

The Potter Journal.

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

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POTTER JOURNAL

M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made.
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All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.
Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

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.
SAMUEL HAYES, Sec'y.

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

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

ISAAC BENSON,
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 promptly 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. OLINSTEAD,
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 entrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BROS.,
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the premises, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegheny river, Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—July 17, '61

M. J. OLINSTEAD, D. D. KELLY,
OLINSTEAD & 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.
UPON S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.
This Hotel is central, convenient to 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 TOAST.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beautiful dame—
The Lady Gaudemere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head.
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy or fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Enviied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on his grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

SCENE AT A REVIEW.—There was a beautiful instance of horsemanship displayed at a late review held at Vienna, upon the occasion of the military order of Maria Theresa, when some thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of huzzars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity, nay, almost on the child. Terror paralyzed alike the spectators and the mother of the child, while the lovely and amiable Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horse's feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a huzzar, without lessening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child placed it in safety in front of his saddle without so much as changing the pace or breaking the alignment in the least. A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed while but two voices could sob their gratitude—the one a mother's, the other that of her sympathizing and beloved Empress. A proud moment that must have been for the huzzar, when his Emperor, taking the enamelled cross of merit, attached it to his breast—a proud monument alike for the sovereign and the man.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the saving-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolution of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. The Popish fable of St. Denys, who lifted up his head from the ground, after decapitation, and walked away with it, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath—"It is but the first step which is difficult."

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a team going the same way he is."

Hopeless oldmaidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.

Some persons shame the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him. There are no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.

Even the sun hasn't an unspotted character.

THE CABIN BOY.

On my way across the sound I fell in with two old sea captains John Streeter and Assa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Capt. Streeter was about three score, and had followed the sea most of his life. Morton was considerably younger, but still a seaman of much experience. The subject of abolition of flogging in our navy came up in course of conversation, and Capt. Morton expressed himself decidedly in favor of that time-honored institution, the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Capt. Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our man-of-war-men will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure it might be so. I mean that the officers have it in their power to do away with all kinds of punishment. I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on ship-board.

"For my part," said Morton, "I shouldn't care to take command of a ship, if the power of punishing refractory seamen as I thought proper were taken from me."

"Well," said Capt. Streeter, "I used to think just so. In fact, there were but few masters more passionate or severe than I was. Men used to run away from me, and on more than one occasion my life has been in danger from the violence of men whom I had abused. I used the cat and the rope's end almost as freely as I used my tongue; and I used to wonder how I had the luck to get such bad men."

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Petersham. She was an old craft and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I wouldn't refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice were above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury for the shock was light; but I was very angry and gave the lookout a severe thrashing without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the iceberg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind that he had never been properly governed; and resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him.

In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-top-gallant hardsail till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished it. I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-must from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I had reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was the smartest and most faithful lad I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day when it was very near noon I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter rail and I knew he did hear me, and the next time I spoke, I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I would help him.

"I didn't hear ye," he said in an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I s'pose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow careless way in which he moved fired me in a moment and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me like that again and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied, firm as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him until my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me you'd better flog out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of my men for my quadrant. When it came and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that

the sun was already past the meridian, that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool stern opposition. "But I will do it," said I to myself, "by the heavens above me, I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned no answer; so I closed the hatch and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning.

After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times but he would not reply—and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. "He'll beg before he'll starve," I thought, and so I determined to let him stay there. I supposed he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man that dared go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hole thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from absolute starvation it would go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off and I jumped down on the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there but could get no answer. A short distance farther I saw a wide space which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would have left everything that might have been stowed there resting directly upon the plank of the ship.

To this place I made my way and looked down. I heard the splashing of the water, and thought I could detect a faint sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance from me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes, help me! For Heaven's sake help me! Bring me a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone:

"Make haste—I'll try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible and returned with a lantern and three men. Three of the timbers were completely water-logged to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the cask before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the very skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks and spikes, and adzes, and with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger.

The plank which was stove in was six feet long and eight inches wide and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we would have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must have been where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin,

where he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold, he crawled forward and looked about for a snug place to lie in, for his limbs were sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole, he went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and he was sure he saw jets of water springing up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down and found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand on the plank and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was pressing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more, it must all go, and the ship would be lost and all hands perish. He saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place, he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was so far away, so low down, with such a dense mass of cargo above him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced for four and twenty hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him, but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he should not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could—and he saved us, surely saved us from a watery grave.

That boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him through all his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him he would never give me cause for offence; and he added as he set up again, "I am not a coward—would not be a dog."

From that hour I never forgot those words and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make men feel they are men—that I regard them so, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person. Nine years I sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man couldn't be hired to leave save for an officer's berth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of the foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he returned the command of a new barque, because he would not be separated from me.

HIS COUSIN.—An eccentric friend of ours stepped into a store, which shall be nameless, where some of the "colored brethren" were doing a little trading.

"Ah, Mr.," said our friend, "you have your cousins in, I see."

The young merchant said nothing but looked mad. Our friend stepped out, but in a few minutes returned, after the sable customers had departed.

"I hope you won't take any offence at what I remarked here just now," said he.

"O, no," said the merchant, "I never take offence at anything you say."

"Glad of it," replied the quizzier, "but the niggers are as mad as they can be!"

He sloped, narrowly missing a flying yard stick.

A SARCASTIC WIFE.—A husband, who arrived home at a late hour of the night, said to his wife: "Don't look so cross, love; I have been detained on a committee." Wife—"I don't like those committees; I suspect that—" Husband—(interrupting her)—"Just hear that infernal caterwauling!" Wife—(sarcastically)—"Oh, that is our tomat; he's out on a committee, I guess." The husband remained silent for the rest of the night.

Jones, while recently engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw and knocked out a front tooth.

"Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after. "You had a dental operation performed, I see?" "Yes," replied the sufferer, accidental.

A snuff-taker's nose, genteelly blown, is a musical snuff-box.

Swift's Hatred of Foppiness.

Dean Swift was a great enemy of extravagance in dress, and particularly to that distinction and ostentation in the middle classes which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly, in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded:

When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a bagged wig and other fopperies. Swift received him as a stranger.

"And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?"

"I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to await on you immediately on my arrival from London."

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"George Faulkner, the printer, sir."

"You George Faulkner, the printer! Why, you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor I have ever heard of! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and will never trick himself up in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction."

Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Dean, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London, why, there has been an impudent fellow here, with me just now, dressed in a lace jacket, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

CHANGING STEP.—What is more ludicrous than an awkward couple walking arm in arm and failing entirely to keep step? It is suggestive of a heavy wagon jolting over a rough road, or music played badly out of tune, or anything else most disagreeable to sensitive nerves, and is altogether most wretched and uncomfortable both for the spectator and the parties concerned. Occasionally, by accident they fall into keeping step for a while, and for a time they move harmoniously and with graceful identity of motion.

But for the most part their progress consists of a ludicrous joggling jerk, fearfully trying to comfort and temper. This is but an illustration of the discomfort which some men endure through life, merely for ignorance of knowing how to "keep step." Man and wife have need particularly of learning this accomplishment. As long as they jog along life's road in the double harness of matrimony, "keeping step," they are happy and comfortable. Suddenly some little eccentricity—a foible in one or the other—interferes with the pleasant concert. Now is the time to "change step," by yielding a little on both sides to restore the harmony which was lost. But if both hold out stubbornly, and refuse to make allowances for the difference of opinion and feeling, then all peace is forever banished from the family circle, and unless one party can brow-beat the other into submission, there must always be bickerings, jealousies and petty conflicts, which will make home—which should be the happiest spot on earth—the most wretched.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE.—There are some people so thoroughly cowed that they appear to be always apologizing for venturing in this world. They seem virtually to say to every one they meet, but especially to those of wealth and rank, "I beg your pardon for being here." Not only is this a painful and degrading condition, I do not hesitate to say it is a morally wrong one. It implies a forgetfulness of who put you in this world, my friend, that you should wish to skulk through it in that fashion. Is not this the right way for a man to feel? The Creator put me here, in my lowly place indeed; but I have as good a right in this world, in my own place in it, as the Queen or the President.—My title to be here is exactly the same as that of the greatest and noblest; it is the will of my Maker. And I shall follow the advice of a good and resolute man in an early century, who was always ready to give honor to whom it was due, but who would not abnegate his rights as a man, for mortal I intend to do what he said should be done by every man—I intend "wherein I am called, therein to abide with God."

A WOUNDED IRISHMAN'S WIT.—The following incident occurred at Pea Ridge: "One of our boys was, in the heat of the fight, wounded in both feet by a cannon ball. Our forces having fallen back, his Irish wit was brought into play. Seeing a big scotch coming by, he presented his musket, made the fellow surrender, and under him, and in this position he rode into our lines, where he delivered Mr. Butler over as a prisoner."

It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.