

The Potter Journal.

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

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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, and the State, and the principle, it will endeavor to hold in the work of more fully Freeing our Country.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Robt. Hawley. H. H. Cummin.

WILLIAM SHERIDAN, Attorney-at-Law, Special attention given to Collection of Penalties, County and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments. Office on Main street, no. 217.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons LULIA LODGE, No. 322, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 23d and 25th of each month. Hall, in the old School Block. D. C. LARKINER, Sec. WM. SHEAR, W. M.

R. A. DRAKE, M. D. PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, offers his services to the citizens of this county, and will be pleased to attend to all cases of a professional nature. Office on Main street, over M. W. McAlarney's Store. He can be reached at any time at the office of the Pot & Ross Estate, 41-28.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D. PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Couderdport, Pa. respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will be pleased to attend to all cases of a professional nature. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 37-49.

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Couderdport, Pa. will attend to all business in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

ARTHUR G. OLIMSTED, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Couderdport, Pa. will attend to all business in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. Office in the second story of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Couderdport, Pa. will attend to all business in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. Office on Second street, in the Albany block.

F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Couderdport, Pa. will attend to all business in Potter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALARNEY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Hanover, Pa. Agents for the collection of Penalties, County and State Government, in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. Office at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets, in the Albany block.

M. W. McALARNEY, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, Couderdport, Pa. will attend to all business in Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. Office in the second story of the Albany block.

P. A. STEBBINS & Co., MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

C. H. SIMMONS, MERCHANT—WELLVILLE N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

C. S. & E. A. JONES, MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

D. E. OLIMSTED, MERCHANT—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

COLLINS SMITH, MERCHANT—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29.

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main street, Couderdport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Couderdport, Pa. This Hotel is kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroad.

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.

WANTED, AGENTS, \$100 PER MONTH. To sell the Improved Common Sense Family Sewing Machine. This Machine will stitch, hem, fold, cord, and bind, and is of a superior quality, and is sold at a low price. Price only \$25. Every Machine is warranted three years. For terms address or call on BOWERS & Co., Reception rooms No. 206 & 208, Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1m

MARBLE WORK, Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by Breunlich, Residence: Euclid, 1 1/2 miles south of Couderdport, Pa., on the Shenandoah Valley Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-67

DAN BAKER, PENSION, BOUNTY AND CLAIM AGENCY, Pension papers for Soldiers of the United States who are disabled by reason of wounds received in battle, or by disease contracted while in the service of the United States, and pension papers for the widows of those who have died in battle, or by disease contracted while in the service of the United States, will be promptly and accurately prepared, and the necessary papers for their signature. Pension in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refer to H. A. Tipton, Pension Agent, A. G. Olmsted, John E. Mann, and M. W. Knox, Esq. DAN BAKER, Claim Agent, Couderdport, Pa. June 64

\$1,500 Per Year. We want agents everywhere to sell our improved 220 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary of large commissions paid. The only machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. & Bechler. All other cheap machines are inferior and the seller or user is liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars sent free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddle St., Malaga, or Chicago, Ill. De. 25, 1865. 16-17

UNCLE INGOT.

If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common counsellor of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no regard to cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said "legitimate" purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the result of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac,—"allying herself with coimence," some of them called it,—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his profession, although government had never seen fit to enable any member of it, and perhaps all the more on that account; for he was of those radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and "bex" like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly strained. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit; with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin money was very limited, and poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but as I have said they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who has ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain noble tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge,—much more like than any Silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not poverty, at least very urgent want. What is meant of course was, that he was

resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-marks for his birth-day, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that Bacon's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks in a clear and clerly letter, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner,—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End,—and sent her a pine-apple for the desert of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their fall-out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach, that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true; he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out and the new year in," in company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in these school days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot; the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account; secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their host; but this never happened in the last week of the year.—Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend,—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable,—When everything was arranged, I say to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?" Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help and left the carriage forthwith. As it was he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination.—Reading. What indignities might he not suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind,—and at this idea, Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger as they flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore looking anxiously around the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his moustaches she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny

cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady demurely, "Here is your five-pound note; please give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me,—come."

"There go the church-bells!" cried Tom Whaffles, "it is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enemies. Give your uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

Mr. Cowan admitted in conversation at Washington, that his purpose was to denounce the Republican Party in Pennsylvania so as to secure the defeat of Gen. Geary. It did not need his admission to convince observers that such was his purpose. In the distribution of Federal patronage in this State, Mr. Cowan is further reported to be associated with Mr. Buckalew. It does not require special telegrams from the National Capital to convince people they are acting in concert. Ever since Mr. Buckalew took his place in the Senate he and Mr. Cowan have voted together on the same side on almost every division. If Mr. Buckalew is a Copperhead, we cannot see how Senator Cowan can escape the same imputation.

THE news from Germany is less warlike. The Paris *Charivari* has a cartoon representing Prussia and Austria at a grindstone, vigorously sharpening swords with but an inch or two of blade to the handle, on which is inscribed: "By dint of sharpening their sabres to frighten each other, there will remain in the end scarcely anything to cut with when the day arrives for using their weapons so repeatedly prepared."

THERE is a rumor that the President advocates the calling of a National Convention to settle the issues now pending. Upon that the previous question would be demanded—what is, what States shall be represented in the proposed body?

Congress has passed a bill, by the decisive vote of 116 to 11, to revive the grade of General in the United States army, and the pay of the incumbent will be about \$1,200 per annum more than the present pay of Lieut. Gen. Grant. The bill, of course, passes the Senate and the position will, in obedience to the universal demand of the nation, be given to Gen. Grant, and the Lieutenant Generalship vacated by his promotion, will be given to Gen. Sherman. The United States army will then have one General and two Lieutenant Generals—Scott having voluntarily retired, as the law authorized him to do, with his rank and pay.

The President has sent a message to Congress in answer to a resolution of inquiry, which discloses the fact that he has pardoned nearly every rebel who applied for pardon, and has restored them their property in every instance.

The House of Representatives at Washington on the 30th ult., passed the bill admitting the Territory of Colorado as a State of the Union. Colorado will form the thirty-seventh State in the sisterhood of our Republic, and thus another star shall be added to the bright galaxy of our National banner. Colorado was organized as a Territory in 1861, with its capital at Golden City. Its area embraces 146,475 square miles. In 1865 the population, including 15,000 Indians, was estimated at fully 70,000. It lies between the 37th and 41st parallels of north latitude, and the 102d and the 109th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich, being the 25th and 32d west from Washington, and is directly west from Kansas. Colorado is especially rich in minerals, and gold is found abundantly in many portions of the State. During the past two years thousands of emigrants, from the East and West, have taken up lands in this remote State, and are now engaged in developing its resources.

The Secretary of the Treasury presents his monthly statement of the public debt as follows: Debt bearing coin interest, \$1,186,092,841 80; bearing currency interest, \$188,313,541 62; matured and not presented, \$877,729 64; bearing no interest, \$452,302,755 54. Total, \$2,827,676,871 60. The amount in the Treasury is \$13,987,028 82, and the debt less cash is \$2,689,689,842 79. There is a decrease since last month.

The House has passed by a unanimous vote a resolution tendering to the Emperor of Russia its congratulations on his recent escape from assassination. The act is a fit and graceful recognition of the services of Alexander to the cause of freedom and of his unswerving friendship for us.

CHIHUAHU has been taken and occupied by the Liberal forces, and the Mexican Government is now established there. Two other victories had also been gained, which restore the whole State to the legitimate Government.

The President has prohibited Gen. Howard from giving any information relative to outrages committed by Southern whites on the freedmen. Of course, "my policy" appears best, the less information the people have of the actual condition of affairs.

There is much clamor in the Copperhead journals, against the Report of the Committee on Reconstruction, "whereof the sum and substance is this: 'If the Rebels are not allowed to vote till 1870, how can a Copperhead be chosen President in 1868?' We really can't say.

THE Norristown *Herald* has very nicely proven that if the Congress now in session is a "Rump," so also is Andrew Johnson. If it is illegal, as the President says, to pass laws while a portion of these States to which these laws are to be applied are unrepresented, then the acts of the President are also illegal. The electoral college which made Andrew Johnson Vice President did not contain more votes than there are members of the Present Congress. The copperhead organs, in their dirty zeal to cast disgrace on Congress by calling it a Rump, forgot these facts.

Among those who attract an early notice of strangers visiting the United States Senate Chamber, at Washington, is the Hon. John Sherman, of Mansfield, Ohio, who sits in the middle row of desks on the right and near the main aisle. Soldiers who have fought under his brother, the General, inquire for him immediately after Sumner and Fessenden. His six feet of stature are considerably lengthened by a slender erect figure, and he seems to overtop the entire Senate. His head is deep, hair and beard Auburn, forehead capacious, nose long and straight, and features thin and rather sharp. He dresses in neat taste and demeans himself with dignity, speaking quite frequently and always with point and vigor. He is a native Buckeye, forty-two years old, has been six years a Representative and five a Senator.

The recent attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, who has signalized his reign by the emancipation of more than twenty millions of serfs, was made by a landholder who considered himself aggrieved by this noble deed. Thus the God-dish spirit of slavery which doomed to martyrdom the chosen ruler of America, has displayed itself in a similar manner in the dominions of our ancient and faithful ally. We are furnished with a new proof of the fearfully demoralizing influence exercised by the sum of all villainies upon its supporters, and see that the revengeful and dangerous passions it generates are confined to no clime or country. It breeds traitors and assassins as naturally as a serpent distils venom.

The old-fashioned custom of rejecting a man as juror on the trial of capital offences, because he has been intelligent enough to read the newspaper reports of the case, and sane enough to form an opinion on the basis of those reports, is, we rejoice to see, falling at last into disuse. In the choice of the jury for trying Probst, in Philadelphia, the Court admitted those as jurors of the panel, who, notwithstanding the formation of an opinion, answered that they would be governed in their verdict by the evidence before the Court.

Count Adam Gurovski, the diplomatist and author, died on Friday at Washington. The Count was a Polish exile having been one of the heroes of the Polish Revolution, in which he commanded a Brigade. He was a fluent scholar in the Russian, German, Hungarian, Spanish, Italian, French, Latin and English languages. He could speak them all. Upon European politics he was an encyclopedia of knowledge. He resided in Washington all through the war, and rendered the Administration no little service.

A National cemetery has been commenced at Winchester, Virginia, which is intended to contain the remains of the United States soldiers buried in that portion of the Shenandoah Valley. It is situated in the western portion of the town, and contains about an acre and a-half. About 400 bodies of Federal soldiers were already interred on the spot previously to its selection, and over 100 have been buried there since.