





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 endeaver 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 Wednes-Edays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport. TIMOTHY IVES, W. M. SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

# 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.

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O. T. ELLISON, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Condersport, 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 Good: Groceries, &c., Main st., Condersport, Pa.

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

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Goods usually found in a country Store .-Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861. M. W. MANN, DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAG-AZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Mair

and Third sts., Condersport, Pa. COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of

Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Pot-A Livery Stable is also kept in connect tion with this Hotel,

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in his Store building. MARK GILLON. TAILOR-nearly opposite the Court House-

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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.

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#### UNION HOTEL, COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.

A. S. ARMSTRONG

AVING 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 ne-Dec. 11,1861

### A VALENTINE.

The following Valentine, written by a lady near ninety years of age, residing in Stratford Ct., to an equally venerable citizen of Bridgeport, Ct., is a pleasant memento of olden times

### A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS.

Tomy early friend and only surviving Schoolmate CAPT. J .... B ....

'Tis more than three score years and ten, Our life's allotted span, Since first in youthful happy days Our friendship true began.

'Tis more thas three score years and ten, Since as a joyous child, I played with you on "Stratford Green," In may a frolic wild.

As I look back upon those years, Three score, and ten, and five Of all the mates we numbered then, But we too are alive!

We two-of all that little band Of sportive girls and boys, Who wept together in childish grief, And smiled o'er childish joys.

And we're far down the vale of years, And time is fleeting fast—
Yet I would be a child once more, And live again the past!

Years seventy-five ! how thrills my heart, As memory bears me back, To tread again with buoyant steps, My girlhood's sunny track.

But in life's retrospect, I see Full many a saddened scene, For life has not been all a play On dear old Stratford Green.

We've drank, dear friend, its mingled cup Of sorrow and of joy, Since I was but a sportive girl, And you a happy boy.

We both were blessed with many friends, How few are left alive! The dearly loved have passed away, And yet we still survive!

We still survive—and it may be A year—perhaps a day— When like the loved ones gone before, We too shall pass away.

God grant that in life's parting hour, Our toils and labor done, We may go gently to our rest, As sinks you setting sun.

When we were young, 'twas stirring times The age of iron men, Who rang the trumpet's warlike shout From every hill and glen;

Who for their country and their homes, Their liberty and life, "God and the right." their battle cry, They conquered in the strife.

·Tis true we were but children then,. But we remember well How many a hearth was desolate, How many a patriot fell !

For oft the parent on his knee Would seat his lisping child, And tell strange tales of battle scenes, And legends stern and wild.

And oft our childish cheeks were blanche And childish tears would flow, As wonderingly we listened then, To deeds of blood and woe.

But joy best suits the youthful heart. Tis always light and free, And so as it hath ever been It was with you and me.

And still your boyhood sports went on-My girthood's laughter rnng, For in those days of sternest deeds,

Both you and I were young! Do you remember, dear old friend.

The simple "village school," Where "Mr. Ayres" taught little folks To read and write by rule?

Children were timid-teachers stern. In those our youthful days, When copy books in hand we went, Trembling to seek his praise.

And when you won the wished for book, And I stood sadly by, You often caused a ray of hope To light my downcast eye.

No matter what the teachers said, Fresh from your generous breast, Came to my ear the flattering words, That mine was "always best."

Do you remember that I sent You then a "Valentine?" Fine sentiment perhaps it lacked. But loved breathed in each line.

It seems but yesterday-these "five And seventy years" ago! You then had owned no other belle, And I no other beau.

I in return a ribbon got, Bright with true love's own hue, And much it pleased my girlish taste, For 'twas the honest blue.

But childhood quickly sped away, And hearts were lost and won, And soon you owned another love, And I another "John!"

With him I journeyed many years, Happy and blest were we; He lived to see his "bairn's bairns," Prattling upon his knee!

"We clamb thegither up the hill," But down alone I go! "And soon thegither at its foot" With him I'll lay me low.

Yet rot alone! for loving hearts Are left in childhood dear, Who in my downward path of life, Smooth each declining year.

And oft to glad mine aged eyes, My childhood's children come, And merry laughter rings again In my old happy home.

For you, sole mate of my early days I've cast a backward eye Along the changing track of time As it has hurried by.

And forward, may we dare to look ! Another opening year
Has dawned upon us, and its close
May scarcely find us here!

It may be me, or you; Still while we live, my early friend, Shall live our friendship true. My years now number eighty-eight!

One may be taken, one be left,

And yours are eighty-nine! Then once more, as in days of yore, Accept my Valentine. February 14th.

#### JAMIE'S STRUGGLE.

yellow jets of gas-light.

Her cousin looked up coldly at the question, Uncle Gould frowned ominously over his paper, and Aunt Gould just said, very drily:

"In his room. Madge looked uneasily from one to the other, but no single pair of eyes turned upon her with sympathy or explanation, and after a few moments of irresolution. she laid down her school-books, and stole from the room. In the hall she met the

house maid. "Oh! Betty, please tell me, has any thing happened, and why didn't Jamie come to school this afternoon?"

Berty shook her head. "Well, Miss, I don't like to grieve you. but your brother has done a horrible thing, and if he was a poor boy now, I suppose he'd be looking through iron

bars to-night in the county jail !" "Oh, Betty, what do you mean?" said Madge, turning quite pale.

"Well. Miss." said Betty, sinking her roice to a whisper, "you'd have to know it some time, I suppose, and the fact is: he's just been stealin' money out of mas ter's drawer-a hundred dollars, more or

"It isn't so !" cried Madge, in a loud. sharp tone, which almost startled herself lie!" and she burst into tears.

neck.

"I knew you had heard it all the minute vou called me," faltered Jamie. trying to smile. "I heard the 'tears in your voice," you know; but you don't be down.

"Never!" cried Madge, vehemently. "Now tell me all about it. How could any one dare to say so?"

"I hardly know where to begin," said Jamie, with a great effort at self-control "I'll have to tell you something I've been keeping a secret ever since last summer. You see when Consin Bell had her birthday party last June, and all the girls swept around in such pretty shining silks, or else dresses half clouds and half cobwebs, and you only had that pink calico—it hurt me, I don't know why. You looked just as sweet as any—yes, the with this rather clumsy steel pen on the looked just as sweet as any—yes, the with this rather clumsy steel pen on the looked just as sweet as any—yes, the with this rather clumsy steel pen on the looked just as sweet as any—yes, the with this rather clumsy steel pen on the looked just as sweet as any—yes, the with this rather clumsy steel pen on the looked just as sweet as any—yes, the Isn't she pretty, and doesn't her dress as on a leaf of his writing book. look as if she had bought three or four yards of sunset, and had the moon up all pretty, too?" for you did look as sweet as now." was to lend her that dress.' Some of the boys said—Too bad?' but that only hurt me more, and I crept away pretty soon, and lay behind the thick snow-ball bushes, and looked up in the great, still sky, and wondered why God couldn't have taken you and me too when father and though it grieves me to say so.

"A fine ould Irish gentleman" at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to ceie thrate the Union victories, hung out a blue to them, "Oh, yet out?"

The States that are in rebellion may enough for such brate the Union victories, hung out a blue to them, "Oh, yet out?"

The rebel armies claim to be weed begin beautiful to the word ould woman's red petticoat," saying, "be jabers! I'll have the emblems out any haved, but they are guilty of a good many though it grieves me to say so. mother died, and not left us to come to though it grieves me to say so.

southingly; Fin sure he's been

while after that I heard Lutie say that ishment for such a great fault?" her birth day came in the winter, and "But I did not do it, sir," said James, she meant to have a grand time, and in imploringly. vite every boy and girl she had ever seen. Uncle Gould grew quite stern. Then I thought to myself-Now they member that Betty saw you, my childshall look the prettiest of them all. So "Yes, Jamie," said Annt Gold, appearlegan to work after school, doing all ing from the parlor, "you love Madge kinds of little jobs for anybody that would dearly, and no doubt the temptation was en I thought I'd never have enough.— you so very happy, I even promise to give see banks before leaving Nashville. That But when Aunt gave me money to buy the dress to Madge." mittens, I just went without and kept my Don't be a prig, Jim," said Lutie; he is most distinguished. siderable at Christmas, you know, and al. with!"

Green, who is always so kind to me, ex. was love and forgiveness—the skating "run them down." "Where's Jamie?" asked Madge, timidly, coming into the room, cheery with its pretty crimson coal fire, and bright I could get nicer things contempt; and solitude in his dreary there, and Madge, I builds you the room. What a struggle! The hot passing the room. there, and Madge, I bought you the foom. What a struggle! The hot pas- in that State. sweetest green silk! It made me think sions raged, and the terrible fire burned of the woods in spring, and I thought through his cheeks. He hesitated. Ah. when you had it on, with your sweet, is he going to love the praise of man more white face, you would look just like a lily than the praise of God? A moment more coming up out of a bed of moss."

"Dear little Jamie!" said Madge! "did you do all that for me? I ain sorry. You a fie."

know i don't care what I wear." "Yes, I know it," said Jamie, "and is because, as Mr. Green says, you alprice in the sight of God. I have a even smiled as their eyes met. doubt Madge, but the angels think you're the prettiest girl in the world, but some way, I know its foolish-I wanted to ache I should feel light as a feather."

have the boys think so too." "Well, when I came back, just as I got to the half door with my bundle. myself, out came Uncle, looking very red, and storming about some money—about twenty dollars. I think—that he said he had left in his desk, and forgot anything about it, and I was just going will be? I am quite certain it will all to lock up last night. Nobody-knew on tip toes to my room, when he called come right at last." very suddenly: What have you got in that bundle? A dress for Madge ! A let me see it.' So I opened it, trying 10 he repeated softly to himself, "Very pr "What! Jamie steal! It's a wicked tell him that I carned all the money my-"Very well," said the offended Betty, silk he caught hold of my arm so I al-"you'll soon find whether I tell a lie, for most screamed, and said: 'You carned' At first there was no reply, and then a little movement behind the dingy brown curtains betrayed him, and Madge was at the dress. Madge, that I've disherent forms a man, and everybody ter-pens.

We understand that the fasionable people of Richmond are getting to be a very a man, and everybody ter-pens.

We understand that the fasionable people of Richmond are getting to be a very all she felt.

second prize, at least, and whatever I get softly; "we count them happy which enshall be given to darling Madge."

second prize, at the second pr

But to her great grief, angry Uncle a rose, I thought; but that proud Fisher Gould would not hear a word "No. Give em thunder! Hursh for the Knight laughed just like a knite—1 child," he said, 'no one can make me flag!" He lived till she sank. he said—'O, yes, and how kind Betty marbles and candies half a year to buy

"You cannut skate to day James,"

hire me, at d I never spent anything for very great. We have been talking it owing for all that he'd got. candy or marbles, you knew, so that all over, and we wish to be as kind as your the boys began to call me miser. But I own father and mother, confess your fault, of hands to run the Southern Confederadidn't mind that, because I thought my and, as it it is the first time, we are will cy. The old set of feet it cannot compleasure was coming by and by. The ing to forgive you, and trust you once plain of, as they run well enough. money came very slowly, Madge, and oft more. And indeed, since it would make

together, yesterday I found I had just What a terrible struggle went on in of his gunboats, but he never looks toenough to buy what I wanted. So Mr. Jamie's breast. If he told a lie, there ward New Orleans without wanting to

of silence, and he says firmly "I did not do it, Uncle. I cannot tell

attended by Madge, his faithful shadow. you're always lovely to me. I suppose it They heard Belle and Lutie go away merrily with their skates, but, strange to sav ways wear the jewels which are of great they did not feel so very miserable, and

"Ish't it queer I can be so happy?" said Jamie. "If it wasn't for this head

"Do you remember that strange verse that mother used to say?" said Madge. "Behold we count them happy which feeling so proud that I had earned it all endure. I believe I understand it better now, Jamie; and what is the rest of it? Yo have seen the end of the Lord, that by their always approaching the enemy the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy. I am so glad you endured it all, Jamie and who knows what the end

Jamie tried to smile hopefully, and whenever a vivid remembrance of his heavy disappointments came over him fused. "Oh, very well." said Floyd, "if

iful, and of tender merey." It is a week after, and the night of Confederacy has no floating debt. The Lutie's birth-day, Madge-can it be pas debt is certainly too heavy to float, and sible—is standing by the piano in that debt and Confederacy will go together to money enough to buy such a dress as identical green silk, though with that the bottom. I believe he's none too good to be a thief, or you either, with all your mincing, sain. ways?"

But Madge was out of hearing—two steps at a time up the broad stairs, till she reached a little room at the farther end of the third story corrider. She burst in without any ceremony, but all was extended a little room, but all was extended and to try te be kind, and told me that if I burst in without any ceremony, but all confessed, and asked his pardon, he was asked damie's pardon, and since has sands of the Federal army was approach happy flush on her checks, she looks happy flush on her checks. happy flush on her cheeks, she looks burst in without any ceremony, but all was still in the cold winter twilight, except the dismal dashing of sleet against the window panes. "Jamie," she called an only said over and over the dismally as if the window panes. "Jamie," she called the and only said over and over the dismall as if the window panes. "Jamie," she called the and only said over and over the dismallest as if the had been grown a man, and everybody that I didn't, could not do such a thing the had been grown a man, and everybody ter-pens.

At first there were no real and only said over and over the had been grown a man, and everybody ter-pens.

bis side, with her arms flung around his months," Jamie coughed violently, "I ness? happiness not only that again he be quite a loss, for with a yard or two boy's sister—that Uncle has already sae as. If they can't sue for anything Madge tried to comfort him, but broke ing but there is a deeper joy—the The Richmond Inquirer s own.
"Never mind," said he at last, patting sweet peace—the consciousness of victo- rebels will fight as long as one of them is her tear-stained cheek. "I am determine which makes one turn from the merry fight long enough to find out what they can shall have some thing nice after which makes one turn from the merry fight long enough to find out what they all. To morrow is the skating match, sparkling faces to the sweeter light in are fighting for.

Jamie's great earnest eyes, and whisper

Madge, with eager sympathy. "You've There were heart-breaking scenes on ky, want rectifying. looked just as sweet as any—yes, the prettiest of all I thought; but when Fish-great white page of ice; as handsomely them. One gunner had both his legs as on a tent of his writing book.

"Yes, you'll be sure of the prize, Jamie," she said exultingly, "and I his raw and bloody thighs, seized the lanknow it will all come right with Uncle yards of sunset, and had the moon up all know it will all come right with Uncle pight sawing stars on it? Then the boys too. I'm going to tell him all about it Another host both arms and legs, yet no doubt, as dumplings in a fariously lived, and when they would assist him.

taken you and me too when the too say so.

In the provisional development has left the Confederate continued this proud, rich uncle, who does not love the provisional dovernment has left the Confederate continued the provisions, if it had belong to the order of the "Straight" the provisions, if it had belong to the order of the "Straight" the provisions, if it had belong to the order of the "Straight" the provisions, if it had belong to the order of the "Straight" the provisions, if it had belong to the order of the "Straight" the provisions of the pr

## WAR WIT & HUMOR.

"I don't remember many times just the boy's flushed, worn face. "I feel it ner sat, a twisting the band of his Pananuw," signed Jamie. "Well a little but right that you should have some punwhile after that I have I á load, by humming the words of the following ode: Oh! for a darkey, ho! for a whip; oh! for a cocktail, and oh! for a nip; ho! for a shot at old Greeley and will want to dress Madge in some ugh Either confess and ask pardon, or go back school teacher; oh! for a crach at a yanker shall look the prettiest of them all. So "Yes, Jamie," said Aunt Gold, appear-oh! for a cargo of darking the prettiest of them all.

The Richmond Whig wants a new set

Floyd robbed the vaults of the Tennes

Commodore Foote has a high opinion

Jeff Davis says that the Southern Confederacy "undertook too much," and the fatal mistake proves him to have been its undertaker." The New Orleans Crescent asks, Shall

New Orleans be burned? As a gastro-Poor Jamie spent the day in his room, nomical question, we would prefer to take it raw. There must be capital artists on the

gunboats, as they are always sent forward to draw the enemy's fire. The United States army is a large blue nass, administered to correct the high

The rebels are not disposed to obey the law until our armies show them its

ivers of the South, and make them work.

with bows. The rebeis abandoned Manassas, but it

The politeness of gunboats is shown

was not near so abandoned as they were. Gen. Floyd, at Fort Donelson, tried to make the rebel soldiers cut a new increnchment. They felt weary and reyou won't cut dirt, I will"

ing Nashville, Gov. Harris called upon

Jeff Davis boasts that the Southern

The Confederates say that we have viheard Aunt Gould say that it wouldn't is respected and loved—that Madge is plated all law in our treatment of them.

> We are told that several dealers in Nashville, in spite of Gen. Buell's orders,

The Richmond Inquirer says that the

are selling whisky-and awful mean whisky, too. The sellers, like their whis-Either wing of an army in battle will. soon become the left wing if it stands its .

ground, and Floyd has command of the other wing, and Wise of the centre. The rebel Government at Richmond doesn't know what amount of paper cur-

boiling pot. The revels are tearing up the railroad tracks rapidly, and putting down their

own tracks still more rapidly.