

# 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 Freedoming our Country.

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## 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.  
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 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. OLMSTED,**  
 ATTORNEY & 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. 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 of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.  
 A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

**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 shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegheny river, Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—July 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.

**Ulysses Academy**  
 Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GUILDY; Assistant, Miss A. E. CAMPBELL. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from \$5 to \$6; Board, from \$1.50 to \$1.75; Rooms for self-boarding, from \$2 to \$4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 26th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, '63.  
 O. B. BASSETT, President.  
 W. W. GRIDLEY, Sect'y.  
 Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

**UNION HOTEL,**  
 COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.  
**A. S. ARMSTRONG**  
 HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by T. 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

## STORY FOR CHILDREN.

One of the sickest of the soldiers bro't to New York on the Ocean Queen, a week or two ago, was a young man named Henry —, a Massachusetts volunteer. He was a little fellow—scarcely seventeen. I afterwards learned—and his smooth face was very boyish, and innocent in its look. The hair was cropped close on his shapely head, and his eyes, tho' clouded with fever, and wild-looking—for he was often wandering in mind—told of unusual intelligence, and I thought I could discover in his general appearance tokens which indicated that he had gone from a home of more than ordinary comfort, and from care that was loving and assiduous, to fight in the armies of his country, and to fall a prey to insidious disease. Like very many of the sick, he had been so much alone, had suffered so much, and was so weak, that utterance was exceedingly difficult, now that he was where there were attentive friends to watch by him, and to encourage him in his trouble. His sentences were broken, and his command of language seemed nearly gone, the words coming out disjointedly.

As the ship approached, New York, and when he was told we were almost at our wharf, Henry's eye caught an unwonted lustre, and a half-smile played upon his smooth, flushed face.

"I'm so glad!" Poor fellow, New York suggested to him quiet, and more comfort than the hospital of the camp or the crowded berth of the hospital ship could afford. It also made him feel near home and tender nursing.

"If mother only knew, she would come." "Your mother shall know, my dear boy. As soon as the ship touches the wharf, I will telegraph her, if you like."

"O, do; if she would only come." So I took from the sick boy his mother's address—it was a town in the suburbs of Boston, one of those beautiful suburban villages, which I had often ridden through, to covet as the fit spots for happy homes. After taking the address, I gave Henry his pouch, and he soon fell into a sleep, which happily must have lasted till we were in the hospitable harbor of the Empire City, and the hurrying feet of officers and sailors above and the slow pull of the engines awoke him.

Once we were fairly at the wharf, I dispatched a messenger to the telegraph office, and before many hours the mother knew that her boy was in New York, longing for the sight of her kind face, and for her loving attention.

On Sunday Henry was conveyed in an express wagon to the New York hospital. I could have wished for him a better vehicle, but it was impossible that he should have anything else. As he lay borne over the gangway, I came to him and taking his hand, bade him be courageous, for his mother would speedily come to him.

"Thank you, I'm so glad." And then I left him, for there were many other sick men that needed attention.

Monday morning I made my way to the hospital, and passing through the wards, crowded with fevered men, I came upon Henry, and by his side was a lady. His mother had indeed come, hurrying as fast as steam would let her, and was now laying her cool hand on the hot forehead of the tired, sick boy. He did not open his eyes as I spoke to the mother and expressed my thankfulness that my young patient had got so fit a nurse, and my hopes that under such care as he would now get, the fever would abate, and Henry would soon be again in his home.

"Poor little fellow!" she said. "It does seem hard that so young a boy—not yet seventeen—should have had such hardships to endure. But he wanted to go, and I could not forbid him. Some mothers must suffer, and God has chosen me." Ah, yes! Many mothers must suffer. The pains which rack, the weakness which enfeebles the occupants of these many couches are not borne by mothers alone, but oppress the hearts of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and sweethearts, in many distant homes. War lays a rude hand on the happiness of thousands of households.

Bidding the mother a good morning, and again expressing my hopes for the recovery of her boy, I left, praying that if disease or wound should fall to the lot of my own soldier boy, God would bless him with the opportunity of having his mother's care.

The next day, in the afternoon, I was again in the ward. The mother was there no longer administering to poor Henry's wants, or gently wiping his brow—for he was past the need of such care now—dead.

Bearing up bravely under the load of her great grief, expressing no discontent with the ordering of Providence which had decreed that her eldest born should thus, and thus early die, only thankful that God had granted her that rare privilege to close the dim eyes, and witness the departure of the young spirit, she made the preparations for conveying the dear body to her home.

"Oh, it seemed so good that Henry should not have to die alone, as that poor fellow in the next ward did this morning, no one even knowing his name. Dear, dear boy, he shall rest near by me, and not where I might never see his grave. Oh, I am thankful, sir."

So God sweetened that mourner's affliction. And he has illumined the cloud of mourning which now rests upon many a household, by sending the happy assurance that the father, or son, or brother, or lover fallen, fell in the discharge of duty, a sacrifice unnoted, it may be, by the millions who rejoice over victory, but hailed with trumpeted acclamations in the home to which he has gone from battle-field, or camp, or hospital.

I have narrated but a simple history. It has nothing exciting about it or in its circumstances very different from hundreds of others which might be told. But death and love are never trite subjects, and the simplest story that tells of them will come home to many tender hearts.

So Henry has gone to his long home, and we trust and firmly believe, to sit, a glorified one at the right hand of his Saviour.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

**ANOTHER HERO.**—The war is bringing heroes to light, not only among the whites, but among the blacks. The colored pilot of Charleston is one of the first named. Here is another:

"When Burnside unfurled the Stars and Stripes in sight of Roanoke, he saw a little canoe paddling off to him, which held a single black man; and in that contraband band victory was brought to the Army of the United States of America, led by Burnside. He came to the Rhode Island General, and said: 'This is deep water, and that is shoal; this is swamps, this is firm land, and that is wood; there are four thousand men here, and one thousand there; a cannon here, a redoubt there.' The whole country was mapped out as an engineer could not have done it in a month, in the memory of that man. And Burnside was loyal to humanity, and believed him. Disloyal to the Northern pulpit, disloyal to the prejudice of race, he was loyal to the instincts of our common nature—knew that man would tell him the truth, and obeyed him. The soldiers forded where the negro bade them, the vessels anchored in the deep water he pointed out, and that victory was planned, if there was any strategy about it, in the brain of that contraband, and to-day he stands at the right hand of Burnside, clad in uniform, long before Hunter armed a negro, with the pledge of the General that as long as he lives and has anything to eat, the man who gave him Roanoke shall have a loaf."

**THE REBUKE OF A CHILD.**—The evening that the news of the surrender of Fort Donelson reached Albany a striking incident occurred at the Delavan House. The city was wild with joy. Newsboys gathered a rich harvest. All purchased papers.

Quite late in the evening a small lad about seven, entered the reading room, and cried "Fort Donelson surrendered; evening papers three cents." His extreme youth, and intelligent, pleasing manner attracted attention.

A gentleman caught the boy, and drew him to his side, paid a liberal price for a paper, and with repeated oaths pronounced him a "man" a "fine boy," that he would make a general; and for aught he knew a president? and asked his father's name. The lad replied, "My father is dead." "Well, well," said the gentleman, "I must adopt you as my boy," and with renewed oaths, declared he would make a "lawyer; and may be, sir, we'll make a Governor of the State of New York out of you."

His frequent profanity, yet earnest and affectionate manner quite silenced the lad, and he submissively yielded himself to the force that held him. The gentleman saw his depression of spirit, and kindly stroking his head, inquiringly asked, "Say, my son, how would you like that, to go and live with me, and become a man in the world?"

"I shouldn't live with a man that swears so." The swearing gentleman was hit.—Scores of bystanders heard it all, and saw his mortification. The boy was released and quickly left the wounded gentleman to pocket as best he could, the cutting rebuke of an orphan child that he had failed to corrupt by his thoughtless and wicked profanity.

As people usually sprinkle the floors before sweeping them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets.

The meanest man in the world is living in New Jersey. In helping him out of the river once, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

## A Word on Courtship.

There are certain young ladies in the world who hold peculiar notions as to the attentions they receive from gentlemen. They seem to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, if he happens to take pleasure in their society, and visits them two nights successively, he is bound to propose marriage. Strange to say, some mammas labor under this delusion. A short time ago, a friend of ours visited a young lady three or four evenings in succession, and as he was leaving the house for the last time, the mother called him quietly into the parlor and asked him what his intentions were. Our friend promptly responded that he had no intentions whatever, and politely wishing the old lady good night, left the house forever.

We live in a fast age, and it would almost seem that courtship must be conducted in the same railroad speed as other things.

Marriage is a serious matter, requiring long and earnest consideration. Two young people may be everything that could be wished for; they may be amiable, affectionate in disposition, and yet, because their tastes do not assimilate, they will live a very unhappy life together. How are these young folks to find out each other's temper and disposition is it not by time in each other's company before marriage? There can be no doubt that the numerous unhappy marriages which are made in the present day, arise from the fact that the courtship is too short. Marriage is not regarded with sufficient reverence; it is often hurriedly entered into and speedily repented. Truth compels us to state that this is caused in a great measure by our young ladies. As we have just stated, they appear to think that if a man is polite and agreeable to them, he is in love, and is bound to declare his intentions. They forget that in seeking for a wife a man ought to look for something more than bright eyes, a brilliant complexion, and white shoulders. These are all very well in their way, but beauty is evanescent, and the day will come when other qualities are found necessary to bind a household together.

There should be congeniality of mind, temper and disposition; there must be mutual dependence and forbearance, all of which cannot be discovered in the short courtships of the present day. A girl, too, should remember that patent leather boots, a well-fitting coat, and unexceptionable whiskers, are not the only things requisite for her future happiness. Her lover may be a "perfect duck," but it is absolutely necessary that she should have a little manhood about him, or four weeks of matrimony will dissipate her dreams and she will be compelled to settle down to the conviction that she has married a dolt whom she must despise. The attributes of true manhood are not to be discovered in two or three interviews. It requires months to find out a person's character and disposition. Complaint is often made by ladies that gentlemen are not polite to them, and do not show them that respect which is due their sex. We are ungallant enough to believe that the fair sex have only themselves to blame in the matter. If they would allow social intercourse without expecting anything more from their visitors; if they would put down politeness and agreeableness for what it is worth; if they would not read a proposal in every compliment paid to them, they would enjoy life more; they would have much better opportunities of judging a man's real character, and by entertaining a large number of visitors, increase their chances of meeting with those who assimilate to themselves in disposition, who would make them loving, affectionate, and devoted husbands.—*Family Journal, Balt.*

**HUMAN LIFE.**—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the thought of the cold tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes, for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have not a firmer hope of life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

All fruits have military propensities. When young they are well trained; they produce many kernels; and their shoots are very straight.

## A Breckinridge Triumph.

In Pennsylvania, a large proportion of the friends of the late Judge DOUGLAS have cut loose from that Breckinridge faction, which first divided the Democratic party, and then divided the Union. Some of them, however, went last Friday to the Party-above-named Country Convention at Harrisburg, hoping to regulate, if not to control its action. But they were outnumbered, and placed in a subordinate position throughout. \*F. W. Hughes, a most malignant Secession sympathizer—one of those most prominent in uttering the falsehood that "Polk is a better Tariff man than Clay"—was made the President, and appoints the State Committee, himself the Chairman—over Richard Vaux.

The Resolutions are of the "Kane Letter" web of contradictions. They have a gloss of patriotism intended to seduce the casual reader: at the same time, they will suit every Rebel sympathizer, and Jeff. Davis would say that—for our State, at this time—they are the best calculated to aid him: for the men elected under it would cooperate with him, no matter what cheat they used to obtain the power.

JAMES P. BARR, of Pittsburg, was nominated for Surveyor General. He is editor of the Post, and is described to by gentlemen who know him as a slippery, oily politician, fit for any desperate work. He once nominated Buchanan for re-election—next came out for Douglas—and is now in full faith with those who killed Douglas at Charleston. Professedly a War man, he hinders the Administration in measures necessary to success.

ISAAC SLENKER, of Union county, for Auditor General, is a more consistent politician, having boasted of his unvarying party fealty, and only one year ago not only acknowledging his vote for Breckinridge, but justifying his vote. He is a respectable lawyer, slow and plodding in his turn for business. In our late local legal contests, Democratic Judges decided him all wrong in the expense and ill feeling in which he plunged his clients and the county. In the peculiar qualifications for Auditor General, all who know him both must admit the superiority of Mr. COCHRAN, the incumbent, who will be re-nominated, at once.

On the Slavery and War question, Mr. Slenker has an unenviable record. In 1849, he stood on the Free Soil Platform of Saml W. Black, Gamble, Wilmot, &c. In Union county, he aided Shriner, Hickok, and others in support of the Pittsburg Platform.

"That is no part of the Compromises of the Constitution that Slavery should be saved go with the advancing tide of our Territorial progress," and similar sentiments. He has since repudiated that sentiment, and in Feb. 1861—when 6 of 8 States had seceded, after stealing 25 or 30 forts, arsenals, mints, &c., when the Rebels had fired on the Star of the West, and proclaimed Jeff. Davis their President—Mr. Slenker endorsed the following (among other) Resolutions at the Lewisburg Convention:

Resolved, 2. That we appreciate civil war, as we believe that this UNION can NEVER be maintained by force of arms, and that as Democrats we are not willing to take up arms to support a platform which a majority of the people repudiated and opposed at the polls.

3. That we cordially approve the policy of the National Administration, [Buchanan's] in its wise and conciliatory course in the present perilous condition of the country.

By that Convention he was sent a Delegate to the Democratic Convention at Harrisburg, and left Court to attend it. He was a Vice President of that body, which—22d Feb. 1861, when the Rebellion was as open as flagrant—aided and applauded it by the following infamous Resolution:

"6th. That they will, by all proper and legitimate means, oppose, discountenance and prevent any attempt on the part of the Republicans in power to make any armed aggression upon the Southern States, especially so long as laws contravening their rights shall remain unrepealed on the statute books of Northern States, and so long as the just demands of the South shall continue to be unrecognized by the Republican majorities in these States, and unsecured by proper amendatory explanations of the Constitution."

It is true he afterwards yielded to the storm of popular indignation that was aroused by the attack upon Fort Sumpter, and talked and acted more patriotically after that time. But for months afterwards he expressed his admiration for Breckinridge—has acted with and for his friends—and Slenker will be voted for by every half-way or open friend of the Rebels in this State. In politics, those who nominate and support a man prove what he is.

Had he run as a nominee of a party, he would have fallen far behind the vote he received. A native of our county, where he has relatives and friends of influence in both parties—not running for a political station—his opponent comparatively unknown, and loaded down with false charges, with prejudices, and personal and professional rivalries—Mr. Slenker had advantages which his anti-war record only defeated. Three Democratic and Republican papers in the District supported him, and he had the neutral if not the positive aid of the only German paper also—three papers only opposed him. Other candidates were sacrificed for him. Money was used profusely to buy up all the purchasable material for Slenker, and every effort (fair and unfair) was made in vain to elect him. But, since his opponent, Judge Woods, is known, and has been tried by the people, he would now beat Mr. Slenker two to one in running for the same office. These facts may assure those abroad that Mr. Slenker, running no longer under "no party" colors, can not command last fall's vote. He now stands forth unmistakably the embodiment of the Breckinridge faction, and should be voted for or against, according as our fellow citizens approve or condemn that traitor's course previous to his complete apostasy.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

\*This man's bosom friend and relative, Jas. Hughes, was two years ago the "Democratic" candidate for Congress from Schuylkill and Northumberland, and is now in the Rebel ranks in North Carolina.

## A Daring Exploit.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette relates the following bold exploit in front of Chattanooga:

The army was halted to rest and to give time for a reconnoissance, in order to learn the enemy's position and strength. This was a very difficult and dangerous matter, owing to the nature of the ground. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to procure the much desired information, when James T. Matteson, first lieutenant, Co. C. 37th Indiana volunteers, rode boldly up to within sixty yards of the enemy, halted; surveyed all his intrenchments, accurately computed his strength in number and position, ascertained the number of his siege guns and field artillery, then wheeled his horse and rode out, waving his cap triumphantly through a tremendous shower of balls, bidding defiance to the hundreds of missiles of death whistling all around, and rode up to the General, calmly, and pleasantly smiling, to give his information.—I asked him how he escaped. "Through the mercy of God and very bad rebel marksmanship," he promptly replied laughing. This must certainly be very true, for about three hundred guns were fired at him at the short distance of sixty yards, and not one took effect. He said that the balls sounded like a very large swarm of bees around him. It is universally admitted by all who witnessed this exploit and are acquainted with the circumstances, that it competes with any, even in the annals of history.

**CURRENTS PRESERVED.**—Take ripe currants free from stems; weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teaspoon of sugar to each pound of it; boil the syrup till it is hot and clear, then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire, and boil gently until they are cooked and clear; take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer, boil the syrup until rich and thick, then pour it over the fruit.—Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until rich and thick; put it in pots or jars, and the next day scours as directed.

**TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.**—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible, have ready a number of small jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot.—Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

When was beef-tea first made in England? When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull.

It is no misfortune for a nice young woman to lose her good name if a nice young man gives her a better.

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun-barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

"Now, mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but between you and I, the decenter wont keep full all day."