The Potter Journal.

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

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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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BUSINESS CARDS.

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.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
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JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
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

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
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

M. 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

THE SCOTT LEGION.

[This exciting lyric, written by the "insane poet," Charles Fenno Hoffman, was published some years since, but the quires of weak trash published in commemoration of the heroic deeds of the present war must be our excuse for a republication of a genuine battle poem.]

We were not many—we, who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And or, still on, our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way,
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets at Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped its flaming batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on these turrets wave,
And there the evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey.

Romance of an Old Couple.

The following somewhat remarkable narrative is related by a Western lady, now on a visit to San Francisco from Mariposa. She is herself a character She has crossed the plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first American lady who returned to the East by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stout hearted Western womanhood—and her adventures in the wilds of the unpeopled West have been numerous and exciting. If the good folks of Mariposa have missed a lady from their neighborhood they are hereby apprised that she is comfortably located at the boarding house of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and will not return to the mountains until Holmes, of the Gazette, ceases to harrow the hearts of Mariposa mothers by calling their little babies "brats."

Well, while the train of which this lady was a member was encamped at a point on the Humboldt, where the Lesson trail intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen years. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets, under the canvas, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sulks," while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the fact that there was a difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road, and as they could not agree upon the route by which to enter California, there they had remained. The husband expressed a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Lesson—and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain there all winter; the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day the wife broke a sullen silence of thirty-six hours by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provisions, and twelve dollars in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "plunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the dividend upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lesson trail, while the old man silently yoked the cattle and took the other route.

Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless true. It is among the many occurrences of life stranger than fiction

Of course both parties reached California in safety. We say "of course" for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle, death included, could have seriously interfered with the progress of stubbornness so sublime.

Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady readily found employment—for women were less plenty than now—and subsequently opened a boarding house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what became of the old man? The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humbolt. They had lived happily together as man and wife for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated them after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead. We cannot trace his course in California, however. All that we know of him is, that fortune had not smiled upon him, and that for years he had toiled without hope. Finally, feeling scarcely able to longer wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving there, and for want of occupation became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire stock of traffic in a basket upon his arm. This was about six months ago. A few weeks since, in passing the open door of a cottage in the southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall, and stopped to offer his merchandize. As he stepped upon the threshold the lady approached and the old man raised his eyes and dropped his basket. And no wonder either—for she was his wife—his "old woman!"

She recognized him, and throwing up her arms in amazement, exclaimed—

"Great God! John, is that you?"

"All that is left of me," replied the old man.

With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed and she stepped back.

"John," said she, with a look which might have been constructed into earnestness, "how did you find the Carson road?"

"Miserable, Suky, miserable," replied the old man; "full of sand and alkali!"

"Then I was right, John?" she continued, inquiringly.

"You were, Suky," he replied.

"That's enough!" said she throwing her arms around the old man's neck; "that's enough, John!" and the old couple, so strangely sundered, were again united. Both are now living with their daughter on Second street.

A WEEPING WOMAN.—Woman have often an extraordinary talent for shedding tears. Madame D'Arblay describes a young lady gifted with inexhaustible powers in this line. When requested, at a large social gathering, to oblige the company by weeping, she would cheerfully comply. The process was as follows: The young lady's features became composed and thoughtful. Presently her calm blue eyes filled with tears. Then one by one, in endless sequence, the pearly drops rained down her serene countenance until the curiosity of the spectators was satiated, and each one murmured, "Hold, enough."

No Sabbath.

In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following striking passage: "Yoke fellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified! Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming! Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world presdut if we had no Sabbath!"

☞Ladies' under garments are in great demand in the southern army, for "fixed ammunition." We wonder if the Confederates think our brave fellows will shrink from marching right up to the batteries that fire petticoats at them. They never ran away from the article in their lives.

Sketches of Union Generals.

GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL

Was born in 1824, at Baden, in Germany, and was educated at the military school of Carlsruhe. In 1847 he held the rank of chief adjutant, and was universally allowed to be one of the most prominent officers, and perhaps the best artillerist in Germany. When the revolution broke out in 1848 he joined it at once and lost his commission in consequence. He obtained service, however, among the revolutionists, and rose to the chief command of their armies. When the reaction took place, the sovereigns raised an overwhelming force to crush out Sigel. He fought them with 30,000 men against 80,000, and more fortunate than at Springfield, he brought off every one of his guns. Peace soon left the general without an army, and he emigrated shortly afterward to this country. Here he entered the academy of a Monsier Dulon, whose daughter he afterward married. A few years since he was chosen professor in a college at St. Louis, where he taught among other things, the art of war. When the rebellion broke out, Gen. Sigel was one of the first of the gallant Germans of Missouri who rallied to the support of the government. He commanded the third regiment of volunteers raised at St Louis. The memorable retreat from Carthage is too well known to be easily forgotten. He subsequently co operated with vigor and ability, with the lamented Lyon, and was with him up to the eve of the battle of Springfield. After the death of Lyon, Gen. Sigel commanded our army, and led the retreat to Rolla. To him we are mainly indebted for the success of the battle of Pea Ridge, and the defeat of the rebels. He is a skilful general and brave soldier.

GENERAL CURTIS

Is a native of New York, and entered the military academy of West Point in 1827. He practiced as civil engineer in Ohio from 1832 to 1837. He next practiced law. During his stay in that State from May, 1846, to June of the same year, he was made adjutant general. He then undertook the colonelcy of the Third regiment of Ohio volunteers in the Mexican war, and fought throughout that memorable campaign. He was afterwards returned to Congress to represent a district in the state of Iowa. While serving in Congress he commanded the Second regiment of Iowa volunteers. At the close of the session, he returned to Missouri. He was appointed a brigadier-general, and resigned his seat in Congress to take arms in defence of the government. For some time he had charge of the city and district of St. Louis. When Gen. Halleck assumed command of Fremont's department Gen. Curtis was ordered to a more important post at Rolla, as a starting point and depot of concentration of the troops now under his command. When properly prepared, he went in pursuit of the rebel general Price and his troops. On the 14th of February his command captured Springfield; on the 18th, the flag of the Union was floating over the border and in Arkansas; on the 20th, he defeated Price at Sugar creek; on the 21st he took Bentonville; on the 25th he drove the rebels from Cross Hollow, and on the 27th took possession of Fayetteville; and latterly, has beaten the *united forces of the rebel commands in* the Boston mountains, which ended in the death of McCulloch and McIntosh.

☞Look on the bright side of things. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy, and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes the flower. Full one-half our ills are only so in imagination. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. You have troubles it may be So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to the man. There would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, were there nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean.

It is the duty of every one to extract all the enjoyment and happiness he can without and within him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark. The lane will turn, and night end in broad day. In the long run, and very often in the short, the great balance rights itself.

The State Constitutional Convention of Illinois, by a vote of 42 against 13, has prohibited negroes or mulattoes from emigrating to that State and from enjoying the right of suffrage.

Two hundred thousand barrels of ale are manufactured annually in the city of Albany, N. Y. Under the new tax that city will pay on this article alone, two hundred thousand dollars a year.

Parson Brownlow's Speech.

The following speech of Parson Brownlow was delivered in front of the St. Cloud Hotel, Nashville, on the evening of the 14th ult:

GENTLEMEN: I am in a sad plight to say much of interest; too thoroughly incapacitated to do justice to you or myself. My throat has been disordered for the past three years, and I have been compelled to almost abandon public speaking. Last December I was thrust into an uncomfortable and disagreeable jail—for what? *Treason!* Treason to the bogus confederacy; and the proofs of that treason were articles which appeared in the Knoxville *Whig* in May last, when the State of Tennessee was a member of this imperishable Union. At the expiration of four weeks I became a victim of the typhoid fever, and was removed to a room in a decent dwelling, and a guard of seven men kept me company. I subsequently became so weak that I could not turn over in my bed, and the guard was increased to twelve men, for fear I should suddenly recover and run away to Kentucky. Becoming convalescent, in a measure, I was removed to my former place of confinement. One day I was visited by some Confederate officers, who remarked, "Brownlow, you should not be here. Take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government, which will not only entitle you to a speedy release, but insure your protection." "Sir!" said I, "before I would take the oath to support such a hell forsaken institution, I would suffer myself to rot and die of old age."

Why, my friends, these demagogues actually boast that the Lord is on their side, and declare that God Almighty is assisting them in the furtherance of their nefarious project. In Knoxville and surrounding localities, a short time since, daily prayer meetings were held, wherein the Almighty was beseeched to raise Lincoln's blockade, and hurl destruction against the Burnside expedition. Their prayers were partly answered—the blockade at Roanoke Island was almost effectually raised; a reciprocal of their sacrilege divinely tendered.

Gentlemen, I am no Abolitionist; I applaud no sectional doctrines; I am a Southern man and all my relatives and interests are thoroughly identified with the South, and Southern institutions. I was born in the Old Dominion, my parents were born in Virginia, and they and their antecedents were all slave-holders. Let me assure you that the South has suffered no infringement upon her institution; the slavery question was actually no pretext for this unholy, unrighteous conflict. Twelve Senators from the Cotton States, who had sworn to preserve inviolate the Constitution framed by our forefathers, plotted treason at night—a fit time for such a crime—and telegraphed to their States despatches advising them to pass ordinances of Secession. Yes, gentlemen, twelve Senators swore allegiance in the day time; and unsworе it at night. A short time since, I was called upon by a little Jew, who, I believe, is the Secretary of War of the bogus Confederacy. He threatened to hang me, and I expected no more mercy from him than was shown by his illustrious predecessors toward Jesus Christ. I entered into a long correspondence with this specimen of humanity, but from mercy or forgetfulness on their part, I was permitted to depart with all my documents in my little valise, which I hope to publish at no distant day. Gentlemen, when I started on my perilous journey, I was sore distressed in mind, and exceedingly so in body. But the moment my eyes encountered the pickets of the Federal army my depression decreased and returning health seemed suddenly to invigorate my physical constitution.

Gentlemen, Secession is played out, the dog is dead; the child is born, and his name is Jeff. Davis, Jr.

My throat distresses me to such an extent that I must decline further remarks this evening, but shall make myself heard upon the next convenient occasion, which will probably be ere the termination of the present week.

The Nashville papers publish this speech on successive days, the demand for it being such that they could not supply it in one day.

THAT'S SO!—The difference between the Republican party and those few desperate men who still have the audacity to claim the title of "Democracy," is, that while the Republicans are striving in the Cabinet, in Congress, and on the battle field, to *crush out rebellion*, the leaders of the Democracy are laboring, with the aid of slander and misrepresentation, to *crush out the Republicans*. While the Republican party is endeavoring to counteract the influence and the cause of Rebellion, there are "Democrats" struggling to shield it and give it strength. What honest man can long pause in his preferences and duty, with such evidences before him?

WAR WIT & HUMOR.

They tell us that Gen. Sigel was not educated at West Point, but he fights like a man educated at all points.

The great subterranean phenomenon in Edmondson county, Kentucky, the giving us of Clarksville, and the surrender of Nashville are three mammoth caves.

Gen. Henry A. Wise says he has "more sons to be sacrificed." But they have a father who will continue to take precious care not to be sacrificed.

Beauregard is suffering at Murfreesboro *from a sore throat. He isn't the* only rebel that is beginning to feel bad about the neck.

Humphrey Marshall's headquarters, that we hear so much about, are a great deal the smallest quarters he has got.

When Floyd will understand his true position. When he gets the Hang of it.

"Julius, why did Gen. Grant rest uneasy de night 'for he took Fort Donelson?" "Dunno, Massa Johnson; 'spose he didn't feel sleepy." "No, sah! 'Twas case he 'xpected to get a PILLOW, and only got a SHIP."

The rebel commodore at Roanoke Island jumped overboard and swam ashore. No danger of drowning, as he saw fire enough "to make his head swim."

Is Buel in correspondence with the enemy by surrounding them? He is certainly "penning a few lines."

John C. Breckinridge is running for the Confederate Congress. He must think it somewhere in the neighborhood of Nashville or New Orleans.

The rebels talk loudly of beating the Union armies, but latterly it seems the only thing they can beat is a retreat.

A rebel paper calls Pillow one of the bravest men of his race. He was certainly one of the first men in the race at Fort Donelson.

Buckner is a liberal fellow. At Fort Donelson he proposed to treat. Thank you, said Grant, I don't indulge.

The suspension bridges are destroyed by rebels because the name suggests disagreeable thoughts.

It is said that a Union soldier in Fort Donelson had his life saved by a silver half-dollar in his pocket, the coin stopping a rifle-ball. It is probable that several other Union men were protected by their silver and gold. In that respect they had a great advantage over the rebels. Shinplasters don't stop bullets.

The rebel leaders still appeal to the people of the South to fight on, but the tones in which the appeal is made sound like the shrieks of mortal despair, or the wailings of the damned.

The rebels claimed many strongholds, but they proved to be weak forces.

The firewater of rebellion won't stop running, as it has no stopper.

The U. S. Government has laid a great wager against the Southern Confederacy—Gen. H. Wager Halleck.

Perhaps the rebels were more reconciled to leaving Kentucky and Missouri because these are hemp States.

Our gunboats were a sort of craft that very much disconcerted all the craft of Floyd and Buckner.

The gunboat crews on the Western waters go into action with cheers, until hearers exclaim—"the regular game cock crew!"

A physician, accounting for the Southern rebellion, ascribes it to the heat of the sun as it was nothing but a rash breaking out.

The rebels are preparing to attack Gen. Banks. Never fear it. The Union is rich enough to stand a run on her Banks.

The gradual twining of our armies around the rebels shows an earnest desire to bring our erring brothers into our fold.

Some people complain that General McClellan is too slow, but undoubtedly Floyd, Pillow and Wise are very fast.

The rebels at Fort Donelson were sadly in want of socks, and Grant gave them a sockdolager.

Beauregard has gone to Fort Randolph. The trenches of that fort are said to have been made by Pillow. The Creole will have to retrench.

Any U. S. officer should be knocked out of a cocked hat who doesn't do his part towards knocking the rebellion into one.

Who leads the rebel armies but a general Brag?