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 endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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***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 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.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-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 promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner o Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17,'61

M. J. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
Philadelphia.
UPTON S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.
This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
Terms $1 50 per day.

UNION HOTEL,
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.,
A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11,1861

A STORY OF COUNTERPARTS.

A quiet, uneventful life was mine until I left the shelter of my father's roof in Gorham, and accepted the desk of a book-keeper in the wholesale clothing establishment of Shears and Prescott, in the busy little city of Weston.

But there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian summer, I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk in the park with me.

Her little hand in its delicate primrose-colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the gorgeousness of the distant hills, clothed as they were in their mantles of crimson foliage, when I was bro't to a stop by hearing my name pronounced in a tone neither sweet nor agreeable.

"Mr. Smith, I'll just trouble you to stop a minnit!"

I looked up. A woman of fifty or thereabouts, effectually blocked up the sidewalk before us; indeed, her proportions were collossial, If ever I had seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her expressive countenance.

"Madam!" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing gray eyes which she brought to bear upon me.

"You needn't madam me," cried she, waxing redder. "I'll just trouble you to settle this little bill." And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read, substantially:

RICH'D SMITH to MRS. JULIA DIGGINS, Dr.

For six month's board	$96 00
For " " washing	12 00
	$108 00

I returned the bill to her.

"I owe you nothing, madam. I never saw you before in my life."

"You needn't lie to me!" cried she, setting her arms a-kimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding-house fifteen years for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot, or I'll take the law!"

"Take it," remarked I; "you're welcome to it."

"You think to sarse me, young man! Remember what you promised! I'll have you took up for it as shure as my name's Diggins! I'll larn you better than to deceive a trusting widder woman in that way, you desateful hypocrite!"

"Madam, you insult me! I—"

"Oh! it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all at once! You've forgot the cream flapjacks I used to make you, and the kisses you used to give me every evening after the rest of 'em had gone to bed! You've forgot the half-dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent!—You've forgot that you solemnly promised that you'd marry me last Tuesday morning! You've forgot that, have you?"

"Yes—yes—I never!—no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm in consternation.

"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she, in a rage.

Yes; forever and a day afterward!" I roared out. "Do you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd sooner marry my grandmother!"

I saw the fire flash up in her eyes. The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head, and fell over backward as she charged upon me with her half-mourning parasol. Miss Lillie turned and fled. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by a large watch-dog that sprung out of a kennel near by. I seized a dahlia pole, and hurling it at the belligerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best pace I could command.

I was resolved that I would not remain in Weston a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith for whose notorious self I was mistaken.

I penned a hasty note to my employers—giving my reasons for leaving them—packed my trunks, paid my board, and, marking my baggage "R'D SMITH, NEW HAMPTON," I entered the cars for the locality specified on my trunks.

In selecting New Hampton as my destidation, I had no very definite purpose in view; but in a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation, and the office of "Boots" was better, if I could be left unmolested, than the station of President, if I must lose my identity, and be attacked by viragos in the streets.

It was near noon of the next day when the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady, in a brown silk walking-dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eye, she threw up her veil and sprung toward me. As the veil swept back, it revealed the loveliest face I had ever looked upon. I had never dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms—her arms fell around my neck—her velvet cheek touched mine—and such a kiss as she planted full on my lips! My face was in a blaze. I felt as if I had been stewed in honey with lavender for flavoring.

She repeated the kiss—the munificent little angel!—exclaiming:

"Dear, dear Richard! How delighted I am that you have come at last!"

I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I dared not speak lest I should dissolve the spell.

"We have been expecting you for four whole days. Only think what a period of suspense!" went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in waiting. "There, make yourself easy, I'm going to drive. Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"

The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur-lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly away.

"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard; but his rheumatism is worse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand for the bride. But I would come. I wanted so so much to be the first one to greet you, dear Richard. Alice is so beautiful! and so deeply, beautifully happy! Richard, you ought to be the most grateful man alive!"

"I—I—believe I am!" exclaimed I, as reaching up her sweet face, the little enchantress favored me with another kiss, which, this time, I repaid with compound interest, and then blushed boiling hot to think of.

At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine old mansion on an aristocratic street; and, mechanically, I alighted and lifted out my companion.

The hall door was flung open. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me within the vestibule; her musical voice called softly at the door of a *boudoir*,

"Alice, Richard has come!"

Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with unutterable tenderness, and then embraced me, with a mingling of fervor and shyness absolutely bewildering.

Verily, I was a favored individual.

An elderly gentleman, supporting himself by a cane, now came forward and saluted me, calliug me his "dear son," and cutting short everything I attempted to say by his joyful volubility.

The folding doors separating the sitting-room and parlors were thrown apart. I heard the subdued hum of voices, the rustling of heavy silks, and, waiting in the alcoved arch in an east window, I saw a clergyman in gown and bands.

The elderly gentleman took the hand of the dark-haired Alice and placed it in mine.

"Take her," he said, with emotion, "and may God prosper you. We will have the most important thing first, and dinner afterward. The guests are already getting impatient."

I glanced at Alice's dress. It was bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms.

The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice, for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed into my face with painful auxiety.

"What is it, Richard? Are you ill? Merciful heaven! Helen, look at him! He is ill!"

"It is nothing—nothing!" I gasped. "Only, I cannot—cannot marry you! I—"

"Oh, heaven!" cried Alice, in horrified dismay; and seeing she was about to fall, I flung my arm around her for support.

At this moment the hall door was opened, and, turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the room! My exact counterpart.—Richard Smith, number two.

His fierce eyes took in the scene at one swooping glance. He rushed toward me with a wild ejaculation, and, tearing the half-fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. I put my hand on the same locality of his body.

"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear.

"What are *you* doing?" I thundered in response.

"Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed, with mad violence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Hereford's love shall die!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called Helen, "be patient; there is some mistake.—Which of you is named Richard Smith?"

"I am," replied I.

"I am," replied my counterpart.

"But which of you is Richard Smith—the son of Archibald Smith?"

"I am," said my second self.

"And I am not," said I, "my father was named Robert."

Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, how to treat me after what had occurred. Finally she held out her hand:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all a careless mistake of my own. Can you forgive me?"

I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise enough not to make known my wish.

"Let me explain," she continued, frankly. "We were expecting my brother Richard home from the South, where he has been some four or five months past, and were quite sure that he would arrive on the train which brought you. He has been some years engaged to Miss Hereford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately on his arrival. I went down to the depot to welcome him, and because of the striking similitude in your respective personal appearance, I mistook a stranger for my brother. That is all. Brother Richard, Mr. Smith is entirely blameless of any wrong. We gave him no time for explanation. Let me present you to each other as friends."

My counterpart shook hands with me, and begged my pardon for dislocating my neck-tie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depredation on his neck-tie. And then, at a sign from the elderly gentleman, we all walked into the drawing-room, where, in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of his blushing Alice.

The acquaintance so singularly begun with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me.

Helen Smith had kissed me, and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him—it hardly matters in what way—he has a claim on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the memory that stole over her.

Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again and called me her "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her brother.

Is it a fortunate, or an unfortunate thing, to have a counterpart? When I think of the boarding-house-keeper, I say, "No;" but when I look at Helen and recall the circumstances of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer, "Yes."

Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?—Because she dresses well.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife?—Her-*ring!*

What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?—The fin-*is*.

Why is a thriving tradesman like ice?—Because he is solvent.

Birds are a poor man's music; and flowers the poor man's poetry.

To Adam Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

We embark in the cradle for a long voyage; in the coffin for a far longer one.

If a bear were to go into a linen-draper's shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin'.

The man who was in the habit of blowing his own praise gave the ear-ache to his neighbors.

Five hundred dollars' reward is offered for a newspaper correspondent who corresponds with the truth.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

He that is good will become better, and and he that is bad worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

When heaven sends storms upon men they must imitate the humble grass which saves itself by lying meekly down.

The fixed purpose sways and bends all circumstances to its uses, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it.

The labors that a man performs with his hands are but his out-works. Look well to the strengthening of your inner works.

There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

It is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

Pennsylvania in the Army of the Ohio.

A ridiculous rumor having obtained credence throughout the country, that Pennsylvania was not represented in the late gallant fight at Shiloh, Gen. A. McDowell M'Cook writes Gov. Curtin the following noble and soldierly acknowledgment, so honorable to the gallantry and proverbial devotion of the Pennsylvania soldier. Col. Stambaugh is among the bravest men in the service, while the regiment under his command will bear itself equal with any similar number of men in any fight in which they may be engaged. We submit General M'Cook's letter as a glorious evidence of the gallantry of the men of the Keystone State:

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIVISION, ARMY OF OHIO,
FIELD OF SHILOH, TENN.,
April 15, 1862.

Hon. A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania.

SIR:—Both justice and inclination prompt me to bring to your notice the bravery, coolness and discipline of the 77th regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, (Col. Stambangh's,) which was a part of the division I had the honor to command in the battle of Shiloh. The only Pennsylvania regiment on the field, it bore without reproach, the banner of the Keystone State through the thickest of the fight, and won for her a wreath, which may, with pride, be placed beside those gathered upon the fields of the Revolution and in Mexico.

I am, sir, very respectfully
Your obedient servant,
A. McD. McCOOK,
Commanding 2d Division.

Brownlow in New York.

The citizens of New York have given Parson Brownlow a grand reception, at the Academy of Music. The financial proceeds of the ovation, which were quite large, were presented to the Parson to re-establish his paper at Knoxville. The following are extracts from his reception speech. Speaking of his imprisonment the Parson said:

Before I was confined in the jail, their officers were accustomed to visit the jail every day and offer the Union men confined there their liberty, if they would take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and volunteer to go into the service, and they would guarantee them safety and protection. They were accustomed to volunteer a dozen at a time, so great was their horror of imprisonment and the bad treatment they received in that miserable jail. After I got into the jail—and they had me in close confinement for three dreadful winter months—all this volunteering and taking the oath ceased, and the leaders swore I did it. One of the brigadiers who was in command of the military post, paid me a special visit, two of his aids accompanying him. He came in, bowed and scraped, saying: "Why, Brownlow, you ought not to be in here." "But your generals," I replied, "have thought otherwise, and they have put me here." "I have come to inform you that if you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, we will guarantee the protection and safety of yourself and family." Rising up several feet in my boots at that time, and looking him full in the eye,—"Why," said I, "I intend to be here until I rot from disease, or die of old age, before I will take the oath of allegiance to your Government. I deny your right to administer such an oath. I deny that you have any government other than a Southern mob. You have never been recognized by any civilized power on the face of the earth, and you never will be. I will see the Southern Confederacy, and you and I on top of it, in the infernal regions, before I will do it." "Well," said he, "that's damned plain talk."—(Laughter and applause) "Yes," I replied, "that's the way to talk in revolutionary times."

The Parson handled Northern sympathizers without gloves. Said he:

If I owed the devil a debt to be discharged, and it was to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his satanic majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathized with this infernal rebellion. (Great cheering.) If I am severe and bitter in my remarks—(Cries of "No, no, not a bit of it.")—if I am, genttemen, you must consider that we in the South make a personal matter of this thing. We have no respect or confidence in any Northern man who sympathizes with this infernal rebellion, nor should any be tolerated in walking Broadway at any time. Such men ought to be ridden upon a rail, and ridden out of the North. ("Good, good.") They should either be for or against the "mill dam;" and I would make them show their hands.

The rebel treatment of Gov. Johnson's family and the Parson's aspirations for the future were alluded to as follows:

In Andy Johnson's town they had the jail full of prisoners, drove his family out of his house, and his wife being in the last stages of consumption, appropriated his house, carpets and bedding for a hospital, and his wife had to take shelter with one of her daughters in an adjoining county, and Johnson has in him to-night a devil as big—and there is in the bosom of every Union man in Tennessee—as my hat; and whenever the Federal army shall find its way there, we will shoot them down like dogs and hang them on every limb we come to. They have had their time of hanging and shooting, and our time comes next; and I hope to God that it will not be long. I am watching in the papers the movements of the army, and whenever I hear that my county is captured I intend to return post haste and point out the rebels. I have no other ambition on earth but to resurrect the Knoxville *Whig* and get it in full blast, with one hundred thousand subscribers. And then, as the negroes say down South, "I'll spress my opinion of some of them." If I have any talent in God's earth it is to pile up epithet, one upon another. (Laughter and cheers.)

NEW ORLEANS.—"Picayune Butler" created some squirming by an order that females insulting civil Union soldiers should thereafter "be regarded, and held liable to be treated as women of the town." The "sensitive" Rebel Mayor, Mr. Monroe, wrote a saucy letter about it: Butler deposed him, and ordered him to Fort Philip: Monroe explained, apologised, and was released, "wiser if not better."—The Rebel Council proffered "the freedom of the city" to a French naval officer: whereupon, Gen. Butler reminded the Council that they were no longer masters, but virtually servants, and had better attend to their only proper duties, which were police and sanitary regulations, the latter of which were very deficient: upon which hints, the Council subsided, gave up their "free drunk" with the French, and set 300 poor men at work upon the streets.—Gen. Beauregard's wife, and her mother, were in New Orleans, and are not molested.—Jacob Barker, the noted financier, advises the Rebels to save their cotton, go back to the Union, and try the ballot-box, the Constitution to be altered so as to vote directly for the President, (giving up the three-fifths vote!)—Nearly a million of Confederate funds were found, which a Consul was trying to smuggle away—and considerable munitions of war were secured by Butler.—Recruiting for the Union has commenced.—They threaten to assasssnate Butler, but he coolly tells them that Gen. Phelps, who would be his successor, is a worse Abolitionist than he is!—He is stopping Secession money and customs, to a happy extent, and trade is reviving.

HURRAH FOR GEN. CURTIS!—This brave Iowa Republican, resigned his seat in Congress to fight for the Union, while Democratic *Biddle* quit the army for a seat in Congress to abuse the Administration! After recovering from the awful contest at Pea Ridge, Gen. Curtis has cautiously worked his way eastward, until, it is reported, he has reached Little Rock, on the Arkansas, the Capital of the State of that name. The Rebel Democratic Governor, Mr. Rector, "skedaddled," chivalry fashion, thinking it a "Black Republican job," and very "unconstitutional" treatment—as do several of his brethren at the North.

Curtis is one of the folds of Scott's Anaconda. His men are helping to make the Mississippi free to trade again.

FLIGHT OF JACKSON!—"Stonewall Jackson, after driving Banks eastward, was suddenly arrested by the appearance of Gen. Fremont, who made a forced march over the mountains from Western Virginia, and attacked and defeated the Rebels in several skirmishes. A Union force under Shields came on East also. Between the two fires, Jackson, with all his knowledge of the country, and his picked troops, had hard work to get back to New Market, losing ten guns and many men. Col. Kenly and other Union prisoners are released—and by this time, doubtless, the Valley of Virginia is mostly in the Union hands—never, we trust, to be scathed by Secession again!

No more matrimony in Richmond for the present. The licensing officers have "left" with the records of their office.

The men of the First New Jersey regiment have sent home to their families, in one consignment, $53,000.

The United States Marshall has seized all the printing offices in Nashville, as forfeited for their treasonable publications.

The town of Pulaski, Tenn., has been assessed some $1200 for damages done a Union man by the guerrilla Morgan.