The Potter Journal.

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

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

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13 jy 1864.

[From the Doylestown Intelligencer.]

How Col. Davis Went in for Putting Down the Rebellion.

The following choice extracts from the *Doylestown Republican*, of which Col. Davis, the present Democratic candidate for Auditor General of this State, was and is the editor and proprietor, are given for the purpose of showing the sentiments which were disseminated by that paper while he held an official position under the Government which was so bitterly assailed in its pages. As Col. Davis is now before the people as a candidate for public office, and is desirous of receiving their votes, and since he was undoubtedly nominated on account of his having been engaged in the war, and therefore likely to be more available before the public on that account, it is but just that the kind of aid his newspaper rendered the Government, and the sympathy it extended to its noble, illustrious and lamented chief in his efforts to crush out treason and rebellion, should be again given to the community.

An editorial article in the *Democrat* of August 23d, 1864, when Col. Davis was still an officer in the army, reads as follows:

"With an immense army, a good navy, and the ports of the Confederacy blockaded, we have gained virtually nothing, and we will have gained nothing until we defeat the two main armies of the South. The reasons why we have been so unfortunate are plain and understandable. Mr. Lincolu committed himself to an emancipation policy. He hereby abandoned the war for re-union, and made it a war absolutely and unequivocally for the negro—"Slavery shall not live" was his motto. Beyond this was an object dearer to his heart—his own re-election—which he esteemed more than a hundred thousand lives. These were his two motives for abandoning the principles of our government, and of perverting the war. For these purposes, and these only, has the war been prolonged; for these purposes were the soldiers massacred at Olustee, and the army of Gen. Grant defeated and foiled; for these purposes has another draft been ordered; for these purposes have elections been carried by force of arms, and "bogus States" declared in the Union; for these purposes have the forts and bastiles of the country been filled with fearless patriots who dare expose the profligacy of Abolition, and the corruption and despotism of Abraham Lincoln.

"The people are now to decide between this state of affairs and peace—between the old Government and a new despotism—between the protection of our liberties and the surrender of them to an arbitrary and perfidious ruler Peace ended with the administration of James Buchanan, and war, bloody, remorseless war, began with the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. We have tried war for three years; let us now try to effect what war has failed to do. There is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln has done more to cement the States of the Confederady together than any man on the coutinent. He has pursued a policy calculated to divide the sentiment of the North and harmonize that of the South. Yet he has now the presumption to ask a re-election. The question will be: Lincoln and his war, or the Chicago nominee and peace and re-union.

"It is a mistaken idea that peace means slavish submission to the Confederacy. It means nothing of the kind. No Democrat ever expressed his willingness to concede to dishonorable compromise. We have tried war and found by a sad experience that it is supremely profitless, and that Lincoln and his hirelings are incapable of managing a campaign successfully if they wished. Something must be done. The Democratic party proposes, if we judge aright, to restore the Union under the Constitution, by peaceable means. Mr. Lincoln has put the prolongation of the war out of the question. Our nation is almost bankrupt, and every branch of industry is suffering for want of men; therefore are men called upon to join the standard of *peace for re-union*, and defeat the party in power which is no more nor less than a thoroughly disunion party."

Again, from a leading editorial of August 30, the week after, we quote the following:

"The Confederates contend that they have made an agreement with the Federals for the proper and speedy exchange of prisoners; that they faithfully observed the provisions of it, and have frequently proposed exchange on its basis. But Mr. Lincoln says *no*. He will permit the white soldier of the North to rot in the scorching sun, and the Federal army to become a skeleton, before he will agree to an exchange which does not recognize his tyranny and court his despotic will.

"What is the consequence of Mr Lincoln's refusal? *The suffering of our brave and gallant soldiers.* They are left to die on Southern soil rather than relinquish the policy of negro equality. The Confederates are accused of inordinate barbarity, in order to conceal the despotism and criminal fanaticism of our President. Let the soldiers remember that Abraham Lincoln made a solemn agreement for the exchange of prisoners of war, and broke it, because it did not include negro soldiers, many of whom are runaway slaves of the South. Let them remember that all their sufferings and privations while in captivity were necessitated by the contracted policy of Mr. Lincoln. Let them remember that their rights, honor, and their liberty are outraged on account of the negro; and done by a President of the United States.

"The negro is the idol of Abolitionism. The whites may die in forts and prison-camps, because the negro is not recognized as his equal by the Confederates. This fact proves that our present warfare is a weak fight for negro equality, and negro liberty. No evidence can be found that we are fighting for re-union and the Constitution. The war is perverted and the man guilty of the act presumptuously asks the suffrages of the people and of the soldiers in the army. Let the people remember him. Let the wives and children of the prisoners of war recollect that he is the fountain head of their sufferings; and if they become widows and orphans, that he is the murderer. Let the prisoners remember him when they eat their last scanty morsel; and if the people of this country are true to themselves and to our suffering soldiers, they will pronounce him a man

'Hated, despised, scourged by a two-fold rod,
The scorn of millions and the curse of God.'"

The above is only a sample of the numerous productions of a like character that have appeared in that paper, during the war, more of which may appear in our columns hereafter.

Capt. Wirz Defended by the Copperhead Candidate for Auditor General.

The Doylestown *Democrat*, owned and edited be General Davis, the Democratic candidate for Auditor General, prints an editorial in defence of the infamous Captain Wirz, who starved and murdered our prisoners at Andersonville. It asserts that the military commission, before which Wirz is on trial, is a usurpation of power, and that the prisoner has not been fairly dealt with. Gen. W. W. H. Davis makes this assertion when he knows that the testimony against the monster Wirz, comes from Union soldiers who suffered at Andersonville, who saw Wirz shoot in cold blood, Union prisoners who could not stand on their feet from the effects of starvation; from rebel surgeons who saw Wirz trample to death Union soldiers who were too weak to crawl on the ground. And yet W. W. H. Davis, through the columns of his own journal, defends the inhuman acts of Wirz, asserting that his trial is unfair and that his being held to trial is a military usurpation. What soldier in Pennsylvania can vote for a candidate advocating such sentiments? and may we not further ask, is there a soldier in the land who would fail to scorn any officer who thus defended the most brutal development of the rebellion. —*Harnisburg Telegraph.*

The most important item of intelligence from Central America received by the arrival of the New York is that the Government of Salvador has tried ex-President Barrios by court-martial, and that in accordance with the sentence passed by this court he had been shot on the 29th of August. As Barrios had been delivered to the Government of Salvador by that of Nicaragua only on the condition that his life should be spared, this breach of faith had naturally produced in Nicaragua a great excitement. Barrios was generally regarded as one of the ablest leaders of the Liberal party in Central America. He was the lawful President of Salvador until the unfortunate war with Guatemala in 1863, in consequence of which he had to leave his country. Both natives and foreigners in Central America expressed great indignation at the conduct of the Government of Salvador.—*Tribune.*

True Soldiers, men who fought for principle and not for pay, in the war to put down the slave-holders' rebellion, shrink from accepting nominations for civil positions, when conferred by the party whose leaders and representatives sympathized with the conspirators. Gen. Slocum is an instance of this fact. He declined the nomination of the New York copperheads for an important State office. And now we hear of still another soldier who indignantly rejects a nomination at the hands of the enemies of his country. Col. S. G. Van Anda, nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Iowa copperheads, on what they call a "Soldiers' Ticket," declines the dishonor, and pledges himself to support the Union ticket. How different the actions of these gallant and heroic officers when compared with that of other soldiers who have actually crawled on their knees for like favors from the enemies of their country.—*Telegaaph.*

OTHELLO, The Moor,

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Romances of late are so wretchedly poor,
Here goes for the old one, OTHELLO, THE MOOR—
A warrior of note, and by no means a boor,
Though the skin on his face
Was as black as the ace
Of spades; or (a simile nearer the case)
Say, black as the Deuce; or black as a brace
Of very black cats in a very dark place!
That's the German idea;
But how he could be a
Regular negro don't seem very clear;
For Horace, you know,
A great while ago,
Put a sentiment forth which we all must agree to:
"HIC NIGER EST; HUNC TU, ROMANE, CAVET!"
(A nigger's a rascal that one ought to see to.)

I rather, in sooth,
Think it nearer the truth
To take the opinion of young Mr. Booth,
Who makes his Othello
A grim-looking fellow,
Of a color compounded of lamp black and yellow.

Now Captain Othello, a true son of Mars,
The foe being vanquish'd, returned from the wars,
All cover'd with ribbons, and garters, and scars—
And calling, one day,
In a neighborly way,
On Signor Brabantio—one of the men
Who figured in Venice as Senator then—
Was invited to tell
Of all that befell
Himself and his friends while campaigning so well,
From the time of his boyhood till now he was grown
The greatest of Captains that Venice had known.
As a neighbor should do,
He ran it quite through,
(I wouldn't be bail if it was all of it true;)
Recounting, with ardor, such trophies and glories,
And Ottoman rebels and Cyprian tories,
Not omitting a parcel of cock-and-bull stories,
That he quite won the heart of the Senator's daughter,
Who, like most of the sex, had a passion for slaughter;
And was wondrously bold
In battles—as told
By brilliant romancers, who picture in gold
What in its own hue you'd be shocked to behold.

Now, Captain Othello, who never had known a
Lady so lovely as "Fair Desdemona"—
Not even his patroness, Madame Bellona—
Was delighted one day,
At hearing her say
Of all men in the world he'd the charmingest way
Of talking to women; but if any one SHOULD—
(Tho' she didn't imagine that any one would,
For where, to be sure, was another who COULD!)
But IF—and SUPPOSE—a lover came to her,
And told her his story, 'twould certainly woo her!
With so lucid a hint,
The dickens were hit
If he couldn't have read her as easy as print;
And thus came, of course—but as to the rest,
The billing and cooing I leave to be guess'd,
And how, when their passion was fairly confess'd,
They sent for a parson to render them "blest;"
Although it was done, I am sorry to say,
In what Mrs. P—, had it happened to-day—
Would be likely to call a CLAN DESTINY way!
I cannot recount
One half the amount
Of curses that burst from his cardiac fount,
When Signor Brabantio learn'd that the Moor
Had married his daughter: "How dared HE to woo her!
The sooty-skinn'd knave, thus to blight and undo her!
With what villainous drugs the scoundrelly sinner
Must have poisoned her senses in order to win her!"
And more of the same;
But my language is lame—
Even a fish-woman's tongue were decidedly tame—
A tithe of the epithets even to name,
Compounded of scorn, and derision, and hate,
Which Signor Brabantio pour'd on the pate
Of the beautiful girl's nigritudinous mate!
I cannot delay
To speak of the way
The matter was settled; suffice it to say
'Twas exactly the same as you see in a play,
Where the lady persuades her affectionate sire
That the fault was her own, which softens his ire;
And, though for a season extremely annoyed,
At last he approves—what we cannot avoid!
Philosophers tell us
A mind like Othello's
Strong, manly, and brave—isn't apt to be jealous:
But now, you must know,
The Moor had a foe,
Iago, by name, who conceal'd, with a show
Of honest behavior, the wickedest heart
That Satan e'er filled with his treacherous art:
And who, as a FRIEND,
Was accustomed to lend
His gifts to the most diabolical end—
To wit, the destruction of Captain Othello,
Desdemona, his wife, and an excellent fellow,
One Cassio, a soldier, too apt to get mellow,
But as honest a man as ever broke bread,
A bottle of wine, or an ottoman head.

'Tis a very long story,
And would certainly bore ye,
Being not very brilliant with grandeur or glory,
How the wicked Iago contrived to abuse
The gallant Othello respecting his views
Of his fair lady's honor:
Reflecting upon her
In damnable hints, and by fragmants of news
About palming and presents himself had invented,
Until the poor husband was fairly demented,
And raill'd at his wife like a cowardly varlet,
And gave her an epithet rhyming with scarlet;
And prated of Cassio with virulent spleen,
And call'd for a handkerchief some one had seen,
And wanted to know what the deuce it could mean?
And—to state the case honestly—really acted
In the manner that women call "raving-distracted!"
It is sad to record
How her lunatic lord
Spurn'd all explanation the dame could afford,
And still kept repeating the odious word,
So false—and so foul to the virtuous ear,
That I couldn't be tempted to mention it here.
'Tis sadder to tell
Of the crime that befel,
When, moved, it would seem, by the demons of hell,
He seized a knife,
And, kissing his wife,
Extinguished the light of her innocent life:
And how also, before the poor body was cool,
He found he had acted as villainy's tool,
And died exclaiming, fool! FOOL! FOOL!

MORAL.

Young ladies! beware of hasty connexions,
And don't marry suitors with swarthy complexions;
For, though they may chance to be capital fellows,
Depend upon it, they're apt to be jealous!

Young gentlemen! pray recollect, if you can,
To give a wide berth to a meddlesome man
And horsewhip the knave who would poison your life
By breeding distrust between you and your wife!

From the New York Weekly Courier.

A TROUTING ADVENTURE.

Two of our party (we are four) were off for the woods three hours ago. The Bishop and myself mounted on a dry goods box (which is mounted on two poles, said poles coupling the fore wheels and the hind wheels of a very substantial wagon, said wagon drawn by a lusty horse, and said dry goods box stuffed with camp equipage and indispensable substantials) with a very slow trot and a very lively song, start for our destination. It may be a way that abounds in milk and honey. We found only blackberries; a sort of free lunch that Providence furnished to wayfarers, while the State of Pennsylvania, with eminent benevolence, has cut through this dense wilderness a turnpike which connects Kettle Creek with the Alleghany.

There is something dignified and solemn about the forest. Every tree looks full and ready to speak. These lands are piled up thick and luxuriantly with a foliage a hundred feet deep. One feels like a pigmy lost in the folds and involutions of Nature's green surtout. After much up hilling and various social recreations, we emerge from a ten miles wood at 6 P.M., and alight at the "Half-way House"—a sightly clearing, which shows that grass can grow, as well as water run in these parts. A tidier loghouse no mortal ever entered. Its floors and walls and ceiling were scoured till they reflected the character and wifely qualities of the tidy dame who welcomed us. The U.S. muskets, on their pegs in the main room, showed us that cabin had been represented in the great fight. Soon appeared the sturdy boys that bore them. We inquired if two horse thieves had passed that way a few hours in advance, and were informed that two *gentlemen* had. The host himself was a talkative Yankee, who believed his farm was paradise. He went West to live a few years since, and returned, he said, on account of the winters.—To hear a man in the heart of a dense wilderness, where many kinds of savage game are plenty, where snow blockades the way half the year, nestle down into the warm idea that this is a delightful place to hybernate, is certainly cheerful. The outside of the house is ornamented with a very ferocious looking bear trap. The boys say this animal is abundant in the woods. Rather animating information just at nightfall to two humble citizens, armed with fish hooks, with an endless wood in front of them. We look bold and talk gay. Our box bounds, and we fly again beneath Nature's triumphal arch the branches clasping above us. What causeways of rest and refreshment! The sun is parried a long distance from the earth, and the light softens till the road looks short before us. We are threading the summit of a mountain. It slopes either way. We cross one genuine "hog back," that couples two mountains, and makes this road possible. Its sides are steep and endless to our looking. And we peer out, on the right hand, and on the left, upon a vast and cavernous forest, undulating with huge sweeps from valley to mountain top. After nightfall, we reach a house, into which we invite ourselves, and pass the night. The dweller is an intelligent Scotch Yankee. His walls are papered with the New York *Tribune*. He asked me if I had ever seen Greely. *He* had two sons in the war, and in the darkest day took his own firelock for a three months' service to protect the stolid Dutchmen on the southern border of his own State. He holds all the offices in his town, and I should judge was father of most all the voters, from the size of his family.

Taking advantage of the first sunrise of the morning, we pressed onward toward the mill where we were to rendezvos. We come now and then upon one of Ole Bull's Norwegians, A German Company have a large patent of land here, and are making roads and inviting settlers. Their town Germania, not many miles to our left boasts of two Teutonic attractions—a fine brewery and a tolerable church. Our road begins to give out. Through the assistand of a company of German road makers highwaymen they call them here, we succeded in getting our horse in to a shelter, pack our luggage on our four backs, and commenced the weariest march of all my life without a footpath, or a trail or even blazed trees. The creek is our only compass. And at nightfall we reach a hunter's camp. A rude log pen, on the bank of the stream, our headquarters for the sport. We had picked up trout enough on the way, for supper. Around a great fire that makes music amongst the trees and seems very exhilerating to the flies, we stretch ourselves for the night. You won't take cold my city friend.—Wet feet do not breed consumption here. In the morning we are all giants. Fish-poles are quickly geared, bait boxes loaded and the fishing-ground divided. A more fantastic group of sporters never laved their feet in a trout brook. Who can describe a day's fishing? The brook is alive with prey, and yet a trout demands a certain amount of consideration. Cunning, boldness, patience and skill are necessary for success. Now your reel plays lively as your line is snatched taut by a lusty fellow. Oh! the bliss of the instant. One upon each hook. Come home my sweet boys. There now—here—ah! how musical the flop in your basket. Now, excited with success, we fling again; caught in a root—plague the luck—wade in to your middle—loosen your hook—and spoil the hole. Again, caught in the branches of a tree. Now, sliping from a log on which you are crossing the stream Having quietly approached a ripple, how you pull them out. A basket half full. The gloom reminds you of the cabin. It is the shortest day you ever spent.

Now comes the emptying of the baskets—the counting of the trout. Who has caught the largest? Now sit upon a stone at the brook's edge and clean them. Start the fire, and put on the tea kettle. Exchange your wet clothing. Put your trout in a trough with a little salt for the night, to slime them preparatory to stringing them on withes, and suspending them over the smoke and fire to jerk them.—Now, for the incidents of the day, adventures and fish stories, songs and laughs; till we fall off into the sweetest of slumbers. So the days flew with their varieties of incident, each day bringing as many trout as we could care for. One morning at breakfast a slim, hawk-eyed tree-colored hunter drops in upon us from a night's watch at a deerlick on the mountain, who is more at home in this pathles wild than you would be in Broadway.

I shall not detail to you all the exploits of these days of laborious rest. Three better fishermen or more genial companions one could not desire. On our return we bore our rewards in our faces, bronzed with exposure, and in our appetites, keen for the table.

To the many inquiries after Trouting Grounds, let me say here you are sure of your sport. Go to Glassmires hotel at Coudersport, Potter Co., Penn., and he will put you in the way of as good fishing as any angler can desire. If you are lucky enough to meet Major S. from Washington, or his brother, or Merchant J., or lawyer K., your pleasure will be enhanced as well as your comforts.

The Late Elections.

The returns from Maine show an increased majority for the Union candidate—Cony's majority being over 20,000. In Vermont, Dillingham, the Republican candidate for Governor, is elected by about 20,000 majority—an increase. In California all the principal counties in the interior have elected Union members to the Legislature—only two or three small counties having gone Democratic. And in Kentucky the Democratic majority has been reduced from over 36,000 for McClellan to 158. Surely, the friends of the Union have great cause for congratulation, in the result of the elections in the above named states; and soon Pennsylvania will follow by at least 30,000 majority.

Repudiation and Disgrace.

It is evident from the tone of the Copperhead press and speakers, that their first effort, should they be placed in power, will be to destroy our credit, either by repudiating the national debt that was contracted in suppressing the rebellion, or by assuming the payment of the rebel debts—either of which would be national destruction. To prevent this repudiation and disgrace, and to maintain our national integrity, it is only necessary for the friends of the Union to be true to themselves—to vote for no man who has heretofore sympathised with the rebels, or who now excuses and palliates their offences.

WHAT EX REBEL GENERALS ARE DOING.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says: One of the distinguished Major Generals in the Confederate service of this State is, we learn, about to take charge of the construction and repair of the wharves for one os the contractors with the city. Two brigadiers have already secured places in the Commercial Express Company One brigadier is prosperously engaged in the business of boss drayman There are other Generals who are spoken of as civil engineers on our railroads. Almost every store has a colonel or a major. There are three distinguished colonels extinsively engaged in the auction business. One colonel who has heretofore directed big guns with skill and heroism in some of the fiercest battles of the war, is now selling bale rope and bagging; another, one of Stonewall Jackson's favorite regimental commanders is pressing cotton.

The recurrence of so many profitable fairs throughout the country is a sign of the returning health and usefulness of peace. In half a dozen fairs the receipts have averaged not less than $10,000 or $12,000, and in New York and Illinois much more. The start given to manufacture promtses much benefit to both East and West, as we note establishment of wool factories in Illinois, and large wool sales, amounting to 2,000,000 pounds, in Boston. We welcome the reappearance of Horse Fairs; they do good to the owner and to the horse, when they are not mere races. If something be done for the humbler brute—the mule, for instance—it might lead to a wider science and a more common humanity in the treatment of animals.—*Tribune.*

The Copperheads are indulging in some boasts over their "soldier candidates" for Governor in New Jersey and Ohio. We don't see that there is much room to brag on these nominees. They are decidedly a weak-kneed, spavined team. Runyon, of New Jersey, was a General only in the three months' service, and made a very disgraceful figure at Bull Run, his only battle. Morgan, of Ohio, was a commander of the McClellan stripe, and was distinguished in the army only for his surrender of Cumberland Gap in September, 1862. Would it not be appropriate for the Copperheads to form all their "soldier candidates" in rank and trot them around to the tune of the "Bummer's march?"