

The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XVII.—NUMBER 33.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY NOVEMBER 28, 1865.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McALANNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of the Republicans, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. It aims to give, except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freeing our Country.

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1865 Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Looked in at the open door,
They loved to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morn'ning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
He has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught:
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought:
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

AT SARATOGA.

BY HATTIE TING

Fred Saunders and I were a couple of bed-dressed sophomores, who chattered bar- barous Latin, and calculated more bar- barous logarithms and murdered still more barbarous airs on the flute, within the classic shades of Harvard. Truth to tell, Fred and I were the most rollicking roys- tering crew who made up that famous sophomore class, who, I fear, will be long remembered by the faculty and professors and with not a very enviable recollection; for if those grave and reverend seniors did not wish the whole mad crew in the depths of the open Polar Sea they had more of that patience which endureth than I ever gave them credit for. Fred and I con- sidered to get suspended just as the mid- summer days were commencing, and sat down one night to meditate, and a true *embarras de richesses* our place for the summer campaign.

"Let's go to the prairies and shoot buf- faloes, Fred."

"There's not a woman west of the Mis- sissippi, Tom."

"True; I might have known that would have been an insurmountable objection to you; but I had rather see a buffalo than a woman any time, seen too many!"

"Let's to the White Mountains."

"And peel the skin all from our shanks! No, thank you, Fred! I've seen many a fine pair of legs spilt among these con- founded hills. You've often told me that my limbs were my only beauty, so I pro- pose to preserve them."

"What do you say to Nahant and a battle with the breakers?"

"There, again, my unfortunate person- elle comes in. Only good-looking people can afford to be dyed blue in cold water, and have their long locks wet and plaster- ed to their heads."

"Well, what the deuce do you propose doing? That confounded homely phiz of yours is the bane of my existence. How came you to be so homely?"

"That's slightly personal, Fred; we'll pass it, and I'll propose going to the coun- try where there will be shooting, and horses for me, and country bumping for you."

"Agreed! when do we start?"

"Instantly!"

We arrived at a genuine, old-fashioned country farm house just at evening, and were lounging under a big tree that shaded one of the windows, when we heard a conversation like the following carried on inside:

"Aunt, can't I contrive some way to keep that John Jones away from here? I'll be hanged if I'm bothered with him here any longer!"

"Nothing easier than to tell him to stay away, Kate."

"That's entirely too decent for him.—I'll frighten him to death this very night. He's an outrageous coward, and he will meet a ghost as he comes up that dark strip of woods to night."

"Supposing he shouldn't be frightened and should chase you?"

"I'll go horseback—ha! ha! ha!"

And the wildest, maddest laugh rang out on the air that I ever heard from a little woman—for little Miss Kate was, as we had had one peep at her dancing down the garden walk.

"Hush! those gentlemen will hear you." "A fiddlestick for those gentlemen!—a couple of spoons. Any one could see by their looks—look as if they had been brought up on water gruel. Ask them if they wouldn't rather have some porridge for a change, aunt."

Fred doubled up his fists; but I burst into an uproarious laugh, which caused a great scampering in the house.

Just after dark, we saw Miss Kate issue from the barn, clothed in white from be- ginning to finish, and mounted upon a superb white horse.

"She looks like death on a pale horse!" said Fred. "Let's follow her, like Lucifer and Beelzebub."

Fred stole out to the barn, and got out two horses, one black and fiery; and a few minutes beheld us mounted and away, also clothed in white robes, made *impromptu* for the occasion out of the spotted bed- linen of our chambers. White paper caps stuffed full of goose quills, surmounted our heads; and as we rode away, one end of the sheets were wraped in, fluttered out behind. We took the road after Miss Kate in great style; and not long after we saw her at a little distance ahead rid- ing erect and stately in the middle of the road. Just ahead of her was a man, whom we took to be the John Jones, who was trying to speak her; and Fred and I could not restrain another uproarious laugh at this novel way of getting rid of a beau. John stopped short in the middle of the road, and held up both hands, apparently paralyzed with fear; finally, he made out to articulate:

"In the name of Heaven, who are you?" "I am your father's spirit!" answered Kate, in a sepulchral tone.

"Good Heavens, father, what do you want? Haven't I done everything to please you? What do you want, father?"

"But, father, I can't see! You see I'll first tell you how it is: There is a woman in the case, and she'll just be expectin' me to-night."

"Will you go home or allah! I call other spirits to my assistance?"

"No, no, I implore you! I'll go; but what will the gal think? Say, father, if you would only just stop and let the gal know about it, she wouldn't feel so bad."

"Goodness gracious! there they are, more on 'em!"

This was just as Fred and I rode up behind Kate; and John Jones took to his heels, and made some tall tracks to- wards home. Kate burst into another of those riotous peals of laughter, and turned her horses head to ride home; but the laughter came to a dead stop as she turned round and beheld two other ghosts close to her heels in the darkness of the night. We expected a piercing shriek and a fainting fit, at the very least, but we were not gratified. She gave us one look, then started her horse up, and just as she whizzed past us, she contrived to give both our horses a terrible clip with her whip, which induced the spirited and almost unmanageable animals to start off like the very spirit of speed. We were nearly unseated; but, making a desperate effort, contrived to keep our saddles, and dashed on after her like a couple of fair- ies. Faster, faster flew the horses—nearly, maddly rode we, in perfect silence, close by each side of Kate. One more blow of her whip almost finished us, for the horses could not be restrained this time, and dashed into ditches and over fences at full speed. Off went our caps, then the sheets were wraped in, but still Gilpin like, we went. If we only kept our heads to our shoulders, it was all we desired; and at last we drew up at the gate of the farm house with nothing on but a pair of white pants and a shirt.—Kate rode up behind us, and remarked, with the utmost nonchalance:

"Well, gentlemen, have you had a pleasant ride? don't you think the scenery around here is beautiful?"

"It is charming indeed; but not so much so as the inhabitants," said Fred. "Pray can't you give us an introduction to the friend you're in the habit of meet- ing down there in the woods? Sorry to have interrupted a tete-a-tete. Good night to you!"

We staid at the farm house a week, and Fred entertained himself with Miss Kate to his heart's content, while I hunted and fished, and helped the farmers to make hay, and lay under the trees and read Shelley.

"I've had enough of this," said I to Fred at the end of the week. "I begin to want to see civilization again; more than that, I feel the need of a little flirt- ing. I'd like to see a well dressed, good looking woman again."

"Why not look at Kate Vincent?"

"How the deuce could I get a chance with you, making love to her so desperat- ly all the time? besides, she is not what I want."

"You'll probably admit that she is pretty?"

"Yes, frightfully so, but not well-dressed." "I think she dresses charmingly."

"In loose wrappers, and her hair in one prodigious twist behind?"

"That's classical. Those airy morning wrappers are the most charming thing a woman can wear."

"Miss Vincent's are not always clean. But what do you propose doing? Is she deeply smitten with you?"

"Undoubtedly; haven't I smiled on her?"

"Are you going to propose?"

"Tom Leigh, have you gone mad—atark roarin' mad? Think of Fred Saunders marryin' a country girl, whose fortune would be a box of bed quilts and a cow! Fred Saunders' *personelle* must make his fortune, you understand. I must marry an heiress. But I own to the soft im- peachment of liking this little witch of a Kate rather better than, is perfectly com- fortable—but I must have the dollars—so good bye, Kate."

"You're a heartless wretch, Fred! Why do you try to gain the affections of girls only to leave them?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Tom, really that's too good, coming from you."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, Fred; I'd marry Kate Vincent to-morrow, if I loved her as you say you do, if she had only one wrapper to her back."

"Every one to their taste; here's for Saratoga!" and Fred walked to the glass and stroked his whiskers.

We entered the ball room at Saratoga a few evenings after this, feeling perfect- ly conscious that we were two of the most dangerous coxcombs who had visited Saratoga that year. Fred's particular forte was his whiskers; they were really irresist- ible, and no one knew it better than Fred; while I rather prided myself upon my fine military form, and my nether limbs. Both of us dressed with perfect taste, and wore our hair parted in the middle; which Fred thinks is all that is necessary to kill the majority of women. We passed along glancing round rather disapprovingly, for there were not many pretty women at the springs that year—and, in fact, the race seems to be almost running out every- where.

Fred's lip was curling contemptuously all the time, till, of a sudden, he grasped my arm with almost a fierceness, and pointed across the room. The band had just struck up a waltz—the most delicious waltz that ever was played—and played as only waltzes are played at Saratoga; and a couple had just taken the floor, and were circling to the bewilderin' music.

"Kate Vincent by all that is good!" said Fred. "What does this mean Tom?"

"It means that Miss Vincent is decid- edly the prettiest woman at the Springs."

"And the most stylish one too. By Jove, that dress is magnificent! But what is she here for? Country farmers don't send their daughters to Saratoga. By Jupiter I'll know!"

And away dashed Fred across the ball- room to the seat Miss Vincent had just resumed. They shook hands cordially.— She seemed delighted to meet him, and glanced over to me. Fred telegraphed me to come, and I went over, and held out my hand to her. She laughed the most delicious little laugh and wanted to know if my nervous system had fully re- covered from the shock given it that night ride; and if Fred and I had ever replac- ed her aunt's sheets which we had left in the hedges.

We had the pleasantest chat in the world; and I grew more than half in love with the little beauty myself probably should have become quite so had I not known that Fred was little ahead of me; and, inevitable coxcomb as he really was, I knew I should stand no chance in a tilt for a lady's favor. Fred and I always understood that we should not play for the same game, but should portion off the game, and shoot in different directions so I contented myself with looking un- speakable things at Miss Vincent, and was a little surprised and pleased to see her eyes fall before mine, and her cheeks take a little fresher tint. "There's a flirt!" thought I to myself, and did not feel so much concerned about her when Fred commenced opening his most deadly bat- teries of attention upon her. They danced the redowa, and they waltzed; and then went out for a cool hour on the colonade.

I was forced to content myself with a bewitching little Georgian, who smiled at me continually; but, somehow or other, her smiles did not please half as much as those of Miss Vincent—probably because I thought that, Miss Vincent's smiles would soon belong to another. You know forbidden fruit is always much sweeter.

"Well, the next two weeks were rather dull to me, as Fred and Kate were so much occupied with themselves as to have little time for me, and there was no one else there for whom I cared a rush. But they lingered together in the morning over their music; they walked together, rode and danced, and talked sentiment on the colonade by moonlight, and seemed to have eyes and ears for no one else.

"Well, Fred," said I, one morning, "what are your intentions now?—to marry the country girl, settle down on the farm and raise potatoes and babies?"

"By Jove, Tom, I'm going to marry Kate Vincent the very moment I get up courage enough to ask her."

"What in ignorance of her circumstances? She may have nothing but her clothes, after all."

"Trust me for that! Is not old Tom per cent. her guardian!—and didn't he tell me she had a cool hundred thousand, besides large expectations? She was rustic- ating in the country just for fun; and I'll tell you what it is, Tom, I thought from the first moment I saw her she was the most captivating little witch that ever twisted a curl."

"Still you would have left her and mar- ried any rich fright you could have found."

"Say no more, Tom, and I'll give you the handsomest pair of long-tailed grays this kingdom affords as soon as I come into possession. A hundred thousand!—huzza!"

I was seated in a shady corner of the verandah that evening, when Fred and Kath came and stood near me, and un- intentionally, I heard all that was intended for their own ears.

Fred had ended a very eloquent decla- ration of love, and wound up by begging her to accept him, and be his own forever and ever. She spoke gaily, and with a sarcastic laugh.

"Mr. Saunders, I always said I should never marry a man who would not be willing to take me if my only fortune con- sisted of a box of bed-quilts and a cow. As you would have been stark roaring mad to have proposed for me when you thought such was my fortune I should be stark- staring mad to think of accepting you now when long-tailed grays and the cool hundred thousand had more attractions than Kate Vincent herself."

Fred dropped her hand, and rushed from the colonnade as though he was shot; I waited a few minutes, then ac- cidentally went up to Miss Vincent. I took Fred's place at her side after this, and was very happy to see that it seemed quite as pleasing to that lady to have me there as had been to have Fred; and at the end of four weeks I invited Fred to be my groomsmen. He accepted, without even tearing his hair, as I expected he would have done. And so one evening I dressed myself in my most immaculate style, and stood up beside Kate; who was radiant in white silk, and diamonds, and laces, and orange flowers; and Fred supported me on one side looking so confoundedly handsome that I grew almost angry at him; after Kate and I became one, Fred asked us to change places with him while he and the little Georgian went through the same process.

Kate and I thought a great deal of Saratoga. The *Old Story of the Five Peaches*.

A countryman bro't home five peaches from the city, the most beautiful that could be seen. His children saw the fruit for the first time. On this account they wondered, and were very much pleased over the beautiful peaches, with the rosy cheeks and soft down.

The father divided them among his four children, and one was received by the mother.

In the evening, as the children were going to their bedchambers, they were asked by their father:

"Well, how did those fine peaches taste to you?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, somewhat acid, and yet of so mild a flavor. I have saved the stone, and intend to rear a tree out of it."

"Well done," said the father, "that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

"I have also eaten mine up," said the younger, "and thrown away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet, and melted in one's mouth!"

"Well," said the father, "to be sure you have not acted very prudently, but very naturally, as children are wont to do. For prudence, there is still room enough in your life."

They began the second son:

"I picked up the stone my brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel therein that tasted as sweet as a nut. But my peach I sold, and have re- ceived so much money for it, that I can when I go to the city, probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head, and said: "Wise it was, but not in the least childish or natural. May heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant!"

"And thou, Edmund?" said the father. Candidly and openly answered Edmund: "I took my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who has a fever. He was not willing to take it, but I laid it on the bed and came away."

"Well," said the father, "who has, then made the best use of his peach?"

Then cried they all three: "Brother Edmund has."

But Edmund remained silent, and the mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

Indian Fun.

One of the earliest settlers of the cottil- try round Lake Champlain was Colonel Raymond. He understood the character and disposition of the redskin natives of the forest, and he lived with them in much harmony, frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake, as he had occasion. One stout fellow by the name of Bigbear, had his wigwam at no great distance from the Colonel's dwell- ing; and was often there. The Colonel having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Bigbear to row him in his canoe. On their return they pass- ed near a high yet sloping ledge of rock, on which lay an immense number of rat- tlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel and thus inquired:

"Raymon love fun?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then Raymon have fun; mind Indian, and hold your tongue."

So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a crooked stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank.

"Steady, now, Raymon," said he, as he clapped the crooked stick astride the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water. "Take up now, Raymon; hole pass."

The Colonel then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail, and setting fire to the match, gave orders to "let us go," at the same time pushing the canoe off from the shore. The snake, being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapped his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the other serpents, who in a moment disap- peared.

"Now look, Raymon, look—see fun," said he; and in about a minute the powder exploded, and there was, to be sure, fun alive. The snakes in thousands cov- ered the rock, all hissing, rattling, twin- ging, swirling and jumping in every way imaginable. Colonel Raymond burst in- to a loud laugh that echoed across the lake; pleased alike with the success of the trick and the ingenuity of the sav- age's invention. But Bigbear, from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and not hav- ing the least show of risibility on his countenance. This is truly characteristic of the American aborigines; what causes the greatest excitability of laughter in others has no effect upon them; they re- main sober, sedate and fixed as a bronze statue. They may love fun, but they never in the smallest degree exhibit that character in their looks.

Simple Division.

We heard a story the other day on the subject of "division," that we thought "some" at the time, and having never seen it in print we are tempted to give our readers the benefit of it.

A Southern planter named P., pretty well to do in the world now, was some twenty years ago a poor boy on the Eastern shore of Maryland. One of the strongest and most marked traits of his character, was inordinate love of money. This, however, is characteristic of the people in them diggings, where they practice skinning strangers during the brisk season, and skinning one another during dull times.

In the course of time P. was of age; and thought it about time to get married; He went to a neighboring village, and in course of time was introduced to the daughter of Judge A.

"Dang [sic] Judge A." said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gain- ing him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Judge A. be worth?"

"Why, about ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And how many children has Judge A.?" continued the enquirer.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally cyphered P.

There was a chance—a glorious chance—and he improved it too. He made love to the beautiful, unsophisticated daugh- ter of the Judge to the best of his ability. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cub as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered and they were married.

The honeymoon passed off as all the honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at the number of names he 'thot' should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said—

"My dear, I thought there were only three of you?"