The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIV.--NUMBER 27. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1862. TERMS.--$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE
POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
$1.00 PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

***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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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,
O. 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 LOYAL DEMOCRAT.

Mouth not to me your Union rant,
Nor gloze mine ears with loyal cant!
Who stands this day in Freedom's van,
He only is my Union Man!
Who tramples Slavery's Gesler hat,
He is my Loyal Democrat!

With whips, engirt by chains, too long
We strove to make our fasces strong;
When Rebel hands those fasces rend,
Must we with whips and chains still mend?
If "Democrats" can stoop to that,
Go help me! I'm no Democrat!

Thank Heaven! lines are drawn, this hour,
'Trixt manly Right and despot Power;
Who scowls in Freedom's pathway now,
Bears "Tyrant" stamped upon his brow;
Who skulks aloof, or shirks his part,
Hath "Slave" imprinted in his heart.

In vain of "Equal Rights" ye prate,
Who fawn like dogs at Slavery's gate;
Beyond the slave each slave-whip smites,
And codes for Blacks are laws for Whites,
The chains that negro limbs encoil,
Reach and enslave each child of Toil!

O, Northern Men! when will ye learn
'Tis Labor that these tyrants spurn?
'Tis not the blood or skin they brand,
But every Poor Men's toil-worn hand;
And ye who serve them—knowing this—
Deserve the slave-lash that ye kiss!

While Northern blood remembrance craves
From twice ten thousand Southern graves,
Shall freeborn hearts—beneath the turf—
Lie always crushed by tramp of serf?
And pilgrims, at those graves, some day,
By Slavery's hounds be driven away?

The green grass in the church-yard waves,
The good corn grows o'er battle-graves,
But, O! from crimson seeds now sown,
What crops, what harvest, shall be grown?
On Shiloh's plain—on Roanoke's sod—
What fruits shall spring from blood, O God!

Spring-time is here! The past now sleeps—
The Present sows—the Future reaps!
Who plants good seed in Freedom's span,
He only is my Union Man!
Who treads the weeds of Slavery flat,
He is my Loyal Democrat!

New York, May, 23, 1862. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

NEW ORLEANS.

The following items from the New Orleans *Delta* give some idea of the change in public sentiment in that city. Since Butler's advent he has been constantly at work relieving the condition of the "poor, starving white trash,"—of which there is no small number in the city. And while with one hand he has been dealing out mercy he has with the other given justice full sway, and this hanging of Mumford is the pure Cromwellian spirit, whose exhibition at the commencement of our struggles might have saved much of the blood and treasure already expended:

WHAT IT COST TO HAUL DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Mumford, the ill-starred youth whose name and fate will be a terror to all who are inclined to trifle with the Government or its sacred emblems in time to come, justly received the reward of his treason and madness, in the presence of thousands of spectators, as announced in *The Delta* of last evening. So far as our knowledge extends in the matter, it is the first instance upon record of a man being tried, found guilty, and executed for laying violent hands upon our National flag, and the lesson it conveys is a solemn, and, we trust, will prove a salutary one. Mumford, though standing only as a representative of parties equally guilty at heart as himself, had the misfortune to mingle a little more rashness with his treasonable intents than some of his trator associates, and paid the penalty with his worthless life.

It is perhaps of very little importance whether this indivicual, so depraved in his nature, so lost to all sense of patriotism and love of country, be dead or alive, and the recompense of forfeiture which he made in the sacrifice of personal existence is in no degree a compensation for the insult which he offered a great and magnanimous people by basely trampling their noble ensign under foot. And the thousands who witnessed the exit of this miserable person from a life he had disgraced, must have learned, if they had need of such a lesson, that it is most dangerous to set at defiance a Government that from its very nature is self-protecting, and will at all hazards, and under all circumstances, vindicate itself and avenge the insults offered its flag.

Deluded men may have flattered themselves that, because a rabble or a mob sometimes rules within the narrow limits of some important town or corporation, that there is no power under the Government sufficiently potent to arrest their mad career, when their high-handed wickedness extends to a violation of symbols sacred to a great and powerful nation, but the example of yesterday must disabuse them of any such fallacy.

The hauling down of the flag on the Mint was a much more cowardly act than entering the ranks, in open and armed rebellion, for the perpetrator might well flatter himself that, in the absence of those who had either the will or the power to redress the insult at the instant, his escape in the melee of a mob-leagued city might be relied upon. But in this he misjudged, and never did justice overtake a criminal more abandoned, or punish a crime more revolting to the sense of every honorable, high-minded person.

There could be no reprieve from the execution of a sentence so just; and forever after, so long as time shall continue, and the good old national flag floats over the Union, as float it will, long after the present race of traitors are dead and buried, let him who would violently lay hands upon it to haul it down, count well the cost by remembering the fate of Mumford. And lest by your neglect, citizens of New Orleans, some of your children may come to the same bad end, teach them that hauling down the American flag is an act of treason, and is synonymous with death.

FIRST UNION FLAG RAISED IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE RAISING OF OUR FLAG ON THE CITY HALL.—The Union Association, of whom Mr. Anthony Fernandez, a native of this city, is the President, passed resolutions, and appointed Saturday, the 7th inst., at 12 o'clock m., as the proper moment to restore our glorious flag, and trusting it to the breeze. A Committee of Thirty-four—one for every State in the Union—ascended the roof, and, forming around the flagstaff, hoisted our national ensign. As the colors reached the summit a salute of 34 guns was fired, while the vast crowd cheered and appeared mad with excitement. The shouts of the multitude, the booming of cannon, and bursts of triumphal music, loudly proclaimed that the

Flag of our country did wave
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The enthusiasm lasted more than a quarter of an hour, and after the firing of the salute, the President and the Secretary (Mr. Dufau) repaired to Gen. Shepley's quarters, where the President addressed him with much feeling and warmth; to which Gen. Shepley answered in a most appropriate manner, touching upon the gratification they must experience in beholding once more the national emblem floating over their municipal hall.

Mr Fernandez is also the President of the Louisiana Association of the Veterans of 1814 and 1815, and a warm friend and admirer of Gen. Scott.

The assemblage was immense. At least 15,000 persons attended to see the great, glorious ceremony of the raising again, and no doubt forever, the flag of this our great country—the asylum of all the oppressed of the world.

Truly, there were no Secessionists there. They would not approach such a place, where only the purest motives and patriotism had congregated such a vast assemblage of persons, respectable, and identified with the prosperity of this great city.

A REMARKABLE OFFER FROM DENMARK.—A dispatch from Washington states that the contraband question has suddenly taken a new phase—no less than a practical scheme of colonization upon Danish territory. The Judiciary Committee of the House on Tuesday morning received from the State Department copies of an interesting correspondence which has just passed between Secretary Seward and the Danish Minister in relation to the contrabands. The Danish government has made a formal proposition, through its Minister at Washington, to take all the negroes who have escaped from their masters and remove them to St. Croix free of charge. It then proposes to put them under an apprenticeship of three years, permitting them to receive regular wages. At the expiration of their apprenticeship it is proposed to free them unconditionally. The Governor of the Danish West Indies has also appointed a special agent, who has arrived in this country to make the neccessary arrangements. Free transportation is offered to all who will engage to labor on the sugar plantations for three years, at the same compensation as given native population.

DEATH OF HON. ROBERT M. PALMER.—The Hon. Robert M. Palmer, U. S. Minister to the Argentine Confederation, died at sea on the 26th of April, and his body was buried in the ocean the next day. He had been a long time in ill-health, which had increased so seriously that he left Buenos Ayres to return to his home in Pottsville. But his disease had made such progress that the sufferings of the sea voyage brought on the final struggle. He had been a Senator from Schuylkill county, in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and during the session of 1861 was Speaker of the Senate. He was appointed Minister by President Lincoln, and sailed from this country in May, 1861. He was forty-one years of age, and leaves a wife and six children, the oldest of whom, a young man, accompanied him to South America.

Gen. Polk has captured since the commencement of the war 25,000 prisoners.

MY FIRST LOVE.

It has been asserted by a celebrated writer that every person born into this world is subject more or less to the influence of love; that, some time or other, in the course of life, they will be so situated as to feel its powerful influence, and that those who are attacked young the sooner get through with it; whereas, if they are attacked later in life, it goes very hard with them, and subjects the iodividual to all kinds of queer, out-of-the-way, odd doings, quite unlike themselves before Cupid hurled his flaming dart, and made the wound. Thus speaks the author—now for the case in point.

When I was a very little boy (so my mother told me,) I used to hear a great deal of talk, among the nursery maids, about marriage; but, not having a very definite idea of what it meant, I imagined, from scraps of information picked up from said nurse-maids, that it consisted of a woman dressed in fine clothes and a man with top boots, going to church, and the minister reading to them; and furthermore, nurse told me that I used daily to say that when I should be a man, with top boots up to my knees, I would walk the streets till I saw a lady with red cheeks, then I would get a coach and invite the owner of the red cheeks to ride with me, and I would take her to some place with trees outside the city, and live there, letting no one see her but myself. Thus I used to have a haven of happiness in a small way.

A few years rolled on and I had to leave the nursery and all its pleasant reminiscences, and attack the beginning of my world in a juvenile school, where I pursued the alphabet study in concert with some dozen others, under the superintendence of a stately elderly dame, with a rod in one hand and a book in the other. If we didn't get enough out of the book-hand to please her ladyship, she would help us with a stroke from the rod-hand. So things went on till I was considered too large and too impudent (I'm sorry to say,) to receive any more favors from that venerable rod, so was honorably or dishonorably dismissed; (I forget which, but it was either one or the other.)

After a few days another school was selected, and my future development was confided to the hands of a master. A very few days with this gentlemen sufficed to convince me of the superiority of his whipping over the antiquated hand that had wielded the birch in the last establishment. The contents of the school was mixed—half boys and half girls.

When nearing my tenth birth-day a girl came to school about my own size, age, and weight, wearing the reddest cheeks that could be, (my beau ideal of beauty.) The consequence was, I felt bound to ingratiate myself into the favor of those red cheeks, blue eyes and flaxen curls, at all risks and all hazards.

I used to assist her in examples, help her to spell big words, and sometimes, when she was standing up in class, would write answers on my slate to questions put to her, and hold the slate up for her to read, till I got caught at it, and had to experience something from his master hand. Once I heard her say that she was very fond of oranges; so the next coppers I had I took to the fruit-dealers and purchased the largest he had for the money, and stowed it away in my pocket, (which, by the way, was rather difficult, as the pocket was small and the orange large.) I took my seat in school, waiting for "cheeks" to stand up and recite her lesson. She always stood with her hands behind her. Occasionally I used to put scraps of paper in her hand (we should have called them *billet doux*, if we had been in a French school, but as it was, they were scraps of paper) with something on them. This time I had something more weighty. After extricating the orange from its hiding-place, I put it into her hand. She, not knowing what it was, let it fall. Down it went, dub, dub, ub, ub, ub, b-b-b-b, to the end of the room. Never did the loaded clap of thunder have such an effect upon me as the bump and roll of that unfortunate orange. Fruit of every description was so strictly prohibited that I fancied at the time my end was certain.

The master, in his savage, stentorian voice, demanded "who is that who dares to violate one of my laws?" No one spoke. The whole school was silent as death; but I was the suspected one, so was politely requested to stay after school hours, and he would give me a private audience. And I did stay after school hours, and he did give me a private audience, and something else with it, which made it exceedinly inconvenient for me to sit down for two or three days.

After the school laws had been satisfied I was dismissed for home. I had not gone far before I saw Madamoiselle Red Cheeks loitering about, looking in at the windows, &c. I dried up my tears and tried to look as if I was not the boy who had been whipped. She came to meet me as soon as she saw me, (what she never did before,) and said she did not know that it was I who put the fruit in her hand, or she would not have thrown it down. Her cheeks so red, and her eyes so blue, and she spoke so sweetly that my private audience with the schoolmaster and the cane was already deprived of half the smart, and my little heart grew fonder of those red cheeks the more I suffered for them; and it seemed as if they grew redder and redder the more I looked; (have thought since that it was very likely.)

One morning early, in my eleventh summer, I walked by her house for the purpose of getting the first look at those cheeks as they presented themselves to the salute of the morning air; but I found she had already started, as I saw her in the distance. Upon my nearing her there was a butcher-boy and chimney-sweep making clumsy remarks upon the thick ankles, as they maliciously called them, belonging to my darling red cheeks; my young blood felt volcanic at such rude remarks; and I instantly challenged either of them to fight, both of them being bigger than myself. They only laughed at me; but, seeing that I was determined to avenge the insult, they agreed between themselves that the sweep should accommodate me, he being nearer my size than the butcher; and a comic fight it must have been while my strength lasted, for he was blacking my clean face with his sooty hands. A crowd soon assembled; they took my part (being the least) and cheered me on; but master smoke was too much for me; he struck me down, and my forehead struck against the curb-stone, and I was carried off insensible.

When I came to I was in the hands of two elderly women; they had washed my face, and placed a strip of brown paper steeped in vinegar over the gash on my forehead. In this state I started for school; was of course late, so had to go to the desk and give the reason. I said a big boy ran against me, knocked me down in the dirt, and it cut my head; the people took me into a house where they washed my face and put a plaster on the cut.

I was fortunately let off on that. I knew, if I told the truth, it might interfere with my sitting down again, as fighting was one of the peccadillos he punished severely. I told a similar story to Miss Red Cheeks. She pitied me, and I felt a glory in being pitied. She never knew how much I suffered for her. Her father took her from the school at the close of the quarter, and sent her some distance to a Ladies Boarding School. I never saw her again, but her red cheeks lived in my imagination for some time; having no other red cheeks to feast upon, my love for her gradually subsided into a taste (excuse me for saying so, but it did) into a decided taste for red cheeked apples. Oranges, I wouldn't look at for a considerable time, owing to the disagreeable dilemma one of that family bro't upon me. Thus ended the first attachment.

We sever what God has joined, and so destroy beauty, and lose hold of truth.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

Sense must be very good, indeed, to be as good as good nonsense.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow

Never communicate your affairs to one who seems anxious to learn them.

There is a man in Virginia so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.

We are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two-and-twenty, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums co-nun-drums are. She thinks there are some hard to beat.

The progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both, for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

There are great men enough to incite us to aim at true greatness, but not enough to make us fancy that God could not execute his purposes without them.

A club of henpecked husbands met once a week—that meeting being their only day of enjoyment and rest. When they adjourned they called it the rising of the *tied*.

Gen. Grant is on a visit to his family in Covington, Ohio.

ABOUT COMETS.

Comets have in all ages been a source of terror to the ignorant and superstitious. They have been regarded as signs of war, famine, pestilence, and the Judgment Day. Even at the present day, many intelligent but unscientific people gaze with fear and dread upon the beautiful sky-wanderer lately blazing in our evening and morning heavens; while still others are to be found who openly confess the belief that this is an incendiary torch dispatched to destroy the world. But science robs this strange phenomenon of all its terrors. A few years ago some French savans were commissioned by the government to compute mathematically the chances of a collission between the earth and any

"Wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Breaks out of bounds o'er the etherial blue."

After a careful examination of the question, it was decided that there exists but one chance in two hundred and eighty-one millions, that the earth should ever be struck by one of these eccentric wanderers. Still the over-timid may believe that this one chance will be ours, and that it is the earth's destiny to be demolished by yonder fiery strange,—

"Split by his playful tale,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale."

Four hundred years ago, when the victorious Turks threatered to overrun all Christendom, a comet made its appearance which filled all classes in Catholic Europe with such terror that the pope, who seemed to share the universal panic, ordered an extra Ave Maria to be said each day, by every devout man, woman, and child, with the addition of the prayer, "Oh, Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet!" The church-bells were rung at midday, (a practice since kept up in Catholic countries,) but whether to frighten the comet away, or to entreat the intercession of the saints and the Virgin, we are not informed. We suspect that the design was less to frighten the comet than the people, who came pouring their earthly treasures into the lap of the mother church, greatly to her worldly advantage. We smile at this incredulity; but how many are there in our day, in our enlightened land, whom a little contagious excitement on the subject would terrify out of all their self-possession!

Philosophers are not agreed upon the nature of the substance of which comets are composed. Some have thought it to be vapor; and Dr. Whiston, a friend of Newton, supposed that the biblical deluge was caused by a comet driven alongside the earth for that purpose. But it is clear that no vaporous body could exist, journeying alternately, as some comets do, to the very furnace-door of the sun, then away into regions of unimaginable space. It seems clear to us that the substance is the primitive, uncondensed, volatile and gaseous diffusion of which worlds are formed. The fact that stars are visible through the tail, and sometimes even through the nucleus, or head of comets, proves the extreme rarity of this etherial matter. "The comet of 1770," says Herschel, "actually got entangled among the satellites of Jupiter, and thrown out of its orbit by their attraction." But as neither the planet nor the satellites exhibited the least deviation of their course, in consequence, the exceeding unsubstantiality of the comet seems well established.

The most curious portion of the comet is its tail. This is not properly a tail, however; for it sometimes goes before the comet, more like a beard, and sometimes moves at right angles with its orbit. It appears most frequently on the side of the comet opposite the sun; a fact which has given rise to the theory that it is the comet's atmosphere driven off by the sun's rays. But the appendage does not always observe this rule. Some suppose it to be composed of electrical currents, like our Aurora Borealis, streaming off into space. Comets have sometimes more than a single tail, and we read of a very famous one, in 1744, which had six tails, each of which was six millions of miles long!

The word comet is from the Greek *coma*, which signifies hair. The very brilliant "hairy star" which lately attracted our admiring gaze was called the "great comet of Charles V.," who believed its appearance, in 1556, to be a forerunner of his death. This was its last appearance on our stage, it having been absent a period of about three hundred years. When it came in 1264, we are told that "it approached the sun with a tail *one hundred degrees in length*. Its tail came streaming up in the morning several hours before its head, and when its nucleus was in the zenith the train stretched below the western horizon.—*Ex.*

THE CHEAPEST OF LAWYERS.—Keeping one's own counsel.

A cobweb is soon spun, and still sooner swept away.

When is an ox not an ox?—When it is turned into a meadow.

GEN. CASS ILL.—Gen. Cass is lying seriously ill at his home in Detroit.