

# The Potter Journal

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

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1866.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 11

## 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 Freeing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made:—“Single” 1 square, 1 insertion, \$1.00  
“do” 2 or 3 insertions, “do” 10 00  
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## BUSINESS NOTICES.

**Robt. Hawley.**  
Attorneys-at-Law.  
WILLIAMSPORT, Penna. Special attention given to collection of pensions, Bounties and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments. my21

**Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons**  
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**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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Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. Office in the second story of the Oldmsted Block.

**ISAAC BENSON.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Court near the Allegheny bridges. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridges.

**F. W. KNOX.**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegheny bridges.

**MILLER & McALARNEY.**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Harrisburg, Penna., Agents for the collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Pensions, Bounties, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address, Barrington Building, W. B. MILLER, J. C. McALARNEY.

**M. W. McALARNEY.**  
REAL ESTATE and SURETY AGENT.—Will buy and sell, and insure property against fire in the best Companies in the Country, and Persons against Accidents in the Travellers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Business transacted promptly. 17-25

**P. A. STEBBINS & Co.**  
MERCHANTS—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—Wellsville, 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 Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

**D. E. OLMS TED.**  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provision, &c. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

**COLLINS SMITH.**  
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country store. 18

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**COUDERSPORT HOTEL.**  
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. A Greasy 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-PRINTING to our former assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Order solicited.

**LYMAN HOUSE.**  
Lewisville, Potter county, P. A. Proprietor. Having taken this Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and cells confidence of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him.—Feb. 12, 66

**MARBLE WORK.**  
Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by C. Brennie, Residence: Enlatia, 1 1/2 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 18

**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 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 of full statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for the signature. Reside in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olms ted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.  
June 64

**\$1.500 Per Year!** We want agents every where to sell our improved 30 Sewing Machines. These new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co. & Brother. All other cheap machines are inferior and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Bldg. Ford, Main, or Chicago, Ill. Dec. 23, 1865. 18715

**Something New and Novel for Agents.**  
Peddlers, Country Stores, Druggists, and all seeking an honorable and profitable business. Free by mail for 25 cts. wholesale 50 per doz. Canvasers realize \$5 to \$12 per day. ABBOTT & DOWD,  
my21-121 Manufacturers, 106 Water

## MY TWO SISTERS.

[To his new poem entitled "Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl," Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier thus describes two of his Sisters; "gone before, to the better land."]  
There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside;  
A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful and almost passively just,  
Impulsively earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thoughts a fact,  
The secret of self-sacrifice.  
O heart-sore-tired! thou hast the best  
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest—  
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
How many a poorer one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part  
Of all the saw, and let her heart  
Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the molly-brided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of Paradise.  
O, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do those large eyes behold me still?  
With me one little year ago—  
The chill weight of the winter snow

For months upon her grave has lain;  
And now, when summer south-winds blow,  
And brier and honeysuckle bloom again,  
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
I see the violet sprinkled sod  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
Yet following me where'er I went  
With dark eyes full of love's content.  
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills  
The air with sweetness; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be nigh,  
A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings,  
And yet, dear heart! remembering, thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?

Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can touch the wealth I hold?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thine love hath left in trust with me?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

We sit beneath their orchard-trees  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the blided corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since life who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day,  
Nor looks the mournful mables play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That life is ever land of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

## THE ORDERLY'S STORY.

A dark volume of smoke shot up from  
the city [Atlanta] in one vast spiral  
column; and then came a dead, heavy,  
rumbling report. One of the arsenals  
was blown up by a shell. This was followed  
by a fierce fire, which shot up, almost  
simultaneously, in different points. A  
cheer came from our batteries, and was  
taken up along the whole line.

"War is a cruelty," said the general  
beside me, "we know not how many  
innocents are now suffering in this  
wonderful city."  
"I'm dog gone if I like it," said a soldier,  
slapping his branny hand upon his  
thigh; "I can fight my weight of rattle-  
snakes, scarabaches, or sneaking rebels;  
but this thing of smoking out women and  
children, darn me if it's fair."

"Pah!" exclaimed an orderly near us,  
on whom the general placed great confi-  
dence as a scout, and who went through  
some hair-breadth escapes; "the women  
are the worst of them; one of them put  
the rope once on my neck to hang me."

"Indeed! how was that, Bentley?"  
"At the battle of Peach-tree Creek I  
got captured, and was brought before  
General Hood to be pumped; and as he  
could not get anything out of me, he or-  
dered me back to the other prisoners,  
when an officer, attended by an escort,  
rode up and saluted the general."

"Ha! Mademoiselle Major, how do  
you do?" said the general, doffing his  
hat.  
"Well, general," and she jumped off  
her horse, threw her bridle to the orderly,  
and politely returned the salute.  
"The she-majors was strangely dressed;  
she wore a cap decked with feathers and  
gold lace, flowing pants, with a full kind  
of velvet coat coming just below her hips,  
fastened with a rich crimson sash, and  
partly open at the bosom.

"In her belt she carried a revolver, and  
by her side a regulation sword. I looked  
at her; her features were rather an-  
nuburned, giving her a manly appearance.  
Only for her voluptuous bust, little hands,

and peculiar airs, I might have taken her  
to be a very handsome little officer of the  
masculine gender.

"As I gazed at her, she looked full in  
my face; and turning to the general, she  
pointed her whip at me, and asked, "Who  
is that fellow, general?"

"A prisoner that has just come in—  
a duce; I couldn't get a word out of  
him."

"Indeed, general, that is a spy;" and  
she again pointed her whip at me.  
"O, no; he is only just brought in  
and captured."

"That may be; but he is a spy. I  
saw him at General Johnston's one day,  
and he was full of lying information,  
which cost the general many a life."

"Is that so?" said the general.  
"On my honor, come here, Hartly;"  
and she called over her orderly. "Did you  
ever see that man before?"  
"Yes, Mademoiselle Major."

"Where?"  
"At General Johnston's, where he  
was giving information as a scout."

"What have you to say to all this, my  
man?" said the general.  
"I had nothing to say, for it was all  
true."

"What shall I do with him; shall I  
hang him?" said the general.  
"Give him to me," said she, with a  
sweet smile; "I am going to General  
Johnston's; it might be well to take him  
there."

"I will make you a present of him,"  
said the general.  
"After spending some time with the  
general in the tent, she came out, and  
placing me between her and the orderly,  
traced the nation that had reposed confi-  
dence in him. His fate was that of all  
traitors. Cursed by the country he had  
betrayed, he was scorned and despised by  
the nation to whom he had dishonorably  
sold himself. At last, unhonored, up-  
littered, he died in merited obscurity, and  
has become a synonym of the basest  
treachery wherever the English language  
is spoken. The following anecdote on the  
name of Benedict Arnold, containing the  
fiercest invective of his treason, is ascribed  
to the pen of his cousin, Oliver Arnold. It  
is unsurpassed in bitterness.

Born for a curse to virtue and mankind,  
Earth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a  
mind,  
Night's sable veil your crime can never hide,  
Each one so great 't would gladden  
Defunct, your cursed memory will live,  
In all the glare that infamy can give;  
Curse of ages will attend your name,  
Traitors alone will glory in your shame.

Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll  
Rivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul,  
Nature looks shuddering back with conscious  
dread  
On such a tarnished blot as she has made,  
Lest hell receive you, rivited in your chains,  
Doomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

British sentiment concerning this  
American traitor is sufficiently shown by  
the following extract from the Proceed-  
ings of Parliament:  
"March 20, 1782. On the Earl of  
Surrey's rising in Parliament, to make his  
motion about removing ministers, he hap-  
pened to spy Arnold, the American se-  
ceding general, in the House, and sent  
him a message to depart, threatening, in  
case of refusal, to move for breaking up  
the gallery; to which the general an-  
swered that he was introduced there by a  
member. To which Lord Surrey re-  
plied, he might, under that condition,  
stay, if he would promise never to enter  
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of public disrespect he had met with; the  
king having been forced to engage his  
royal word not to employ or pension him  
—a just reward for treachery, which is  
ever odious."—Curwen, page 388.

Unless the world is degenerating, the  
names of Jeff. Davis, Floyd & Co., will  
yet be equally odious to all men.

The State of Matrimony is one of  
the United States. It is bounded by hug-  
ging and kissing on the one side, and  
babies and cradles on the other. Its chief  
products are population, broomsticks and  
staying out late o' nights. It was dis-  
covered by Adam and Eve in trying to  
find the north-west passage out of Para-  
dise. The climate is sultry till you pass  
the tropics of house-keeping, when equally  
weather generally sets in with such power  
as to make all hands as cool as cucumbers.  
For the principal road to this interesting  
State, consult the first pair of blue eyes  
you run against.

At a protracted meeting, recently held  
out West, an ancient sister in the church  
arose and said: "I see young ladies here  
who think more of gawgaws, furbelows,  
ribbons and laces than they do of their  
Creator. I loved them once, and adorned  
my hat with French artificial flowers,  
bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trim-  
mings; but I found they were dragging  
me down to destruction, so I took them  
off—and gave them to my sister."

A German Princess, Maria Dorothea,  
took leave of a Christian missionary with  
these words: "Christians never part for  
the last time—Adieu."

woman stood over me with a shaded light  
in her hands.

"Make no noise," she whispered, "but  
get up."

"I looked at her as I sat up. She took  
a knife and cut the cord from my neck,  
and then tried to open the chain."

"Your poor hands are all torn," said  
she compassionately, as she unloosed the  
bloody chain.

"Alas! yes," said I; "but why do you  
try to leave me?"  
"Because I am a woman, and true to  
the instincts of a woman, which is to  
save, not to kill. Poor boy! some sister  
or mother would fret for you. If you  
should ever meet one in such a situation,  
do as much for him. Now go, but very  
quietly."

"But you! will they not hurt you?"  
"No, no. I know them; it will not  
do for them to quarrel with me; follow  
me."

"I glided through the kitchen; the two  
rebels were sleeping beside the fire. I  
passed out, then imprinting a grateful  
kiss on my deliverer's cheek, fled and got  
into camp next day."

## THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAITOR.

On the 14th day of June, 1801, at  
Gloucester Place, London, at the age of  
sixty-one years, died Benedict Arnold, the  
first American traitor. Like the  
traitors of the present time, he was em-  
ployed and trusted by his country, re-  
ceived promotion and honor at its hands,  
and then, because a check had been tem-  
porarily put to his ambition, basely be-  
trayed the nation that had reposed confi-  
dence in him. His fate was that of all  
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took leave of a Christian missionary with  
these words: "Christians never part for  
the last time—Adieu."

## A GOOD STORY.

In one of the small interior towns of  
New England, where the superstitions of  
our own ancestors still possess a hold on  
the people, the fact occurred a few years  
since of which the following is a true  
narration:

An honest farmer and his family pre-  
paring to celebrate Thanksgiving at his  
wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were  
hurried and confused extremely on the  
day preceding that festival, by the multi-  
plicity of things which must be done be-  
fore they could leave home with safety.  
The house was to be "banked up" and  
the gleanings of the harvest, cabbage, tur-  
nips, and so forth, put into the cellar, that  
the external entrance thereto might be  
closed for the season. Having carried in  
the vegetables, the boys were dispatched  
to the barn for straw to fill the passage  
with, while the good man was busied on  
the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the horned patriarch of a  
large flock of sheep kept on the farm,  
having got a taste of the scattered cabbage  
leaves, unobserved entered the cellar and  
silently continued his feast. The avenue  
through which he entered was immedi-  
ately closed up, and all the necessary work  
and arrangements being completed, the  
larger boys and girls set off on foot in high  
glee, the dog running and barking before  
them.

Soon after, the parents and their little  
ones, having put out the fire and fastened  
the doors and windows to keep out thieves  
started on the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following  
the festival, the family returned home,  
accompanied by some young cousins. Some  
of their youthful neighbors of both sexes,  
were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving  
carousal was in full tide of successful  
operation, when one of the boys, who  
had been sent into the cellar with a little  
two wick candle, which gave just enough  
light to make darkness visible, to draw  
cider, ran back into the room, with eyes  
glaring wildly, uttering the half-suffocating  
exclamation:  
"The devil is in the cellar!"

"Pooh," said the father, "you have only  
been frightened by your own shadow;  
give me the light."

Saying this, he seized the candle—  
leaving the candlestick fast in the hand of  
the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar  
stairs, but before he had descended half  
the steps, the large saucer eyes and enor-  
mous horns of the ram caused him to re-  
tract as much terrified as his son, exclaiming:  
"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!"

The good man seized the great Bible,  
and attempted to read, but the candle  
spluttered, burned blue, and threw such a  
feebly light on the sacred pages, and the  
book trembled so much in the hands of  
the reader, that he could not distinguish  
one word from another. The little chil-  
dren cried and clung to the mother; the  
girls nestled close to their favorite swains  
and the whole house was shaken with the  
agitation of its half-demented inhabitants.  
One bright thought, however, occurred,  
and a messenger was sent for the minister  
to come and "lay the devil."

The parson, a man more celebrated for  
good nature, piety, and credulity, than for  
talent and heroism, slipped a small Bible  
into his pocket, put on his band and sur-  
plice, that he might appear as formidable  
to his great antagonist as possible, and  
hastened to the relief of his distressed  
parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend  
man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored  
by at least a dozen voices at the same  
moment, to drive the devil away. But few  
moments were lost in asking questions  
which no one could answer, before the  
parson pushed forward as a leader, with  
the same penurious light, into the cellar,  
the most courageous of the company keep-  
ing close behind him. He reached the  
foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, the  
outline of the enormous horns,  
magnified tenfold at least, by the terror  
of those that beheld them, removed all  
doubt if any had existed in his mind as to  
the infernal nature of the being with whom  
he had to contend.

The divine instantly fell on his knees,  
and, with uplifted hands, began to pray  
in his most fervent manner. The ram  
in his misunderstanding the pious man's motives  
but supposing by the motion of his hands  
that he was daring him to a butting con-  
test, made a pass with all his might, at  
his supposed adversary, but, deceived by  
the swelling dimensions of his drapery,  
missed the slender body of the priest, and  
drawing hastily back to renew the assault,  
hooked one of his horns into the belt of  
the surplice and pulled the priest with  
him into the cellar.

While thus in the power of his victo-  
rious foe, he lost hope as it regarded him-  
self, and the natural benevolence of his  
disposition burst forth in the exclamation:  
"Brethren, take care of yourselves; the  
devil has got me."

This exhortation was better obeyed  
than any he had ever delivered from the  
pulpit—his friends all fled, and left him  
to his fate.

Among the company was a  
shrewd young farmer, who had, from the  
first, supposed the feat to be some do-  
mestic animal, but being "a lover of fun—  
and, willing to see a comedy, kept his  
thoughts to himself and pretended to  
sympathize with others in their fears.  
He thought it time to "interfere," and,  
snatching a pitch pine knot from the  
blazing fire, expressed his determination  
to rescue the preacher or perish in the  
attempt.

"Don't do it!" shouted several.  
"What does the devil care for fire?"  
said another.

"Take along the bible if you will go!"  
suggested another.  
But unheeding the suggestions and the  
manifestations of concern for his safety, he  
pushed into the cellar, seized the animal  
by one of his horns and dragged the  
struggling ram up stairs; calling to the  
astonished parson "Follow me!" The  
horned devil was led in triumph, followed  
by the Ecclesiastical, in the midst of the  
company. A momentary silence and hang-  
ing down of heads ensued, but the past  
scene was too ludicrous to admit of sober  
reflection, and loud peals of laughter  
burst forth from every side, during which  
the parson absented himself without ceremony  
and the sports of the evening were re-  
sumed with better spirits than before.

**CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.**—In a town  
in Connecticut, not long ago, lived Aunt  
Keziah, an industrious and thriving  
widow. She had not only kept good her  
estate, but had increased it much in value  
and she loved to refer to it as "the little  
home poor Daniel left her."

One day the "income man" came along  
and carried off some of that little hoarded  
treasure, and she wept as she counted out  
the bills on which her partner's fingers  
had once rested—so sacredly does the  
heart cling to the memories of the departed.

A few hours afterward she was at the  
table kneading bread, and evidently  
thinking of the lost one, when her niece  
said:

"Aunt, now you are prosperous and  
well to do, let's get a pretty tomb-stone  
for good Uncle Daniel; you say he has  
none at his grave."

Aunt Keziah lifted up her doughy hands  
to emphasize this touching expression:  
"Jane, if they want anything of Daniel  
at the judgment, they can find him with-  
out a guide-board. I tell you he'll be there  
on time."

Nothing more was said.

If anything in the world will make a  
man feel badly, except pinching his fingers  
in the crack of a door, it is, unquestion-  
ably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to  
think less of himself after it than before.  
It degrades him in the eyes of others, and  
what is worse blunts his sensibilities on  
the one hand, and increases the power of  
passionate irritability on the other. The  
truth is, the more peaceably and quietly  
we get on, the better for our neighbors.  
In nine cases out of ten, the better course  
is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with  
him; if he is abusive, quit his company;  
and if he slanders you, take care to live so  
that nobody will believe him. No matter  
who he is, or how he misuses you, the  
wisest way is to let him alone, for there  
is nothing better than this cool, calm, and  
quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we  
meet with.

**A FAST HORSE.**—Dave C—is one  
of those characters that are to be found  
in almost every place. He is always  
driving a horse that he imagines is fast,  
and putting on even more style than the  
speed of the horse will warrant.

As he was driving into town recently,  
he overtook "Uncle Ike" who was well  
known as a dry joker, and who resolved to  
"take a little of the conceit out of him," if  
opportunity offered. As Uncle Ike was  
afoot, Dave stopped his horse, and asked  
him to ride.

"No," replied Uncle Ike, "much  
obliged to you, but I guess not."

"You had better do so," said Dave  
eyeing his fast horse with much complac-  
ency, "I am going straight into the place  
and will take you right through."

"Well," responded Uncle Ike, as he  
commenced to climb in, "I don't care if  
I do, as I have plenty of time, and am not  
in much of a hurry to get there."

The horse went ahead, but Uncle Ike  
never again received an invitation to ride  
with Dave.

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 consummate and  
impudent scoundrel." Here somebody  
whispered to him that the prisoner was  
his client, when he immediately con-  
tinued:—"But what great and good man  
ever lived who was not occasionally by  
many of his contemporaries."

Jefferson Davis' term of imprisonment  
reached a year, May 22.