The Potter Journal.

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

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THE

POTTER JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ 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.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 16 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

1 square, 1 insertion	$1 50
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions	2 00
Each subsequent insertion less than 13	40
1 square, 1 year	10 00
Business Cards, 1 year	5 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notices	3 00
Special and Editorial Notices per line	20

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

☞ Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

R. A. DRAKE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, over C. F. Manning's Jewelry Store; Residence nearly opposite the office of the Fox & Ross' Estate.—17-25

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

EULALIA LODGE, No. 243, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 3rd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 2d Story of the Olmsted Block. M. W. McALARNEY, Sec. D. C. LARRABEE, W. M

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in Residence.

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ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge

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MILLER & McALARNEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Harrisburg, Penn'a.—Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments—such as Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address Box 95, Harrisburg

W. H. MILLER, J. C. M'ALARNEY

DAN BAKER,

PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq

DAN BAKER,

Junes 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

M. W. McALARNEY.

REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE AGENT.—Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the Country, and Persons against Accidents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly 17-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,

MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold 17-29

C. H. SIMMONS,

MERCHANT—WELLSVILLE N. Y., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods, Clothing, Ladies Dress-Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms

C. S. & E. A. JONES,

MERCHANTS—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa

D. E. OLMSTED,

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COLLINS SMITH,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country store. n'61

H. J. OLMSTED,

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Penn'a. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

MARBLE YARD.

THE subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter that he can supply them with all kinds of Marble work, as cheap and as good as it can be had anywhere in the country. MONUMENTS and TOMB-STONES of all kinds furnished on short notice.

Coudersport, Feb'13'65 y C. BREUNLE.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

1865 1865

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time of passenger trains at EMPORIUM.

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Erie Mail Train	10:12 A. M.
Erie Express Train	9:17 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train	10.12 A. M.
Erie Express Train	5:50 P. M.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

NEW YORK CONNECTION.

Leave New York at 6.00 P. M., arrive at Erie 3.37 A. M.

Leave Erie at 1.55 P. M., arrive at New York 1.15, P. M.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIE & NEW YORK

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS on all Night trains

For information respecting Passenger business, apply at Corner of 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia

And for Freight business of the Company's Agents

S. S. Kingston, Jr., Cor. 13th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

Wm. Brown, Agent, N. C. R. R., Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON, General Freight Agt. Philada.

H. W. GWINNER, General Ticket Agt. Philada

A. L. TYLER, General Sup't, Williamsport.

[From the Herald.]

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A TRUE STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Mark Medley was a bad wee boy
Some three-score years ago;
At times he'd swear, and rip and tear,
And all such things' you know,
And some you don't know

But this *I know*, Mark did not learn
Such lessons at his home—
'Twas when out doors, among the boors;
He'd better been alone—
Breaking up hard stone.

Mark had a dear grandma, who wore
A white cap on her head;
Each night she'd pray, and then she'd say
"Come Mark, let's go to bed—
To grandma's own bed."

Grandma was mistress of a school—
A school for little folks;
Some were quite small, and one and all
Ate bread made out of oats—
Good sweet cake from oats.

Among the urchins in that school,
Was one named Robin Hood;
Some call'd him Rob, and others Bob,
And thus the matter stood—
Bob, Rob, Robin Hood.

This Robin Hood and Mark were like
Two brothers in their way:
They'd share alike and fare alike,
And join in fight or play—
'Gainst odds any day.

Now Mark's grandma had grown quite old,
And in a chair she sat,
With Ponch of hide* at either side,
And something in her lap—
Called leather strap.

This strap the mistress used, to keep
Good order in her school;
She'd fling it here, she'd fling it there,
And this was then the rule—
In that dear old school—

That he to whom the strap was thrown,
Must quickly bring it back;
And then, O my! you'd hear the cry,
As on the poor culprit's back
The strap went whack—whack!

One luckless day—as some would say—
Mark thought he'd play the fool,
And feeling thus—he made a muss—
Adverse to all good rule
At home or in school.

But grandma's strap was on his track,
And quick and strait it fell
Close by his feet, beside his seat,
And Mark knew very well
What that strap would tell.

Now, I suppose just then "Old Nick"
Said slyly in Mark's ear,
"Don't mind that rule, it's grandma's school,
Strike back and never fear."
O my! O dear, dear!

One scarce could say "Jack Robinson"
Ere Mark had thrown the strap
With all his might and boyish spite,
Back to his grandma's lap.
O that wretched strap.

'Twould fail me to explain how Mark
And grandma fixed the thing;
But this I know, 'twas cause of woe
That made *One Robin* sing
Dolefully next day.

I think it was next day, Mark's friend
Bob, Rob, or Robin Hood,
Thought he would try the same *high-fly*,
And so became quite rude—
This same Robin Hood.

And when the strap fell at his feet,
His looks said "O be aisy!
Ain't Mark my friend? Ain't I Mark's friend?
Mistress must be crazy!"
Thus crow'd Cock Robin.

The same bad sprite that urged poor Mark
To do so great a wrong,
Now whispeer'd Rob, "I say, you Bob!
Send back that cursed thong!
Go it, my boy, strong!"

And sure enough, poor Robin Hood,
Thus *Hoodwink'd* by the devil,
Threw back the strap, when rap, rap-rap—
Which Bob thought quite uncivil—
Came from his friend Mark.

So rap succeeded rap, till Mark
Had satisfied his ire,
And then poor Rob (no more *dear Rob*)
Was told he might retire.
Good-bye, Robin Hood!"

My tale is told, my tale is true,—
Mark lives, grandma's long dead;
But who can tell the weal or woe
Of those who shared our bread
Three-score years ago?

MORAL, WITH ADVICE.

Firstly—If you wish to retain your friend don't insult his grandmother.

Secondly—If you wish your grandmother to be respected by others, be careful to pay her the proper respect yourself.

Thirdly, Lastly, Finally, and in Conclusion—Commit to memory, along with other portions of the Good Book, the Fifth and the Eleventh Commandments. See Exodus 20, 12, and John 13,—and this

"While in childhood's tender age,
You peruse the sacred page,
May you see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine."

Norristown, Oct., 1865. S. O'Y.

* These buckskin pockets were to be seen in the house of Mark's father many years after the period alluded to. The "Pouch of Hide" is no fiction—MARK.

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful having been engaged to plead the case of an offender, began by saying—"I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consumate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued:—"But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his cotemporaries."

THRILLING SKETCH.

Alexander Dumas is furnishing sensation items from Russia. Here is one of the best:

We left the room with a turnkey behind us, and walked on till we found ourselves opposite the prison. The jailor opened it, went in, and lighted a lantern. We went down ten steps, passed a row of dungeons, then down ten more, but did not stop. We went down five more and then stopped at one marked No. 11. He gave a silent signal; it seemed in this abode of the dead as if he had lost the power of speech. There was at this time a frost of at least twenty degrees outside. At the depth where we found ourself, it was mingled with a damp which penetrated to the bone; my marrow was frozen, and yet I wiped the perspiration from my brow. The door opened, we went down damp and slippry steps, and found ourselves in a dungeon of six square feet. I fancied by the light of the lantern that I saw a human form moving in it:

"Rise and dress yourself."

I had a curiosity to know to whom this order was addressed.

"Turn on the light," said I to the jailor with me.

I then saw a thin and pallid old man rise up. He had evidently been immured in this dungeon in the same clothes he had on when arrested, but they had fallen off by peace-meal, and he wore only a ragged pelisse. Through the rags his naked, bony shivering body could be seen Perhaps this body had been covered with splendid garments; perhaps the ribbons of the most notable orders had once crossed his panting chest. At present he was only a living skeleton, that had lost rank, dignity, even name, and was called No. 11. He rose, and wrapped himself in the fragments of his ragged pelisse, without uttering a complaint; his body was bowed down, conquered by prison damp, time, and it might be hunger. His eye was haughty, almost menacing.

"It is good," said the Governor, "Come."

He was the first to go out.

The prisoner threw a parting glance on his cell, his stone bench, his water jug, and straw. He uttered a sigh, yet it was impossible that he could regret anything of this. He followed the Governor and passed before me.

I shall never forget the glance he turned upon me in passing, and the reproach that was concentrated in it.

"So young," it seemed to say, "and already obeying tyranny."

I turned away: the glance had pierced my heart like a dagger. He passed the door of the dungeon. How long was it since he entered it? Perhaps he did not know himself. He must have ceased for a long time counting days and nights. On reaching the Governor's door we found two sledges waiting. The prisoner was ordered into the one that brought us, and we followed him, the Governor by his side, I in front. The other sledge was occupied by four soldiers.

Where were we going? I knew not. What were we going to do? I was equally ignorant. I had only to see—the action itself did not concern me.

We started.

Through my positian the old man's knees were between mine. I felt them tremble. The Governor was wrapped in his furs. I was buttoned up in my military frock, and yet the cold reached us. The prisoner was almost naked but the Governor had offered him no coverings. For a moment I thought of taking off my coat and offering it to him. The Governor guessed my intention.

"It is not worth while," he said.

Soon we reached the Neva again, and our sledge took the direction of Cornstadt. The wind came off the Baltic and blew furiously; the sleet cut our faces. Tho' our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness yet we could not see ten yards before us.

At last we stopped in the midst of a furious storm. We must have been about a league and a half from St. Petersburg. The Governor got off the sledge and went up to the other. The soldiers had already got off holding the tools they had been ordered to bring.

"Cut a hole in the ice," the Governor said to them.

I could not restrain a cry of terror. I began to apprehend.

"Ah!" the old man uttered, with an accent resembling the laugh of a skeleton, "then the Empress does still remember me, does she?"

Of what Empress was he talking? Three had passed away in succession—Anne, Elizabeth and Catharine. It was evident he still believed he was living under one of them, and he did not even know the name of the man who ordered his death.

What was the obscurity of the night compared with that of the tomb?

The four soldiers then set to work. They broke the ice with their hammers, cut it with their axes, and raised the blocks with the lever. All at once they started back; the ice was broken; the water was rising.

"Come down," the Governor said to the old man. The order was useless, for he had already done so. Kneeling on the ice he was praying fervently.

The Governor gave an order in a low tone to the soldiers, then he came back to my side; for I had not left the sledge. In a minute the prisoner rose.

The four soldiers rushed upon him.

I turned my eyes away, but though I did not see, I heard the noise of a body hurled into the abyss. In spite of myself, I turned around. The old man had disappeared. I forgot that I had no right to give orders, and shouted to the driver, "Away! away!"

"Stop!" cried the Governor. The sledge which had already moved forward, stopped again.

"All is not finished," the Governor said to me in French.

"What have we to do?" I asked.

"Wait!" he replied.

We waited half an hour.

"The ice has set," said one of the soldiers."

"Art thou sure?"

He struck the spot where the hole had so lately yawned, the water had become solid again.

"We can go," said the Governor.

The horses started at a full gallop, and in less than ten minutes we reached the fortress.

Homely Girls.

A Cleveland editor, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls, has been requested to say a good word in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:

1st—The homely girls are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well.

2d—They go to church every Sunday, and are fond of their meals. They had rather have their meals regulary than a new bonnet.

3d—They understand their business and wear No. 16 gaiters.

4th—They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealously, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

5th—They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with the boys—because it's out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

6th—They never have a half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

7th—They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

8th—They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats" nor other animals in their hair.

9th—They don't call the young bloods, and other trash, "perfectly splendid."

10th—They never eat between meals.

11th—They are all going to get married.

12th—They will all marry well.

13th—Their children will be all bright and shining lights in the world.

14th—They wont keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

15th—They sleep under mosquito bars when convenient.

16—They can make coffee and nutcakes and can do chamberwork.

17th—They are O. K.

18th—They are homely, but oh, Jerusalem!

19th—They know they are homely.

20th—They perspire when the thermometer is at 91 deg. in the shade, and wear gored waists.

21th—Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and thay like peanuts.

CHICKENS IN HIS HAT.—A country friend sends us the following:

"Nat, a friend of ours, is very poor, rather light fingered, and, it is said, not so bright as his parents could wish.

"The other day, while passing a neighbor's, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road and not knowing what to do with the chicken to conceal it, at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat, which he again placed upon his head. But the chicken having a longing for liberty, and also pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat. Nat was presently accosted with—

"'What have you got in your hat?'

"'Nothing but my head,' said Nat.

"'But I see a chicken's head sticking through the top of it, Nat.'

"Nat, taking off his hat, and looking at it in feigned astonishment, exclaimed;

"'Wal, how d'ye s'pose that critter come in there? I swear! he must have crawled up my trowser's leg!'"

Sound policy is never at variance with substantial justice.

A MAGNANIMOUS DANE.—During the wars that raged from 1622 to 1660, between Frederick III of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere retireing to have his wounds dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a Swede, lying on the field, made him turn with the very words of Sidney—"Thy need is greater than mine." He knelt down by the fallen enemy, to pour the liquor in his mouth. His requital was a pistol shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede.

"Rascal!" he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return. Now I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but now you shall have only half." And drinking off half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede.

The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I never could kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou meritest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow! The family only lately became extinct in the person of an old maiden lady.

ABOUT RIGHT.—A lad from the "Green Isle," whose occupation is that of blacking stoves, fire places and stove pipes, bearing upon his arm a pot of blacking, with brushes and other implements of his trade, addressed a denizen of the city, who was standing at the door:—

"Has your honor any stoves to polish this morning? I'm the boy for that business."

The person addressed not being of a courteous manner gruffly answered:

"Go about your business."

Pat moved a few steps off, to be out of the reach of a kick, and replied:

"Your honor would not be the worse for a little polishing yourself, I'm thinking."

A fellow of atrocious ugliness chanced to find a looking glass on his road. But when he looked at himself he flung it away in a rage, saying, 'curse you, if you were good for anything you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

A few years since, the noted Tom Marshall was delivering an address before a large audience in Buffalo, when some one in the hall every few minutes, shouted "louder! louder! Tom stood this for a while; but at last, turning to the presiding officer, said:—"Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall, with his golden trumpet proclaim that "Time shall be no longer," I doubt not sir, but there will be in that vast crowd, as now, some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting "louder! louder!" The house roared; Tom went on with his speech; but there was no more cries of "louder!"

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of maintaining them all. "But you have sons big enough to earn something, and help you now," said a friend. "The difficulty is, they are to big to work," was the answer.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly a hundred years old. A lady, of nearly the same age, said to him one day in a large company—

"Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion death has forgotten us."

"Speak as low as you can," said Fontenelle, "lest you remind him of us!"

A few days ago in Buchanan county, Iowa a deputy sheriff and two baliffs were taking a bank robber named Rorubacher, to Butler Center, to give evidence against Pollard for the same offence. Here is what happened to the discomfiture of the officers: At a certain point of their journey the party saw some wild ducks on a pond, and it was remarked to be a fine shot. The deputy hauled out his revolver cocked, and was about to shoot, when he said. "By the by, Rorubacher, you are a good shot with a pistol ain't you?" Of course said Rorubacher. Take this pistol, then, and try your hand at those ducks. Rorubacher took the weapon jumped out of the little wagon, and advanced towards the ducks for about ten or twelve steps, then suddenly wheeling around and covering them with the pistol, told the deputy and his aids to get out of the wagon, and very quickly, as he intended to take a ride by himself. Imagine the feelings of that little crowd as they began to crawl down out of the wagon, for the prisoner witness had their only pistol in his possession. Having got them safely into the road and mounting the buggy himself, the facetious prisoner made the party a speech and then surrendered his advantage, declaring that he had no wish to use it, which ended the affair.

Mr. Nasby Suggests to a "Psalm of Sadness" For his Friends South.

SAINT'S REST, (which is in the Stait uv Noo Gersy,) Sept. 12,'65.

The utter and abgect state uv cussitood into which the Dimocricy find theirselves North and South, makes a day uv fastin' approprit. Ef the Lord is a goin 2 help us, now's his time.

Ef my clerikle brethrin uv the chirch South deside to appint a day of fastin' and prayer, I submit the follerin as a sam uv agony, approprit for the occasion:

A SAM OF AGONY.

On the street I see a nigger!

On his back a coat uv bloo, and he carryeth a muskit.

He is a Provo Guard, and he halteth me ez wun havin authority.

An my tender daughter spit on him and lo! he arrested her, and she languisheth in the guard-house.

My eyes dwell on him, and my soul is a artesian well uv woe; it gusheth with grief.

For that nigger wuz my nigger! I bot' him with a price.

Alas! that nigger iz out of his normal condish, he's a star out uv its speer, which sweepeth thro the politikle hevens; smashin things.

Normally he wuz wuth gold and silver—now he is a nitemare.

Wunst I wuz rich, and that nigger wuz the basis thereof.

Wo is me! I owned him, sole, body, sinoos, muscels, blood, boots and britchis.

His intellek wuz mine, his body was mine, likewise his labor and the froots thereof.

His wife wuz mine, and she wuz my conkebine.

The normal results of the conkebinage I sold, combining pleasure and profit in a eminent degree.

And on the price thereof I played poker, and drink mint gooleps, and rode in gorgus chariots, and wore purple and fine linen every day.

Wuz this miscegenashun or nigger equality? Not any. For she was mine, even as my ox, or my horse, or my sheep, and her increase was mine, even as wuz theirs.

Ablishun Miscegenashun elewates the nigger wench to his level—I did it for gain which degrades her muchly.

And when the wife uv my busum lifted up her voice in complaint, saying, "Lo I am abused—this little nigger resembleth thee!" half the price of the infant chattel would buy a diamond pin with which to stop her yawp.

And my boys follerd in my footsteps, and grat wuz the miz, but profitable.

But my dream is busted.

The nigger is free, and demands wages fur the work uv his hands.

His wife is free, and she kin decide whether she will cleave to her husband, or be my conkebine.

Yisterday I bade her come to me, and lo! she remarkt: "Go 'way, white man, or I bust yer hed."

And I gode.

Her children are free—they are mine, likewise, but I can't sell 'em on the block to the highest bidder.

Therein Linkin sinned—he violated the holiest and highest instinks uv our nature; he interposed a proclamashun atween father and child.

We took the hethen from Afreka, and wuz a makin Christians uv 'em. Wo to him who stopt us in our mishnary work.

It is writun—"Kin the Ethiope change his skin?" I wuz changin it for him—I and my fathers had mellered it down to a brite yeller.

Dark is my fucher.

I obeyed the grate Law of Labor, ez I served in the army, by substitoot—now shel I have to stane my hands with labor, or starve.

In what am I better than a Northern mudsil?

I kin git no moro dimun pins for the wife uv my buzzum, and she yawpeth contingeoaly.

Arrayed in hum-spun, she wrestles with pots and kittles in the kitchen.

Weighed down with wo, she dips snuff in silence.

She asks uv me comfurt—wat kin I say, whose pockits contane confedrit scrip?

Save us from Maschewsyts, which is onery and cussid.

Pertect us, from Nigger sojers, which is grinnin feends.

Shelter us from the gost of John Brown, which is marchin on.

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

A wide-awake minister, who, found his congregation going to sleep one morning before he fairly commenced, after preaching a few minutes, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if it ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't do it before I get commenced; give a man a chance."