The Potter Journal.

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

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*** Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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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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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.

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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 Mair 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, '61.

Original.

ROLAND AND I.

We were children together, Roland and I,
When the morning of May was bright;
We plucked green leaves in the beechen wood,
And the valley blossoms white,—
And merry laughter and childish joys
We shared, when the morning was bright.

We found where the robins built their nest
And sung in the maple trees;
And knew where the gaudiest summer flowers
Were haunted with humming bees,
Where the sunshine rippled in golden showers
Through the waving boughs of the trees.

With our bare, brown feet, in the summer time
We waded the sparkling brook,—
Our sunburned faces, through tangled locks,
Peeped out with a roguish look;
O! I wish we were little children again,
To play in the meadow brook!

But we have been parted such long long years!
Though the spring time blossoms are gay,
And the wild winds whistle to us from the trees,
"Come out in the wood and play!—
For we miss your laughter and bounding feet,
Though summer and spring be gay."

And the Winters beckon and shout to us,
And wave their banners of snow;
But vainly the winds and the seasons call,
For we never again shall go
Hand in hand through the Summer flowers,
Or the Winter's drifting snow!

The years have bound us with heavy chains,
We are weary, Roland and I;
We long for the faileless blossoms that grow
In the pastures beyond the sky,
And wait for Death's river to quench Life's fire
And calm us, Roland and I!

EVA.

MY MATE'S SECRET.

I was at Mobile, in command of the ship Statellite, and was loaded for the Mediterranean. There had been sickness among my crew, and both my first and second mates were taken down My first mate died, and the second mate became so reduced by disease that he resolved not to go out with me The fever had settled on his lungs, and he made his way as soon as possible to his home in New England. Three weeks had I laid idle, with my ship all ready for sailing, and I could wait no longer, even if I sailed short-handed. Seamen were scarce in the gulf ports, I had lost six of my crew, besides my two mates, and as yet I had but four men to fill their places, and not one of them knew anything of navigation. My third mate was with me, and I resolved that I would sail as soon as I could find one more officer. One morning, just as I was getting ready to leave my ship for the purpose of going up into town, a man came on board who wished to speak with the captain. I told him I was that individual

He said his name was Gilbert Carboy. He was a seaman by profession, and had commanded a ship He belonged to New York State, but had for the past two years, been out in Texas, engaged in grape culture. A partner, who had been with him in the business, decamped with all the money, and he was now forced to seek a livelihood at his old profession. He had been informed that I wanted an officer, and he would like the situation.

Carboy was about forty years of age, tall and slim, but yet quite muscular, with black hair and large black eyes, his face somewhat too pale for robust health, and with features of singular beauty. I conducted him to my cabin, where I examined him in the various departments of our profession, and I found him as thoroughly acquainted with all the principles of seamanship and navigation as I was myself. I was fully assured that he was as competent to sail the ship as any officer could be, and yet I hesitated about engaging him. There was something in his look and manner that led me to distrust him, but why it was so I could not tell. There was, at times, a sort of wandering uncertain look in his eye, and I fancied that he started once in a while, as though something frightened him. In short, he appeared to be ill at ease with himself, and I finally intimated that I feared that all was not right. There was another start, as I said this, and I could see that he trembled. He gazed a few moments into my face and then said:

"Captain, I know what you mean. You see something odd in my behavior. I don't blame you—I can feel it myself. I know that I act strangely sometimes, and I try to avoid it. However, it will soon wear off when I once get upon salt water again. It must appear strange, but I assure you there is nothing to fear. You think I act peculiarly. Perhaps you might act the same if you were in my place. I am sensitive—perhaps too sensitive. It does not agree with me to have a friend, whom I have trusted as a brother, run away with all my money, leaving me to meet debts to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. How would you feel, captain, if you could not appear abroad in daylight without fearing the approach of a creditor at every step? How would you feel if you expected every minute to find the hand of the sheriff clapped upon your shoulder? Egad, I don't believe you would be particularly distinguished for a bearing of manly independence."

"I frankly confess that I should not."

"No, sir," he resumed; "and you would want to get away from the curse; and if ever there could be a moment when your heart would expose its anxiety, it would be when the opportunity of escape was at hand, but not secured,—when your chances were hanging in a balance, and you knew not which way the beam would turn. You want a man to help you sail your ship. I am that man. I have been unfortunate, but, mercy! do you imagine my misfortunes of the past can hang me on the blue sea?"

I finally resolved to take the man, and run the risk. I gave him the berth of my first mate, and forthwith prepared for sea. He entered at once upon the discharge of his duties, and was not long in proving himself a thorough seaman.—Within six hours from the time of installing Gilbert Carboy into his office, my ship had passed Mobile Point, and was dashing through the waters of the Gulf before a fair wind.

For a week I overlooked my mate's movements pretty narrowly, but saw nothing directly out of the way. I never knew a better seaman, or a more accomplished officer; and yet there were times when I did not feel wholly easy. There were times when Mr. Carboy seemed wandering and lost, as though some dread incubus hung upon him. The longer I was with him, and the more I watched him, the more convinced did I become that something more than the memory of creditors weighed upon his mind. One day, as we sat in the cabin alone, I spoke to him upon the subject.

"Carboy," said I, "you want a friend."

He started, and looked eagerly into my face.

"You have some secret upon your mind that you had better entrust to the keeping of a second party," I resumed.

He turned pale as death, and grasped the edge of the table to steady himself.

"A secret!" he whispered. "How do you know that I have a secret?"

"Because I can see it in your looks and actions," I replied. "Come Carboy,—you need not fear to trust me. There was something beside debt. Am I not right?"

There was a quiver of the frame—a convulsive effort,—and then my mate was calm and quiet,—a little paler than usual, and with more of the strange look in his large black eye;—but still calm. Then he laughed, and said:

"My dear Captain, you are entirely mistaken. Mortal man could not be more so. There is no secret—none, I assure you,—none such as you imagine. What have I done, since I came on board your ship, to offend you?"

"Nothing," I answered him.

"And in what have I failed to do my duty?"

"In nothing."

"In what, so far as my office is concerned, have I disappointed you?"

Again I had to answer him—"in nothing."

"Then," said he, "I pray you trust me. Let no peculiarity of my disposition trouble you When I fail in my duty, or when I give you cause of offence, then let me know it."

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of a third person, and the conversation was dropped

From that time until we had entered the Mediterranean I said no more to my mate upon the subject of his secret; but yet I was not easy. There were times when I really feared to trust Carboy on the watch; and when I asked myself why I feared I could not tell. It was curious—very curious. It was, I thought, foolish; but I could not help it. I could see that he tried to please me—that he even discommoded himself to accommodate me. He never hesitated to move when I spoke, and never questioned any of my opinions. This was the more strange because such was evidently not his nature He was naturally proud and independent, and impatient of restraint; and was it not a legitimate conclusion that some powerful motive led him to restrain himself so wonderfully before me?

But the secret was coming to the surface.

On the evening of the fourth day after leaving Gibralter, the sun went down in a leaden cloud, and before eight o'clock the wind was blowing furiously from the south-west; but I did not apprehend any trouble, as we took it very near astern, with plenty of open sea ahead. At midnight I called Gilbert Carboy, and gave the ship into his charge. The course to be kept through the night was east-north east. The main sail was furled, and a double-reef in the fore-sail, with close-reefed topsails. I remarked to my mate after I had given him all needed directions, that we should pass the Belearic Isles before morning, or, at any rate, that we should be well up with them He said he had supposed so; and with this he turned to the binnacle, and I went below. I sat for half an hour at my table looking over my chart, and then I started to go on deck again; but I did not go. Half way up the ladder I stopped, and finally turned back. What started me up I cannot tell; but I went back because I feared that my mate might think I distrusted him if I went on deck. At length I turned in my cot; and I think I lay there another half hour before I went to sleep.

How long I had slept I cannot tell; but I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by the peculiar motion of the ship. I started upon my elbow to observe and think. The ship had a heavy lift to the starboard, and was laboring with the sea I detected at once that the wind was abeam. Was it possible that the wind had hauled around from the northward? I could not believe it. In all my acquaintance with that sea I had never know a south-west gale to change thus without moderating. As quickly as possible I drew on my trowsers and hurried on deck. The night was still dark, and the wind blowing furiously. I cast my eye into the binnacle, and saw that the ship *was heading due north!*

I asked the helmsman what that meant He said it was Mr. Carboy's order.

"Where is Mr. Carboy?"

"He is forward."

I had started to go in search of my mate, when I met him coming aft.

"In mercy's name, Mr. Carboy, what does this mean?" I cried.

"What?" he said.

"This change of course, sir"

"O, that is nothing, Captain," he replied with a light laugh "Don't get excited. I'm after a great aunt of mine that ran away with my uncle—She carried off all my money, sir.—Egad, but I'll catch her yet! Ho, ho! Blow, ye winds! Blow and crack! Don't be alarmed, Captain. I'm going ashore.—I'll be blest if I stay here any longer!"

I cannot remember all he said; but I can very distinctly remember that I did not take time just then to make him any reply; for while I was yet standing aghast with the conviction flashing upon me that my mate was a raving maniac, the loud, startling cry came from forward.

"*Breakers! Breakers! Rocks ahead!*"

I rushed to the bows and looked over, and for a moment my heart came up into my mouth. Directly ahead, and so near that I could see the phosphorcent glare of the breaking foam, was a rocky coast. The roar of the crashing sea was loud and deep, and the demon jaws were wide open for me! It was not a time for thought. In a very few minutes, if we kept on, we should be dashed upon the rocks, and I knew that no man of the crew would outlive such a shock. In a single instant all the chances had passed before my judgement. Another moment of hesitation must be fatal. If I attempted to luff, in the eye of such a wind, and in such a sea, my ship might miss her stays, and be lost. There was but one course to pursue. I sprang aft, thundering at the top of my voice:

"Up with the helm! Up with it! Hard a-port! To the braces, my men! To the braces! Quick! Quick! Off to leeward! ease off! Round in the braces!"

I reached the poop just in season to see Carboy knock the helmsman down with an iron belaying-pin, and seize the wheel with his own hands. I do not think it took me over two seconds to relieve my mate from his sudden frick at the wheel. I struck him under the ear with my fist, and as he staggered back I grasped the whirling spokes, and put the helm up. Fortunately my men were on hand; and more fortunate still, they obeyed me promptly. The ship turned her head steadily, sweeping in a narrow arch, and as she came to her old course, still wearing, I felt a shock—quiver—a grating of the keel upon a rock—and a shower of spray from the surge came raining over me. Again my heart was in my mouth; but I bowed my head and held the wheel with a firm hand

Quiver! quiver! Grate! grate—a groan as of some mighty throe, and all was over. As the ship took the wind upon the starboard quarter, I cast my eyes over my left shoulder, and saw a huge, black mass of rock towering above me.

But not yet did I dare to breathe freely. I stood with my head bent, and my heart hushed, for some moments more—stood, guiding my ship through the sea, and praying to God for deliverance. At length, when I knew that all was safe—when the rocks had been left all astern—I gave the order for belaying, and called a man to relieve me.

My next attention was directed to my mate I found him lying upon deck, gasping as though in a spasm. I took him below, and for four days he lay in his cot, sometimes raving madly, and sometimes apparently insensible. When we reached Naples he was able to sit up and talk; and he then confessed to me his secret. It was a periodical insanity which he had inherited from his father! Several times before had he been thus attacked while on duty at sea; and it had at length become so generally known in the northern seaports that he could not obtain a berth on shipboard.

"But" said he, "when I came to you in Mobile, I hoped that I should be troubled no more. I thought I might make a voyage in safety. I had not had an attack for over two years, and I wished to try if I could not do my duty in the ship. I knew I was deceiving you; and feared that you might detect the truth; and I think that the constant fear which I suffered from this latter cause had much to do with bringing the madness back upon me."

There is no need that I should tell how I talked to Lim. I was not harsh, nor unforgiving; but I could not exonerate him. I blamed him severely and promised that all ship-masters of my acquaintance should have the benefit of my knowledge.

On my return homeward I passed the island of Formentera, and as I gazed upon the huge black rocks which lift their sea-beaten front over the surge, upon the southern coast of that isle, my heart felt something of that old shock; for those were the rocks from which I had guided the ship on that dismal night when I first discovered MY MATE'S SECRET.

ADDRESS
OF THE
UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE
OF THE
LOYAL MEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE. Commonwealth Buildings, No. 613 Chestnut street.
PHILADELPHIA, August 26, 1862.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: In times of war the political organizations of peace are surrendered or postponed to the public emergencies. During the Revolutionary war there was no party against Washington but the tories or the traitors. During the war of 1812, the enemies of the Administration of Mr Maddison soon became as infamous as the invaders themselves. The war with Mexico was waged, as results have proved, by a slaveholding statesmen, in order that one State more might be added to the number they have lately forced into treason; yet the public man who opposed it soon became upopular, and its victorious general was nominated for the Presidency by the very party that dissented from the policy which resulted in the war. These are the eloquent teachings of the past. We are now in a death struggle with the most powerful foe to human liberty on earth. This enemy is strengthened by slavery in America, and sustained by the monarchies of the Old World. The issue is clearly made—the contending parties openly arrayed against each other. There is not a nation, an individual, or an idea opposed to human freedom that is not enlisted against this Government and in favor of the rebellion. We are ourselves our only hope. We can have no sympathy from any other Power in the world—no sympathy that is sincere and effectual. The State Central Committee, appointed by the Union State Convention, composed of the loyal men of Pennsylvania, who met to consider what was proper to be done in this crisis, have a simple duty to perform in this their first address. They have only to ask whether the examples of the two wars with Great Britain, and the admonitions of the war with Mexico, shall be recollected or rejected in this gloomy hour, and whether the American people will cordially support the Government in putting down the rebellion.

The State Central Committee would impress upon the people of Pennsylvania that the one great subject for to consider *is the danger to the Republic.* There is no prejudice or opinion that should not be postponed, and, if necessary, sacrificed, to avert this common peril. The Convention from which the committee derived its authority acted in this spirit, and it is now your duty to come forward and sustain the candidates that Convention placed in nomination. We make this appeal to all loyal men. They only are loyal who recognize this war as one waged for our national existence—who give an ardent and unquestioning support to the Administration—who sustain all the measures of Congress for the maintenance of the war-making power—who see in the Southern Confederacy, and those who are in alliance with it, the enemies of Civilization and Liberty—and who do nothing to weaken the hands of the Executive.—They are not merely disloyal who take arms in their hands, and combine themselves into an army. He is a rebel who abjures his allegiance and becomes an enemy to his flag; but he is a traitor, who, while enjoying the protection of the Government, and ostensibly observing his pledge of allegiance, contrives to bring dishonor and defeat upon his country.—These rebels and these traitors we are called upon to meet. We must encounter them on the battle-field and at the ballot-box. The ballot-box is the great source of popular power. If beaten there, our victories will be fruitless, our sufferings unrewarded, our sacrifices barren, and the glory and valor of our soldiers will end in the triumph of the Southern rebellion and a dishonorable peace.

It is unnecessary to restate the causes of the war. Our opponents have made them the substance of calumny and misrepresentation. For answer, we appeal to the living history familiar to all men. We need not remind the people that at the basis of the Southern rebellion there exists a hatred of Northern men and Northen institutions—of our social, political and revenue systems. This has inspired their leaders during two generations. Wedded to an institution which has demoralized them in demoralizing their labor, and cultivating the earth by an enslaved race of men, they have made their slaves the source of their political power, and have ruled the nation with the products of slave labor. The happy hours of our national progress have for years been embittered by their insolence. All legislation that looked to the prosperity of the Northern States and protection to their industry has been opposed and defeated by them. With the growth of Northern strength, as the result of free institutions and free toil, came the possession of political power and the gradual resistance to the encroachments of slavery. Nor need we remind the people of the outrages that followed the efforts of the slaveholders, to recover their unholy and despotic dominion. The outrages upon Kansas; the studied insults to Northern Senators and Representatives; the ceaseless abuse of the Northern people, and the gradual concentration of the military and naval power in the hands of the traitors, all contemplated the restoration of their ascendency, and enabled them to inaugurate the treason which culminated in war. Strengthened by a wicked Administration, and sustained by timid and treacherous public men in the free States, they were permitted to organize an armed resistance, and to make fearful advances, before the Government could strike a blow in its own defence.

The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, so fortunate for the country, and so fruitful of saving consequences to the whole people, baffled the immediate purposes of the conspirators.

The adversaries of Mr. Lincoln's Administration are in nearly every case the adversaries of the Government. They attack the one to weaken the other. We recognize in the Executive the embodiment of that authority which can alone destroy the rebellion and rescue the Republic. If the Executive arm is paralyzed, there can be neither unity among the people, victory for our armies, nor hope for the preservation of the Government.

While the enemies of the war propose adhering to the form of a mere party organization, the loyal men have yielded their preferences and systems, content to defer to the days of peace the revival of disputes which can only be repeated now to the injury of the common cause.

Let the people decide whether that interest is deserving of confidence which, in the midst of war, refuses to abandon the prejudices of party strife, and in the midst of natonal peril devotes itself to the work of dividing the people.

The opponents of the war are more anxious to prove their hatred to a party than to the public enemy. They insist that the "demon Abolition" is the most dangerous foe of the public peace. We can see but one great criminal—but one great enemy of the Republic—and he is now in arms against our countrymen and brothers. To defeat him at once and forever is our first and most imperative duty.

The adversaries of the war insist that they contend for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is. We, too, are for the Union as it was; but not for the return of the armed associates of the sympathizers with treason to the places they so long occupied and so basely deserted. And while we renew our fealty to the Constitution as it is, we also insist upon the addition of that duty which the opponents of the war so steadily ignore, viz: "The enforcement of the laws," whether these laws are for the confiscation of all rebel property, the emancipation of all slaves who aid to defend the flag of the Union, or the punishment of the reckless partisans in the adhering States who aid and comfort the rebel enemy, demoralize the people, and paralyze the arm of the Executive.

If, in a word, we have sympathy to bestow, it is not for the murderers of our country's liberties, but for the defenders of those liberties. The gallant soldier teaches us by his example to persevere in devotion to our country. He offers his life to the Republic with uncomplaining spirit, reposes full confidence in his superiors, sustains the Government of the United States, and sees but one antagonist before him—the rebel who strikes at his own heart and at the Union of these States. We should be unworthy of the advantages of peace and of home if we did

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]