The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
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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 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 Coudersport.
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 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.

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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 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.

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.

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, per week; Rooms for self-boarding from $2 to $4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues Fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 27th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, 1863.
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

The Mysterious Organist.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied.—"I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir!"

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. and now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pæan, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward full of grace,
Prayed till from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth; and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed, and sighed, and clamored.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding!"

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ-loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girlish face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sunk at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending soul and body asunder, to part with you," said the girl.—"To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the princess, mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterward she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the king, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar-stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed? Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks? Ah! though the king wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

Howland and Aspinwall, of New York, had a large contract for Arms. Mr. Aspinwall has just sent his check to the War Department for $25,290 00, his share of the profits on the contract—the money to be used by the Government.

A Rebel near Warrenton the other day, while applauding the enterprise and ability of Stonewall Jackson, remarked significantly, "He is our Fremont."

The Commissioners of Chester county have authorized a loan of $30,000 to provide a bounty for the volunteers to fill the quota called for by the Governor's proclamation.

Adj. Gen. Thomas recommends to Congress that chaplains, before entering the army, should be required to file certificates of good moral character.

The President offers by proclamation nearly 4,500,000 acres of land at public sale, in Oregon, in October.

Will England Interfere?

The battles before Richmond, as was to be expected, have made the war party of England jubilant. Its organs vie with each other in using the most insulting language toward the Government and the people of the United States. A Tory member of the House of Commons has announced his intention to move, on Friday, July 18, that the Government be called upon to put an end to the war in America by mediation or otherwise. *The London Post*, the organ of Lord Palmerston, sees fit to throw out the following threat: "Should folly still reign supreme, should three hundred thousand more men be levied, and should another invasion of the Southern Confederacy be projected, it will then remain for neutral States to determine whether the South has not by its recent prowess established its claim to be considered independent. If the North would take the initiative, and sail with the current which it cannot stem, *neutral States might be saved the disagreeable necessity of discharging a most disagreeable duty.*" And such is the tone of all the organs of aristocracy, both Tory and Whig, of the cotton lords of Manchester, and of that numerous tribe which venerates every saying of *The London Times* as a gospel. Whether a majority of them think the Federal Union already sufficiently weakened and humbled to risk, at once, a threat of intervention, may well be doubted, but there can be little or no doubt as to what they wish to do, and what they will not hesitate to do, should subsequent events confirm them in their opinion that the aggressive power of the loyal States of the Union is exhausted.

As yet, the advocates of intervention seem to concern themselves but little as to the cost of an American war and its inevitable influence on the trade, manufactures, and prosperity of England. *The London Star*, however, which has always been the faithful champion of the righteousness of our cause, makes some timely suggestions upon the ability of England to engage in a war against the United States. It says:

"If we threaten, we must be prepared also to act. And if we act, we begin by doubling the calamity we desire to remove. A famine of cotton is hard enough to bear, but a dearth of bread added thereto would be infinitely worse. Let us look at the latest facts and figures bearing on the subject. As soon as Lord Vane Tempest had given his notice of motion, Mr. Caird rose to draw attention to our sources of food supply. Renewing his annual plea for the collection of agricultural statistics, he drew an argument from the rain-clouds that bedim our Summer gayeties. Except we have six weeks of continued sunshine and heat the harvest will be seriously impaired. We have been paying nearly twice as much for foreign corn these last three years as in former years. We paid last year thirty-five millions sterling—fifteen millions more than in any year since 1860. Another month of rain and cold may carry our next year's expenditure on foreign corn up to fifty millions. The absorption of such a vast sum of money in the purchase of food would severely affect all branches of trade and industry. But what if we have to carry on at the same time a costly war, and cut off the principal sources of our foreign supply? North America, says Mr. Caird, sends us three-eights of our food supply. A still more recent return than that on the authority of which he spoke enables us to state the proportion yet more impressively. We have now before us a return of the imports of wheat, flour, and maize from the United States and all other places during what may be called the agricultural year, extending from the 1st of September to the 1st of June. The United States sent us 1,731,626 quarters of wheat; all other countries, 3,187,718 quarters. Of flour, the United States sent us 3,135,686 cwt.; all other countries, 1,100,770 cwt. Of maize, now an important article of food, we receive from the United States 1,362,256 quarters, and from all other countries 919,437. Surely, these figures are sufficiently instructive and admonitory. In the heat of the French excitement *The Times* foolishly told its readers that the loss of our North American food supply would raise the price of wheat only a few shillings per qr., as Russia could easily supply the deficiency.—Well, according to the return moved for by Mr. Caird, the Russian supply in 1861 amounted to 1,047,743 qrs.—the American (exclusive of Canada which might be considerably obstructed by a war) to 3,591,991. All the countries of Europe put together do not send us as much corn as the United States. The ports of the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean could not, with their utmost pressure, render us such supplies as flow to us through the mouths of those great rivers which it is proposed to blockade in order that the slave-breeders of Virginia, and their more Southern customers for human flesh and blood, may successfully defy the authority of a Government as just as it is powerful, and triumph over a people as faithful to the principles of freedom as they are loyal in the service of their commonwealth."

If we add to these statements of *The Star* that Russia from which, next to the United States, the largest supply of grain is derived, will export this year considerably less than usual, and that France, in consequence of a deficient harvest, will likewise need large importations from the United States, we confess to some skepticism as to the present ability of either France or England, or both powers combined, to embark in an American war without subjecting themsevles to an unmeasured amount of suffering and misery, which neither power would be able to stand any length of time. John Bull, though an irrascible and an obstinate, is also a prudent and a calculating animal. Having lost a market for one-third of its manufactured products, it will be well for it to think twice before it adopts measures which will deprive its already half-starved operatives of cheap food.

How to Treat Traitors.

A few days ago Governor Yates received a letter in which the writer complained that traitors in his town had cut down the American flag, and asking what ought to be done in the premises. The Governor promptly wrote him "to shoot such offenders down, and I will pardon you for the offense." We give this letter below:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, Executive Department, Springfield, July 15, 1862.

JOHN W. BOSWORTH, Oskaloosa, Ill.:—*Dear Sir*—I have just received yours of the 10th of July, in which you say that the pole from which floated the Stars and Stripes on the 4th of July, was cut down by secessionists, and that at a pic nic which you are to have, it is threatened that the flag shall be taken down, and you ask me whether you would be justifiable in defending the flag with firearms?

I am astonished at this question. As much so as if you were to ask me whether you would have a right to defend your property against robbers or your life against murderers.

You ask me what you shall do? I reply, do not raise the American flag merely to provoke your secession neighbors—do not be on the aggressive, but whether you raise it on your own soil, or on the public property of the State or county, or at any public celebration, from honest love to that flag, and patriotic devotion to the country which it symbolizes, and any traitor dares to lay his unhallowed hand upon it to tear it down, shoot him down as you would a dog, and I will pardon you for the offense.

RICHARD YATES, Governor.

HOW THE BUCKTAILS FIGHT.—Russel Ingalsby, of one of the northwertern counties of this State, aged 17 years, and a member of company C, of the Bucktail regiment, is at present an inmate of one of the military hospitals at Camp Curtin. He was in the Drainesville fight, and was wounded in the battle of Cross Keys. In a recent letter to his sister, he says:

"I was shot down twice. In the heat of the battle a ball hit me on the right side of the neck and came out between my shoulders. So you see I was not shot in the back. I was stunned for a moment, but soon felt the blood flowing, and got up as mad as I could be, and drew a bead on a rebel, and am sure I sent him into eternity. After fighting half an hour another ball hit me in the head, and took off a small piece of the bone. The blood flowed faster than ever, but I did not care for that. I got up as soon as I could, and kept pouring the missiles of death into the rebel ranks till the battle was over, and was then borne from the field exhausted by the loss of blood, and by fatigue. I am now at No. 3, Harrisburg Hospital, am doing well, and am anxious for another chance at the rebels I have been highly commended by my general and superior officers."

That's the kind of stuff the Bucktails are made of. A braver man never squinted across a gun barrel than young Ingalsby.—*Telegraph.*

The United States postage stamps, which are now coming so freely into circulation, besides having the amount of of their value in figures upon the upper corners, may be readily recognized by their color and vignettes, which are as follows:

Amount.	*Vignettes*	*Color.*
1 cent,	Franklin,	Blue.
3 cent,	Washington,	Pink.
5 cent,	Jefferson,	Chocolate.
10 cent,	Washington,	Green.
12 cent,	Washington,	Black.
24 cent,	Washington,	Lilac.
30 cent,	Franklin,	Yellow.
90 cent,	Washington,	Blue.

HOW TO "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.—For the attainment of this end, Punch gives the following directions:—"Be always telling her how pretty she is. Instil into her mind a proper love of dress. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home. Allow her to read nothing but novels. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid. And, lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk upon three hundred pounds a year. If with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing but a miracle."

Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

Original.

TO MY COUNTRY.

[An impromptu, on hearing a friend say he was going to join his brother in the army.]

What is left for thy Daughters to do?
Only to bend their foreheads down low,
While fast and bitter their hot tears flow?
Only to weep and to wail for you?

Or to kiss some brave warrior's hand,
Held for a parting pressure out,
And say, in a voice too calm for doubt;
"Go forth and die for your land!"

And, after, to hide in silence away
The cold, mangled form in our breast,
That the world thinks it has given rest
Low down under the southern sky?

Only to pray at night-time, and weep
While we braid for the victors garlands bright,
Thinking, the while, with a sob of fright,
Where 'tis our own beloved one's sleep?

Is there nothing else in the world?
Nothing? Yet loudly the cannon's peel,
The fields are all dazzling with burnished steel,
And thy banners are all unfurled!

O, our Mother Country! we call,
"Give us something to do for thee!
Let us toil for the Land of the Free
As bravely as those that fall.

"How can we only watch and wait?
Thou hast need of us in this strife—
Let us do something for Freedom's Life,
And struggle with Wrong and Hate."

Hark! hark! how the shrill fifes scream!
The drum-roll sounds through the fray;
Our brothers spring up and away,
How proudly their bayonets gleam!

But we fold our hands in despair,
And sit with hushed breaths to the end;
Only dreaming at night of a friend,
We sob out a pitiful prayer.

Our Country! God strike from thy hand
The fetters of Slavery, to-day!
Wash the stain in their life-blood away
Who have hastened to die for their land!

July 2nd, 1862. EVA.

SUMMARY OF A NICE WIFE.—A husband, (himself perfect, of course,) thus sketches what he dreams he deserves:—"A woman whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we all worship in the backward distance."

"Killing eyes" may sometimes have bullets in them! The papers tell us:—"A young woman named Sarah Taylor, eighteen years of age, does duty in the First Tennessee Regiment. She is an adept at the sword exercise, and sure with the pistol. She wears a blue *chapeau*, and carries the regulation sword and a pair of silver mounted pistols. The men call her Captain Taylor." But, it appears that the Prince of Wales has taken a fancy to just such a woman. His matrimonial probabilities are thus stated:—"It is said that the Prince of Wales, lately reported to have been secretly married to a pretty Irish girl, is to marry the Danish Princess Alexandria Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise Julie von Glucksburg. That is a great many people to marry. It is to be hoped that she is not quite so long as her name. She is said to be a lieutenant in the Danish army!"

Listen, my dear! "The pretty hair nets which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity, are only revivals of a fashion which prevailed to an equal extent in the fourteenth century, when ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, which then bore the fanciful name of 'dove-cots.' We do not see why the rural appellation should not have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged."

"For every leaf that perishes another will come out just as good as the last, and, as the tree grows, in a more numerous generation. When we die, others will succeed us—better or worse than ourselves—but not the same. Shakespeare and Milton will never exist on earth again, and that is the strongest reason, apart from revealed religion, and corroborated by the manifest incompleteness of every great man who dies, to lead us to believe that they exist elsewhere than on earth."

A young officer writing from Norfolk says, "after sleeping in brooks, and ponds, and swamps, it really seemed good to lie down on the paving stones."

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.