe Tucker, who had

righted up: "Joseph Tucker, thy dog's a fighting! "Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pug ncious owner of the strange dog. Let em fight it out; I'll bet a log of wood ny dog can beat any dog in town, and I an beat the owner.'

We have said Abraham Miller was a uiet man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the tranger from the courry stirred the gall f Abraham, and he rushed into the tore and from the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a b.in dle cur, strong, low, and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited quaker, Thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise the! Hyke, seize upon him!"

Turk, here boy !" And the dogs went at it. Bob Carter, the emith coming up in ime to hear the stranger's defiance to the own, and bent on a fight with somebody for the insult and damage to his wife. clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten pound ten upon the face, back, and sides of his bully antagonist. with his natural sledge hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his

dreadfully. Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and bedestroy rats—catch them one by one, and tween the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his trumps Deacon Pugh. To kill cockroaches-get a pair of one of the most pieus and substantial men to a tree, then go round in front and marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so:

To catch mice-on going to bed put "Fie, fie, for ahame! disgraceful!-

advancing to the Deacon, who was about smiled and rode on.

to cut right and left among the dogs with

his can e "Your dogs !" shouted the deacon, with

vident fervor. Quaker.

"What did you say so for then?" shouted the Deacon. "I never said my dogs, Deacon Pugh. "You did!" responded the Deacon with

excitement. "Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundless-

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Mill

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion," reiterated Abraham. "You--you-you tell a lie!" bawled

"Thee has provoken my evil passions Deacon Pugh shouted the stalwart Qua

And into the Deacon's wool went the

The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into I had them." the fight, and we leave them thus to 'nip and tuck' to look to the stranger and Bob constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offendwindow of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while Lawyer while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic believing it to be a free fight, tried their indiscriminately, so indiscriminately, that propriety by one grand, sublimely ridicul horrified by the sight."

lous, and mo t terrific battle. Heads and windows were smashed: furious,mad,and excited became the whole there had been any, would have sworu the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put as end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, r man scalded, wagon broke, the horse rat. poor Joe fell forty feet up the street and himself to death, his owner badly beaten triking a long ladder upon which Jim by Bob Ca ter, whose wife and wives of Ederby was perched, paint pot in hand, many others were dangerously scared, the ome thirty feet from terra firma brought painter was crippled, dry goods ruined a Jim and paint pot sprawling to the earth Quaker and a Dencon, two Irishmen, Joe crippling poor Jim for life and sprinking Tucker, town constable, lawyer Hooker, blue paint over the broadcloths, satinets. Squire Catchen, and about fifty others and calicoes of Abraham Miller; a for shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, dual and even tempered Quaker, who ran feuds followed, and the entire peace and his brother, in North Carolina, he was out of the door just as the two dogs had good repute of Frogtown annihilated-all presented by Frank Blair with a fine by a remarkable dog flight.

A Dog Story.—A friend of his—said That dog has been dead these ten minntes." "I know it," was the reply, "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

FASTIDIOUS TASTES. -In the exhibition of dogs now taking place in Paris aback by this, and again reminded the are several snow-white lap dogs | Each has a little room to itself, the sides lined ed to him, and was not government propwith rose or blue satio, trimmed with lace erty. "Can't let you have him, John. and ruches of ribbon, and the gardien All the horses here belong to Uncle Sam. gravely informed the that everal declined Individual titles ain't worth a cent," said their feed unless served on a silver plate. Cump, and so the Senator was cheated One of these kennels is a regular dress out of his present. ing room worthy of a decendant of Ninon de l'Enclos brushes, combs, sponges, puffs and perfumes being scattered about it .-The occupant of this elegant apartment the N. Y. Tribune :- "Twenty years ago is a white Havana dog

compass, and they made the sparks fly heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the them in a barrel, then get in yourself and dance.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of the indeed the heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the two with a heavy walking, and Deacon you willain." "Well, then, I protest, or daughter (as the war will make many) and dance.

Pugh, armed with a heavy walking stick general, rejoined Paddy, nothing abash will be encouraged by our success, I will To kill bedbugs-chain their hind legs and shocked at the spectacle before him ed, and turning round to his four footed be amply rewarded for my communicawicked world we live in and how ready have courage and energy. crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and you mean citizens of Frogtown, will you folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard wanting to "Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, get me into trouble, has tied that basta, in the Louisville Military Hospital, on To prevent dogs from going mad-cut Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, to my cartooch box." The General Wednesday, from the effects of a wound

Anecdotes of a Physician.

A foxhunter, somewhat stricken in years, consulted Dr. Abernethy. The man's digestion was not as good as it had "Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," said the been. He had lost his appetite; a man delighted him not, nor woman either. "Sir," said Abernethy, "you drink a great deal." "Now," said the foxhunter, when relating the interview, "now sop-posing I do drink a good deal, what the devil was that to him?".

A literary gentleman called upon him. He, too, had a disordered stomach. "Of course you have," said Abernethy, "a half blind man could tell that by your nose."

se." He used to have his wine of a merchana whose name was Lloyd. He one day called to pay for a pipe, and thrust a handful of papers containing fees into the wine merchant's hand. "Stop, etop,"
Doctor, there may be much more here. thau you have to pay," "Never mind, Lloyd, I can't stop. You have them as

He was very careless of money He would receive a heavy fee, place the Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and money on the table, and forget all about it. "Lead me not into temptation" is the

noliest, because the humblest prayer. Some few of his pupils were led into ers, the Squire was thrust through the temptation. The loss of money was so considerable that the surgeon determined to ascertain who was the delinquent. He tarted, hit Latherem's barber pole, upset Hooker, in attempting to aid the consta marked the money, and appearing suday dealy before his pupils said, "Now, young Gumbo's refreshment cellar struck one of blacksmith in the short ribs and went gentlemen, be pleased to show me your purses." The thieves were discovered. and dismissed.

He was one day about to perform an operation—a very painful one. As was his custom, he took care to see for himself that all the required instruments were at hand, and in first rate order. "I think everything is all right," said one: of his assistants. "No, sir, everything is not all right," replied Dr. Abernethy. in less than half an honr the happy vill. "Get a napkin to conceal those terrifying age of Frogtown was shaken from its instruments. The man need not be

The memory of Dr. Abernethy was singularly active and tenacious. A friend. children and women screamed; dogs of a poetical turn of mind composed some barked; dust flew; labor ceased; and so verses complimentary of Mrs. Abernethy, which he recited after dinner on her natul community, that a quiet looker on, it day. Abernethy listened attentively, and immediately after the reading terminated explaimed, "Come, that is a good joke, to attempt passing those verses off. as your original composition. "I know them by heart;" and Abernethy at once repeated them without the mistake of a word. The poet was astounded, mystified, angry! The amused host explained, andoffered to repeat verbatim any piece cf about the same length which any one in the company would recite.

"Good for Sherman."-While Senator Sherman was visiting the General, horse captured during the South Carolina campaign. He was told that he must get a pass from his brother, the General. before he could ship the animal to the President Lincoln—passing along the north, but thought this would be a very street was painfully bitten by an ugly dog, small matter. So he went to "Cump's" A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully headquarters to tell him of his luck and A single blow of a neavy stick, satisfied, adjusting headquarters to tell him of his luck and aimed, killed the animal instantly; but the energed pedestrian still continued to splendid horse, Cump," said the honorable causine form remained. At length he was accorded with, "What are you about?" Cump replied, adjusting his shirt me." Cump replied, adjusting his shirt collar with both hauds, "I'm very glad he's a good horse. We are very much in need of good horses in the army. I have some orderlies around headquarters that are d-d badly mounted." The grave and reverend Senator was taken General that the horse had been present-

Lady Farming. - Miss E. Wilt, of Newville, writes to

Land a younger sister inherited balf a small fertile farm containing 126 acres. PAT AND HIS PIG + A rollicking Our father was dead, and our brothers Hibernian of the light division in the gone to the West; but, being unwilling Peninsula, was trudging along the road to leave the home of our ancestors, I with a pig tied to a string behind him, borrowed money at 6 per cent. from our when, as bad luck would have it, he was kind neighbors, to buy and stock the overtaken by Gen. Canford. The saluta farm. I The debt was all paid off before tion, as may be supposed, was not the the war, and some money in a national most cordial. Where did you steal that bank. We hire a hand in summer by pig, you plundering rascal?" "What the mouth, and by day hands to assist in pig. general?" excluimed Paddy, turning cutting and threshing the crops; ran but round with the most innocent surprise one plough, and some years have 100 companion, as if he had never seen him tion; but a lady that is afraid of a hoe or before, "it is scandalous to think what a rake is not fit for a farmer-she must

The notorious guerrilla, Quantrell, died received on the 10th of May last,