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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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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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.

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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

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

THE BATTLE.

BY SCHILLER.

Heavy and solumn,
A cloudy column,
Thro' the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the Major along the front—
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing!
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with ye—children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the trump and the fife,
How they ring thro' the ranks which they rouse
to the strife!
Thrilling they sound with their glorious tone,
Thrilling they go thro' the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving
assunder!
Hark the guns, peal on peal, how they boom
in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round,
Aye, shout it forth to life or death—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is raging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall,
The iron death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—From square to square it goes.
Down on the knee they sank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank,
Many a man to the earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent—
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more?

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What, Francis!" "Give Charlotte my last
farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
"I'll give—O God! are the guns so near?
Ho! comrads!—yon volley!—look sharp to
the rear!—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell,
Sleep soft! when death thickest descendeth
in vain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side shall regain!"
Hitherward—thitherward reels the fight,
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night—
Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The Adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
The terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed in the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the
night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er,
There's another in which we will meet you once
more.

The Old Flag.

It will gratify many to learn that the Stars and Stripes again float over the tomb of the old hero who so emphatically declared that "the Union must and shall be preserved." An army correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* writes from camp Andrew Jackson, a few days since, as follows:

"Yesterday Gen. Nelson made a reconnoissance in force towards Lebanon He took with him the second Calvary, three batteries of artillery and five regiments of infantry. Our regiment led the advance guard. We were obliged to leave two batteries about four miles from camp, in consequence of the bridges being too riekety to risk their going over in safety. We went as far as the "Hermitage," the former residence of Andrew Jackson. As we approached the sacred spot, the band of the Thirty-Sixth Indiana played a National air. Gen. Nelson halted the column and the Stars and Stripes were planted over the tomb of Jackson, and the Harris battery fired a salute of sixteen guns. To comment on the ceremonies of the occasion would be useless, as all who know the history of the "hero of New Orleans" can readily imagine the feelings of the troops while standing before the tomb of Jackson. Gen. Nelson and staff were invited into the mansion, and remained some time."

NEW BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A new bridge is to be built on the American side, leading to Goat Island. A draft of the bridge is already completed, plans and specifications have already been drawn, and the work is to be commenced at the earliest practicable moment. The question of title to the island in the river, claimed as belonging to the Porter estate, is in dispute. It is asserted that all the islands which have never been surveyed, in the river near to Goat Island, belong to the Government.

The rebels having failed to lay in any other crop, propose to lay their cities in ashes.

The Retreat from Moscow.

The retreat of the French army fro Mcscow to Poland, through a thousand miles of snow and wilderness, of battle and of blood, stands out in the world's history as the sublime of horror, of passion and devotion. Not the slaughter of the innocents, nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, nor plague, nor earthquake, nor ought, save the great flood itself, so overwhelms the mind, with the burden of grief, terror and desolation.—The legends of that awful path come down from mouth to mouth by the firesides of Europe; and the direful tale will still be told, when Xerxes and Alexander, and Atilla and Charlemagne shall have sunk out of the earths remembrance. As if rebuking the sagest calculations of philesophy, snow fell twenty days earlier than had been known in twenty years—fell in vast quantities, and was attended with most inclement gales, and biting frosts. The French burned with the sun in the summer months, had thrown their spare clothing away; and now their shoes were worn out with toilsome marches, their provisions were exhausted, naught save their horses, jaded and lean, remained for them to ea.. The Russians, on the other hand, well clad, inured to the terrible climate, flush in all provisions and munitions of war, returned upon their path like vultures, and lined the passes in front and rear, and on every side.

Such was even the beginning of their retreat over a route on which the advance had not left even the bones and husks of human sustenance. There was no manifest design on the part of the Russians to give general battle, but rather to harrass them to death. The name of Napoleon hovered over and protected the solemn host.

Thirty thousand men under the dauntless Ney, the palladium of Bonaparte, and next to him, the hero of heroes formed the rear guard of this dread retreat.

There was battle every day, in front and rear. The unsleeping eye of the Emperor covered every point of strategy. He could not be baffled; he could not be kept back. Calculation after calculation, based upon the supposed positions of the other divisions of the grand army, still saved him, as at the last moment, from destruction, and still the straggling army made its way, famishing, freezing, perishing. But one in fourteen had been able to endure,—their bodies strewed the wilderness. And squadron after squadron had been sent back to recruit the toiling band of the fighting Ney. At one time their came a rumor that the rear guard were being overpowered:—in a moment, immortal honor to his generous memory! Napoleon reversed his march with but 9,000 guards to retrace the wilderness, against ten times his odds, and to save his friend or perish with him. "There are $200,000,000 in gold in the vault of the Tuileries," said he, "and I would give it all to know the safety of Marshal Ney"—and again the fiery valor of the cheery shout, "Live the Emperor!" slung back the bitter and remorseless air as Napoleon himself, on foot like the rest, with a beachen staff in his hand, back to almost inevitable destruction, trudged through the bloody snow.

What a wreck was here of all that glorious host! Napoleon crossed the Dniepers with 6,000 guards, out of 35,000; Eugene with 1,800 out of 24,000; and Davoust, stript even of his shirt, led 4,000 squalid and dying followers—the remains, from cold, famine, and the sword, of over 70,000 men.

But 12,000 of the Grand Army *remained!—and not a single cannon.*

Yet, in the wake of these, there came a half naked, famishing, murderous, throng of 30,000 wretches, without discipline, and without remorse. No man has dared—and few have lived to tell of all the horrors of that moving pandemonium.—It was forbidden to speak of it. The more enduring stripped of the clothing from the faint hearted, and the strong dashed out the brains of the weak for no more inducement than the hoof of a dead horse. There were moaning sufferers who gnawed with desperation the fragments of old shoes, or clutched some fleshless bone like a miser, who fears assassination for his gold, yea, the meagre by the meagre where devoured—cannibal fiends, who fain would see the bright eyes of their loved ones once more concealed under their shrunken arms the warm and wasted flesh of the new fallen corpse.

God forbid that such another tragedy should blacken the annals of the world!

But above in interest, and beyond all these, stands the sublime devotion of Marshal Ney. Like the star that keeps its orbit, and we know not why, save for the deep integrity of its nature, he could not quit his post. With a meagre band of 700 men, and a musket in his hand, he held the bridge of Konow, untill the last of the grand army had gone over in safety, and the last grenadier fell a corpse at his feet. Scorning to fly or even to turn his face from the enemy, he retreated backward over the bridge, while the bullets whistled all around him,—and firing the last shot into the Russian ranks, he threw the empty piece into the river! * * * * *

On the night of the 12th of December, as Gen. Dumas was seated in consultation with a physician on the German side of the river, a gaunt, hairy spectoral looking man, in a tattered military cloak, entered the apartment, and said, with a sepulchral voice, "at last I am here!" "And who are you?" said Dumas, rising hastily, and with suspicion. "Do you not know me, General?" "No!" Folding his rags upon his martial breast, the apparition answered, "I am the rear guard of the grand army,—and my name is—Marshal Ney; I have fired the last shot, and the last musket sleeps in the mud of the river!"

Well might the youth, and blood and chivalry of France, of all that fought in Egypt, Syria, Italy, bow their consenting eyes, as Napoleon himself unbonneted his royal head, and hailed him as the "Bravest of the brave!"

The Western Generals.

Major-Gen. Halleck is a native of Oneida County, N. Y. He entered the Military Academy at West Point as a cadet in 1835, stood third in the class and was breveted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in 1839. In 1845, he was appointed First Lieutenant. In 1847 he was promoted for his gallantry in California. In 1853 he was appointed Captain of Engineers. He is the author of a book on "Bitumen and its Uses," and a series of lectures on Military Science, delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston. He was a member of the Committee to draft the Constitution for the State of California; had previously been Secretary of State for the territory of California. In the naval and military operations on the Pacific Coast he was Chief of Commodore Shubric's Staff. He is an astute lawyer—a man of fortune, and is now comparatively a young man, being only 43 years of age. His grandfather, now in his hundredth year, is living in the village of Western, near Utica.

Major-Gen. Grant is a native of Ohio, and is just 40 years of age. He is a graduate of West Point; was attached to the 4th Regiment United States Infantry eleven years. Immediately after the outbreak he offered his services to Gov. Yates of Illinois, and was appointed Colonel of the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. He has been active in South-Eastern Missouri. His occupation of Paducah and stopping supplies to the Rebels by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, his plan of the battle of Belmont, his skill and strategy and courage at the memorable capture of Fort Donelson, are fresh in the memory of a grateful nation. He is a man of few words and many deeds—modest, generous and humane. He has light brown hair fair complexion (now stained by the sun and the smoke of battle,) and electric blue eyes. He was with Gen. Taylor in Mexico, and distinguished himself for his soldierly attributes. At the battle of Pittsburg Landing he headed his troops, and led them through the terrible tempest of shot and shell, and his brave boys followed him as though they were guests hastening to a festival.

Gen. Wallace is a native of Illinois and a graduate of West Point. Prior to the present war he was captain of the Washington Territory Mounted Volunteers, in which position he took part in the Indian War. At the commencement of the rebellion he raised a regiment of Volunteers in Illinois, and was appointed its Colonel. With this regiment of noble and daring fellows he was at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, where he greatly distinguished himself.

Gen. McClernard won his spurs during the present war. He was a leader in the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and in 1860 occupied a seat in the House of Representatives. He also figured conspicuously in the Baltimore and Charleston Conventions. He was opposed to Breckinridge in Congress, and he opposed him again at Pittsburg. He left his seat in Congress to take up arms in defense of the Government. As a soldier, he had his first trial at the battle of Belmont, and came off with flying colors His administration of affairs in Cairo was very satisfactory. At Fort Henry and Fort Donelson he won fresh laurels, and for his bravery was created a Major-General. He is about 45 years of age, tall and graceful—a true gentleman and a true soldier.

Gen. Buell is a native of Ohio, a graduate of West Point, and now in the meridian of life. He has been in the service twenty years; was in the Mexican war. When the present war broke out he was in the regular service in California. Congress made him a Briadier-General, and gave him command of a division of the army of the Potomac.—When Gen. Anderson resigned his command, Gen. Buell was appointed to take his place in the department of Ohio. It was under his supervision the army that marched from Bowling Green to Nashville was raised and disciplined. On the reconstruction of the Departments he was created a Major-General. He is a man of great physical strength and powers of endurance; has light hair, blue eyes, and wears a full beard. He is 42 years of age. Though slow to move, he is terrible in execution.

Gen. Crittenden is a Kentuckian, son of the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, and brother to the Rebel General George B. Crittenden. When the Rebels first assumed a warlike attitude in Kentucky, he took command of the Home Guard [not the stay-at-home,] and checked the progress of the Rebels toward Louisville. He comes of a good stock, and gives a good account of himself.

Gen. Hurlbut is a Carolinian by birth, but a citizen of the State of Illinois. At the outbreak of our troubles, he served in Missouri under Gen. Fremont. He now commands a part of Gen. Grant's glorious army. He has the chivalry, the courage, and the magnimimity of the true soldier.

Gen. Smith is a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of the Military Academy; has been teacher of infantry tactics. He was at the battle of Fort Donelson, and for his gallantry was created a Major-General. He was severely wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. His wounds are red stripes and his deeds stars upon his coat of arms.

Presentation to the President.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1862.

Representative McPherson will tomorrow present a cane to the President, made by John Hawkes, an ingenius mechanic of Scranton, Pa.

The cane was originally a cedar stick, with a crooked top and a number of branches. The top has been converted into an American eagle, with life-like bill. Under its throat is the national shield, with the words inscribed thereon, "Union forever." The eagle grasps in his talons Jeff. Davis by the seat of the breeches. Below him on each side, is a cannon—the arbiter of our national difficulties. On the other side is a lion in full spring, with a rattlesnake near by. Below the lion comes a goat, in the act of leaping; and a buck and doe, at full speed, follow him. A fox is springing between them; and then comes an eagle, grasping a winged serpent with human head. The serpent of the rebellion, with five tails, human headed, is next in order; then a gold finch; a yellow bird with blue tail; a large turtle; a small alligator, and an adder. Next is an owl grasping a snake, followed by another alligator. Then comes a Union dragoon, mounted, and in the act of charging on the enemies of his country. By his side is a goat, rampant. A monkey with tail twisted around a limb, next appears, holding Jeff. Davis by the hair of his head with one claw, and grasping the Union flag-staff with the other, thus showing that, dumb brute as he is, he knows enough to hold up the stars and stripes, and in the meanwhile punish a traitor. Uncle Sam, with eagle face and cap surmounted by stars and stripes, grapples John Bull by the horn, who in turn is pinching his lion's tail to excite his rage, but the lion takes it quite coolly on his haunches. Next is a grizzly bear "squatted on his hunkers;" then a cur, a blue bird, and a rabbit in full bound. On the side opposite the latter is the final figure, an American sailor, holding a musket on one side, while he grasps the stars and stripes in the other, and stands erect on the crushed Serpent of Rebellion.

This cane has most of the figures on it not only carved, but painted to the life—the body of the stick being black. It is the product of the leisure hours of John Hawkes, an ingenius mechanic of Scranton, Pa., who is noted for his mechanical ingenuity.

Pillow and Floyd have mutually sworn vongeance, and are now very careful to keep apart. When they seem about to meet, one sheers off one way, and the other the opposite way. They cut each other with a pair of sheers.

The Richmond Rebels are sending away their whisky and tobacco. They will follow soon, of course.

They rebels have fled from Skidaway Island, near Savannah—glad to scud away from Skidaway.

The Savannah *Georgian* boasts that the Southern Confederacy is still afloat. Bubbles float till they burst.

Girls play beautifully upon pianos and our soldiers upon forts.

The Rebels must be getting bare-footed when they put out manifest-toes.

The Confederate rulers are like the Confederate notes—there's nothing to redeem them.

THE ARAB'S GIFT.—A poor Arab was traveling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanked the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch even a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

All that sinners can present to their king is like the water brought by the Arab, though like him we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord.—But he will not reject—he will not despise the little offering of love and faith; for he hath promised that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward.

GIRLS' IDEAS OF MEN.—At sixteen a girl considers no man good enough to be her husband. She must have a real, live archangel, with "humid orbs," a "marble brow," on which "cluster wavy tresses, black as the raven's wing;" a moustache of silken softness, and ebony hue; in a word, no human being of flesh and blood qualities, but an altogether sweet and lovely and ideal creation, in purple and linen, and no small vices. Unfortunately, no such person exists. He is a pleasant myth of the butter-thunder school of romance, and has no material form in this world of corner lots, dry goods and gas bills. At eighteen, the girl discovers that unwholesome truth, and changes her view accordingly. She is probably in love by that time, with some decent looking and sensible young fellow, who though hardly an archangel, does very well to idealize. Then it must be a great man. A Judge of the Supreme Cout; a great general would be very acceptable; the President of the United States would be just the thing; or a foreign prince or Count might find welcome if genuine.—But Tom or Harry utterly refuses to become either a judge, a general, a president, or a foreign nobleman. He remains good looking, penniless, and clever, and the aspiring young lady loves him as much as ever.

Finally, when the affair is settled, she weds him at twenty, settles down into an excellent matron, and enjoys her life; or breaks her heart, and marries a tallow-chandler, bald, but wealthy, at twenty-five, and regrets it at her leisure. Such is the general history of maidens who set forth with an idea of marrying nothing short of a novelesque hero.

A UNION PAPER AT NASHVILLE.—S. C. Mercer has established an outspoken, unconditional Union paper at Nashville, Tenn. It is called the Nashville *Union*. Its motto is "Freedom and Nationality." In his introductory the editor says: "The present State Government has no compromise to offer, and will take no step backward in its great work of restoration and reconstruction. It is firmly resolved to succeed triumphantly or to perish utterly, and neither persuasion nor threats can deter it from its duty; and so long as it discharges this duty in pursuance of the Constitution and the laws, it can take no step where I dare not follow. Let the people consider, that if it was worth a seven-years war to win our liberties from British tyranny, it is worth a seven times seven-years war to preserve it from Confederate tyranny."

Gov. Wise while he hung John Brown, talked enthusiastically of the old man's nerve. It seems, then, that a chap can admire nerve without having it.

The Confederate papers say that it takes five Union men to match one rebel. It generally takes full that number to catch him.

Why is Gen. Floyd like one of the loyal Generals on the Potomac? Because he is a General Hooker.