

# The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIV.—NUMBER 38.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862.

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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.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made:  
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## BUSINESS CARDS.

**EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M.**  
STATBD Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesday of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.  
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.  
SAMUEL HAYEN, Sec'y.

**JOHN S. MANN,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean 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 promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

**ISAAC BENSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

**F. W. KNOX,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

**O. T. ELLISON,**  
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

**C. S. & E. A. JONES,**  
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

**D. E. OLMSTED,**  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

**COLLINS SMITH,**  
DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

**M. W. MANN,**  
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

**COUDERSPORT HOTEL,**  
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.  
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

**MARK GILLON,**  
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13 41

**ANDREW SANBERG & BROS.,**  
TANNERS AND CURRIERS—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegheny river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—July 17, '61

**M. 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, M. 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. BASSITT, President.  
W. W. GRIDLEY, Sec'y.  
Lewigville, July 9, 1862.

**UNION HOTEL,**  
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.  
**A. S. ARMSTRONG**

HAVING recently 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. 13, 1861.

## The Soldier To His Mother.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

"Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them I did for my country."

On the field of battle, mother,  
All the night alone I lay,  
Angels watching o'er me mother,  
Till the breaking of the day,  
I lay thinking of you mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
Till to our dear cottage mother,  
Boy again I seem'd to come.

He to whom you taught me mother,  
On my infant knee to pray,  
Kept my heart from fainting mother,  
When the vision pass'd away.  
In the gray of morning, mother,  
Comrades bore me to the town:  
From my bosom tender fingers  
Wash'd the blood that trickled do'.

I must soon be going, mother,  
Going to the home of rest;  
Kiss me as of old my mother,  
Press me nearer to your breast.  
Would I could repay you, mother,  
For your faithful love and care:  
God uphold and bless you, mother,  
In this bitter wee you bear.

Kiss for me my little brother,  
Kiss my sisters, loved so well:  
When you sit together, mother,  
Tell them how their brother fell.  
Tell to them the story, mother,  
When I sleep beneath the sod,  
That I died to save my country,  
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,  
Of the Ovs who died for all,  
Peace is in my bosom, mother,  
Hark! I hear the angels call!  
Don't you hear them singing, mother?  
Listen to the music's swell!  
Now I leave you, loving mother—  
God be with you—fare you well.  
—Typographic Advertiser.

## AN ICE ADVENTURE.

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the northern portion of Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake-voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horse's bells rang gaily out thro' the snow-clad forest, whose pendent icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a fruitage of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark-roof of the nearest settler, where my news—albeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provincial songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farmhouse, where the scraping of fiddles and echoing of feet announced one of those blithe frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of backwoods' life. On such occasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received though the house was crowded to suffocation. But it soon appeared this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bride of our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow! What a joyous scene it was! How they jested and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now footing old-forgotten dances with the rosy bridesmaids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in that wild region.

The sun rose on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was despatched, and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way. Through many of the backwoods' settlement clergymen have never passed, and troths are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson's wedding." My two-horse sleigh being the best-appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal; and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and trains, filled with a laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merries of bridal peals, the young settlers played wild chorusses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About mid-day, we reached our destination, but we had to wait the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, for the bride was poorly, the bridegroom grizzled, and they made the responses with a decision which showed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the bridesmaids' station in the rear, was an open-mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite the struggles of the little ones, and the boisterous laughter of their elders, they were all duly christened, and then led away by their newly wedded parents, amid a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had always meant to do so; and taking heart of grace, she smiled happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant Antoine sang jubilant bridal paeans, and trotted old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymenward a whole community. But after a time there was none but the newly wedded and myself to listen, for my high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, had far outsped the heavy steeds of the other travelers, and were running them out of sight and hearing.

"Let us go by the lake-shore," cried the bridegroom; then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home yet before they are."

The idea was highly approved by the new-made wife, and as I was somewhat weary myself of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gully filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, so far as we could see, stretched a vast expanse of blue, refreshing to the eye, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in the heavy swells, whose very action was cheering and the deadly stillness. Meanwhile we bowed merrily on over the way ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamps, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades, by which the waters of a lofty river found their way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the spray had raised before it. This duty admirer, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to a swifter pace, for with the sun's departure came a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way, and ahead was the promontory, showing darkly against the starlit sky. We had about reached the centre of the bay, when a sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, was repeated by the thousand echoes of the wilds. It was the unmistakable sound of cracking ice; and without a word, I put the horses to their speed. The next moment, a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the silence, quickly followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the ice asunder.

At once, the truth flashed upon us.—As often happens, the heavy swell of that great inland sea was breaking up the solid ice; and so far from land, among the shattering fragments, we were in a position of the utmost peril, in which our only resource was flight; and again I urged on our bounding steeds. Meanwhile, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to discover where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly.

At length, our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn land-ward, and hurry on, if happily we might outstrip the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and, to our consternation, we discovered that

the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm on either side of us! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes. There was but one chance left—that we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake-shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil upon our own heads, increased its bitterness tenfold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were keener of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon rose in the deep blue sky, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth. But the cold was intense. The wind, straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-furts, we crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigor of the night; and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but, with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at last broke on this long night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had swept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despondency we discovered that, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky; save on one spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment our misery; and when the third day broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. But the young bride still bore up; whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvelous endurance of her sex, which has so often carried them thro' wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unshaken, and while she drew our coverings more closely around us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed, a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they sought to shatter it in pieces; clouds, black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and, to crown all, the faintness of our hunger was succeeded by raging

pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was well-nigh maddening, and many times, as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. But in the darkness we could distinguish nothing, and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and, by the mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends were summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was found. "All's well that ends well," we thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of that adventure on the ice.

A few days ago a great stalwart fellow was bantered into an enlistment office not a thousand miles from Wisconsin street. He presented as complete a picture of health as nature [who has had so much practice at the work] can get up. In answer to the enquiries of the Surgeon, he proved to be the identical fellow who had all the ills that flesh is heir to:—"Have you ever had fits?" asked the Surgeon. "Yes sir." "What kind?" "All kinds." "Have you ever had the itch?" "Yes sir." "The piles?" "Yes sir." "A bad cough?" "Yes sir." "Horror?" "Yes sir." "Troubled with the asthma a little, ain't you?" "Yes sir." "And the liver complaint?" "Yes sir." "And you sometimes faint from weakness?" "Yes, sometimes."

"Well," said the Surgeon, with his ear to the giant's breast, where the great heart and lungs could be heard like a mighty forge welding health and turning out blood and vitality. "Well sir, you are just the man we want, then!" "Here's your certificate."

The look of well mixed horror and astonishment that followed would have baffled an artist to paint!—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

**ARTEMUS WARD'S TOAST.**—Artemus Ward being present at a celebration and exhibition, was called upon for a speech, when he replied in "a toast to the phair sex." Ladies, ses I, turmin to the beautiful females whose presents was perphunin the fare grownd, I hope you're enjoyen yourselves on this occasion, and that the leminaid and ice-water ov which you air drinkin, may not go aginst you. May you allers be as fare as the son, as bright as the moon and as butifull as any army with Union flags—also plenty of good close to ware.

Tu yure sex—commonly kawled the phair sex, we are indebtid for our boruin, as well as many uther blessins in these lo growns of sorro. Sum poor speritted fools blaim yure sex for the difficulty in the garden; but I know men are a desecetful set; and when the appal had bekum plum ripe I have no doubt but Adam would have rigged a cyder press, and like as not went into a big bust and been driv off anyway. Yure 1st muther was a lady and awl her dawters ditto; and nun but a lafin kuss will ever say a word agin yu. Hopin that no waiva of trouble may ever ride across your peaceful breasts, I knoklude these remarks with the folerint contentment:

Woman—She is a good egg.

Mrs. Partington says one is obliged to walk very circumsumptiously these slippery times.

## LITTLE-OR-NOTHINGS.

The kiss with which a girl seeks to catch her beau is a fishing-smack.

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Because it attempts to circulate in rain.

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said: "This is the first time that I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

Tailors are always remarkable for keeping the peace. They may quarrel over their cloth, but give them an order for a coat, and they will make it up directly.

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but it is my opinion that the moon's worth two of it, for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we really want it."

**LOWER PRICES.**—A merchant in Burlington having sunk his shop floor a few feet, announces that, "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold much lower than formerly."

**REPARTEE.**—A person fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, adding as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"—"No, sir," said the other; "pray, did you?"

In one of the Brooklyn churches recently, the clergyman concluded his sermon as follows:—"But I hear the rustling of silks in the pews, as if some of the ladies were impatient to leave; I will therefore say, God bless you!"

Any one who has lain all night upon a shelf, with an irresistible conviction that the house was dancing a polka, to the imminent danger of pitching him off, can form an idea of a "first night's rest in the berth of an ocean steamer."

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on his shovel exclaims:—"Down wi' another shillin', or up she comes!"

Barry Cornwall says, "Come let me dive into thine eyes." If his love had "swimming eyes," very good; but, at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cataract."

**A BULL.**—At a young ladies' seminary, a few days since, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated:—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?"—"No," was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull!"

**ORTHOGRAPHY.**—The following is a verbatim copy of the certificate attached to the return of the postmaster in Shawnee county, Missouri, "I hereby certify that the four gain A Counte is as near Rite as I now how to make it if there is any mistake it is not Dun a purpers."

One country editor sent to another who had refused to exchange with him, a paper bearing the following inscription:—"Exchange or go to kingdom come." The editor thus addressed, replied:—"I will do neither; for I don't want your paper in this world nor your company in the next."

**CATCHING THE IDEA.**—A minister repeating the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read it as follows:—"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people." The clerk who could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated thus:—"Moses was an oysterman, and made ointment for the shing of his people."

## RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

—It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thoughts. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreams that he has enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led off for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired, he awoke with the report, and found that the noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in England—in embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the light, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.