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
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***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.

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EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa. respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

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.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

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TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17,'61

H. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order in good style, on short notice.

"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
Philadelphia.
UPTON S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.
This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
Terms $1 50 per day.

UNION HOTEL,
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.,
A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11,1861

EVENING.

Hark! hear that sleet against the pane—
And near the wild winds blow!
It chills me with a shuddering dread,
This heavy, heaping snow—
I cannot bear that all night long,
The drifts should deepen so;

O darling, that this storm should beat
Upon thy lonesome bed!
O darling that this dancing snow
Should heap above thy head,
And I not there to shelter thee,
And bear the storm instead!

I trim anew the glowing fire—
The flames leap merrily—
I make the lamp-light bright and clear—
Thou art not here to see—
Ah, since I sit here all alone
What are they all to me?

O dreary hearth! O lonesome life!
O empty hearth and home!
It is not home to me, wherein
Thy dear feet never come—
There is no meaning in the word
Since thy loved lips are dumb!

O, all in vain the bright flames dance,
The ruddy embers glow—
I shiver in the mellow light,
Because, alas I know
The snow-drifts heap above thy sleep—
This heavy, heaping snow!

How Francis P. Blair "Got Jessie."

The Politicians tell a good story of a collision between Francis P. Blair, Senior, (of the old *Globe* firm of Blair and Rives) and Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of the ex General of the West, which shows how immensely caustic and impudent a woman's tongue can be when the head which holds the tongue is educated, and when the spirit is high enough to dare to do battle with everybody and everything It may stand upon record as one of the best shots ever launched by a woman's tongue When Jessie came on to Washington, a few months ago, to endeavor to ferret out the hostility to her husband which was evidently working there, she very naturally came into collision with the Blair family, well known to be his chief opponents. During one of her interviews with Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, Francis P., the father, was present. Jessie's tongue had been running at the younger Blair, with that looseness and boldness which rightfully belongs to the daughter of old Thomas Benton, and the wife of a man who once came very near being President; and the old man after a time could not stand it any longer.

"Madame," he said, drawing his figure to its full heighth, and intending to wither the audacious little woman by a flash of his hard, cold eye—"Madame, allow me to say to you that, in my judgment, your proper place is at the head of your husband's household in St. Louis, and this intermedling with the affairs of state, to say the least of it, is in very bad taste on your part!" Then, to make the blow a final and crushing one, and to show that Washington was the spot where the destinies of Generals as well as statesmen were to be finally decided, he added, "I wish you to understand, that here in Washington is where we *make* men, and where we *unmake* them."

"Mr Blair," said Jessie, shrugging her shoulders after a manner that she learned in France, and casting a wicked look out of the corner of her eyes at Montgomery —"*I have seen some men of your making, and if that is the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business!*"

Those who know the weazen and dried-up appearance of Francis P. Blair himself, and the decidedly unornamental physique of his sons, may form some idea of the effect of this paixhan, in the midst of the smoke from which Jessie gathered up her skirts and swept out of the room, leaving the Blair family routed, horse, foot, and dragoon. Old Tom himself, the hero of five hundred spicy tongue fights, may be proud of the daughter he has left behind, if he has the privilege of looking out of his place of retirement, on the personal and political squabbles of the land he once strode over with so proud a consciousness of personal dignity.

"YANKEE FOOL KILLERS."—One of the North Carolina companies captured at Roanoke Island rejoiced in the above suggestive appellation. They arrived on Saturday, the 8th, before the surrender, were not in the fight, but were just in time to be scooped up so handsomely by our gallant brigades They feel very chop fallen over the result, and none among all the prisoners feel cheaper or look more ashamed of themselves than these poor "Fool Killers," who didn't even smell a Yankee until they were disarmed and powerless.

HARK!—"Hark from the *Toombs* a doleful sound." The traitor Toombs and a few more of the same sort have issued an address in which they utter a cry of despair for the Southern Confedracy. Ah! yes, the rebels are beginning to see the terrible circumstances that surround them, and the terrible fate that stares them in the face.

Armies and Navies.

Europe is in what is called a state of armed neutrality, and a terrible expensive condition that is. Across the water, lively journalists are energetic in abusing this country, because the necessities of the times has made it *requisite* that we should have a large army—the fact being that the larger the force the sooner must be our triumph, and therefore the less the expense and the briefer the suspense.—In what condition are the European nations? The *Almanche de Gotha* for 1862, which publishes none but official statements, gives some interesting details.

In England, the regular army is 213,773 infantry, and 21,903 cavalry, besides about forty militia regiments and 150,000 volunteers—total, 424,677 soldiers of all classes. Her navy consists of 893 steam and sailing vessels, carrying 16,411 guns. The crews number 88,200 men, including 18,000 and 8,550 coast guard men. This military and naval force, it must be remembered, is on the peace establishment. In time of war it would be augmented.

The French army, on a war footing, consists of 767,770 men, and 130,000 horses; in peace the number in service are 414,868 men and 78,820 horses. At this moment, when there is nominal peace, and war may spring up at any moment, like a hon refreshed, the actual effective force of the French army is 650,000 men. Its navy consists of 600 vessels (afloat, building, or under transformation,) carrying 18,843 guns. Of these 373 are steam vessels, of which 59 are iron-cased. The naval force consists of 60,000 men in war, and 38,370 in peace. In what is called the maritime inscription, out of which the navy may be recruited, there are 670,000 seamen. In war there are 26,879 marines, in peace 22,400 There are 25,511 men in the coast guard and custom house duty.

In Prussia, the strength of the army, on a peace footing, is 212,639 men; and 622,860 in war; this includes infantry and cavalry. The Prussian navy is small, consisting of 26 steamboats, carrying 121 guns, and 74 sailing vessels, carrying 200 guns. The maratime force is small.

Russia, in peace, has an army of 577,858 regular troops, with 137 regiments of cavalry, 31 battallions, and 31 batteries for irregulars. She has 242 steam vessels in her national navy, carrying 8,851 guns, and 71 sailing vessels. She has also several hundred vessels acting as guard ships and transports.

Austria has 248,680 infantry and cavalry in active service, and as many more ready to be embodied for field duty at a few weeks' notice. Her navy consists of 53 steam ships, carrying 439 guns. Her *naval force is under 5,000 men.*

Italy, which is at present in somewhat of a chrysalis state, has her returns made to June, 1861. Her army consisted of 327,298 *infantry, cavalry and artillery*—and her navy of 106 vessels (steam and sail,) carrying 1,086 guns and 19,000 men.

Such are the military and naval statistics, briefly given, of the leading European powers. It will be seen how gigantic they are in war—how vast even in peace. Let our readers judge how far any of them may be qualified to charge us with needlessly having organized a large army. We have done it. Not for conquest—not for acquisition of territory—not for extension of sway. We have simply placed our citizen-soldiers in the field to maintain the integrity of the Union, which made us a *mighty nation*, and, with God's aid and blessing, we shall succeed in our great and just endeavor.—*Philadelphia Press.*

LOOK TO THE SHEEPFOLD.—Sheep will not wholly take care of themselves, accommodating as they are in this respect. Lambs need special attention. In the month of September, they should be separated from their dams, and put into the best pasture the farm affords; perhaps a few old and feeble sheep may go with them. The design of this is to bring them into the wintry season fat and hearty. If underfed in Autumn, they will become weak, and before winter is over, many will sicken and die.

When brought into the sheep yard early in winter, they should have, not only a daily ration of good hay, but a little grain or oil meal beside. Of course they should have good sheds into which they can retreat in stormy weather, and where they can lie at night.

In December, let the bucks and ewes be put together. If it is desired to increase several distinct breeds, divide the ewes into as many separate pens or yards, with a select buck in each. They will all be served in three or four weeks.

The custom of some farmers to neglect providing good fresh water for sheep, is not commendable. They can, indeed, melt snow in their stomachs, and so can all animals if compelled to do so, but good, clean water would be better. By all means, look well to the sheep fold, and now, when the high price of wool makes this kind of stock unusually valuable.

A Short Patent Sermon.

I will give you a sermon to-day drawn from the following text:

"The lady who beside a tub,
Is not ashamed to ring or rub;
Or, on the floor ashamed to scrub,
And cares not who calls in to see,
Her laboring so industriously,
Will make a wife for you or me.

My Hearers—It was ordained by Heaven—not by the devil—that every man should have a wife, and every woman be blessed with a husband. In the beginning God made two of the *genus homo*—of opposite sex. The one elected positively, the other negatively; so that when they proximated, their mystical effect would be produced one to another. The how, the why, the wherefore, no mortal has yet been able to understand—neither is it necessary that he should. That the sexes naturally approach and adhere to each other, through some mysterious influence, admits of no solution. Let it suffice that it is so. When the Creator made Adam, he saw that it was not good for him to be alone, so he mesmerized the man—dug a rib from his side without the least particle of pain—and from it made Eve, to be a helpmate for him, as well as a fancy plaything Now without knowing what love was, they couldn't help loving, the moment they set their eyes on one another. He cast sheep eyes at her in the distance, and she threw some killing glances on him in return that fired his soul, and set his heart vibrating like a splinter upon a chestnut rail in a southwester. They finally came together just as natural as a couple of apple seeds swimming in a basin of water. But situated as they were at first, and having little or no manual labor to perform—Eve could be of little utility to Adam, and Adam couldn't be a great deal for Eve. Still they loved and were ready to assist each other in case of any emergent casuality, and so when they found that aprons were necessary they set to, and with the needle worked together for mutual good Eve only understood plain sewing,—she knew nothing about your embroidery, lace working, and piano playing, and cared not about the same. The couple were perfectly happy in their rude state until the old serpent got among them, and even then stuck to each other through thick and thin—through all the brambling vicissitudes of life—from Paradise to Perdition.

My brethren since you know that marriage is a divine institution, and that every one of you should have a wife, what kind of a rib would you select? A pretty little useless doll, or a woman big and spunky enough to wrestle with a bear and come off first best? I imagine you would not care much for either extreme; but you would look for personal charms O you foolish idolators at the shrine of beauty! Know you not that thousands of husbands are made miserable by handsome wives, and that thousands are happy in the possession of homely ones? Homely without, but beautiful within. Alas! what is beauty? It is a flower that wilts and withers as soon as it is plucked; a transient rainbow; a fleeting meteor; a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp; sublimated moonshine.

The kind of a wife you want is of good morals and knows how to mend trowsers; who can reconcile peeling potatoes with practical or fashionable piety; who can waltz with the churn dash, and sing with the tea kettle—who understands broomology, and the true science of mopping—who can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit up her husband's raveled sleeve of care—who prefers sewing tears with her needle, to sowing tares of scandal with her tongue. Such is decidedly a better half Take her up if you can get her—let her be up to her elbows in the suds of the washtub, or picking geese in a cow-stable.

My hearers—My text speaks of a lady at a washtub You may think it absurd, but let me assure you that a female can be a lady beside a washtub or in a kitchen as much as in a drawing-room or in a parlor. What constitutes a lady? It is not a costly dress, paint for the cheeks, false hair or still falser airs; but it is her deportment, her intellectual endowments, and that evidence of virtue which commands the silent respect and admiration of the world She would be recognized as a lady at once—it matters not where or in what situation she were found—whether scorching bed bugs with a red hot poker, or hollering hallelujah at a camp-meeting! All that I have further to say fellow batchelors, is, that when you marry, see that you get a lady inside and out—one who knows how to keep the pot a boiling, and looks well to her house-hold. So mote it be.—*Bachelor Sr.*

"Pray, Sir," said a judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

"Look Forward, not Back."

It seems to me, says a writer, that all times are alike adapted for happiness, and if we grow old as one should grow old, the last days of life must be the happiest of all. Every stage of life is but the preparation for the next one. It is the treasure-house in which are collected all the pleasures that are to make the future time happy. The child has indeed but few troubles, but they are to him as larger ones prove to his parents. I asked a friend once, speaking of the happy, cloudless days of his childhood, if he would like to be always a child. He stopped for a moment, and then said "No." I think he was right. There is progress in everything—in our means of happiness, and in our capacity for enjoyment, Then let us look back upon the time-wrinkled face of the past only with feelings of regret. Give me the present, glowing and full of life, and the future, glorious with its bright visions. I would rather look forward than back; rather spend the golden hours in working out present happiness, than in vain regrets for the past. It is but the helm with which to steer her onward course. It is the steep and rugged mountain up which lies our way. It is not genius nor fortune that paves the way to eminence, but earnestness, self-control, wisdom. These are in our hands; let us use them, and when, at the sunset of life, we turn to look back on our path, and see it stretching far down before us peacefully, we may lay ourselves down to rest.

Marshal Ney's Death-Scene.

The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who had well nigh again put the crown on Bonaparte's head at Waterloo, was one of them. Condemned to be shot he was led to the garden of Luxemburg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying, "are you ignorant that for twenty five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head and with the same calm voice that had steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said: "I declare before God and man, that I never betrayed my country—may my death render her happy! Viva la France!" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his breast, gave the order, "Soldiers fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the bravest of the brave sank to rise no more He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor. As I looked on the spot where he fell, I could not but sigh over his fate.

BATTLES IN JANUARY.—In the various battles and skirmishes that took place during the month of January this year, between the Union and Rebel forces, the following is the aggregate of the killed, wounded and missing:

	Union.	Rebel.
Killed,	43	286
Wounded,	186	383
Missing,	—	343
Total,	235	1012

SOME BEANS.—Mr Whiting Metcalf of Franklin Massachusetts, thinks he has beaten the New Hampshire man who raised four hundred and fifteen beans from one seed. Mr. Metcalf says that a few years since he raised from two beans one hundred and fifty-three pods on one, and one hundred and fifty six on the other. The beans counted up fifteen hundred and thirty-three.

A volunteer, who prides himself upon the domestic arts he has learned during his camp life, writes home to advise the girls not to be in a hurry to marry, for the boys will return in a short time, and girls can get good husbands, who can cook, wash and iron, and do general housework, work in the garden, or run of errands for their wives.

THE OCEAN.—A Parisian, asked to describe the ocean, said: "It's a mighty big pond with an awful smell of tar." A French gastronomer present when he gave this definition, begged to correct him: "No, Monsieur," said he, "the sea is a vat of brine, where Nature pickles lobsters, codfish, and mackerel."

MRS. PARTINGTON told Remus the other day in confidence, that a young man had committed infanticide by blowing his brains up in a state of delirium tremendous, and the corner was holding a conquest over his domains.

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter stamps, replied that it was probably Caumus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely between our acquaintance, misfortune will readily do it for us.

"They Say."

We shall not attempt, for we could hardly expect to succeed, portraying the deformities of a character so repulsive as the "They Say" of society. The reputations of men and woman, good and bad, old and young, are alike withered by its blighting influence. "They Say," is a convenient mask for the slanderer from behind which to emit the foulest libels, the most scandalous rumors and the vilest insinuations. It is astonishing how many thoughtless persons there are to seize the petty scandal or malicious insinuation, and give it currency, without pausing to consider its probability or the consequence of promoting its circulation.—"They Say" is a demon who spreads a malaria that invades every circle, destroys the peace of families, blasts reputation, sows discord, engenders strife and heart-burnings, withers friendship, poisons the fountain of love, and even desecrates the altar. The habit of repeating its utterances grows apace with the least indulgence, and produces results of the most painful character. How many feelings and affections are sorely lacerated, not that not for the time only, but how often do the slanders thus germinated live to injure the good name and fame for years after. Who has escaped its baneful influence? How many can trace their most poignant sorrow to some heartless utterance, exaggerated by repetition, and to be traced in its origin only to the ubiquitous "They Say?" This fiend is ever busy searing the reputation, magnifying the frailties, and torturing the most innocent conduct and actions of men. Private reputation is a priceless jewel, and we envy no man's or woman's heart who will lightly trifle with it, by heeding or giving currency to "They Say" rumors, affecting the character of a neighbor.—How much more wicked it is when it assails the absent, who cannot meet its accusations, but must suffer without the opportunity to repel it, it may be, until too late to avert the evil it has entailed. It is a very safe rule, when you have nothing good to say about your neighbor, to keep your mouth shut. Above all, let the "unruly member" be stilled against the utterance of "They Say" rumors.

THE WOUNDS OF THE HEART.—You may go into a ball-room, writes the author of "Human Nature," where there are two hundred women. One hundred and ninety nine of them you will pass with as much indifference as one hundred and ninety-nine pullets; but the two-hundredth irresistibly draws you to her. There are one hundred handsomer and ninety nine cleverer ones present; But she alone has the magnet that attracts you Now, what is that magnet? Is it her manner that charms? Is it her voice that strikes on one of those thousand and one chords of your nervous system, and makes it vibrate as sound does hollow glass? Or do her eyes so affect you that you have no time to reflect, and no opportunity for your head to judge how you can digest the notions they have put into it! Or is it animal magnetism, or what the plague is it?

POOR WHISTLING.—Speaking of bores, says a victim to one of the species: "I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable whistler. I can stand a fife, when all the nation is armed and equipped on training day, and the drum, with its 'flang, flang,' serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poor puckerer, is a little too much, and I prefer death in some easier, if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being very much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with, 'Mine frien', vat for you all de time vissel? You toss your leetle dog, eh?'"

DREADFUL TRAGEDY.—When Seth got home from mackereling, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had wed another man. And then most awful tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to cut live oak 'way off in Florida. He pined upon the live oak lands, he murmured in the glades; his axe grew heavy in his hands, all in the wildwood shades. Musquitoes bit him everywhere, no comfort could he get, and oh, how horribly he would swear whenever he'd get bit. At last despairing of relief, and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods apiece, and chopped off his own head.

Women can't bear control. Had the Lord commanded Eve to eat the apple, probably she wouldn't have touched it.

Don't associate with a man that never pays his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.