

The Potter Journal.

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

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

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Meeting on the 21 and 4th Mondays of each month. Hall, in the 53 Street, between 10th and 11th Sts. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

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Physician and Surgeon, Office on First Street, first door west of the residence.

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MARBLE WORK.
Monuments and Tomb-Stones.

DAN BAKER.
Physician and Surgeon.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
WHEATON'S GINSENG.

Wheaton's GINSENG.
It will cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD IN CALIFORNIA.

—Though there is a heavier force of men and teams at work on the California end of the Pacific railroad than on this, the progress in distance is far slower; for while here the path lies along an absolute plain, there it is up and over the grand Sierra Nevada chain of mountains. About 12,000 Chinamen are at work on the road-bed in California, and an additional 10,000 have been contracted for, to be put upon the line next spring, when the contractors will be grading on this slope of the Sierras, and beginning to stretch their labor out on to the plains and into the valleys of Nevada. Now the track is completed to within 16 miles of the summit of the mountains, and the following table of statistics, distances and altitudes from Sacramento on to the summit, shows how the iron pathway is mounting the great hills of the Pacific slopes of the continent. At Cisco, which the completed road has now reached, the locomotive screams on a spot as high as Mount Washington, the highest of our New England mountains:

Distance (Miles)	Elevation (Feet)
Sacramento	51
Arcade	75
Antelope	135
Junction	150
Rocklin	220
Pino	250
Sebastopol	420
Auburn	330
Upper Gap	1,755
Olds	2,113
Old Hill	3,213
Butte Flat	3,425
Alta	6,025
Cisco	5,917
Summit	7,042

Some of the structures of the work on the last section of the road are grandly massive. A California Journal says one culvert, at the crossing of Canyon creek, is a noble piece of solid masonry twenty-eight feet in height and fifty-four feet in breadth. The forests of towering pines—the towering oak main peaks and yawning rifts and chasms, traversed by the railroad between Alta and Cisco, present a sublime panorama, which is destined to be a favorite study for the art-loving tourist, not only during our day, but one which will be contemplated with no less delight by unborn generations.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

TRIANGLE, Broome Co., N.Y., Mar. '67.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought perhaps a word from the Empire State might be acceptable to the readers of the Journal. We have been blessed with a severe winter here. The oldest inhabitants unite in saying that they have not known so severe a winter in many years. In many places the roads have been drifted so badly as to be impassable. Cold weather commenced the last of November, and it continued cold and blustering until the first day of February. Then the icy letters of winter were melted away, our roads became passable again, and everybody seemed delighted with the change. About the fifteenth of February it suddenly changed, four or five inches of snow fell and we are now enjoying the best sleighing of the season. The farmers are preparing for an early spring and expect to commence making maple sugar very soon. Maple sugar is made in considerable quantities in this county every season. This county has been settled seventy or eighty years, and the farmers are in better circumstances generally than those of northern Pennsylvania. They are an intelligent and enterprising class of people, and judging from appearances I should say they are the right kind of men in the right place. Politics do not run very high here at present, but the people of this county rolled up quite a heavy majority for Peaton, last November. As far as I can learn, Andy has been very easy with the Postmasters in this vicinity. Very likely he found no dogs here that would bark for him. There is one thing at least of which the people of Potter may be proud—and that is their school houses. They are far ahead of New York in that respect. I do not wish to convey the idea that they have better school houses, but that they have better ones. To have large and well ventilated school houses speaks well for the intelligence of any community. I think if some people who are always afraid of building them too large and afraid of expending too much money on them, could change places with the teachers, and be shut up in a little house with twenty or thirty scholars for three or four months, a change would come over the spirit of their dreams.

Yours Respectfully,
J. G. HOLLENBECK.

KISSING A QUAKERESS.—The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister.—As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the lawyer approached the land lady, a pretty Quakeress, who was near the fire and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, they may do it, but they must not make a practice of it."

MAHOMET'S CHARGE.
Thus saith the prophet of the Turk: "Good Musselman, abstain from pork. There is a part in every swine that no friend or follower of mine may taste, whatever his inclination. On pain of excommunication." Such was Mahomet's mysterious charge. And thus he left the point at large. Had he the sinful part expressed, They might with safety eat the rest; But for one piece they thought it hard, From the whole hog to be declared, So set their wits at work to find The joint the prophet had in mind. Much controversy straight arose, These chose the back, the belly those; By some 'twas confidently said He meant not to exclude the head; While others at this doctrine raved, And piously prefer the tail. Thus conscience freed from every clog, Mahomet's cat up to the hog. You laugh! 'tis well! the tale applied, Might make you laugh on 't other side: Renounce the world! the preacher cries, We do! a multitude replied, But one, as innocent, regards A snug and friendly game at cards; And one, whatever you may say, Can see no evil in a play; Some love a concert, some a race, And others shouting and the chase. Reviled and loved, renounced and followed, Thus but he left the world as follows: With sophistry their sauce they sweeten, 'Till quite from tail to snout 'twas eaten.

An Astonished Old Lady.
An old lady whose home is in the country, and who had been in Cincinnati for several years, came in yesterday to do some trading, her principal business being one of the few incidents in her life—the purchase of a new bonnet. She had not had a new bonnet since she was in Cincinnati the last time, and that was seven years ago, nor had she seen any of the new-fangled contrivances—"trifles light as air"—which the women wear now days in place of bonnets. As a new bonnet was the engrossing theme in her mind on entering the city, of course she was on the alert at once to see what the fashion was. Imagine her consternation, then, in standing on Fourth street, watching the people as they passed by. For a time she was perfectly speechless, and then she was observed to throw up her hands, and exclaim: "For the land sake! are the women all crazy, gaddin' through the streets with nothing on their blessed heads? What's become of all their bonnets?" She went into a millinery store and requested a "gentlewomanly and obliging" young lady in attendance. "You see I come the hull way from Coudersport county to buy a bonnet. I've worn this one 'goin' on eight years. It's a little out of fashion I reckon, and I want one that is right in style. I didn't know what the wimmen was wearin', so I stood out here a blessed hour to see 'em pass, and I hope never to see my old man again if I saw one with a bonnet on durin' the hull time! Some had a doll's handkercher laid on the top of the head; others had what looked for all the world like oyster patties trimmed with blown glass, and I declare to goodness if one woman, with a big rutabaga turpin on the back of her head in a fly net, wore any coverin' 'ceptin' a yaller crinnet tied on with a string!" When informed that the styles she had seen were the latest thing in the bonnet line, the old lady's astonishment increased, and she was thoroughly bewildered by the time she had examined each of the varieties embraced in the milliner's collection, particularly when she learned the accompanying prices. She looked at her old bonnet, which had been preserved so carefully during the changing fashions of seven years, and compared it with the fashions of to-day, and the old lady fairly wept. She declared it was enough to drive one crazy to see such vanities as the women are running to now days. "I want so when I was a gal," said she, "Wimmen wore bonnets in them days that covered their heads, and tied 'em under their chins instead of fast'n 'em to the back hair." She left in great disgust and said she would go right back to Coudersport and wear her old bonnet till milliners got to making bonnets again.

PAID UP.—A man who had been in the habit of paying his debts in advance, was one day asked by a creditor, "What's become of your money?" "I've paid it up," he replied. "Paid up?" "Yes, I've paid it up."

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Pennsylvania in Congress.

Pennsylvania has reason to be proud of her representation in the Thirty-Ninth Congress. Thaddeus Stevens, by his sturdy devotion to abstract right, and by the pre-eminent ability with which he has combated error and inspired the friends of liberty and justice with confidence and courage, has raised our State to a position in Congress which it has not enjoyed since the days of Benjamin Franklin. But much of the distinction acquired for the Old Keystone during the present Congress is due to the extraordinary ability of her entire Radical delegation. And we are glad to see this fact appreciated and candidly set forth in the Washington correspondence of the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror. It will be seen that our representative ranks among the most useful, if not the most talkative, of the body:

"You must not for a moment imagine that Pennsylvania can only boast of Stevens in this contest. He is in age and experience her leader. Honored as he is to-day, Kelly, Broomall, Willifants, Scofield, Wilson, are brilliant stars in her political sky. Mr. Kelly once visited New Hampshire and his voice is well remembered there. Mr. Broomall is one of her strongest men, with a constancy that New England might be proud of, and although but in his second term, has gained a position that few may soar to reach. He is an able lawyer, governed by precedents that lean to justice, of pleasing address and impressive eloquence. He has no sugared words for treason and rebellion, and speaks boldly what he believes. In debate he is forcible, makes his points well and elucides them with argument rarely excelled. His voice vote or influence is never doubtful. Williams and Scofield frequently engage in debate. The former is classic, while the latter has gained much applause by his well-timed speeches. Mr. Williams rarely if ever speaks in debate, yet uses his influence in a way equally potent, and is in his first term. Thus Pennsylvania is leading us. This week will make and unmake men in the political world, as it has commenced."

Hon. G. W. SCOTFIELD.—Some of the most prominent Republicans throughout the State are speaking out very decidedly in favor of Judge Scofield as a candidate to succeed Buckalew. Judge Scofield now represents the Erie district in Congress, where he is distinguished as a man of commanding ability, and where he has been instrumental in accomplishing much good to the State and the country. It is very certain that the honors of the Republican party belong to such men as Judge S. He has always been a fearless exponent of Republican principles, and a faithful worker for the Republican cause. In addition to all this, his experience as a legislator is very great. At present we have no personal preference to urge, but we cannot refrain from recognizing the claims of Judge Scofield to Senatorial honors as being equal to those of any Republican yet mentioned in connection with the Senatorship.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The black man has voted in Virginia.—Only think of it! In aristocratic and regal Virginia—where an F. F. V. has dealt in men's flesh as other men deal in dogs and horses! Never was a glorious fact more gratifying than this on the heart, and the delicate sensibilities of tyrants. If he reform progresses, and loyal men are thus awarded their rights, we may soon expect to see traitors punished in Virginia. Justice is always possible!

A dispatch received in Petersburg, Va., last week, announced the arrival at Annapolis, Md., in a condition of hopeless insanity, of Rev. George T. Williams, who was arrested some time since in New York city on a charge of picking a lady's pocket in a Broadway stage.

Maryland.
RADICAL VICTORY AT WILLIAMSFOOT.
At the corporation election of Williamsfoot Md., held on the 7th, the Radicals elected the Burgess, Assistant Burgess, and two Commissioners. Two Copperhead commissioners were also elected. Last year the Copperheads had a majority. The vote was the largest ever cast on such an occasion.

A WISE LANDLORD.—One night, a judge, a military officer, and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide who had the best claim of the three. "I have been fifteen years in the garrison at B," said the officer. "I have sat as judge twenty years in R," said the judge. "With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N," said the priest. "That's twice the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years; so he has the best right to the bed."

ARAB ODDITIES.

—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks her cows on the left side. With him the point of a pin is its head, while its head is made its heels. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked all winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from left to right. He eats almost nothing at breakfast about as much at dinner, but after the work of the day is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or, better yet, the boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when traveling, his wife walks behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or ever vacating his seat for a woman.

A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since in an inn, when he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple countryman, by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the man aside, told him to be cautious of the man he was dealing with. The man finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed:

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfering in largess between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the state prison!" retorted the clergyman.

Did You Ever See?—A regiment that wasn't the best in the service? A captured battery that hadn't fired its last round of ammunition before it was taken? A regiment, brigade or division that wasn't the very last to leave the field when a retreat was ordered? A regiment, brigade or division, a company or battery, that didn't lose more in each battle than any other regiment, brigade, division, battery, or company? A brigade, division or corps that hadn't the very best commander in the army? A division that didn't save the army from annihilation? A line officer that didn't deserve to be at least a Brigadier General? A regiment that didn't go further on a charge kill more of the enemy, and capture more flags than any other.

A gentleman, who wanted to make a taking speech to a Sunday School, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this is what happened: "Now, boys, what does a man want when he goes fishing?" "A shrill voice went directly to the point with—'wants a bite'!" The gentleman sat down without further remarks.

Crib-biting.
The editor of the *Maine Farmer* records the following thoughts in regard to horses that have become addicted to crib-biting: "Cribbing is undoubtedly a habit rather than a disease. This, it would seem, is proved by the fact that a young horse, confined in a stable next to an old horse, who is a cribber, will soon acquire the habit. It is very common among horses that are constant yoked in the stable, and is caused by the animal seizing upon crib-biting as a solitary pastime, to while away the tiresome hours of stable life. Or the constant diet of hay and oats may derange the digestion, causing—as we ourselves well know—no business. Or the long continued inhalation of close and impure air may disorder that part of the entire system, and thus give rise to the habit. "Crib-biting may be prevented if taken in hand during the early stages. First attend to the atmosphere of the stable, rendering it pure by careful ventilation. Place a lump of rock salt in the manger. This acts as a stimulant to the stomach and will often enable the horse's digestion to recover its lost tone. If this does not effect a cure add to it a large piece of chalk. Should this not prove to be good, damp the food and at each time of feeding sprinkle magnesia upon it. Mayhew also recommends a large handful of ground oak bark to be given with each feed of grain. Should none of the above measures prove of benefit, we should come to the conclusion that the disease was of a more obstinate nature, and should be treated as in case of chronic indigestion."

Wonders.
When a young man is clerk in a store, and dresses like a prince, smokes "foie sugar," drinks "mocha brandy," attends theatres, dances, and the like, regularly, we wonder whether he does it all on the proceeds of his clerkship. When a young lady sits in the parlor during the day, with her lily-white fingers covered with rings, drums on the piano, and reads yellow-covered novels, we wonder if her mother doesn't wash the dishes and do the dirty work in the kitchen. When the deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as an excellent article, we wonder upon what he relies for salvation. When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, we wonder if he waives his won't go four times. When a lady laces her waist a third less than nature made it, we wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten her life a dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live. When a man receives a newspaper or periodical weekly, and takes great delight in reading it, but neglects to pay for it, we wonder whether he has a soul or a gizzard.

Good Words for the Yankees.

FROM ONE OF THEIR DEVOTED ENEMIES DURING THE WAR.

(From the London Telegraph, Dec. 15.)
A highly imaginative trans-Atlantic geographer has lately informed the world that America is, or shortly will be, a country bounded on the north by the Asiatic circle, on the south by eternity, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the day of judgement. There are a set of bitter and bilious gentlemen, chiefly of the Tory persuasion, to whom this kind of imagery is gall and wormwood. They are miserable because America is big, and because she uses these laughably big expressions. The real reason why they hate her is because her government is so free, and the success of it so wonderful; but since it does not do to confess these facts, they are always girding at her faults of manner and style—a practice which is about as useful as to rail at the Allegheny mountains for being huge and craggy. For our part, we experience no more surprise or vexation at the hyperbolics of our descendants beyond the Atlantic, than we should at seeing a likely lad split his trousers in growing, or a fine, healthy baby reach his plump arms out for the moon. The thing is natural and even satisfactory with the young giant and even satisfactory with the young giant of empires, ought to be heartily pleased and amused at the glorious gasconades of her mighty child. As she to be an elderly coquette, and yet herself because her sons outstride her, and her daughters shoot up with a beauty and vigor that remind her how she ages? She ought, if she were honest and hearty, to be glad and proud of youngsters—the like of whom history never knew—to knit them to herself in bolts of firm love, and aim at making out of them an Anglo-Saxon family of empires which should glorie in the world with the language of Shakespeare, and the happy influence of that little matron island! We like to read these ridiculous stiltednesses, wherein our imperial cacklers crow themselves well-nigh off their legs with lustiness round the old Britanic hen. What a bit! the American chicken will be when all their scatchers come, if it can scratch and crow and flourish its spurs like this in an epoch when it is but going through the barbarism of a new civilization, and has the best part of its hickies to shoot. And if big words, just as big words, we should like to know who is to blame these inventive and flowery patriots! Has any other nation forty millions of square acres of fat cotton ground for a back-yard, which will grow six quarters to the acre, as long as you like to plow the old crop in? Has any other nation a mountain of solid iron to make plows of, like Pilot Knob, in Missouri, or seas of oil under the ground and shores of so many other lakes? Does any other nation double its population every twenty years and suck in the emigration of Europe without counting it? Or carry cargoes 2000 miles along one river! Or venture on the impudences of a Mérope doctrine! Or fight a war with a million soldiers and have them all home again, like boys after school within a year! Or what other people collects a revenue of £118,000,000 sterling, and with £20,000,000 of it at a time in its exchange, ploughs at a debt of £500,000,000, and engages to wipe it out in ten years? Mr. Artemus Ward says he never knew a Yankee who didn't talk about the Rocky Mountains except one, and he was deaf and dumb; but even he wrote a book about them. Who is stupid enough to blurt at that? It is the nature of the people; the young giants must have gigantic topics, words, policies, schemes, and sayings; and if we laugh, let it be with hearty good nature, and a habit rather than a disease. This, it would seem, is proved by the fact that a young horse, confined in a stable next to an old horse, who is a cribber, will soon acquire the habit. It is very common among horses that are constant yoked in the stable, and is caused by the animal seizing upon crib-biting as a solitary pastime, to while away the tiresome hours of stable life. Or the constant diet of hay and oats may derange the digestion, causing—as we ourselves well know—no business. Or the long continued inhalation of close and impure air may disorder that part of the entire system, and thus give rise to the habit. "Crib-biting may be prevented if taken in hand during the early stages. First attend to the atmosphere of the stable, rendering it pure by careful ventilation. Place a lump of rock salt in the manger. This acts as a stimulant to the stomach and will often enable the horse's digestion to recover its lost tone. If this does not effect a cure add to it a large piece of chalk. Should this not prove to be good, damp the food and at each time of feeding sprinkle magnesia upon it. Mayhew also recommends a large handful of ground oak bark to be given with each feed of grain. Should none of the above measures prove of benefit, we should come to the conclusion that the disease was of a more obstinate nature, and should be treated as in case of chronic indigestion."

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