

# 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  
**H. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.**

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interest of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county, owning no other interest than that of Principle, it will endeavor to do the work of more fully Freedomsong our Country.

### BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons  
**EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. Standard**  
Meets on the 21st and 23rd of every month, at 7 o'clock, P. M., in the 33rd Street, near the corner of  
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We are prepared to do all kinds of printing, cheaply and with the best of business. Those solicited.

**LYMAN HOUSE.**  
Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.  
BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken the excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the place a first class one, and in order to do so, he has engaged the best of everything, and is now ready to receive his guests. He is confident of the satisfaction of all who will patronize him. 17-19

**MARBLE WORK.**  
Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by  
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Residence: East of the City, near the corner of the Railroad, and on the line of the Coudersport and Lewisville Roads, or leave orders at Chase, Reisinger & Co., Coudersport, where any information desired can be obtained. 17-19

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## PICKLES.

The rain and snow were falling fast, As through a down-cast village passed A youth who chafed with great display Upon a barrel in his sleigh, "Pickles to sell."

His cheeks were blue, and red his nose, His ears and feet were nearly froze, And tears of cold bedimmed his sight, But still he yelled with all his might, "Pickles to sell."

As on he went, a maiden bold Came out and asked him what he sold; The youth looked up with winning smile, And said with voice as soft as silk, "Pickles to sell."

"Oh! tell me," cried the maid divine; "Say, tell me, are they in the bottle?" "Say," said the youth, "that sort don't pay." Quite vexed, he heard the maiden say, "Such Pickles!"

That one so sweet should speak so tart; (The word went deep into his heart) That she should crush his hopes so flat, And scorn his smiles, or scold him flat, "His Pickles!"

Away he drove, through wind and rain, They tried to stop his course in vain, By asking what he had to sell, He would not stop but only yell, "Pickles!"

"Don't drive so fast," an old man said; "That worn-out nag is nearly dead." "His shoes are off," another cried; With shout of scorn the youth replied, "Oh, Pickles!"

"For mercy's sake don't cross the creek! That wooden bridge is awful weak!" The youth dashed on his headlong way, And only turned his head to say, "Oh, Pickles!"

The night was dark, the wind was cold, The pickle boy was brave and bold; He never stopped or checked his flight, And soon the sleigh was lost to sight, Pickles and all.

Next morn, two little wandering Jews Came into town and brought the news; Down in the drift a corpse they found, While far and near were scattered round, The Pickles.

**A Sharp Molasses Trade.**  
The following story is told of Josh Sears, a shrewd old merchant, who flourished in Boston in the days when that city controlled most of the West India trade:

A cargo of molasses was classified after being landed on the pier, as sour for distilling and sweet for retail, and after the cargo was landed and gauged by the Custom House official, it was offered for sale. If it was a fair average cargo it was offered to the jobbers, the price being fixed upon the hogheads as they ran. Josh would often buy several hundred hogheads, and resell to the smaller jobbers; he of course always bought them "as they run," but not till after he knew exactly how they did run.

Now every one knew that Josh Sears was a very shrewd buyer, but how he always managed to get the best retailing molasses out of a cargo, without getting any sour hogheads, passed the understanding of importers and buyers, till at last a very shrewd importer, whom we will call G—, had his suspicions that the early prowling propensities of Josh meant some thing besides exercise to get up an appetite.

A cargo of molasses having arrived to his consignment, he determined to watch. So taking his position where he could see unobserved, he waited. Not long after, a well known individual was seen approaching, bung-driver and bromstick in hand, accompanied by two Irishmen. Said individual proceeded to try the molasses and up—every hoghead that proved satisfactory he placed a small private mark. When he had selected the quantity he wanted, he ordered the Irishmen to roll them into a certain position, and then he left the wharf before any one was stirring.

As soon as he was out of hearing, G— jumped from his hiding place with a laugh, "Ah!" said he, "I hate it. Josh old fellow, you are done now." He immediately procured a large gang of men, shifted the hogheads, replacing them with others, taking the precaution to put the same private chalk mark on, and leaving a few of the original private inspection at the head of each tier, for Josh to try.

Shortly after returning to the counting-room, Josh entered, as expected. "Well, G—, what are you asking for the Ellsworth's cargo?"

"Twenty-eight cents."

"Fair cargo?"

"Yes. Do you want to buy?"

"Yes."

"Go look at it now?"

"Yes. Where is it landed?"

This last question was almost too much for G—'s gravity.

"Battlet's wharf. Well, come along."

Arrived at the wharf, Josh cast his eye keenly along the hogheads. There were his marks all right, and then he went through the form of trying several hogheads at the end of each tier. They proved satisfactory.

"Think it will run about like this, G—?"

"I do not know. There it is; take it as you find it."

"Well, I'll take these six tiers. Send up as soon as you can, and take off the gauges," said Josh putting on his big S in chalk, and they both left.

**ONLY A CRIER.**  
A famous judge came late to court, One day in busy season; Whereat his clerk, in great surprise, Inquired of him the reason.

"A child was born," his honor said, "And I'm the happy sire."

"An infant judge!" "Oh no," said he, "As yet he's but a crier."

**Plain Words for Big Boys.**  
Come boys, let us have a few plain talks—not sermons, nor lectures, nor essays, nor treatises, but talks with such big boys as may want to take part in them. The Big Boys are not all dead yet. True some of them have turned into gentlemen before their time; and there are others who will look off in another direction if they hear anybody called "boy!" It is no disgrace to be, or to have been a boy; and the male human being who tries to jump into manhood, skipping the boy of his existence, is sure to make a silted entrance into a sort of foppish gentility, in which the fine gentleman is so much thought of that the true man is forgotten.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?"

I was talking to a rich man about his son who had asked me to get him a situation as clerk. The old gentleman seemed inclined to say very little about the lad, but remarked: "He won't suit—he won't."

Anxious to know why he wouldn't suit, I asked what was the matter with him. "Matter!" said the old gentleman, "what's the matter with him? Why, he isn't good for anything—that's what's the matter with him; and I tell you I wouldn't give a sixpence for a wagon load of such fellows."

Humiliating as it was for the gruff old man to growl out such a description of his own son, it was a perfect photograph of the youngster's character. Good for nothing. Educated to look for a fortune at his father's death, but not taught the first principle of duty as to managing it, so as to make himself useful with it, the idle fellow was so good for nothing that no decent business man would care about having him in his establishment. But was he not good for anything at all? Yes—he was a customer to the dealer in fine boots, hats, and clothing; to the sellers of tobacco and perhaps of "fancy drinks"; to the men at whose billiard tables he spent his father's money. He could dance nicely; he could take the girls who had no better sense than to go with such an empty head, to church, to the opera, and to walk along the street. He could gracefully wear a stove pipe hat, nicely fitting clothes of most fashionable cut, and shiny boots of such an exquisite fit as to pinch his toes and raise a larger "corn crop" on his tender feet than ever he will raise by hard work in tilling the earth, or brain work in directing others in agriculture. Some day his father will die, and some stupid girl who is looking out for a rich husband, will marry this inefficient, bit of humanity, and then they will either "live happily all their days," or else not.

Another case of good-for-nothing. This morning I heard a feeble, hesitating rap at my study door, like the rap of a beggar, or a man who wants to buy old clothes. As soon as I said "come in," a shabby, genteel-looking young man stepped meekly in and handed me a well-worn paper. The paper was from a distinguished clergyman, and certified that the bearer, son of a deceased clergyman, was out of occupation, and, as he unfortunately had never been taught a trade or any means of earning a livelihood, was now, with his family, dependent on the kindness of those who might give him work, or otherwise contribute to his support. "What kind of work can you do?" "Well, nothing in particular."

"What do you like to do?" "I don't know."

"Is there any kind of business you understand?" "No." Poor fellow. Wife and two or three children dependent on "his exertions." Mechanics, copyists, laborers, skilled and unskilled, needed at wages, in every department of industry; but no place vacant for the man who don't know how to do anything. Away he goes on his weary rounds, with his thumb-stick paper, a sauntering monument to the neglect of his parents to teach him, or to his own negligence in failing to learn something to make a fire and prepared breakfast. I then get him a self-supporting member of society. Hardly anybody will turn him away without giving him, at least, a little aim; but what a pity it is that a young man that might be doing something useful, can not, just because he "don't know how!"

These two cases are widely different but the result is the same. One young man, probably a little dissipated, with the prospect of being considered more so; the other pious, and very likely, doing the best he knows how to do. Put a ship load of such folks on an island, no matter how fertile and the whole company would soon starve to death and become food for the more energetic carrion crows.

Now, boys, are you good for something useful? What can you do? What are you looking forward to? It may seem fine to be born with a golden spoon in your mouth, but if you idly sit with the spoon there neither you or the spoon will make any useful stir in the world; and the world will be no better for your having been born into it. It is a favorite notion of some very large-sized boys, that in our free country one boy has as good a chance of being President as the next boy; which is a correct notion; it is also true that the boy who neglects advantages and duties in his early life will be the man who, even if accidentally elevated to the Presidential chair, will find himself fit only for the chairs (tipped under their hind legs) on which the

## Eloquent Appeal.

Paul Denton, a Methodist Preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the double spring gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth.

"There!" he repeated, with a look as terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "There is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children."

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, does our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure cold water; but in the green and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing, and high up the mountain top; where unadorned granite gitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where the wind howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it—that beverage of life—health giving water."

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew drops, shining in the dew, till the trees all seem to turn to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the sun, or white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataracts, dancing in the hail showers, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the world; and weaving the many colored iris seraph's zone of the sky, whose roof is the sunbeam of Heaven, all checked over with the celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction, still, always it is beautiful—that blessed life water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and orphans weep not burning tears in its depths, and no drunkard's ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you ever change it for the demon's drink—alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest, answered "No!"

**Baptizing a Sinner.**  
Poor people have a hard time in this world of ours. Even in matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote, copied from an exchange, will illustrate:

Old Billy G— had attended a great revival, and in common with many others, was "converted" and baptized. Not many weeks afterward one of his friends met him reeling home from the court ground with a "brick" in his hat.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," said his friend, "I thought you had joined the church?"

"So I did," answered Billy, making a desperate effort to be still. "So I did, James, and would a bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't treated me so everlasting mean at the water. Didn't you hear about in, James?"

"No, I never did."

"Then I'll tell 'bout it. You see, when we come to the baptisin' place there was old Sinks, the rich old Squire, who was to be dipped at the same time. Well, the minister took the Squire in first, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought that 'would be just as good when I cum; so he led him in mity keeful, and wiped his face and led him out. Well, then cum my turn, and instead of liftin' me out, as he did the Squire, he gave me one sash, and left me crawlin' around on the bottom like a mud turtle—that's so, James."

**THE ELDEST DAUGHTER AT HOME.**—To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make arrangements to tend a baby, would add greatly to the list of a young lady's accomplishments. Where can we behold a more lovely sight than the eldest daughter of a family, attending in the sweet simplicity of her new womanhood, by the side of her toiling, careworn mother, to relieve and aid her? Now she presides at the table, now diverts half a score of little folks in the library. She can assist her younger brothers in their sports, or the elder ones in their studies; read the newspaper to her weary father, or smooth the aching brow of her fevered mother. Always ready with a helping hand, and a cheerful smile for every emergency, she is an angel of love and blessing to the home circle. Should she be called out of it to originate a home of self-sacrificing?

Judgment was rendered against the Mayor and Alderman of Dubuque, Iowa, in their capacities, for the sum of \$9,061.83, they having refused to make a tax levy sufficient to pay for some property which had been condemned, for the use of the city.

## A Modern Peter the Great.

The St. Louis Democrat has the following:—"Last fall, one of our wealthy citizens, who has made a fortune as a baker, took his family to New York, and put up at the Metropolitan Hotel. While looking at the sights of the metropolis, he heard of a wonderful patent bake-oven, which was the envy of all the bakers of Gotham. Our baker paid a visit to the house where this oven was in operation, but was not allowed to see it, and could learn nothing of the principle upon which it was constructed. He felt his Gallic pride wounded at this rebuff, and resolved to fathom the mystery of the oven at all hazards. Going into Chatham street, he purchased a suit of old clothes, and returned to the bakery, and applied for a situation as a journeyman baker. The proprietor was in want of a good French baker, and gave our friend employment at \$15 a week. In about three weeks our resolute baker had learned all about the oven, and satisfied himself that it was a great invention, and worth a mint of money. He saw the patentee, and purchased the exclusive right to use the oven in the State of Missouri. He then returned to the bake-shop and told the boss he must leave him."

"Don't leave," said the boss, "you are a good baker, and suit me exactly, and I will increase your wages to \$20 a week rather than have you quit."

"That is not enough to pay the expenses of my family," said the journeyman, "and I must go out West and seek other employment."

"Why, how much does it cost to keep your family?"

"I am paying \$50 a day at the Metropolitan, and I don't think you would be willing to increase my wages to that amount."

"Why, who the deuce are you?"

"I am J— G—, of St. Louis, and I have bought the right to use your patent oven there, and I intend to put up a dozen or two of them, and I would like to employ you as a foreman."

The New York baker had nothing more to say, and the two friends went to the Metropolitan and had a long talk over a bottle or two of champagne.

**A LEGAL QUESTION.**—A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is the squire at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife, who opened the door at his summons. He was answered negatively. Disappointment shone in his face; after a moment's consideration a thought revived him. "Mebby yourself can tell me as well as the squire, seein' as yer his wife?" The lady promised to do so, if on learning the nature of the difficulty, she found it in her power, and the farmer proceeded to state the case as follows:—"S'pose you war an old white mar, an' I should borrow you to go to mill, with a grist on yer back, an' ye should go no further than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up an' pitch an' fall down and break your neck, who'd pay for ye?" This was a question which the astonished lady was unable to answer.

A young lady in Detroit has discovered a cure for cold feet. It may be in vogue here for aught we know. The Detroit miss gives her receipt for it as follows:—"I am troubled with cold feet, but I manage to keep them warm by lying in bed every morning until my mother has built a fire and prepared breakfast. I then get up, place my feet on the front of the stove, eat my morning meal, read the news, and after warming some flannels, and wrapping them about my 'poor feet,' return to bed, where I remain until nearly noon. I repeat this every twenty-four hours, and find it very comfortable. I think I shall survive."

**THE NEW STATE LOAN.**—Upon an examination of the bids for the new State loan, on Monday, April 1st, it appeared that the bids were nine millions in excess of the sum required—thirty-one million being offered at six per cent. interest ranging from par to one half per cent. premium. Dexter & Co., E. W. Clark & Co., and Jay Cook & Co., well known banking firms of Philadelphia, have obtained a majority of the bids at a premium, and the remainder, about seven millions, has been taken in other parts of the State. Of this \$32,312,055 were at 5 per cent. per annum, and \$12,086,686.95 at 6 per cent. per annum. Of the 5 per cent. loan, \$92,850 were for the shortest term; \$90,479.88 for the fifteen year loan, and \$729,983.17 for the long, or twenty-five year loan. Of the 6 per cent. loan, \$4,907,150 were for the short loan; \$7,909,520.12 for the medium loan, and \$9,270,016.85 for the long loan. This exhibit shows that the State has regained her financial reputation, under the able and judicious management of Republican officials for a number of years past.