

# The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 42

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1867.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

## 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. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to lead in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Roman or 8 of Nonpareil type.

1 square, 1 insertion.....\$1.50

1 square, 2 or 3 line insertions.....2.00

Each subsequent insertion less than 12 lines......40

By line, 1 year.....10.00

By line, 6 months.....5.00

Administrators' Notice, 3 months.....2.00

Special and Editorial Notices per line......20

All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements for a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

### Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

EULALIA LODGE, No. 242, F. & M. Stated Meetings on the 2d and 4th Mondays of each month. Hall, in the 3d story of the Old Block, D. C. LARABEE, Sec. WM. SHEAR, W. M.

### 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. 17-49

### F. D. BITTER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, will respectfully inform from the citizens of Coudersport and vicinity that he has opened an Office in the Coudersport Hotel, and will be ready at all times to make professional calls. He is a regular graduate of the Medical College of 1864. Jan. 1-57.

### MILLER & McALARNEY.

Attorneys at Law, Harrisburg, Penna. Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, on all accounts, Bonds, Arrears of Pay, &c. Address Box 95, Harrisburg. W. H. MILLER, J. C. McALARNEY

### 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.

### OLMSTED and LAIBABEE.

Attorneys at Law, Coudersport, Penna. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjacent counties. Office in the second story of the Old Block.

### ISAAC BENSON.

Attorney at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and fidelity. Office on the corner of Second and Adams streets, adjoining the bridge.

### F. W. KNOX.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

### ELLISON & THOMPSON.

Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Vanishing Linen and Putty, and all kinds of household and Miscellaneous Stationery, &c. &c. In Main street, old Jewelry Store. Jan. 1-67.

### 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 Fire and Marine Insurance in the Fire and Marine Companies of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-29

### C. H. ARMSTRONG.

Hardware Merchant, and Dealer in Groceries, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Penna. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

### P. A. STEBBINS & Co.

Merchants—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Flour, Raisins, &c. 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, Raisins, &c. Retailers supplied in liberal terms.

### CHARLES S. JONES.

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

### COLLINS SMITH.

Merchant—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods obtainable in a country store. 16-1

### COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. A Large Stable is kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Tables served in the Restaurant.

### Potter Journal Office.

Having recently added a 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 each this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and feel confident 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. Brunle, Residence, Eulalia, 1 1/2 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Steamboat Road, or leave your orders at Chas. Reisman's, Coudersport, where any information desired can be obtained. Feb-68

### DAN BAKER.

PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY. Pensions are promptly and successfully procured for those entitled to them by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay on lands for widows of soldiers who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Pensions in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. A. Isaac Benson, A. G. Quinlan, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. June 64. Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

TAKE NO MORE UNPLEASANT AND UNSAFE REMEDIES for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HALL'S OLD EXTRACT BROWN AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

Itch! Itch! Itch! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! WHEATON'S OINTMENT, Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

Also cures RHEUM, GOUT, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS and all IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. Prepared by J. D. Wheaton, its sole proprietor, 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, 1858. No notice by letter.

## PICKLES.

The rain and snow were falling fast, As through a down-east 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 you in the brine?" "Nay," 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 worse than that, "His Pickles!"

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

"Do n'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 do n'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 draft a corpse they found, Whilst 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—as classified after being landed on the pier, as sour for distilling and sweet for retail, and after 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 propping 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, bang-driver and broomstick in hand, accompanied by two Irishmen. Said individual proceeded to try the molasses and upon 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 have 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 Ells-worth'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.

"Bartlett'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 hog-heads at the end of each tier. They proved satisfactory.

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

"I do n't 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.

## 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 suited 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 particle 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 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 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 considerably 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 indolently sit with the spoon there neither you nor 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 may be 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 upon their hind legs) on which the

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## Elouquent 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 shimmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening colors 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 naked granite glisters 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 glen, till the trees all seem to turn to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a 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 Stoner.

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 "convicted" 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, Jeemes, an' would a bin a good Baptist, if they hadn't treated me so everlastin' mean at the water. Didn't you hear about in, Jeemes?"

"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 'sosh, and I left me crawlin' around on the bottom like a mud turtle—that's so, Jeemes."

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER AT HOME.—To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make a garment, 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 favored 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.