

# The Potter Journal

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

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1866.

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## THE POTTER JOURNAL,

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**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. It is published weekly, except that of Potomac, it is published monthly, and the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

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**WILLIAMS, P. D.** Special attention given to Collection of Penalties, Beauty and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments. nov17

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## TWICE FREE.

In that right loyal book, "Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures," is a story of an escaped slave named Joseph, who was living in Philadelphia when the war broke out, and though prevented by his color from enlisting as a soldier, managed to get to the front as servant of a captain in the 9th New York. The progress of the war brought him again to the neighborhood of his old master, who was not above turning a penny by selling indigestible trash to the Yankee soldiers.

The planter got out the old market wagon, filled it with stale hams, uripie fruit, and pastry heavy enough to sit hard on even his conscience; and then, with old David as driver, set out for Charlestown. Entering the village not far from sunset, he directed his steps at once to the spot where the largest number of people were gathered. This happened to be a street corner, where a Union soldier, mounted on a barrel, was holding forth to a motley collection of whites and negroes on the inestimable blessings of freedom—now it was a good thing for the white man, and would not do any sort of harm to the black one. At the close of one of his first periods, the wagon came to a halt, and old David sang out: "Dat am 'our fine fresh pie, yer nice, juicy ham, and yer boilin' hot coffee. So walk up, gummam and la-d-dies. Only s-e-e-v-e-n-t-y-f-i-v-e cents for a slice ob ham, a cup ob coffee, a piece ob pie what wain't mad o' shoe leath-er."

The orator was at the beginning of another glowing sentence; but he turned abruptly on the old negro, and called out: "Shut up, you old fool; take your applicator somewhere else."

"And dat am de sort ob freedom you se come down yer talk 'bout!" responded old David, grinning very widely. "I reck-uns I had n't 'd'yer for seventy years, without haddin' out dat hain't no freedom ter preach in dese diggin's."

"Go it, old man!" "Give it to him, Yankee!" "Hustle him out!" and a score of similar exclamations arose from the crowd, which now swarmed round the wagon, like an army of flies round a wassess hoghead, threatening to devour its sweets without paying the revenue officer. The keen eye of the old darkey saw the danger; and mounting upon the top of the pile, he laid about with his whip in a way that kept both friends and enemies at a distance. At last his lash, unheededly came in contact with a soldier's profile.

"This was more than the freedman could bear, and with a blow on the old man's breast, sent him sprawling into the middle of the street.

The planter, meanwhile, had slunk away into the crowd, leaving his load of eatables and his faithful old servant to their fate; and there is no telling what that fate might have been, had not a new actor appeared on the scene. It was Joseph. Seizing the soldier by the collar, and tossing him over the wheels of the wagon as if he had been a bag of feathers he planted himself above the prostrate old man, and cried out to the now half riotous crowd, "Come on! you cowards, tack! a ole man loike dis. Come on! and I'll giv you a lesson in freedom dat's worth larnin'!"

No one seeming disposed to come on, the old darkey rising to his feet, added to his invitation: "Yas, come on!" he cried. "One sudden man kin whip five Yankees, and two can whip twenty. We are sudden men, so come on!"

This ridiculous challenge restored the good nature of the assemblage; and after old David had sufficiently tugged his unexpecting deliverer, they "come on," and emptied the planter's wagon, leaving in the hands of Joseph, who acted as sub-treasurer and money-changer, a larger quantity of current coin than could then be found in the vault of any bank in the "Old Dominion."

In this altered condition of affairs, the planter emerged from the mass of people, and came toward Joseph, with a face as smiling as an April day after a shower. "Ah, Joseph!" he said, "I am glad to see you back—glad to see you again serving your old master!"

Joseph drew himself up with all the dignity of an exalted functionary receiving some intriguing supplicant for office, and answered: "And who am you, sah?"

"Why I am your old master!" replied the planter, with a look of blank amazement.

"My massa, sah!" exclaimed the 'prop-erty,' "I hain't no massa 'cept Uncle Sam as you can see by my clothes—and you! Now I 'member you, youfse ovs o' dem ole scesah what hung John Brown, and we se come out yere to haug you—'spressly ter do dat, sah!"

The planter was now half-petrified with astonishment; but he faltered out in a conciliatory tone: "Old friends shouldn't quarrel, Joseph. I make no claim to you. You have earned your freedom."

At this the dignity of the "ohattel" suddenly forsook him, and bending forward he whispered in the ear of his mas-

ter: "Make out de free papers, den—make 'em out ter night; and den you'll sabs you' neck and get you' money;" and he coolly placed the bag of specie in the breast of his coat.

The planter watched the vanishing bag as the British bondholders may be supposed to have watched the falling Confederate loan—going down inch by inch, until it sunk at last with a sudden plunge, fully out of sight; but he coolly said, "Well, I will. Come to the plantation to-night, at nine o'clock, and the papers shall be ready."

"No, sah!" said Joseph, "you don't ootob ole birds with salt! You come ter de camp ob de Ninth New York—dat's de rigimen' I b'longs ter!"

"Well, I will," answered his master. "At nine o'clock—you'll be there?"

"I'll be dar!" answered the colored gentleman, walking away with the dignified strut of a New York alderman, who has just thrust his hand into the "public crib," and is proud of the achievement.

In much the same mood, he was about nine o'clock that night, pacing the grass in front of his captain's tent, when his master and another gentleman approached him. The latter wore a blue uniform, and Joseph saw, at a glance, was the provost marshal of the army. What could the officer be doing with his master? But Joseph was not long in doubt about his errand.

"That is the boy!" said the planter, pointing to his property, without giving it even a look of recognition.

"Come with me, boy," said the marshal, laying his hand on Joseph's shoulder.

"Scuse me, sah," answered Joseph, with considerable of his recent dignity—for so much could not be expected to evaporate in a moment. "I se engaged wid de captain."

"Never mind the captain; come with me," said the officer.

"I t'ank you sah! I'd rather not," answered Joseph stepping back towards the door of the tent.

The captain, who had listened to this conversation from the inside of the tent, now came out, and said to the marshal, "Major, what does this mean? What do you want with Joseph?"

"He is claimed by this gentleman as his slave," said the officer; "and the general's orders are to harbor no runaways."

"But Joseph is not a runaway. I got him in Philadelphia. What evidence have you that he ever belonged to this man?"

"Heaps of evidence," cried the planter in an excited tone. "My word, sir! I tell you he is my property, and has stolen a bag of my money. He has it oob about him."

"You lie, you ole dobble," shouted Joseph, drawing out the bag, and launching it at the head of the planter. "I hain't got you' money!"

According to rule Joseph "aimed low," and missing his face, the bag struck the master in the region of the pocket. The blow brought him down, and at the same time loosened the fastening of the bag, and scattered the coin, in a silver shower all over the ground. Rising soon to his knees the planter groped about for his runaway dollars, apparently forgetful of his other runaway property, which, even there was not of much value for general circulation in Virginia.

While the planter was searching for his stray gold, the captain and provost marshal continued the conversation. The former declined to give up the fugitive without express orders from the general; but, it being too late to obtain access to that officer that evening, he at last consented to Joseph's being lodged over night in jail to await his decision in the morning. So, in half an hour, the slave had found himself a tenant of the little cell from which John Brown went forth to die on the scaffold.

"His reflections, when the great key turned in the lock, and he was left alone in the gloomy room, were, as you may imagine, not of a very cheerful character. He thought of Deborah, of Robert, of Robert's mother, from all of whom he soon would be separated forever; he thought of the far South, of its hot sugar-fields, and deadly rice swamps, to which he would be sold as soon as the army went away; and he thought of the faithless government, for which he had offered his life, and which was now plugging him again into the abyss of slavery. He thought of this, for already he knew his fate. The captain had whispered, as he bade him good night at the door: "Get away, Joe, if you can—it is your only chance. Old Patterson is a pro-slavery man, if not a traitor. I shall do all I can; but I have no hope. He will give you up."

"Get away?" A camel may go through the eye of a needle; a rich man may go to heaven; but no human creature ever went through these prison walls." So thought Joseph, as he looked round his gloomy prison cell, and lay down to rest on a bundle of straw in the corner.

In the morning a soldier came in with his breakfast. The man had a kindly face

and Joseph, drawing him into conversation, soon learned that he was from Massachusetts. "You didn't cum out yere ter stand guard ober runaway darkies—shore?" said Joseph.

"Well, I didn't," answered the man; "I enlisted for another sort of work—for freeing 'em. I'd help you if I could; but I must obey orders. What do you mean to do?"

"Die, sooner dan go back into slavery!" "That's the talk," responded the soldier, "and here's a knife to help you. But whatever happens don't hurt yourself—Kill the wen-stealers—never kill yourself!"

"Dar's a gall up Norf' would keep me from doin' dat any how," said Joseph, putting the weapon—which was half dirk half butcher-knife—into the lining of his jacket. "Wid dis I'll git my freedom!"

The soldier left him, and the hours wore slowly away until he came again with his dinner. The man's face wore a look of more than usual animation, and closing the door carefully, he said: "Your captain has just been here. He did all he could, but old Patterson has decided against you. The captain says your master will no doubt come here within an hour and he wants you to go with him peacefully; for to-night, with half a dozen men he'll kidnap you, and have you twenty miles away by morning. He'll do it if it costs him his commission."

Tears were in the slave boy's eyes as he sat down and ate his dinner in silence. He was not utterly forsaken; white men were not utterly false; some of them had yet hearts somewhere about their bodies. This feeling was yet uppermost within him, when an hour or two later, he was summoned to meet his master.

The old man had come alone, with an open wagon. With the lieutenant of the guard, and a half a dozen other soldiers, he was standing at the doorway of the jail as Joseph came out with the attendant. A look of grim satisfaction was on his face when he caught sight of the chattel; but it changed to an expression of serious concern as he noticed that neither his hands nor his feet were manacled. Turning to the soldiers, he said: "Here, give me a piece of rope. I'm sure the general don't know you haven't tied the boy."

The general was high in favor with the slave owners, and deservedly so. He had not only poured out loyal gold by the bushel in payment for rebel crops—which gold was at once converted into the sinews of rebel war—but had also allowed every kidnapper in Virginia free access to his camp in pursuit of runaways; and thus afforded Johnson full information of the strength and probable movements of his army. History will be at a loss for the reason why Patterson with twenty thousand men, marched up a hill and then marched down again."

The lieutenant gave no heed to the planter's request; but one of the men threw him a piece of rope, with which he attempted to tie Joseph's ankles together. But, strange as it may seem, the ankles objected to being tied. Only one of them could possibly be made to submit to the operation; and, after tugging away at the other until he was out of breath and red in the face, he turned to the officer, and said—a sickly smile playing round the corners of his sunken mouth—"I say, lieutenant, just let one of your men lend me a hand to tie the boy's legs. He's darned lightfooted."

The officer was a Boston boy, and this was work he was not accustomed to. With great effort he had smothered his wrath until then; but then it burst forth like a clap of thunder. "Begone you infernal ruffian!" he cried. "Take your property and begone! If one of my men touches your rope, I'll give him what will make him hate rope as long as he lives. Begone, I say! Take your property, and begone!"

The planter had heard thunder before; but never thunder that foretold such a storm as then was brewing. Hastily turning to Joseph, he said, in a whining pleading tone: "Joseph, want you—want you—go into the wagon?"

"Massa," he said coolly, "you se tuck de wrong road."

"I know which road I've taken, boy," said the master; "we've not far to go." And he put whip to his horse, and urged him on even more rapidly.

An ordinary meal bag lay in the bottom of the wagon. What was in it Joseph did not know; but it evidently contained something which his master would not care to leave behind. When the planter's face was turned a trifle, Joseph touched the bag with his foot, and tossed it into the road, exclaiming, "Golly, massa; who'd a tork sich a little kick as dat wold a sent de bag ober. But you needn't neber mind; I'll jess get out and hab it in a jiffy!"

The master looked at him for a moment then said: "No, recon not. I recon, if you get out you'll take to your legs. I'll get the bag myself."

Joseph's heart beat faster; a cold shudder passed over him; for by this ruse he had hoped to save his master's life, and now he saw him rusting blindly on his fate! The planter got out of the wagon, and with the reins backed the horse to where the bag lay in the highway. Then he threw it into the wagon, and was preparing to get in himself, when a happy thought struck Joseph—a thought which no doubt saved the planters' life. The reins were in the planter's hand, and his hand was on the side of the wagon, when, quickly drawing his knife, Joseph severed them at a blow, and springing up, applied the whip to the horse's back. The frightened animal bounded away, leaving the astonished planter standing in the middle of the road. His shouts and curses came down from the wind, but they only struck fire from the horse's heels, and widened the distance between him and his property. On they went, over the stones, through mud and mire, till the poor animal could go no further. Then Joseph halted, tied him to a tree by the roadside, and opened the meal bag. In it were a revolver, a pair of handcuffs, and a flask of whiskey.

"Dese yere are contraband of war," said Joseph to himself; "but I'll jess be far, and divide with massa. I'll leab him de bag, and de handcuffs; and tuck de 'ol ver' and de whiskey. If I donot, what wid his wrof, and de whiskey, he'll kill hisself wid de 'ol ver, jess ter leab his feelin's."

But he must have uttered this soliloquy as he walked forward; for he lost no time in plunging into the woods, and making his way into Pennsylvania. It was two days before he reached a place of safety; and, meanwhile, he lived upon the whisky. For nearly three years after these events he remained at home, working for the good Quaker and happy with Deborah in the little room in the fourth story. Then he went to war again.—Edmund Kirke.

**THE BRIBERY CASE OF LAST SESSION**—Last winter some of the Philadelphia politicians thought they would make some money out of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, on a bill then pending before the Legislature. They persuaded a Mr. Jackson that \$30,000 would be necessary to pass the bill, which of itself, was unobjectionable. A committee was raised in the Senate to investigate the matter. Lowry, the chairman, has made a report to the Senate with the testimony. We have only room for the following paragraph which gives the sum and substance of the case.

"Your committee have reason to believe that Mr. Albert R. Schofield, Mr. William H. Witte and Mr. George Northrop, were 'of one mind' in this matter, and that they combined to extort \$30,000 from Mr. Tallow Jackson by false and mischievous representations, and that after a pretended officiousness around this capital in aid of his bill, to which was no one opposed, they intended to divide the money between them. That they never intended to pay any part of it to any member of either branch of the Legislature. That they did so appropriate to themselves \$50,000, and that, but for the exposure in the Senate and the appointment of this committee, the balance of the money, to wit: \$25,000 would have been likewise retained and divided among them."

The above named gentleman are leaders of the so-called democracy of Philadelphia. Mr. Witte has been a standing candidate for Governor for the last ten years, a secessionist sympathizer of the Vallandigham order. Northrop was a candidate for Congress and defeated. He is perhaps more bitter than Witte. Schofield is a politician of the same stripe, and refused to testify on professional grounds.—Sabbury American.

**One of the Church Militant.** The following story is told by Peter Cartwright, the hard-shell Methodist pioneer in the western prairies. He believed in the use of the carnal weapons of war, and when with rough characters, would assert his mastery over them by simple physical strength and daring. The following incident, resting on good authority, is very like one told of a North Carolina pioneer, who pummeled grace into a profane and fighting blacksmith.

One day on approaching the ferry across the Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermon of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry him across, and knew him he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman: "Stranger, I want you to put me across the river."

"Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman; and he pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished he turned to Peter and said, "Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you have been using my name improper like; and said if I came this way you would drown me. Now you have got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?"

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher, but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nape of the neck and the other on the seat of his trousers, and plunged him into the water, saying:

"I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, Peter added: "Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it's time you did."

"Never will," answered the ferryman. "Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the deep again."

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

"The gasping victim shouted: 'I'll do anything you bid me.'"

"Then follow me: Our father which art in Heaven, &c. Having acted clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried out:

"Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises: First that you will repeat that prayer every morning and evening as long as you live; Second, that you will hear every preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense."

"Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman.

And strange to say, that man became a shining light.

**Caution to Sheep Owners.** We copy the following excellent suggestions for wool-growers from the circular of Mr. F. C. D. McKay, the general agent of the American Emigrant Company. The company has over ten thousand head of sheep scattered among farmers who have purchased land of it.

1. Keep sheep dry under feet with litter; this is eyed more necessary than roofing for them; and never suffer them to lie in mud or snow.

2. Take up back lambs early in the spring, and keep them until the first of December following, when they may be turned out.

3. Drop or take out the lowest bars as sheep enter the yard.

4. Count your sheep every day.

5. Begin graining with the greatest care and use the smallest quantity at first.

6. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk daily for a few days, and mix a little alkali with her salt.

7. Let no hogs eat with the sheep—by no means in the spring.

8. Give lambs a little milk feed in time of weaning.

9. Never frighten sheep.

10. Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather, if you can.

11. Separate all weak, or thin, or sick, from the strong in the fall, and give them special care.

12. If a sheep is hurt catch it at once and wash the wound, and if it is fly time, apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with something healing; if a limb be broken, bind with splinters, tightly, loosening as the limb swells. Don't let sheep spoil wool with chaff or burrs.

13. Cut tag locks in early spring.

14. For scours, give pulverized alum fit wheat bran—prevent in taking great care in changing dry for green food.

15. If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs, and pare the hoofs if unsound, apply tobacco, with blue vitriol boiled in a little water.

16. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and save carefully the poll of any sheep that dies.

17. Have some good work by, to refer to; at least; it will be money in your pocket.

Sir Morton Peto, the English capitalist said of President Johnson, in a late speech in England; "I was with him some time and I will say at once, that he is a man who, once seen is never forgotten, for he is one of nature's true nobility—a man who not only has talent and mind, but who thank God, has a heart."