The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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13 jy 1864.

THE WRONG MAN.

Are people to blame for what they cannot help? This is a question I should be remarkably happy to have solved to my own, and to the satisfaction of others. Once I had no doubt on the subject; but now, judging from what has happened to me in the past few days, I must confess my opinion is somewhat shaken.

It was entirely foreign to my intention to create a sensation, or enact a deception when I packed my carpet bag, last week, and donned my best suit preparatory to setting forth on a visit to my aunt Nabby Bleeker.

Aunt Nabby resides in the northeastern corner of Maine, in a town which I will denominate Pineville.

I hope the reader will excuse me for alluding to my personal appearance. I have a military air, and perhaps my dress may be a little more martial than exactly befits a non-combatant. But the ladies assure me that blue is becoming to my complexion, and who will gainsay the ladies?

I have been strongly advised to enlist, but I am totally unfit for service. The smell of gunpowder makes me faint, and I never fingered a gun but once in my life, and I was confined to my bed for a fortnight afterward. Not exactly from the effects of the fright, but because the confounded fire-arm resented my awkward handling, and kicked me so severely that my right eye was in mourning for months, and my nose was knockdd out of the perpendicular into the slantindicular.

I arrived at Pineville rather late on one Friday night, and it was ten miles further on to my Aunt Nabby's rustic cottage—towns have some extent of territory in Maine—I put up at the Washington House, a one horse affair in the straggling village of Pineville.

I registered my name—P. Sheridan—on the hotel book. My christian name is Philometheus, but owing to the oddity of the title and the ominous length, I rarely write it in full.

I got some supper, and retired immediately to my room. I had just fallen asleep and was dreaming serenely of kissing Mattie Baker, my sweetheart for the time, when I was aroused by a great commotion in the street beneath my window.

Cries of—"We must see him!" "Trot him out!" "Three cheers for the gallant Phil!" rent the air.

I concluded some great character had arrived in town, and in my anxiety to behold the curiosity with the rest, I forgot my yellow flannel night cap, and my sparse toilet, and springing out of bed, I threw up the window and leaned out.

Just as I had got my eyes fixed on the swaying crowd below, there was a rap at my door.

"Come in!" cried I, fearing to answer personally to the summons, lest I should miss my chance of seeing the celebrity.

The landlord and landlady came in, but the lady retreated instantly, and remained giggling outside the door.

"My dear sir," said the landlord, "ye must go down. They won't go off till they see ye."

"They? who are they?"

"The people around here," said he, "It hain't often such an extinguished character comes here, and 'tain't no use to try to put 'em off."

"I am obliged to them—much obliged to them," said I, "but really—"

"Taint no use," said he, doggedly, "you must go down or the Washington House will go down. They're sure to do it!"

"Oh, well," said I—"in that case I will go down, surely"—and began to dress. In my hurry I knocked over the candle, and was obliged to complete my adornment in the dark. I got into my pantaloons with the hind part in front, but there was no time to remedy the error, as the vociferous calls of the landlord for me to hurry, assured me.

I flew down the stairs two at a time—stepped on my suspenders, went half way down, and was precipitated to the next floor, when I was brought up in the arms of a plump chambermaid, who was evidently waiting on purpose to catch me.

Before I could resist, she had planted a sounding smack on my blonde moustache and cried delightfully to her companions, "There! I've kissed him first!"

I mentally rejoiced that Mattie Baker was not present, and resolved she should not know anything about it. Mattie is red haired, and folks pretend to say that she has a temper.

I freed myself from my saluting females and advanced to the door.

My appearance was greeted by yells and shouts and cheers perfectly deafuing. Men, women and children to the number of several scores, were congregated in front of the hotel, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and hurrahing.

"There he comes; that's him; three times three for conquering Sheridan!"

"I am obliged to you, ladies and gentlemen—greatly obliged to you," said I modestly, making my best bow.

"He comes!" cried the crowd, swaying frantically about and swinging their handkerchiefs more lustily. And I, not wishing to be behindhand in the enthusiasm, pulled out my handkershief, and swung it, crying at the top of my lungs:

"Yes, he comes, he comes! Hurrah!"

"What a martial air!" exclaimed an ancient female, surveying me through her glasses, "he resembles the Duke of Wellington."

"I wonder if he's married?" said a rory checked girl in a cloud of yellow curls and pink ribbons.

"No, my darling," said I, "but I want to be."

"Such a costume!" said the ancient female. "Army blue, and such an original cut to the—the—coverings of the lower extremities."

"Lordy massy!" exclaimed an old lady in a poke bonnet, fixing her eye on my suspenders which hung in front, "do you see his shoulder straps. I've heerd our David tell a sight about them things."

"Yes, but they look an amazing lot like Jerry's gallersers!" whispered another old lady, to whom the remark was addressed.

"Sir," said a sallow faced gentleman, advancing to my side, "I wish to mention to you something which I have heard said of you. I deem it my duty as pastor of the Pineville meeting house, to rebuke sin always. I have heard it remarked that you are profane among the soldiers."

"I do not comprehend you," said I.

"Ah, then I will be clearer. I have heard that you are addicted to the habit of using profane language, and I beg leave to present to you this tract on the Sin of Profanity, hoping you will peruse it, and profit by it."

"Thank you," said I, "you mean well, doubtless, but I must say I don't axactly see the point."

"What is your opinion of Sherman?" asked a brusque little dandy, swinging his rattan, and removing his cigar from his mouth long enough to ask the question.

"Sherman's a trump!" said I with enthusiasm.

"Ah me," said my tract distributing friend, "he plays cards as well as swears."

"What do you think of the negro race?" asked a dark complexioned man.

"I think they smell stronger than the deuce," cried I, beginning to lose my patience.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the sallow faced man, "he is pro slavery!"

"Sir," said the landlord—who had been in earnest conversation with a half dozen ladies for the last five minutes—"these ere women folks won't be satisfied without a kissin ye! They want to have it said they have kissed Sherrydan."

I blushed up to the roots of my hair.

"Law, how modest he is," said one of my feminine friends. "He's as red as our turkey gobbler."

The prospect of being kissed by some of those pretty girls was decidedly agreeable—I felt delicious over it—but those vinegar visaged old women. I shrunk from the ordeal. But I am naturally a gallant man, and reflecting that I could wash my face abundantly—I consented.

"Come one, come all!" said I.

They obeyed. They flung their plump arms around my neck, and surrounded me on every hand. I felt like a pickled sardine; I smelt musk, onions, patchouly, snuff, jockey club, hard cider, cologne, doughnuts, boiled mutton, cinnamon, mustard seed, cardamonds, buns and every other odor under the sun.

Kissing is a grand invention, but there is some choice in it, I think.

At last they had all kissed me but one, and she was standing apart making preparations. I noticed her with a mighty trembling. She was ugly as an ogre, and the look of dogged determination on her wizened face convinced me that I need hope nothing from her mercy.

"I never could taste anything with my teeth in!" she exclaimed in an under tone, and instantly out came a full set of teeth, and she rushed towards me. I grew giddy with the prospect, and turning I fled before her, like the billow before a hurricane.

I had no thought for the figure I cut—my only object was to get out of reach.

Through the entry—down a flight of back stairs, knocking over the hostler and the cook, who were giggling together on the steps—through the yard, where I left the greatest part of my coat tail in the possession of a covetous dog—and over a fence into the open country. And all the time I could hear the steps of my pursuer close behind me.

"You may run," she cried, "but I will catch ye. It shan't be said all the wimmen in Pineville kissed Gen. Sheridan but me. I'll do it or die."

Good gracious! So I had been taken for Gen. Sheridan. No wonder the people turned out en masse to welcome me.

And still I hurried on. The snow was deep—I was very nearly blown, and I sunk deeper and deeper at every step. My female friend gained on me, and just as I fell headlong into a concealed mudhole she grasped me by the collar, and before I could clear myself she had done the deed.

She had kissed me. The landlord had followed just behind, and I offered him ten dollars to take me to my aunt Nabby's that night.

He accepted the bribe and just before day break I sank at the feet of my respected relative.

I lay in bed a week afterwards—too much exhausted to stir; but I saw a copy of the Pineville *Eagle*, and in it the following paragraph:

"GROSS IMPOSITION.—Some low lived wretch passing himself off as Gen. Phil. Sheridan, arrived in our village, and put up at the Washington House, on Friday evening. There was quite a demonstration among our citizens before the imposition was discovered. The bogus General has gone to parts unknown. It is supposed that he was some drunken lunatic, from his conduct."

I make no comments, but judge my sensation."

Petroleum Nasby Meets a Reconstructed Southerner.

A better burlesque we do not remember to have seen than the following. Its chief value however, is that is "too troo:"

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the Stait uv Noo Gersey,) July 12, 1865.

I hav bin in Washington, and while ther was interdoost to Gineral Marion Sumpter Fitzhoo Gusher, uv Mississippy. I wus anxious 2 meet with a Representative Dimekrat uv the South, 2 interchange views, 2 hev soothin confidences 2 unbuzzum, becoz for the past 4 yeers the Dimekratik party hez bin trooly seckshunal, and the seckshin it hez okepied is not the identikle seckshin unto which the orfices is lokated, and only by a perfeck union with our wunst-loved brethren uv the South, kin we ever git intoo trooly Nasbunal ground.

Gineral Gusher is a troo gentleman uv the raal Suthern skool. He put C. S. A. arter his name, unto the hotel register, and his rings, buzzum pin, and the head uv his cane, is all made uv the bones uv mizerable Yankee soldiers who fell at Bull Run—he sez by his own hand, and it must be so, for who ever knode a suthern man to boast vain-gloriously? We met and embraced, weepin perfoosely.

"Alars!" sobbed the Gineral, "wat a nitemare hez obskoord our respective vishuns for the past 4 yeers: I wuz alluz a Union man, alluz! alluz! alluz! The old flag I loved with more nor parental affeeshun—to me it wuz more nor life!"

"Why then, my Ajacks," sobbed I, "did you raise your parrisidle hand again it?"

"Why? my beloved. Because my stait secesht, and I wuz carried along by a torrent uv public opinion which I cood not stem, and I went with hur. But its all over. We huv awok, and I am here, in the capital uv my beloved country, under the shadder uv that glorious flag which is the pride uv Americans and the terror uv all weak nashuns which hez territories contiguous, ready to take the oath and rescom the citizenship I laid orf, and agin run the guvment for its own honor and glory."

"Hev you a pardin?" sez I, "Me thinks wunst a paper recht my humble village, which is unanimously Dimmekratic—(it cum around a package of goods from Noo York)—and in that paper I saw your name ez one uv the orfishers who killed the niggers at Fort Pillow. Am I rite?"

"You air. I, m a gushin child uv nachur—I'm enthousiastick. Labrin under the same deloosion that secesht us, I beleeved at that time I wuz doin a good thing in killin them property uv ours that Linkin hed shovd bloo kotes onto. I have no apologies to offer—I'm now written a justificashun."

"I, and I speak for thousands uv the shivelrous suns of the South who would like a good square meal wunst more, am willing to be conciliated. The opportoonity is now offered the government to consiliate us. We are returnin prodygle sons—kill your fattid veel and bring out your gold rings, and purple robes and sich. We ask condish'-us—we shel insist on terms; but we air disposed to be reasonable. We are willing to ackuowledge the soopremacy uv the government, but there must be no humiliashen. A proud, high spirited people like us uns, won't stand it—no sir, we cannot. Thet must be no confiscashen, no disfranchisin. We are willin to step back jest ez we stept out, resoomin our old states, trustin the engineerin to git sich uther pints ez air not here enumerated. Without them condishns the union wood not be wun uv hart—twood be holler mockery. Wat we are goin for is a union founded on luv wich is stronger and solider than muskits. Harts is trumps—let the platform be harts and all is well."

"But Gineral," sez I, "in all this wat do yoo perpose fer us Northern Dimocrats?"

"Towards them our bowils melt with luv. We forgive yoo. Ef yoo kin take the old attitood, well and good—ef not—"

"Hold," sez I, "don't threat. A ginooine Northern Dimekrat wants but little here below, but wants that little long. Give him a small post offis and a nigger driver to look up to and he is soopremely happy. Ef a angel in glory wuz two offer 2 trade places with him, harp, golden crown and all, he wood ask odds."

"Uv course them positions you kin hev—we don't want em. All we ask is to make the platforms, and hev sich offisis ez hawty, hightoned men kin afford to take, and you uns kin hev the rest.

"But wun thing must be understood. The scenes uv the Charleston Convenshun must never be re-enacted—their must be no Dugliseis. Under the new dispensashen yoo dance whenever we fiddle, askin no questions. Suthern harts must never agin be fired—it wood consoom itself.

"Ez soon ez I hev took the oath, I shol immegitly go hum and run for Congris—see to it that ye hev enuff Dimikrats ther that we, jintly, kin control things. Uv coarse, in a union of luv, there must be equality. Linkin's war debt must never be pade onless ourn is—his hirelins must never be pensioned onless our patriots is. Wat a deliteful specktacle! Men who, yesterday, was a gougin each other onto the feeld uv battle, to-day is drawin penshuns amikably from the same treasury. The eagle wood flop his wings with joy, and angels wood exclaim 'Bully!' I am disabled from wounds received on the feeld, and rejoice that our pension laws is so libral.

"Go home, my frend, and marshel for the conflict. Tell your central committis to collect and expend munny, and I and Ginril Forist, and Kernel Moseby, and Champ Ferguson, and Dick Turner, and Boregard, and perhaps that noble 'ero (take orf yoor hat while I pronounce his gellorious name) Gineral Robert E. Lee, will cum up and stump the North fur yoor tickits. I hev dun. I go."

"Noble man," thort I, ez he walkt majestically away, takin, in a abstracted manner, my new hat an umbreller, leavin his old wuns; "who coodent foller thee, and sich as thee, forever and forever."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Late Pastur uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Signs and Tokens.

The following is from *Puck*, a new funny paper in California:

A long article having the above heading is going the rounds of the press, and has been for some time. *Puck*, thinking the old ones are played out, has manufactured some new ones; he being a supernatural being, is, of course, fully competent to do so:

The Gridiron.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror.—If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good looking lass will be missed in that house.

A Funeral.—To meet a funeral procession, is a sign of a death.

Pocket Book.—To loose a pocket book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

An Itching Ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

Salt.—To spill salt accidentally into a stew while it is on the fire, is a proof that the family will meet with its alterations. (salter rations.)

A Cat.—When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the family will shortly receive a licking.

Warts.—To have sixteen warts on the left hand, is unlucky; to have the same number on the right hand is a sign that you are unfortunate.

Spirits.—If a martied man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that her husband is going into liquor.

Stock Raising.—If a one eyed bull dog flies at a stock raiser's leg, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

Bridal.—If you get on horseback on Monday before the sun is up, it is a sign that you will have a hand in a bridal.

Lucky.—To stroke a green eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purrs will be the consequence.

Marriage.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage or if it isn't it ought to be.

Red Hair.—If a red haired man falls in love with a girl who dislikes hair of that color, he will very likely dye before he is married.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail.

The Proclamation of A. J. Hamilton, the new Provisional Governor of Texas, indicates by its firm, decided, and manly tone that he is faithful to the Union proclivities which were exemplified by his unswervering opposition to the whole secession movement. If he persistently maintains the policy he now clearly and unequivocally enunciates, there is little danger that slavery under any form or guise, can be perpetuated in Texas, or that the freedmen will be deprived of any right or privileges which the nation has endeavored to secure to them. No Northern man could expect more pointed emphatic, and pertinent declarations on the issues growing out of emancipation that those which Gov. Hamilton frankly utters in the extreme southwestern frontier of the old dominions of slavery, where its champions quite recently supposed that institution had acquired a new and interminable lease of life from the rich virgin soil.

The whole Indian population within the limits of the teritory of the United States is estimated at about 320,000 to 350,000; 14,000 or 15,000 of whom are located east of the Mississippi River, in Wisconsin, Michigan, Mississippi and New York. A new Indian war has broke out along the line of the telegraph between San Francisco and the eastern seaboard; and as the Indians declare they will make a death struggle against advancing civilization, it is probable thousands of them will be destroyed by the contest they are so madly provoking, and that we are about to have the last great Indian war. The Secretary of the Interior has instructed the Indian agents, that in all cases of difference of opinion with the military authorities about the policy to be pursued to hostile or dangerous tribes, they are to defer to the judgment of the latter; and our soldiers make fearful havoc among the red marauders when they fairly commence a desperate conflict with them.

The True Man.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage.—He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in posession of his neighbors counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him.—He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted by himself out of sight—near the thinest partittions—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win by dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. If he have a rebuke for another, he is straight forward, open, manly. In whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

Clearly, the question, What *kind* of education shall be the condition of suffrage, is the vital question of the day! Ex-Gov. Emery Washburn did not say at the commencement dinner, "Educate the white men and the black men of the South, and all will be well." He is too sensible a man to throw off so "glittering a generality." He specified the *kind* of education. Educate the men of the South, white and black, into *sound nationality* and into sound common sense, and all will be well. Davis and Lee and Stevens are highly educated in a certain way, but not into a sound "nationality." They acknowledge no *nation*. The nation, in the words of Wigfall, is but "the one-horse power in Washington." The supreme power is the *State*. Lee's education says, Go with Virginia; if Virginia goes for the nation, then go for the nation; if Virginia goes against the nation, then go against the nation. South of Mason and Dixon's line, this is the prevalent style of education.

Evidently, the condition of suffrage at the South, for the present generation, must not be education. It is, distinctively the thing the nation has to fear. A new style of education must become dominant in that region, before it can be safe to base thereon the fabric of nationality. For the immediate issues, the first, second and third condition is loyalty—loyalty to the nation as superior to the States—loyalty to the whole as greater than any part—loyalty to the government which rules by the authority of "the people"—all the people, except such as by treason, or other forms of crime, forfeit the right of sovereignty.