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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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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

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"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
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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

GOOD ADVICE.

Give him a push! He's tumbling down!
Sinking beneath Dame Fortune's frown.
Act with the rest of the heartless throng—
Give him a push and send him along.

Stop ye for *pity?* What pity for him—
With shattered hope and prospect grim—
With pallid brow and aching breast?
For him there's no pity, for him there's no rest.

Mind not his pleading eye, list not his moan,
He calleth on friends—when, oh! whence have *they flown?*
Now you may pity him! Fool! does he dream
"Friends" ever venture near Poverty's stream.

Pass him by scornfully! E'en should it save
His soul from perdition, let no tear-drop lave
His sunken cheek, burning with fever's bright flush!
But—for he is falling now—give him a push!

He's naught but a poor friendless child of Despair! [there!
Naught could you gain, wasting sympathy
True! he once shone the bright star of our sky—
Now, who would notice him? Surely not I.

Pet child of Fortune—who smiled for an hour—
Once he was worshipped, the sun-nurtured flower. [stick."
Now Fortune frowns on the "worthless old
Men, women, and children—please give him a kick! [*Waverly Magazine.*

WORKING FOR A LIVING.

The soft romance of bugle, violin and dulcet harp, that for the last half hour had floated above the sound of trippling of feet and gay young voices, like the silver wings of some triumphant bird, had ceased—the dizzy waltz was over, and the belle of the evening, surrounded by a dazzling constellation of masculine admirers, walked languidly toward the conservatory.

She *was* beautiful—very beautiful, notwithstanding the carping whispers and sharp edged criticisms leveled at her by her own sex, "never could see anything wonderful in Julia Mellen."

The cluster of diamonds at her bosom was scarcely more brilliant than the sparkle of her deep, violet eyes; her lips, scarlet as the heart of the pomegranate blossom, wore a slight curl of pride, that added, to her beauty; and the brown ringlets, just looped back from her forehead by a spray of gleaming pearls, had somehow contrived to entangle more hearts in their shining tendrills than their lovely owner could well enumerate.

And did Julia Mellen know how beautiful she was—how admiringly men looked upon her—how enviously men turned away? Oh, woman, woman! thy reign is despotic, but sooner or later the bloom and fire must fade, the sceptre be laid aside and then—

The beauty paused suddenly, as a frank and noble looking gentleman made his way through the crowd that encircled her.

"Oh, Henry, I was just looking for you. I want you to know my friend, Mr. De-Torre."

The be-whiskered and freign-faced cavalier, upon whose arm she leaned, bowed low in return to the perfectly polite, but somewhat cold salutation of Julia Mellen's cousin.

"May I detain you one moment, Julia?" said the latter, in a low voice. "I have promised to introduce to you a friend of mine, who is very anxious to become acquainted with the belle of the evening.

"Who is it?" asked Julia, playing carelessly with the geraniums and rosebuds of her boquet.

"Mr. Harley you have heard of him before. He does not often frequent scenes like this, but your eyes have tempted him to break through his usual custom. Have I your permission to present him?"

The puzzled expression which had at first arched Julia's delicately-penciled eyebrows, changed to a look of scorn, which flashed from the dark eye, and curved the rose bright lips in a very becoming manner.

"Oh—the *self-taught* genius whom you have taken up," she said, contemptuously.

"My dear cousin, you must really excuse me. I don't think it is particularly desirable to be acquainted with a man who works for a living?"

The pretty *hauteur* which she contrived to throw into the last words was inimitable. She moved on, smiling and lovely as ever, heedless of the grave look of displeasure that overspread her cousin's face, as he drew back without a word—heedless of the crimson flush that mangled Stanwood Harley's forehead, as he stood in the deep embrasure of the window beyond, and heard the light words and the cruel musical laugh that followed them!

"She scorns me because I work with the hands and brain God has given me," he muttered between his teeth; "and because I am less to her than the dust beneath her beautiful feet. Heaven be the judge between me and thee, proud woman!"

The next moment he turned calmly to Mr. Ashby, who came to apologize that his cousin was too much engaged to admit of an introduction at present.

"Never mind, Ashby," he said, quietly; "I appreciate your good will as much as if it had produced the desired effect.—And now will you walk part of the way home?—it is a lovely night."

* * * * *

Ten years! what marvelous alchemist it is! Sunshine on the pearl-white down of new married brides—starlight on freshly heaped graves—joy and grief succeeding one another as rapidly as the changing colors of the kaleidescope—and all within the compass of ten short years.

Oh, how pitilessly the wind howled on the bitter March night—how keenly the cold found its way into the myriad of crevices of worm eaten doors and rattling casements in that dreary tenement house where a haggard, wild-eyed woman sat over the smouldering remnants of what once had been a fire, and straining her vision over a piece of fine needlework by the light of one dim candle.

"Mamma," lisped a little girl of seven years, who had been rubbing her small blue hands together to warm them—alas with no very satisfactory effect—"where did you learn to work so fast?"

"I learned long ago, dear," said the mother—"when I was a gay girl—before sorrow and want came to break me down."

She sighed heavily—it was almost a sob—as she spoke.

"Mamma," pursued the child, "did you think then that you would ever have to work for a living?"

Julia De Torre started as if an adder had stung her, and shrank instinctively from the prematurely old gaze of her child

"Don't ask such foolish questions, Mary," she said almost sharply. "Who is that at the door?"

The girl rose to open the door, and the agent whose business it was to collect the rents of the tenement house, stepped in shaking a shower of snow from his broad shoulders.

"Well, how is it about the money to-night, Mrs. What's-your-name?" said he in a rough though not unkind tone.

"I have not been able to get it yet," she faltered.

"Well, look here, this 'ere is a hard case," said the man. "To be sure, it ain't my business to be lettin' off my employer's tenants, but then you have had a plaguey hard roe to hoe, I allow.—'Tain't your fault that that whiskered husband of yours run off with another woman—'tain't your fault that you wasn't born to scratch for a livin' like them tough old Irish women down stairs.—Now, you see here—I'll go and I kind o' guess you'll be let off easy. Him that owns these houses is dreadful good-hearted!"

"Heaven bless him," murmured Julia, through her tears.

In the cheery glow of fire light and chandelier, sat Stanwood Harley, surrounded by luxury and splendor. Wealth flowed Poctolus-like through his home; a second Midas, whatever he touched seemed to turn to gold; and the jewels his fair wife wore, were a small fortune in themselves, as she stood beside him that evening, at the moment when the agent was introduced.

"Well, McPherson, what is it?" asked Harley, who, in the multiplicity of his business cares, had almost forgotten the block of houses in —— street.

The brief recital was soon made.

"What is the woman's name?" asked Harley.

"Well, it's a kind of a queer name—Julia De Torre."

Harley was silent for a moment, then he spoke in an altered, yet strangely gentle voice.

"Let her have the rooms rent free, henceforth. And, McPherson, here is a check for what money she may need at present. I am only God's almoner for the wealth he has given me."

The agent bowed silently and withdrew. It was a joyful heart that he carried to the dreary home in the narrow court.

"Am I dreaming?" said Julia De Torre, pressing her hand to her brow.—"Who is thus kind to *me?*"

"Mamma, you have dropped this bit of paper," said little Mary, who had just returned from seeing the agent depart.

Julia took the narrow slip of paper from her daughter's hand, and read the signature appended to the check, with an indescribable thrill.

"Stanwood Harley."

Truly he was avanged!

Don Quixotte thought he could have made beautiful bird cages and tooth picks if his brain had not been so full of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

Some graceless scamp has presumed to say that "it is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be re-dressed." The rascal ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea, or to a sewing party.

The Woman Who Never Gossips.

Oh, no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my own business, without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith.

Why, there's Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandle by the wholesale. It does seem to me as though woman's tongue must be always worn cut; but no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me, there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh, no I never gossip!

But did you know Miss Elliott had got a new silk dress, Mrs. Smith? You didn't? Well, she has. It's a real brocade; I saw it myself; and I do say it's a shame for her to be so extravagant. I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did. Why it's only two months since her father failed; and now to see her dash out in this style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Jones; but I think she'll find herself mistaken. He's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dressmaker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctor's son. The impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be for my own part. I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when anybody's about. My word for it she can look cross enough when there ain't.

Then she says she is only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia; and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more'n seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so, either; but I think Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her Some folks call her handsome. Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane. Then the way she does up her hair in such fly-away curls! and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me that she couldn't make her hair as straight as my Maria's. Impertinence! If she'd let curling-papers and curling-irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be as straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her! Well, all I can say is you've got a very peculiar taste. Why, she's as proud as Lucifer—been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, any way; and then, above all things, to get that little girlish-looking thing! Why didn't he take one of his parishoners? There's my Arabella Lucretia, she would have made him a better wife than he's got now. And she's just about the right age for him. What do you say?—that Arabella Lucretia is two years older than the minister? I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my own daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! If some folks would mind their own business, as I do, I'd thank them.

The Spring-Time.

The following beautiful passage occurred in a sermon recently preached by Henry Ward Beecher:

There is something even more touching than this. It is the flight of birds. All summer they have filled the woods.—They sing from the trees. They rise from thickets and weed-muffled fences, as in our wandrings we scale them. They sing in the air. They wake us with their matins. They chant vespers with glorious discordance of sweet melody. They flit across the lawn, rise and fall on the swinging twig, or rock to the wind on their ærial perch.

But after August they become mute; and in October days they begin to recede from the dwelling. No more twittering wrens; no more circling swallows; no more grotesque bobolinks; no more larks, singing as if they were heart-broken.—They begin now to come in troops in the distant field. At sunset the pasture is full of flocks of hundreds and thousands. At morning they are gone. And every day brings its feathery caravan. Every day they pass on. Long flocks of fowls silently move far up against the sky, and always going away from the North. At evening the weary string of water-fowls, flying low, and wistful of some pond for rest and food, fill the air with hoarse trumpeting and clangor. They are going; the last are going. Winter is behind them; summer is before them; and we are left. The season is bereft. Light is short; darkness is long. Flowers are sunken to rest. The birds have flown away. Winter, *winter*, WINTER is upon the earth.

At last come the December days.—The shortest is reached. Then a few days stand alike. Then the solar blaze creeps forward a minute in the evening. A little more; again more, till half hours ring around the horizon—till hours are strung upon the days—till the earth comes back—till ponds unlock themselves. The forests grow purple twigged. The great winds sigh and rage. March blusters and smiles by turns—a giant that now is cross, and now kind. The calves begin to come. Lambs bleat.—The warm hills are plowed. At last the nights are without frost.

At length we wake, some unexpected morning, and the blue-bird's call is in the tree. We throw up the sash. The sun lies flush on all the landscape. There is a smile of soil and leaf in the air. The popular buds are fragrant as balm. The air is warm and moist. The birds are surely here; they answer each other; the sparrow, the blue-bird, the robin, and, afar off on the edges of the swamp, the harsh twanging notes of the blackbird. It is spring! It is time of the singing of the birds! Nobody forgets the wild thrill of the heart at the first sound of birds in the spring.

Oh, with what a sense of emancipation do we hear the birds sing again! God sends his choirs to sing over night and death for us Winter, that buried all, is herself put away. Death is swallowed up in victory, and nature chants the requiem of the past, and the joy of the future. Now, days shall grow longer, and warmer. Now, industry shall move freely. Now, flowers shall come up. Seed shall be sown. Doors and windows shall stand open all day long. Around about the barn the hens shall shout. Spring has come, and all things rejoice at their release. No more inhospitable snow; no more blight of cold. All is promise.—Men go forth with seed, and roots, and scions. The orchard, and garden, and field, are full of life!

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Is this, now, a mere ornamental passage of scripture? Scripture has no passages that are mere ornaments. Things ornamental there are in it, but they carry marrow and meat. Unlike all literature, never merely decorates. If there is a figure, it is always for some errand of moral meaning. There is no description's sake. There is no poetry for mere æthetical pleasure. There is always a profit withal.

☞ Anderson, the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met a Yankee who stole a march on him, after the following fashion: Enter Yankee,

"I say! you, Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Wa'al you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm somethin' at a trick tew, kinder cute tew you know."

"A, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir," asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold-piece."

"Oh, that is a mere slight-of-hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your hand with a cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying upon it.

"This is your *cent*, is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it, I declare; much obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay, you may leave me my ten dollars," said the Professor.

"Yourn! wan't it *my* cent; and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good bye?" And as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

TO TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF CLOTHING.—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract was a young, foppish looking gentleman, his garments highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn faced, odd-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I know what will take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk, and he—"

At this moment there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy sensibly "cleared the coop" and vanished up stairs.

Be virtuous and you will be happy.

Our Camp Letters:

From the 85th New York.

Camp near Newport News,
Elizabeth City County, Va., Apr. 12.

DEAR JOURNAL: At last we are fairly in Rebeldom. We left Meridian Hill, at evening on the 28th ult., and marched to Alexandria, arriving there at 2 next morning and all bivouacked on the ancient brick side walks of that ancient city. remained there until Tuesday Eve., the 1st inst., we embarked on board the steamer "John A. Warner." She also taking three sloops in tow loaded with horses, forage, &c., bound for Fortress Monroe, where we arrived Friday morning following. The Potomac and its scenery has been too often described, to need an other description from as poor a pen as mine, but it is worthy of remark and perhaps not generally known by your readers, that from Alexandria to the mouth of that noble river, a distance of a hundred miles, more or less, not a town or a village is to be seen on either bank! I could not shake off some gloomy reflections, as we passed Mount Vernon. The question arose—Do the spirits of the departed take interested cognizance of what is passing here, where they were once, the principal actors? And if so, how must the glorified spirit of Washington contemplate this ungodly rebellion?

After remaining at anchor a few hours off the Fortress we steamed slowly up to where Hampton once was, and there landed, glad to step out on *terra firma* again. Here we remained awhile to allow the boys to make coffee. But what a scene of desolation! Nay, the "abomination of desolation." Not a habitation, save two huts, remains undestroyed, even the "Old Church"—the bricks of which I am told were brought from Europe before the Revolution—did not escape; but surrounded as it is by its ancient—and many of them honored—graves, its hoary willows and cypress trees, it is a blackened ruin. What wrought this ruin? Rebellion. What caused rebellion? Slavery! Would to God this ruin was confined to Hampton, but it meets us every where, where the accursed feet of the monster has polluted the earth. We are stopping on the Peninsula between James and York Rivers, a few miles from New Port News. The Rebel steamer Merrimac came out yesterday and coolly towed off two of our sail vessels, ladened mainly with horses and forage, the vessels happening at the time to lie out of range of the guns of the Fortress. Nearly the whole of Gen. Casey's Division is encamped here, of which Palmer's Brigade, in which our Reg't., is included, forms a part. What we are doing, the *Tribune* and *Times* will, probably inform your readers in advance of this. The country about us is low and marshy with belts of sand, and appears admirably adapted to the raising of snakes and alligators. A gloom was spread over our Reg't yesterday by the death of Lieut. E. Davis a son of Col. U. L. Davis, who organized the Reg't. He was a good officer and a pleasant genial associate. The body was forwarded to his father and friends at Bolivar, Allegany Co., N. Y. It is one thing to read history—and another, and different one, to help make it. But I shall weary you—so no more at present.

Truly yours, L. H. KINNEY.

A FEARLESS DUTCHMAN.—After the battle of Mill Spring, our soldiers entered the rebel fortifications, and one of the first discovered a barrel which proved to contain apple brandy. Pulling out the corncob from the bunghole, he turned it up and filled a canteen. While doing this one of Bob McCook's skirmishers came in, and says:

"Vot you gets there?"

The soldier replied that it appeared to be pretty fair apple brandy, upon which the Dutchman ran to the door, calling

"Hans! Henrich! schnaps! see, come a rous!" upon which a dozen Dutchmen came in, and the brandy which was not spilled upon the ground, was soon transferred to their canteens.

"Boys," said the soldier, "you had better look out; this is a doctor's shop, there might be strychnine in that brandy."

They paused a moment to look at each other when one of them exclaimed:

"Py Got, Hans, I tell you vat I do; I trinks some, and if it don't kill me den you trinks." Upon which he took a long and hearty pull at his canteen, and smacking his lips a moment, said: "All right, Hans, go ahead."

And they did go ahead, and in a few minutes the cask was empty.

An ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks during a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about 25 minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated, "Tey musht be iron clamps to keep der ertquakes from preaking up der road."