The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIV.--NUMBER 34. | COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 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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TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
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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.

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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.

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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

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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. B. 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, Sec't'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

DAVIS'S VISION OF ARNOLD.

When true men dreamed in peace,
One lay who could not sleep;
His moving eyes full brightly shone—
He never more might weep.

And more than care was his,
And more than grief he knew;
A shade was on his wrinkled brow
That ever deadlier grew.

He turned as though he loathed
The place where he had lain:
His wistful soul consumed with dread
No surmise might explain.

His sword hung on the wall;
And, as he gazed that way,
Two eyes gazed back, from a growing mist
Which straight was a spectre gray.

Silent it stood, and seemed
As nothing to his view;
Yet was it there, full real I wis:
It looked him through and through.

As it were one accurst,
Lost in a wondering pause
Before the one viler wretch,
It stared its dread applause.

When he would gaze elsewhere,
His eyeballs turned again,
Like needles that must find their star
Whatever stirs the main.

And still it moveless stood,
Still glared those grave-lit eyes:
And DAVIS knew 'twas ARNOLD'S shade,
And knew what made it rise.

"Pray, who are you?" he said;
"And why must you appear?"
"You know me well!" the shade replied;
"So well you needs must fear:

"For now dread Nemesis,
Whose blasting wrath I know,
Shows to your trembling soul where fast
Sublimer horrors grow.

"For you have coldly done
More than I planned in heat:
No fierce barb rankled in your breast,
No gulf yawned at your feet.

"With all that's dearest blest,
Honored and trusted still,
Treason ran darkly in your veins
Years ere you worked your will.

"You truly said I *must*
Come hither: how I yearned
To see the wretch, by Heaven abhorred,
Who all my woe had earned!

"*Thrice* earned, if all I feel
Be not one fearful lie:
It tells me that a soul so vile
Can have no hopes on high!

"What black abysses mock
Those depths profound, which seemed
The utmost! Wide is your domain,
Chief of the unredeemed!"

And then with steadfast look
That chilled him where he lay,
"Oh, grief and woe to come!" it said,
And shuddering passed away.

STRANGE WAGERS.

The dilligence stopped at the White Horse inn, in the principal street of Fontainbleau. Fatigued and oppressed by the heat on the road, we slowly stretched ourselves, and descended the steps as lazily as possible, smiling at the vacant appearance which sleep, broken by our sudden arrival, had stamped upon the visages of some of our fellow travellers. The baggage was dismounted and dinner ordered. Some of the country folks were eagerly pressing forward to gaze on the newly arrived, together with their packages, bird-cages, and children. In the midst of all this bustle, a fat, red-faced man, about thirty years of age, an insipid babbler, who had favored us the whole length of the journey with the history of his good speculations at Fontainbleau, and of his marriage, which he was at the present time coming there to consummate, drew out his watch, and exclaimed:

"Already four o'clock!"

"Bet that it is not," said a gentleman in slippers, who was smoking a cigar, before the door of the low rooted apartment.

"'Tis one of Briquet's watches," proudly answered the rubicund-faced gentleman, at this interruption

"Ten louis that it is not one of Briquet's," replied the smoker.

The other gave him a look of pity, and went into the travellers' room, saying to me:

"Don't dine here," and with a touch of the elbow, "we will go to a cafe, where we can do better."

"I'll wager anything you choose, that the watch is worth nothing," persisted the one in slippers, following after.

"I did not address my conversation to you, sir."

"Bet that you did," retorted the other.

My fellow traveller, confounded at this persecution, raised his hand, pointed to his forehead, signifying that the intruder was deranged.

"I defy you to prove it," continued his persecutor, and with this parry and thrust the two regarded each other with the most snarling looks it is possible to conceive, just like two dogs about to be let loose at one another.

"Upon my word," said the traveller to me, "I know nothing of the fellow, but I have a great inclination to make him march off."

"As to that, I wager you do not," answered the obstinate intruder. "Moreover, I will bet that I make you take the route back again to Paris, and that, too, without much delay."

"That will be no easy matter for you, as I came here to get married."

"One hundred louis that you do not!"

"Sir, you are an impertinent scoundrel, and I will box your ears."

"I bet 'tis a lie."

Upon this the ruddy faced gentleman was incensed with rage, and passed before the fellow, making a sign for him to follow.

"Yes, my love," said the other taking with him a box containing a brace of pistols.

A friend interposed between them to stop this joke, but it was no longer a jesting mater, and representations were useless. They reached a solitary spot in the park, where the cigar hero was saluted by an officer of the garrison, who was willing to become his second. A five franc piece was thrown into the air as a signal, the report of a pistol followed, and the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the never-ceasing and immovable ma kman, "that I pierce that leaf, trembling at the extremity of the bough," and it was pierced.

"Wager that I kill you," added he, coolly regarding the astonished traveller.

"'Tis probable," repied the other, changing from the ruby to a ghastly hue; "and since it is probable, it is useless. Consequently, I take the road back again to Paris, and have the infinite honor to be your very obedient servant."

In fact he deposited himself upon the *imperial* of the diligence. It turned out that this was a rival to whom the fair lady had given a description of her intended, and by this means he won the lady in question. After the honeymoon, the dead shot had encountered the crest-fallen suitor and said to him:

"I wager that you return to Fontainbleau"

The Arab's Gift.

A poor Arab was travelling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, to his simple mind, it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanked the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch even a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct:—

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded"

All that sinners can present to their King is like the water brought by the Arab, though, like him, we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord. But He will not reject—He will not despise the little offerings of love and faith; for He hath promised that "even a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose its reward."

A HINT.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your China vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault.—With disappointed, disheartened looks, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison?

Two lawyers in Lowell, returning from court the other day, one said to the other: "I've a notion to join the Rev. Mr ——s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Would not do it." "Well, why?" "Because it would do you no possible good, while it would be a very great injury to the church."

Fishing Extraordinary.

A sea captain Down East, a regular old salt, relates the following as one of his fishing experiences:

Once, with a friend, he went out to catch a halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to who should catch the first fish—Having dropped anchor and lines, they waited with fisherman's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to brighten up; and presently he called out:

"I've got one!"

He commenced hauling in with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you."

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and it was soon discovered that it was no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and tire him out."

Accordingly he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain," said he, "with the boat-hook, and hook in his gills when he comes up. Get well braced for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited companion was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when suddenly a "sea-change came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"Jerusalem! Captain, it's the anchor!"

The captain went down in a roar of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, playing it out, and letting it run till it got tired.

WHAT BECOMES OF WEALTH.—A boot and shoe dealer has hanging in his store a pair of boots worth seven dollars. They constitute a portion of his wealth and a portion of the wealth of the world. A man buys them, and begins to wear them; by friction against the pavements, little particles of the leather are rubbed off, and thus separated from the rest of the sole. Every particle that is thus removed takes out a portion of the value of the boots, and when the boots are entirely worn out, the seven dollars of wealth which they formed is consumed. The wheat, corn, &c., which was raised by our farmers last summer is eaten up. No particle of matter is destroyed by the process, but the value that was in the grain is destroyed.

As, while men are wearing and eating up food, they are generally busily engaged in producing wealth of some kind, the wealth of the world is not usually diminished by this consumption, but it is changed. This applies, however, only to personal property; town lots and farms generally retain their value, but the personal property is in a state of perpetual destruction and renewal. As the several particles of water which constitute a river are forever rolling away to the ocean, while their places are being supplied from the springs and fountains, so the moveable wealth of the world is constantly being renewed by the restless activity of human industry.

SHARP.—"Grandma, do you know why I can see in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four year old, of the venerable lady who sat on the piazza knitting.

"No, my dear; what is it?" replied grandma, bending her eye, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the precious little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way." And the young philosopher resumed his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

A KEEN REPLY.—John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi Vox Dei* against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said:

"I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Yes," she replied, mildly, "it cried Crucify him! crucify him!"

A more admirable answer was, perhaps never given.

The perfumes of a thousand roses soon die but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after. A saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

Now is the time to enlist.

Foolish Thoughts.

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in Heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over without a home, his heart says, "Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow *our* plans, we think all is gone to ruin.—*Beecher.*

MORNING CALL IN CHINA.—When a mere call is contemplated, the visitor sends a sheet of paper, curiously folded, bearing his name and quality, which is his card. The person whom he visits knows by this card whether he should receive him at the gate, in the hall, or in his own room. Presents generally accompany the card. It is customary to pay visits before dining, in order that the fumes of wine may not disturb the person visited. If the latter does not wish to see his visitor, he does not say he is "not at home," but sends his servant to say that he will not give him the trouble of alighting from his chair. This message is equally polite with our own, and has the advantage of not being a direct contradiction of fact; after this, he sends his card within three days, and the visiting acquaintance, in this charmingly simple and polite manner is broken off forever.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

POWER OF MONEY.—The power of money, is on the whole, over estimated. The greatest things which have ever been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manuel laborers in point of worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulus for action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hang heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep, and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.—How many females, who once cherished the expectation of filling a splendid station in life, have been reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents to gain a subsistence! You are all probably acquainted with some such; you may, perhaps, have heard it remarked of them that their trials have rendered their characters more interesting and valuable, by throwing them upon their own resources. Those of you who now enjoy prosperity may have no fear that your situations will ever change; you may not conceive the possibility of suffering those reverses which you have witnessed in others. But riches are proverbially fleeting; a storm at sea may wreck the freighted vessel on which families may depend for wealth; fire may consume property; the failures of others may involve; the channels of trade may be turned; manufacturing interests may decline, or landed estates may sink in value; upon these and a thousand other chances does the uncertain tenure of worldly wealth depend.

A Letter as is a Letter.

The Boston Post has the following Mark Tapley species of letter (dated Camp Gunpowder, Army of the Potomac) from one of its correspondents:—"DEAR MESSRS. EDITORS,—Billy Briggs and I still remain in the army. The other morning I was standing by him in our tent. 'Hand me them scabbards, Jimmy,' said he. 'Scabbards!' said I looking round. 'Yes, boots, I mean.' Billy arranged himself in his scabbards—a dilapidated pair of fashionable boots—and stood up in a very erect and dignified manner. 'Those boots of mine, I don't think were any relation to that beef we had for dinner to-day, Jimmy,' said he. 'No,' said I. 'If they were only as tough as that beef, and *vice versa*, it would have been better.' 'I say, Cradle,' he called out, 'where are you?' Cradle was our contraband, a genuine darky, with a foot of extraordinay length and extra heels to match, giving him a queer look about those extremities. 'What do you call him Cradle for, Billy?' said I; 'that's a queer name.' 'What would you call him, Jimmy? If he ain't a cradle, what's he put on rockers for?' Cradle appeared with a pair of perforated stockings. 'It's no use,' said Billy, looking at them. 'Them stockings will do to put on a sore throat, but they won't do for feet. It's a humiliation for a man like me to be without stockings; a man may be bald-headed, and it's genteel, but to be bare-footed is ruination. The sleeves is good, too,' he added, thoughtfully, 'but the feet are gone. There is something about the heels of stockings and the elbows of stove-pipes in this world, that is all wrong, Jimmy.' A supply of stockings had come that day, and were just being given out; a pair of very large ones fell to Billy's lot. Billy held them up before him. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'those are pretty bags to give a little fellow like me. Them stockings was knit for the President or a young guerrilla, certain;' and he was about to bestow them upon Cradle when a soldier in the opposite predicament made an exchange. 'Them stockings make me think of the Louisiana volunteer I scared so the other day,' said Billy.—How's that?' said I. 'He was among our prisoners, and saw a big pair of red leggings, with feet, hanging up before a tent. He never said a word till he saw the leggings, and then he asked me what they were for. 'Them,' said I, "them is General Banks' stockings." He looked scared. "He's a big man, is General Banks," said I; "but then he ort to be, the way he lives." "How?" said he.—'Why,' said I, 'his regular diet is bricks buttered with mortar.' The next day Billy got a present of a pair of stockings from a lady; a nice soft pair with his initials in red silk upon them. He was very happy. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'just look at them,' and he smoothed them down with his hand—'marked with my initials, too; "B" for my Christian and "W" for my heathen name. How kind! They came just in the right time, too; I've got such a sore heel; for it's a fact, Jimmy, that if there's anything in life worse than unrequited love, it's a sore heel.' Orders came to 'fall in.' Billy was so overjoyed with his new stockings he didn't keep the line very well. 'Steady, there,' growled the sergeant, 'keep your place, and don't be traveling around like the Boston Post Office.' We were soon put upon double-quick. After a few minutes Billy gave a groan. 'What is it, Billy?' said I. 'It's all up with them,' said he. I didn't know what he meant, but his face showed something very bad had happened.—When we broke ranks Billy hurried to the tent' and when I got there, there he stood, the very picture of despair, with his shoes off, and his heels shining thro' his stockings like crockery door-knobs. 'Them new stockings of yours is breech-loading, ain't they, Billy?' said an unfeeling volunteer. 'Botter get your name on both ends, so you can keep them together,' said another. 'Shoddy stocking,' said a third. Billy was silent; I saw his heart was breaking, and I said nothing. We held a council on them, and Billy, not feeling strong-hearted enough for the task, gave them to Cradle with directions to sew up the small holes. I came into the tent soon after, and he was drawing a portrait, with a piece of charcoal, on a board. 'That's a good portrait of Fremont,' said I; 'he looks just like that; that's the way he parts his hair, in the middle.'—'That isn't a portrait of Fremont,' said Billy; 'it's a map of the United States; that line in the middle you thought was the upper part of his hair, is the Mississippi River. 'Oh!' said I. I saw him again before supper; he came to me, looking worse than ever, the stockings in his hand. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'you know I gave them to Cradle and told him to sew up the small holes, and what do you think he's done? He's gone and sewed up the *heads*.' 'It's a hard case, Jimmy,' said I; 'in such a case tears are almost justifiable.'"

Howalinelookswithoutspaces.