The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIV. NUMBER 31. | COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1862. | TERMS.--$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
$1.00 PR 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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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 Condersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
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JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to 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.

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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 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, Condersport, 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 GRIDLEY; 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. R. 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 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

Lingering in the Sunbeams.

"Amy, my child, come in!" and the mother's hand was placed upon the maiden's shoulder as she continued. "I tho't I should find you here; what were you doing so long by the brookside?"

"I was lingering in the sunbeams, mamma," replied the young girl; "and I watched the last faint gleam of the bright sunshine until I saw it going far in the west; and only on the tops of the trees a long way off the sunlight seemed to fall."

"Hubert Colstien is here," answered Mrs. Warner, "and he wished to see you; will you go into the house, or shall I send him to this bed of mignionette and pansies that you are so busy weeding?"

Amy Warner's cheek flushed, and she was about to reply, when her brother appeared, and with him one she knew well, yet feared to meet.

"Sister Amy, Mr. Colstien," said the merry youth, as he perceived their embarrassment; and Amy's hand was received in the extended clasping pressure that spoke volumes of love and devotion, and thrilled her frame with strange undefined emotions.

The clasping of a hand—what varied feelings are thus expressed. Ah! many can remember the bright hours of youth's dawn and early day, when the magnetic touch of a hand had power to thrill the heart with feelings strange and wild; when the lingering pressure, timid, yet perceptible and thrilling in its power—was a token of love returned, and conveyed the exquisite knowledge to the senses that you were loved.

Then there is friendship's calm, tender grasp, that soothes you by its very quietness, and assures you of continued regard, then the convulsive grasp of parted friends, who had not hoped to meet again, yet are so blessed and privileged, and these moments of heart-revealing are plainly shown when hand meets hand and soul responds to soul, acknowledging the bond.

But ah! how strange the feeling when estrangement or unrequited love takes possession of mutual hearts, or darkens the life of one being, and when those hands meet cause but one heart to throb, and but one hand to tremble in the clasp. Yet such was not here the case, for Amy Warner loved the handsome dark-eyed lawyer, and he, in turn, had learned to think of her as his angel guardian, and prized more one glance of Amy's soft and loving blue eyes than the approbation of all others.

"Mignionettes and jasmines!" he exclaimed, as he stood beside the maiden, and thought by her she was the lovliest flower in the garden.

They lingered a long time by that bed of flowers, talking of the glorious beauties of nature, until, suddenly, Hubert Colstien's voice changed from its common tone, and Amy knew that she was beloved. Beloved! how sweet the word; it seems to speak the great soul-union that unites two hearts; and oh how void must be the lot of that being who has not yet experienced the blissful consciousness that one heart beat in unison with theirs, that they, too, were beloved.

Happy Amy Warner! she had been lingering in the sunbeams that evening until her life had seemed one bright gleam of sunshine, and now she was happy, for the genial sunbeams of love were shed forth over her heart, and her dreams were of the loved one as she slept that night with the ring of betrothal pressed upon her finger.

Weeks passed away—weeks of unclouded happiness—no shadows fell across her path; all was bright and clear; flowers of love and beauty sprung up around her, and life seemed as if about to be spent in fairy land.

Belle Warner, who was Amy's youngest sister, laughingly said she supposed the lovers dreamed their path all rose leaves, for they did not descend to life's realities. But gentle Amy shook her head at this speech, and said she knew there were trials to be met in her pathway; "but, Belle," she added, "why need I stand in the cold shadows when there is a privilege given me of lingering in the sunbeams. No, sister mine, I mean to look at the bright side, and I doubt not I shall get along better than if I stood in the shade."

The bridal day came, and, as Amy stood by Hubert Colstien's side and breathed the vows that sealed her fate till death, a bright beam entered through the half closed blinds, and lay lovingly and warmly across the pathway where the young bride stood, as the gray haired man of God pronounced the nuptial benediction. Amy regarded the omen, even at that hour, and the sunbeams of love and confidence nestled near her heart and shed a brightness around her home where she reigned queen of her husband's heart and hearth.

Time, that waits for none, passed on at the usual pace, and Belle Warner became a bride. Amy looked quite matronly in her serene beauty, as she stood beside the altar where she had been a bride, to be the bridesmaid of her only sister. And Belle loved her proud, noble looking husband, and they went to their home where one would think the shadows could never fall, for never was a lovelier nook, more suited to the taste of his bride than the home to which Harry Lawton took his queenly Belle.

The honeymoon had scarcely passed when Amy perceived a troubled look in her sister's sportive orbs, and wondered what could make her unhappy, until, one day, on entering her sister's home, she found her weeping passionately.

"What is the matter, dearest sister?" she asked in tones of compassion and grief; and Belle, in her angry feelings, poured forth a torrent of abuse against him who she had vowed to love till death.

The cause was but trifling, but had led to sad results, for an estrangement, slow but sure, was coming between them. Amy's heart ached for her, and before she left, she had, by her sweet counsels, soothed the mind of the angry wife, and subdued her to remorse and shame for her hasty temper.

"You will find, darling sister," she whispered at parting, "that these little shadows are chilling to the heart; they cast a darkness over your path, and, Belle, dear, there is nothing like looking towards the brightness—nothing so calculated to warm the heart as 'lingering in the sunbeams.'"

Harry Lawton returned home that night with a frown upon his brow; but, as he entered the hall, he was surprised to hear the voice of his bride gaily singing, in her own sweet voice, the cheering song of "Life let us Cherish." He entered the cozy sitting-room, and there was Belle pouring out his tea, and, drawing his chair closer up to the table, she looked up with a smile, and yet a painful blush passed over her face; but he was subdued, and in a moment he was beside her, calling her by the old pet names of their brightest days, and begging her forgiveness.

Tears trembled in her eyes as she answered him, and they sat down by their fireside, happier and better than before.

"Come to the piano, Belle," asked the lover husband, about sunset, "and sing that song you were singing at my entrance."

And when she had complied with his request they stood for a long time watching the sunset, and the bright clouds, and Belle said she was very happy "lingering in the sunbeams." And she learned wisdom from this sad heart-lesson, and found that, although life's path was not strewn with roses, there were some of its thorny paths that might be smoothed and restored to the love and confidence of him whom she loved; she felt the sunbeams of love nestling closely to her heart, and was content.

This, reader, is a life-history, and is, no doubt, the experience of many hearts; and it were well for us if, when the shadows come, we are enabled to see the brightness, and, like gentle Amy, when the shade is too cold, and chills our heart in its best affections, we shall endeavor to take life's sunniest way, and with the sunshine beaming on our path, and cheering us with its genial rays, to "linger in the sunbeams."

A Father's Consent Only.

A rich young merchant of Paris, having met at an evening party a young lady who pleased him, asked her hand from her father, without saying a word to her. The papa, having satisfied himself that the proposed son-in-law was eligible, gave his consent, and informed his daughter that he had found a husband for her, that she must order the wedding-dress immediately, and that she would be married in a week.

"Very well, papa; but to whom am I to be married?"

"Oh! a friend of mine; he is gone into the country on business; but you will see him on Sunday."

"And the wedding is to be on Monday, papa?"

"It's all right; don't make yourself uneasy."

On the following Monday the wedding party appeared before the mayor of one of the *arondissments*, to celebrate the civil marriage. On the mayor's putting to the bride the usual question—"Do you consent to take this man to be your wedded husband?" the girl answered, "Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Mayor, you are the first person who ever asked me that question. If I had been asked before, I should have said yes, perhaps; but, under the present circumstandes, NO!"—The mayor at once left his chair, and the matter stands over for further consideration.

VERY POETIC.—"What," said Margarita to Cecilia, "what, dearest do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrowroot."

Somebody says that the oldes husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

A Live Yankee in London.

A live Yankee from the Green Mountains of Varmont, visited the city of London. While passing through one of the principal thoroughfares of trade and travel, his attention was suddenly arrested by some beautiful specimens of writing-paper exposed for sale at a shop-window. Seeing the proprietor of the establishment standing in the door, the Yankee civilly inquired of him what they did with "them nice bits of paper?"

"We keep them to tie up *gape seed* in," said the cockney, snappishly.

"O, ye du—du ye?" said Jonathan, while he looked as though he was inventing a trick with which he intended to pay off the impertinent cockney in his own coin. Passing down a street a few stops, our indignant Yankee saw another merchant, who was not only an Englishman, but a gentleman also.

"I say, mister, can you tell me what that feller dua for a livin' what keeps them ere nice bits of paper at the winder?"

"Yes, sir; he is a small dealer in paper, and a sort of scribe. He writes letters for those persons who desire his assistance."

"I reckon he is a very *small* dealer, and that he is a *pharisee* as well as a scribe. De ye think he'd write a letter for me if I pay him for it?"

"Certainly he will, and jump at the chance. That is his principal occupation."

The Yankee thrust his hands (I might add arms) into his pockets almost up to his elbows, for he felt the sting in the waspish words uttered by the paper dealer, and walked back to the shop where he had been so rudely treated.

"I say, mister, they say as how you sell paper and write letters for folks what can't write. What will ye tax to write a letter to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings," replied the Englishman, softening his tone as his government does since it has heard of our great victories.

"Will ye write jest what I tell you, and spell the words right, as we do in Varmount?" inquired the Yankee.

"To be sure I will. I understand my business perfectly."

"Well, I don't care if ye du; I guess you may write to Sally."

The Londoner procured pen, ink and paper, and the Yankee commenced dictating after the following style:

"'Dear Sister Sally.'

"Hav ye got that down?" "Yes."

"'Rived in London last week.'

"Hav ye got that down and spelt right?"

"Yes—go on." "'Thought I'd go into the country and take a ride.'

"Got that down right?"

"Yes, yes—go on, don't detain me so."

"I'm to pay ye five shillings, ain't I?"

"Yes, yes—but you need not detain me so."

"That's my busines, and not yourn. 'Wal the old mare baulked.' Baulked is a hard word; can you spell baulked so that Sally will know what it means?"

"To be sure I can."

"Wal I don't care if ye du."

"'She wouldn't go, so I licked her.'

"Well, go on."

"'Licked her—licked her—licked her,

"Well, go on."

"'Licked her—licked her—licked her,

"What is the use of saying it so many times?"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings—'licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—' "This page is full of licked her's."

"Turn over then; 'licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her—licked her. She wouldn't go then, so I got out and I kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her.'

"You are not intending to say that as many times as you said licked her?"

"None of yer business. I pay you five shillings; 'kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her—kicked her. She wouldn't go then, so I sharpened the end of the whip handle, and I pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her—pricked her.'

"I cannot see any sense in all this."

"Never you mind, I pay you for what you do; 'licked her—kicked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked her—pricked her—licked her—kicked her—licked her—kicked her—pricked. She wouldn't go then, so I got in and I,'" (here the Yankee made a chirrupping noise with his tongue and lips, which bids defiance to orthography.)

"I cannot spell that," said the Englishman.

"O, ye can't spell that, he? Wal ye needn't write any more for me, if ye can't spell that."

"Need not write any more?" said the astonished cockney. "No more, said the Yankee, perfectly composed.

"Not a word to close with?"

"Nary word."

"You will pay me for what I have done?"

"Not a red. You didn't write down all I told you tu."

"Well, sir, what am I to do with all this paper I have spoiled?"

"*Keep it to tie up gape seed in.*"

From the 53d Penna.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., July 11, 1862.

FRIEND MAC: Owing to busy times and ill health, I have neglected "booking" you with regard to matters and things on this "sacred soil," until the late exciting events are becoming rather stale, the nine days having already passed by, and we suppose the great public has once more resumed a tranquil state. To go back and give you a slight sketch of our wanderings will require but a few moments. Friday June 27 changed the dull monotony to which we for so long a time had been subject. On the morning of this day we had at an early hour been "toted" off to the front, and kept under the broiling sun until near night-fall, no other incident transpiring in our immediate front than the firing of a few shell which mostly passed clear over and beyond us, and an occasional unfruitful demonstration on our "picket lines." As the sun was moving down the western horizon we were ordered to the support of Porter and McCall, who were hard pressed on the right. Moving at a quick-step, we arrived on the field just as twilight was ebbing away into the dark shades of night. For two miles back we had met hosts of wounded and stragglers; a sight none the best calculated to inspire courage in the hearts of those who were expecting soon to engage in the deadly strife going on in the front. As we neared Gaines' house situate on a hill, the enemy's missiles began to shriek over our heads, many of their shot and shell passing beyond our batteries and striking in the immediate vicinity of our advancing column. Broken masses of men came surging in wild disorder over the hill and to the rear, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts that our ranks were preserved unbroken. Many of those coming off the field cheered us, saying we were just in time to save another "Bull Run," others more sanguine, contended the Rebels were whipped and only needed a slight touch to utterly annihilate them. Marching steadily over the hill we deployed at "double quick" into line of battle, forming obliquely across a deep ditch skirted by a rail fence and a slight undergrowth of brush. It was now about 8 o'clock P. M. and the firing of musketry, which had been fierce, gradually became beautifully less and receded very perceptibly; an occasional missile from the enemy's batteries, posted on our right, still fell in much too close proximity to create pleasurable emotions. Soon firing in our immediate vicinity had ceased altogether, and the men were allowed to lie down on their arms.

About 1 o'clock A. M. of the 28th, up to which time everything had remained comparatively quiet, orders came to withdraw; this we did in quick time; our own regiment being the last on that portion of the field and bringing up the rear until we arrived at our own camp at daylight. At about three the "Secesh" made a vigorous attack along our whole line, and for a short time the cannonading was immense. Of course as it seemed heavy on the centre—our position—we wished ourselves in supporting distance of "Old Dick," as the boys familiarly term Gen. Richardson. For a period of perhaps an hour and a-half the iron bull-dogs belched forth a fire both hot and heavy, then once more quiet resumed its sway. Arriving at our quarters we hastily threw ourselves into position and soon were in the arms of Morpheus. Not long, however, were we permitted to enjoy repose before we were once more ordered to the front, where we again lay behind the works in the broiling sun. At about noon commenced to move our heavy ordnance to the rear. All the afternoon and night was employed in sending away the ordnance and baggage trains. At about 2 o'clock Sunday morning the work of destroying all stores not worth moving commenced. At daylight the last long lines of troops began to move; moving a distance of perhaps three miles to Allen's farms, we formed in line of battle and awaited the onset of the enemy. Not long had we to wait. At about 8 o'clock A. M. the enemy made a fierce dash attempting to break our lines. Our own regiment was formed in front of Pettet's Battery, resting on some buildings which we were ordered to hold *at all hazards*; and we did hold them. In this engagement our loss was severe and that of the Rebels must have been heavy. We had to repulse the enemy a second time before he would be content. Then we withdrew at a "quick step" and marched to Savage Station. Here, again, the men formed in line, and again the enemy threw himself fiercely on our rear only to meet with a severe repulse. We moved from here at about 1 o'clock of Monday morning, our regiment being "rear guard," crossed the bridge at White Oak Swamp at daylight, tore up and burned the bridge—a duty devolving upon the 53d. At about 1 o'clock P. M. the enemy, who certainly showed pluck, opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell on our position. In five minutes riderless horses, driverless mules, and flying men showed slight indications of a panic. It was confined to a few however, and soon the long lines of steady, unwavering men showed that no panic was there. In a short time our batteries got to work and for three hours everything was vocal with the music of the iron-throated monsters; shell and solid shot flew thick and fast. Nearly all the wounded in our immediate vicinity were struck by solid shot. A 6 pounder broke the shoulder of private A. J. Radle, of Co. G, struck and severely hurt the hand of Nelson Crowell, and passed clear beyond the ranks. Radle is in Hospital at Washington. Crowell left the ranks and since then we have no information of his whereabouts, he probably is a prisoner. John D. Earl and Wm. Morley, Jr., are also missing; Lyman C. Perry, wounded in the shoulder and a prisoner. The loss of our regiment was 1 killed, 18 wounded, and quite a number missing; the exact number I do not know. Some of the wounds will prove fatal.

The firing continued long after 4 o'clock, and the next day our boys were again under fire, but I was not with the Regiment after 4 P. M. of the 30th until the evening of the 2d of July. Can only say they suffered no loss after my departure from them.

The fatigue of a retreat in which you fight days and march nights can not be described. One needs to be in it; to see its terrible, wearing effects on the men; to feel them himself; to appreciate fully this business of "sojering." But, thank God, it is over now, and we trust and hope future movements will be towards not from Richmond. That we were greatly outnumbered there is not a doubt. That in every engagement, we whipped the enemy we *know*, so do they. Had they, as they claim, whipped us, why did they not attack and annihilate us after our arrival on the James River? Simply because they dare not. The Yankees have proved themselves through *seven* days' hard fighting, more than their equals, and they dare not risk a defeat so far from their stronghold. I believe the soldiers have more confidence in McClellan to-day than ever before. He labored nobly with them and for them, he showed a sympathy for their sufferings such as few of our great men condescend to exhibit. I saw him sitting on his horse covered with mud, watching and giving directions with almost a parent's solicitude, for the removal of long files of wounded from the mud and filth, to the cleanly hospital boats, not disdaining to utter words of cheer to the wounded volunteer as he passed down the slippery bank towards the wharf, stooping from his saddle to grasp the proffered hand of the rough private. Such a man must command the respect of his soldiers, under him they will fight to the bitter end. Z.

A PROSAIC PAPA.—The "Once a Month," for July, has a very interesting article on the subject of "Home Music." As an illustration of one of the lights in which the subject is viewed, the following "domestic detail" is given: "We lately heard of an indulgent father, who had spent what he thought a liberal sum—a thousand dollars or so—upon his daughter's musical education. The net result of this pecuniary investment seemed, to his mercantile apprehension, to be summed up in three music-pieces, which he found his daughter was able to play when she came from the hand of her teacher—namely, a waltz, a mazurka, and a polka. But she soon forgot the waltz, and afterwards the mazurka, so that at last the polka was all that was left to her. Then, in the evening, when her father came home, he would throw himself languidly on the sofa and say, 'Come my daughter, *give us that thousand dollar polka.*'"

WHAT MANNERS HAVE YOU.—The "Country Parson" thus gives advice as to your manners in your own family:—"Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant; all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh! for that bleesed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy, but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where grace is to be had freely for the asking."