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 10 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
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☞ Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

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O. T. ELLISON, M. D.,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

JOHN S. MANN,

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

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. Office in the second storey of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Couder-port, 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

E. W. KNOX,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

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

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

CHARLES S. JONES,

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

D. E. OLMSTED,

MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, Provisions, &c., Main street, Coudersport, Pa

COLLINS SMITH,

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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.

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.

LYMAN HOUSE.

Lewisville, Potter County, Pennsylvania:

BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him.—Feb. 12, 66 tf

MARBLE WORK

Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by

C. Breunle.

Residence: Eulalia, 1½ miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Sinnemahoning Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. fe6'

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DAN BAKER,
June8 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

$1.500 Per Year! We want agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or 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., & Bachelder. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. Dec. 26, 1865. 1awly.

Itch! Itch! Itch! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

WHEATON'S OINTMENT,

Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. eo notice way 1yr.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

I.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a 'that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

II.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that;
And none whose garb is "holden grey,"
Was fool and knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fail and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

III.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And *not* a man for a' that.

IV.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Not half a man for a' that

V.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that,"
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

VI.

For a' that, and a' that,
Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that;
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

THE VOW AT THE BARS.

The vilage tavern was full of carousing. Every tippler must have his revels on election day. The bar-room was black with the sins of drunkenness.

"Where is Hartley?" was the frequent duestion. Many a penniless toper wanted a dram at his expense. One lady had been quietly glancing into the rooms in search of him. All knew the anxiety of Mrs. Hartley for her husband. One minister afterwards looked within as he passed thrice to and fro. Many know Parson Blake would come the fourth time, and then, perhaps, make a closer search. It is strange muttered one dry man, who was quite as anxious for Hartley to appear, "that these women and these preachers can not let a man have his liberty."

In doors and on the porch were men whose eyes were staring in every direction for Hartley. A step was heard up the street but it was too firm and elastic for that of their much desired friend. Then the man was seen on the other side of the way; Hartley was not expected to be there. It was not his side of the street. Then he seemed to be passing rapidly by; that was not like Hartley. But the light gleamed across the street; The man was indeed Hartley. What could possess him.

'Hartley, Hartley!" was the cry, but he paid no more attention to it than if he were the deafest man that ever lived.

"Say, Hartley, what are you playing the fool for?" cried one of the oldest sort of grog-bruisers; 'wont you give us a little of your wit to-night?"

"Come, Hartley, have we offended you?" said another dry-throated friend. "Come, let us have a drink together—it is not late."

Hartley had got past the tavern when he stopped short, turned, and said with a clear voice. "Farewell to your drinking. Farewell to dram drinking. Farewell to taverns. Farewell to bad company. Farewell to the ditch. Farewell to delirium tremens. Farewell to a drunkard's woe, and a drunkard's grave!"

He turned and walked on as erect as an Indian, and as straightforward as a "bee line," with his eye on the light in the window.

"Is this Mr. Hartley!" inquired a gentle voice, as he was turning the corner.

"It is; and this is Mr. Blake. I am glad to meet you here. Did you hear what I said to those tempters?"

"I did and with joy I cannot express."

"Come on home with me; I want to tell my wife about it."

"No that will be too sacred and joyful a meeting for my presence. Go on and may God bless you. But let me give you a little advice," said the pastor, still holding the hand that had grasped his own with eagerness.

"Certainly, I need advice. Oh! that I had taken it long ago!"

"I only wanted to say, begin with God. Begin with Him who has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"God has begun with me; I feel it in my soul. It has seemed to me, for the past hour, that all my friends were praying for me, and that God was determined to answer my prayers, in spite of my wickedness and my hard heart. Deacon Watson knealt down with me, in the woods, this side of the bars, and he prayed, and I prayed for I could not help but pray. And there's my wife—God bless her—God forgive me—She is praying—"

Mr. Hartley was broken down. He silently pressed the hand of the pastor, and went on his way weeping. How like a rainbow of promise gleamed the light in the window, as he saw it through his tears.

"I'll not go to the front door," he said to himself, "and then she will know that the parson is not bringing me home drunk to-night. She will hear my sober step, and that will prepare her for the surprising news."

He then opened the side gate, and walked on with a firm elastic step, when the dog muttered his caution. "Why Prince, don't you know me?" said he, much affected because of the watcher's suspicion. The dog was at once assured and leaped for joy in the path. "Poor fellow, said Hartley, for his wife's benefit; didn't know your master. Been so long since I came home sober, that you didn't know me, because I wasn't staggering along, and talking like a fool. That's right—be as happy as I am."

Mrs. Hartley was sitting in her room, with a foot on the rocker of a cradle, in which an infant was sleeping, and with an ear intent upon every sound in the street. "O mother! there's a robber coming," exclaimed her daughter Ellen who had persisted in staying up until her father came home.

"Be calm, my child," replied her mother rising up; "old Prince will frighten him away. You rock the baby, while I see that the doors are safe."

She went to the side door, listened and recognized her husbands' voice. Instantly the key was turned, and they met in tears of gladness. And shall we intrude upon the scene, and tell the world how John Hartley told the happiest tidings, that she had ever heard concerning himself? Shall we tell how they prayed together that he might have God's grace to keep his vow at the bars?

Early the next morning the Sheriff entered the office of lawyer Edson, and laid upon the table a paper headed "Sheriff's Sale," saying, "please look it over and see if the property is correctly described."

The lawyer began to run off such phrases as these: "To be sold on the premises two large lots"—"a two story house"—"a barn and carriage house"—"other improvements—the garden well planted with choice fruit trees"—taken as the property of John Hartley, at the suit of Pitt Edson, Esq."

The Sheriff stood thinking of what disagreeable duties his office imposed upon him and seemed to be in no haste to perform them.

"It is hard to turn John Hartley out of house and home," said the lawyer, "for he is one of the cleverest men living, when he is sober. But drink will drive him to the wall, and I must have my money. Those who have mortgages on his mill will take alarm, and you may soon have to sell that under the hammer. Take this to the printer, and have it posted up by noon today. I must find some business to take me out of town, or his wife and the parson and the deacons, will all be here to beg the mercies of the law. They overcome me once, but now the law must have its course."

It was a favorite notion of Mr. Edson, that he was the most merciful lawyer who ever gave work to a Sheriff. In the present case he had the justice of the law on his side. John Hartley has brought himself to the verge of financial ruin. The lawyer's eye kindled with a bright idea, and he said to himself; "I'll ride into the country, and pursuade my friend Allen to make the highest bid for the property. He wants to move into town."

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed a neighbor, as he hastened into the office "John Hartley has reformed! That is all the talk up street."

"Too much for me to believe," replied the lawyer. "Can't take heresay evidence in this court."

"John Hartley has quit drinking!" said another happy, over the event.

"Quit until he gets over the present disgust," said Mr. Edson. "Such reformations are quite common after an election-day."

"Perhaps you would have more confidence if you had passed by his house last night as I did, and heard him praying like one grasping for the last hope."

"Drunken men often take a religious tune; you would think them models of piety, if it were not for the odors of rum."

"It was never so with Hartley. He became humorous, then coarse in song and anecdote."

"But never profane," said the lawyer. "We must give him credit for that. When most drunk, he would lash a man with the keenest rebukes for profane swearing."

Thus ran the conversation upon John Hartley's virtues and vices, until Parson Blake and Deacon Watson came and drew the lawyer into another room. They talked half an hour right earnestly.

"Just try him," entreated Mr. Watson.

"Spare him—spare his wife and children. Give him time. You know his business talents. If you ask it, I will be his security for every dollar that he owes you."

"Good security," said the lawyer. "I'll take it, I like to be merciful, you know."

"Bring the papers, and I will endorse them at once."

"It is not necessary. Your word, Deacon is as good as you bond. But will you hurry after the sheriff, and tell him that all further process is to be stopped?" The Deacon never went on a gladder errand, and Parson Blake hastened to tell Mrs. Hartley of the happy results in the matters of law.

"I was just writing to Edward," said Mrs. Hartley, so happy that she could scarcely keep a secret. Edward was the eldest child, eighteen years of age, who could not bear his father's treatment, nor the taunts that he was a drunkard's son. Seeing that his father was likely to squander all the property, he had gone from home, with her consent, to earn something for his mother and her children, against the day of adversity. Right manfully had he struggled on, often writing to her to be brave and full of hope, for she had a son on earth and a Father in Heaven to provide for the evil day.

"And he will come home now," said she "when I tell him the good news." I was saying that his father had gone to the mill this morning before breakfast, broke every jug and demijohn, and advised every man who works for him to sign the pledge. They all did it, when he asked hem to do it, for his sake, lest their example might prove to him a fearful temptation. Edward never liked Mr. Edson, but his heart will change when he learns the mercy of the law."

"And the mercy of God," added the pastor, as he stood in the beautiful home, and thought how nearly the fires of intemperance had consumed it. It was saved to the family by the vow at the bars.

Edward's welcome a few days after was like the meeting of the prodigal son and his father. except that the father was now the penitent prodigal, and the son the rejoicing Christian. Was not the father also a christian? He had begun a new life, at the right point—that of his own heart—and with a new power—that of God.

Over the door or the mill was a new sign "John Hartley and son." In the mill was a new order of things, no more tipplers lounging there no more drunkards staggering forth at night, no more thieving and wasting. And the workmen who boarded at the house of their employer, found it a house of prayer. Edward led in worship in the morning, and his father in the evening. The fences were repaired, the shrubberry trimmed, the walks put in order and the garden made to blossom as the rose."

"Edward, I have this to say to you," said Mr. Hartley one evening, when the son was about starting to a social entertainment. "*My first glass* was given me at a wedding in the house of a member of the church. We were at the table, where the blessing of God was implored by the minister. The mother of the bride urged me to take one glass of wine, just for her sake, as she had made the wine. The bride protested with her entreating eyes and a shake of the head but I drank the wine. That bride was your mother. I never took another glass in her presence. But I was easily tempted to take my second glass at a public dinner given to the newly elected governor. After that day I needed no temptation; my only difficulty was to find an excuse. The argument which made me a drunkard was learned from the lips of a man in the pulpit. It was this, "It is not a sin in itself to drink wine." Grant the statement, yet it made me a sinner in drinking of death. I bless God that our pulpit now rings with a more certain sound.

"*My last glass* was taken in the bar-room of a disreputable tavern. There was no wealth, nor elegance, nor fashion, nor purity around me, as at first. There was no man of God, there to engage our respect and reverence. A curse was uttered over the decanter by the landlord. The air reeked with the vilest utterances. And we talked of our liberty! We drank it away. We staggered forth the slave of the destroyer.

"At the wedding I saw intemperanc in his infancy. He was the gleeful child of of the social circle. I took him to my heart. He won me by his apparent innocence. I pressed his lips to mine, and smilled at your mother's jealousy.

"But in the tavern I saw intemperance as a giant in his strength, repulsive to the sight, disgusting in his habits yet a tyrant over me. Fashionable society spurned him from its doors, where he found his slaves crouching for his smile. He gave it, and then cast them into the ditch. What murders he commits! What hearts he breaks! What graves he digs! What souls he sends to hell! Widows have wailed over his cruelties to them; orphans bear his disgraceful mark upon their brows. I know his tyranny. Your mother knows the horrors of his countenance."

Father, he has been driven from us.—Mother sees him no more. The Good master has come to our house, and she will entertain him like Mary and Martha of old."

"And he will remain our guest! But if I could reach the social circle, I would say to those who wish to see this frightful monster destroyed, *slay him in his infancy!* I had to fight with him at the bars in the woods. Tell your young friends to crush him in his childhood, when so many call him innocent."

Whoever may sonjourn a week in Noble ton will hear the noise of the mill which paid off every debt that John Hartley had incurred, and gave him the means for large generosities to the church, of which he became and honored member, and to the poor for whom he "devised liberal things." He will hear none speak evil of the man who has lived to prove that regeneration of heart works the surest reformation of life, who came to "a full age, like as shock of corn cometh in his season," and who was so recently buried that the grass is scarcely green over his grave. He has gone up on high to celebrate the victory which he won when he made his vow at the bars.

"Lincoln Hireling."

This favorite phrase of the Democratic politicians has gone quite into disuse. Two or three years ago, when they were in the field, defending the Government against traitors and rebels, it was the epithet most commonly bestowed on the soldiers by a certain class of politicians. In opposing the draft, they said let Lincoln's hireling fight out the war. When they attempted to prevent the soldiers from voting, they said: If Lincoln's hireling want to vote, they should stay at home, as we do. Their creed was expressed in a few words, "not a man and not a dollar for this war," and they did their best to make their practice conform to it.

How different now! The change is wonderful. How sweet they now are on the boys in blue. Soldiers are all the go. A soldier's funeral is a windfall. What long faces and long speeches! Before election a soldier's bones will be relics to this class of politicians, and they'll sing, "John Brown," in their meetings. It is funny to see the tricks, twists and turns of the poor politicians. It is funnier than a hand-organ and monkey. But it won't do. Brevet conscripts of the Clearfield Corps may be caught by it, but not old soldiers, honorably discharged.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

What Are You Crying At?

Two Irishmen, on landing in this country, and sitting down to their first dinner on shore, found on the table a dish of prepared mustard, which neither of them had happened to meet before. One of them took a spoonful at a venture; which quickly brought a deluge of tears to his eyes.

"What are you crying about" asked his companion.

"I was crying at the recollection of my poor father who was hung about twenty years ago."

The dinner proceeded, and soon the other made a dip into the mustard, with a similar result.

"What are you crying about?" was the grave inquiry of his comrade.

"I am crying because you were not hung when your father was."

☞ The legislature of Kentucky restored all rebels to the privilege of citizenship, and they have manifested their appreciation of the magnanimity of the Government by electing an out and out rebel to the position of Clerk of the Court—one who was imprisoned for positive disloyalty. They have utterly overwhelmed every candidate who was even suspected of partiality for the Union. It was common for local candidates in the State to publish certificates of their services and sacrifices in the rebel cause to insure their election. Is Andrew Johnson still deaf to the perils of the Nation?

☞ Oregon has settled the case of Senator Nesmith, who supports Johnson. The Union majority on joint ballot is 7, and the official majority of Woods, Union, for Governor is 327. "My Policy" grows small by degrees and beautifully less in the Senate. Cowan will go overboard on the 4th of March; and a true man is already in the place of Lane, of Kansas. There will not be a corporal's guard of Johnson Senators in the next Congress.

☞ Mr. Clymer will take the stump on the 22d inst., and continue to speak daily until the election. His first appointments are in the Western counties, where he will add five thousand to Geary's majority if he sticks to his text. We trust that he will explain Andrew Johnson's usurpation in Tennessee as Military Governor, and tell how he slammed the door of the Senate in Andrew's face a few years ago. While his hand is in, he might as well tell just why he voted against organizing and arming our State for its own defence; and why he opposed the right of suffrage to our soldiers. We hope that he will get around this way before the election. He is a jolly, clever fellow; and we know of no man who can help the success of the Union ticket more than he can by his speeches. Hand him along, gentlemen!—*Repository.*

☞ The Union State Convention of Delaware met on Thursday, and on the second ballot Hon. James Riddle received the nomination for Governor. The nomination was subsequently made unanimous.

Jones' Corner.

Jones has been among the spiritualists; he joined a circle the other night; and had manifestations. The medium was a tall, thin, angular, cadaverous individual, who looked as if, after getting up the frame, nature had been seized with a fit of economy and neglected to put in the underpinning and plastering. The circle was mixed, being made up of elderly females, thin men, with a few pretty girls. Jones seated himself between two of the last, and all clasped hands around a table. Jones says it was delightful. He squeezed the little hands, and when an unusually loud knock startled the circle, the little hands squeezed Jones. Sniffkins, who is so skeptical that his father don't believe him, was the first to ask questions.

"Where was I born?" asked Sniff.

"In the poor house." Sniff's turnup nose waxed red.

"Correct," said Jones.

"How many children have we in the family?"

"Nine."

Here a dispuse arose as to whether the spirit rapped eight or nine. So Sniff asked again:

"How many children have I?"

"One," was the reply.

"Probably correct again," remarked Jones.

Here Mr. Sniffkins arose in wrath, slapped his beaver on with a loud bang and retired.

"The circle is not harmonious," said the medium, in a deep, sepulchral voice. Jones thought it was as he pressed the little hands.

"Let me ask a question," said a vinegry old lady.

"Is the spirit of my husband present?"

"He is."

"Are you happy, John, without me?"

"Very happy."

"Where are you?"

"In h—ll."

John's relict looked at the medium. The medium smiled. He looked as if he had the toothache. The circle laughed, whereupon John's relict seized the lamp and hurled it at the medium. It broke over his devoted, and left the circle in darkness. Jones says a spirit kissed him. He tried to sieze the spirit, and caught one of the pretty girls about the waist, whereupon there were screams. In the meantime Jones was aware of a furious engagement on his right. A light was produced, when it was found that John's relict had seized a venerable Cob, mistaking him for the medium. They were separated, when the "mejum," with the coal oil dripping over his woe-begone countenance, said the "circle must be broken up," it was not harmonious.

Looking up and Looking down.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writing from Georgia, relates the following:

"I was standing in front of my hotel one morning and saw a dozen or more diminutive Africans with slates and books, walking towards the school house, when a well dressed man who was standing near me, turned and said:

"'Well,' said he, 'I suppose we must stand it for a while yet; but for how long I don't know. There's that little nigger—and he pointed to a boy about nine years old and black as if he had just emerged from the jungles of the Gold Coast—he is one of mine or was till the yankees stole him; he lives at my house now, because I have to hire his mother; he's just as old as my boy, and the Yankee school marms have been training him till he reads better than my boy does. That is a nice pass for things to come to; in a little while these here niggers, after they have learned to read, will be turning up their noses at every white man that can't.'

"I told him things were working strangely. 'I tell you what it is,' he continued, 'if this thing ain't stopped, we will have to establish ragged schools for every white child, or the niggers will get the upper hand; it will establish that sort of mob democracy which prevails in the North, where such a thing as a gentleman is not known, and if one were to go there, they would tar and feather him, but—let's go and take a drink stranger,' said he, changing the subject very suddenly.

"We'd a better not gone to war,' he once very sensibly added; 'we could have ruled the Democratic party all the time,' he continued, with equal truth, 'and then we could have either controlled the Government, or so far crippled the Abolitionists that they could have done us bnt very little harm; only run away our negroes—a few hundred a year at most, while now they can get all of them—another punch, barkeeper. When we get fully back into Congress, we will just confirm them old laws against allowing negroes to read, and that will put matters right; if we can't get our negroes back, we can keep them under.'"

☞ The Copperheads and rebels are making common cause against Hugh McCulloch, and demanding his instant removal from the Treasury Department. He will discover, in due time, that he has eaten dirt in vain, and so will Edwin M. Stanton.—They are both doomed to the slaughter, and true men will not weep.