The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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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 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 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.

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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 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

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. 17, 1861.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

An Article Worthy of Being Read and Pondered.

From the Philadelphia *North American*—a Conservative Paper.

No man in his senses can ignore the existence of dangerous elements in the free States, and nowhere in greater number than in Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania It is asserted by high official authority that secret agencies have been set at work industriously all through the commonwealth to persuade men not to enlist. One thing is past denial. When the question was pending whether Gov. Curtin should call an extra session of the State Legislature to make an appropriation for the expenses of raising the State contingent, or should assume authority to make the appropriation without such action, the leading Democrats called privately a legislative caucus in Harrisburg. At this gathering it was determined that if the Governor appropriated the money without calling the Legislature together, they would oppose the passage of the appropriation bill to sanction his action; and should he call an extra session to take the responsibility, they would in that body load the appropriation bills with clap-trap amendments and ingenious dodges obnoxious to the Republicans in order to prevent its passage.

Luckily the Governor was well informed of this treasonable contrivance to prevent the filling up of the Pennsylvania contingent, and he completely frustrated it by refusing to call an extra session or to make an appropriation on his own responsibility. He appealed to the people to raise the money themselves by voluntary action and recruit the men, and nobly and overwhelmingly have they responded to this appeal. Defeated thus, the disloyal have gone on secretly in their dissemination of the treasonable idea that this is an abolition war, and that the North is equally culpable with the South in the contest. The long rigmarole published by the Democratic State Central Committee has this idea throughout, and its purpose is to persuade Democrats not to enlist, in order that, by filling the regiments up with Republicans, the Democrats who remain at home may obtain possession of all the State and local offices, and thus be in a position to retard the war policy of the national administration and compel a compromise.

There never was a scheme baser or more heartless and treasonable than this, and as it passes the bounds which are allowable to partisan freedom, it is not to be presumed that the government will quietly look on and see it consummated. We make no charge of disloyalty against the Democratic masses, the great body of whom are known to be free from this taint. But the Democratic leaders generally deserve to be regarded with suspicion. Their exertions at the present time are entirely of a treasonable tendency, and can have no other result than to weaken the hands of the Government and to strengthen the enemy in arms against us. It will not do for men to pretend that they only contend now for strict adherence to the Constitution. No more plausible nor perilous pretext than this can be put forward in time of war, when the Government created by that Constitution is in actual danger from the efforts of a rebellion which is without precedent in history for magnitude and ferocity, and when these ostensible friends of the Constitution assail its lawful officers and give aid and comfort to its armed enemies. The Constitution has now no friends except those who stand by its legal Government and adhere to its national standard in the war waging for its preservation. All others are *traitors*.

We do not think it worth any man's while to waste arguments on the disloyal. There is no time for argument. There are laws which must be enforced. There is an armed authority which is powerful enough to strike with force and effect all its foes. This is the argument for traitors. The halter and the dungeon for the chief conspirators will convince their deluded followers better than any argument which might be adduced. Men who come out in the newspapers over their own proper names and deny sympathy with the government in the prosecution of this war, are not fit to be allowed to run at large any more than the inmates of an Insane Asylum. All of these men who are not actuated by treasonable motives are clearly insane, and might justly be put in charge of Dr. Kirkbride.

We are decidedly of the opinion that at the coming election no man ought to vote or be a candidate for office who does not first take the oath of allegiance. This oath is a real and practical test, far better than any argument. Men who bluster and talk about their loyalty and patriotism, and yet shrink from taking this oath, are traitors at heart, and have no right to participate in our public affairs. Without waiting for the election, the citizens generally ought to carry it into every warehouse, store, shop, factory, or other large establishment. Every corporation, company, and association, should take the oath, and those who refuse should be kicked out neck and heels. We call upon our loyal fellow-citizens to set the ball in motion immediately, and make the test forthwith. Let the disloyal be converted into marked men, with whom none will associate or hold dealing.

A Mathematical Hospital Patient.

On our trip up we had on board a tall, gaunt looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in a fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to name) he had won the cognomen of "Beauregard." He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar zest, coming from such a dilapidated specimen of the human kind. I asked him:

"How long were you in the hospital at ——?"

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why so? Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only the next day they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"D—d unpleasant! I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculations, and on Friday I packed my knapsack, and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days—one man each day—couldn't stand that."

WHAT WE MAY DO.—No human being can be isolated and self-sustained. The strongest and bravest and most helpful have yet, acknowledged or unacknowledged, to themselves, moments of hungry soul-yearnings for companionship and sympathy. For the want of this, what wrecks of humanity lie strewn about us. Youth wasted for the mocking semblance of friendship. Adrift at the mercy of chance, for the grasp of a true firm hand, and a kindly, loving, heart to counsel. It is affecting to see how strong is this yearning so fatal to its possessor if not guided rightly, such a life-anchor if safely placed. "*Friendless!*" What tragedy there may be hidden in that one little word. None to labor for; none to weep or smile with; none to care whether we lose or win in life's struggle. A kind word, or a smile, coming to such an one unexpectedly at some such crisis of life, how often has it been like the plank to the drowning man, lacking which he must surely have perished. These, surely, we *may* bestow as we pass those less favored than ourselves, whose *souls* are waiting for our sympathetic recognition.
FANNY FERN.

It is suggested that ladies who know how to preserve everything but their tempers, might save even that on the self-sealing principle. "Keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed," is the recipe.

For the Journal.

Captain Dwight's Company, "The Bucktails."

Again has the gallant little County of Potter drank of the cup of glory in honor of the war! In sending her brave and true hearted sons to the armies of liberty, in defence of the Country.

Captain WALTON DWIGHT and Lieutenants J. C. JOHNSON and CHARLES HOYT with the "Bucktail Volunteers," left Coudersport, on Monday, August 18th, and took the cars at Wellsville, N. Y., with 129 men for the seat of war.—Having not only the full complement of a company 101 men, but 28 other true hearted men as a squad, to tender their services to the Country in this her hour of peril. Captain DWIGHT, long known to us, as a young man of prompt, energetic and business habits, has by this undertaking, so successfully commenced, furnished additional evidence, of his business capacity, in the new business of handling men, for the service of war, which gives us the strongest assurance, that he will be equal to, and adapt himself to whatever position may be assigned him. Leaving as the Captain D. does a highly lucrative business, to take his life in his hands, and devote time, talents, and life itself if it be required, to the great cause of the Country—to lay *all* as a holy sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism, as he and the brave band of true hearted men have done, who go with him to the war—Calls for, from us, and shall receive the highest meed of praise. All honor to the high toned and true hearted sons of Potter County! Forever green in our memories will remain the unfading chaplet, which as a Garland of Glory, is yet to crown the brow of such patriotism as this!—
LIBERTAS.

RATHER SHARP.—"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter it is always butter side down?"

"I don't know, it hadn't orter did it. The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this is the strongest butter I ever seed."

"Hush up, it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? The big lazy thing!"

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this yere butter. To make the old woman churn it, when it's plenty strong enough to churn itself."

"Be still, Ziba, it only wants working over."

"Well, marm, if I's you, when I did it, I'd put in lots of molasses."

"You good-for-nothing! I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding house."

"Well people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter has taken the skin off my mouth, mother."

"Ziba, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."

"I'll tell you marm, what I'd do with it. Keep it to draw blisters. You orter see the flies keel over and die the minute they touch it."

"Ziba, don't exggerate, but there's twenty-five cents to go and buy some fresh."

A capital story is told us of an old farmer in the northern part of this county, who had been saving up to take a mortgage of $2,000 held against him by a man near the sea shore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times.—Week before last, he lugged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloqy ensued:

"Why you don't mean to give this $2,000 in gold, do you?" said the lender.

"Yes, certainly," said the farmer. "I was afraid of the pesky banks, so I've been saving up the money, in yellow boys, for you this long time."

"All right," responded the lender, "only I thought you did'nt take the papers, that's all!"

"Take the papers! No sir not I.—They have gone on so since the war's been agoing that I won't have one of the d—lish things about. But, the money is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, all right, $2,000 in gold. All right, here's your note and mortgage."

And well he might have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 22 per cent., and his gold was not only worth the face of his bond, but $440 besides, enough to have paid for his village newspapers for himself and posterity for at least three centuries. It pays to take the papers.—*Norwalk (Conn.,) Gazette.*

ONE watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

☞The following lines were suggested on the death of Mary, wife of Capt. L. H. KINNEY, who died very suddenly, June 13th, while her husband and eldest son were in the army on the Peninsula:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

We miss thee at the early dawn,
When mounts the day-god to his car;
We miss thee when 'tis sunny noon,
And when comes forth the evening star.

When dewy nature wakes from rest,
And wild birds warble in the glen;
And flowers in gaudy splendor drest,
Dear wife! how much we miss thee then.

When slowly sinks the setting sun
And twilight broods o'er hill and dell,
We wait for thee in our lone home,
And miss thee more than I can tell.

Thy place is vacant at the board,
We look in vain; thou does't not come,
The viands that thy care had stored
Are brought, but thou art not at home.

Art not at home? nay, 'tis not so,
Thou art at home, but we are not,
We're wanderers yet, we come and go,
Seeking a holier, happier lot.

But we shall come to thee 'ere long,
Thy children, and that other friend,
And join with thee the spirit throng,
Where grief and parting have an end.

Sharon, July 12, 1862.

THE AFFECTIONS.

The very first lesson which you should teach your children should be the just value of your affections, since it is thro' their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence their obedience; it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass without due notice; it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Genius in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from earth to heaven, could yet squeeze himself into a quart pot. It is surprising from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value you place on your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired on certain terms, and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but prescribe the terms—to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them; if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merit blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree of either praise or blame.

The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by habitual conduct; and he will find it easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern, are beyond all price. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards! They are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not till you have carefully inquired whether they are due or not. They are to be given to justice, not to partiality. The ill advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the treasure he recieves. Besides, when the parent has been giving because of his blind love, what has he left to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty to reward! It is from this profligacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgement, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this they grow up, preferring wrong to right; or, rather, practising the wrong quite as commonly as the right, from an absolute incapacity to perceive the differences between them.

HOW TO TREAT SMALL ANXIETIES.—As regards the "career of small anxieties," one great art of managing them, is to cease thinking about them just at that point where thought becomes morbid. It will not do to say that such anxieties may no demand some thought, and occasionally much thought. But there comes a time, when thought is wasted upon these anxieties; when you find yourself, in your thoughts, going over the same ground again and again to no purpose, deepening annoyance, instead of enlarging insight and providing remedy. Then the thing would be able to speak to these fretting little cares, like Lord Burleigh to his gown of state, "Lie there, Lord Treasure."

A precocious youth being asked in geography what they raised in South Carolina, replied, "they used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.—A gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of extract of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs had gone, but the old outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell and his stout servant wench had shrunk into a thin girl of ten years. He got up in a fright and looked after his clothes—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, the dogs like rats. Everything was Lilliputian. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brobdignag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots. This phenomenon, called *micropie*, does not seem to have occurred more than half dozen times, though it may yet be brought on at will by the employment of certain substances.

DO YOU TAKE WAFERS?"—The Cleveland *Herald* says: "On Saturday morning a country-man entered a store on Ontario street, for the purpose of trading. After ordering what he wanted, he inquired of the clerk—'Do you take wafers in pay?' 'Wafers!' replied the astonished clerk. 'Yes, wafers—wafers. That's all the sort of money I've got.—I took 'em of a chap down here, and he said they are good.' 'Well,' said the clerk, 'we take all sorts of good currency, but we haven't yet got to taking *wafers*.' 'But these are good ones,' said the countryman, '*red* wafers—got a head onto 'em.' The clerk suddenly got an idea as to the state of the case, asked to look at the new currency, found them to be good three cent stamps, and decided that he did 'take wafers in pay,'"

THE FEELING IN IRELAND.—The Dundalk *Democrat* say: The American Union is the best friend of Ireland in the world. We beg to tell the Irish in America that the people of Ireland are nearly to a man, with the cause of the Union, and against the wicked rebellion of the nigger whippers. They do not forget the good deeds of the Republic in their day of distress, and they heartily wish success to the Stars and Stripes, and a speedy defeat of the audacious faction who have revolted against the freest government mankind has ever witnessed.

ONLY A CLOVE.—In a certain village dwelt a Judge who being a widower, always accompanied his neice to church. One Summer afternoon, while she was intent upon the sermon, and the Judge was having a quiet snooze, she discovered a grass-hopper on her dress. Picking it off, she gently nudged the drowsy Judge, that he might throw the intruder into the aisle. He took it with eyes half open, and supposing it to be a clove quite unsuspectingly bit off its head.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION OF TRAITORS.—In Bartlett's history of America, these memorable words appear, from the lips of the Father of his country, in speaking of traitors in the revolution: "I would to God," said he, "that some of the more atrocious in each State were hung upon a gallows five times as high as that prepared for Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too severe for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

We believe it was Kingsley who said: To be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you—and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

An old gentleman traveling some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah, yes indeed," sighed the sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age? Ossification, perhaps? "Oh, no sir, a lieutenant!"

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying salt to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as large as this one?" "Ya'as *mither's* cabin." "How many rooms had it?" "There was the ateing-room, the slaping-room, the kitchen-room, and the pig-pen—four rooms." "That's a story" said the builder. "Ya'as, four stories," says Pat.