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 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.
SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care, will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

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, 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,'62

H. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY. OLMSTED & KELLY, DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

Ulysses Academy
Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GRIDLEY; Assistant, Miss A. E. CAMPBELL. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from $5 to $6; Board, from $1.50 to $1.75, per week; Rooms for self-boarding from $2 to $4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues Fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 27th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, 1863.
O. R. BASSETT, President.
W. W. GRIDLEY, Sect'y.
Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

UNION HOTEL, COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN., A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11, 1861

Send Them Home Tenderly.

Send them home tenderly,
Guard them with care,
Eager eyes tearfully
Watch for them there;
Home hearts are mournfully
Throbbing to know—
Gifted and manly sons,
Stricken so low!

Send them home tenderly,
To the fair sod,
First by the martyr-souled
Puritans trod; *
Blue hills and ocean wave
Echo the prayer:
Send them home tenderly,
Love waits them there.

Send them home tenderly—
Poor breathless clay—
Yet what high hopefulness
Bore them away.
Hand to hand clingingly,
Linked in brave trust—
Tenderly, tenderly,
Bear home their dust.

Send them home tenderly—
Think of the sire,
Struggling with mighty sobs
By the low fire:
Think how a mother's heart
Hourly hath bled—
Tenderly, tenderly,
Bear home their dead.

* Written on the occasion of the assault made upon the Massachusetts volunteers while passing through Baltimore in April 1861, when several of the volunteers were killed.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

The noble beast which forms the subject of my story, had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair on the forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankle, and proud neck and the wide-apart prominent eyes, and open nostrils denoted gentle blood, but, at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose. I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every member of that family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands, and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I when Mrs. Morrison, who like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw both arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another of the inmates like a huge house-dog.

My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was thus honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I considered them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow on his fellow, the dumb one. He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesboro, for many years a practicing physician in that place.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During that time one of those drenching warm, breaking up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges and dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might—for one must see a freshet to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction; behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling, often bearing a "thing of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed not long since on the Lehigh and the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and Don John picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear for the consequences. They were approaching the Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and Don John whined pitifully once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish, thro' the dense darkness, a moving and glimmering light, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession.

"Now step, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge to my own hand and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet tangled front-lock from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on sir!" said the Doctor, "you are nearly home!" Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed like maddened devils baulked of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into the firm determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—though the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was he only let him have his own way, though he might have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather, and was sadly in need of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard road. They were across, for the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in his saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but first I and you want some refreshments. So riding up to the small tavern door where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns which they carried aloft and a "Good God, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshet carried away any of your senses? Here boy," as dismounting, he threw the rein to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and, landlord I want a tumbler of red hot Jamaica, quick!"

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk, to-night? and if so, how?"

"Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk!" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old gray-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon! Come with me and I will show you! If you crossed, God only knows how you did it."

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—lantern in hand, he followed the foot-steps of the men to the margin of the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror struck Doctor; "where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me, on this solitary stringpiece; and I, with this right hand gave him a blow when he faltered," and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft, wet snow, and wept like a child—the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire house-hold, each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits, a third dried his glossy hide with warm flannel, and others patted his neck or caressed his nose and face. The Doctor came and took the head of his beast against his breast, and great warm tears rushed up from his heart, as the long, graceful tongue lapped his master's face. "O John, my boy, and I gave you a blow!" and the words ended in a low, wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside, where he spent the night. The morning revealed unto him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of his beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him, when, so nobly, he was putting forth more than human power.

Don John never did a day's work after that. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him, before a light vehicle, a few miles, with some member of his family, but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given him afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogony; his room was more like a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid a visit to Don John before they left.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together.

Don John survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended, which related to Don John, to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Morrison, to be cared for as he had always done; and that he should, at his death, be buried with his shoes on, wrapped in his own rich blanket and inclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned his history, Don John's bones were buried in a corner of the old burying ground at Whitesboro.

GEN. JESSE L. RENO.

As an offset to the glorious victory achieved by a portion of our army over the Rebels in their strong position on the hights commanding the Hagerstown Road, on Sunday last, the telegraph brings us the meager but sad announcement of the death of Jesse L. Reno, Major-General of Volunteers, Captain in the Ordnance Department, and one of the most gallant and able officers in the United States Army.

The record of Gen. Reno's military life, although only extending over the brief period of sixteen years—brief in comparison to the records of such men as Gens. Scott, Wool, and Sumner—is both brilliant and honorable, and his loss cannot fail to be severely felt, not only by the brave troops under his command, but by those companions of his academic career with whom he fought and bled in the sanguinary contests of Corro Gordo and Chapultapec.

Jesse L. Reno was born in Virginia in about the year 1826, and was consequently in the very prime of life, when his name was added to the already too long list of victims of this disastrous Rebellion. He entered the West Point Military Academy in 1842, and, after four years' patient and most successful study, graduated the eighth in his class—Capt. Chas. S. Stewart of the Corps of Engineers being the first, Major-Gen. George B. McClellan the second, and Brig.-Gens. J. G. Blunt and J. G. Foster the third and fourth. The following Generals were also classmates of Gen. Reno: Innis N. Palmer, George Stoneman, George H. Gordon, Truman Seymour, D. N. Couch, and S. D. Sturgis. The redoubtable Rebel, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, was also a fellow cadet with these. On the 1st of July, 1846, Gen. Reno was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department, being the only cadet of his years appointed to that Department. His appointment is credited to Pennsylvania. On the 3d of March, 1847, he received his commission as full Second Lieutenant.

In the mean time, however, war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, and Lieut. Reno was in the field, where he was soon distinguished as the possessor of soldierly qualities of a very high order. At the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847, his conduct was such as to merit special distinction, and he was accordingly brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the storming of Chapultapec, he commanded a battery and rendered effective service; while at the battle of Chapultapec, September 13, 1847, a repitition of the gallant and meritorious conduct for which he had been honored at Cerro Gordo was still further rewarded by the brevet rank of Captain. In this engagement he was severely wounded, and had to retire for a while from active service. After his health and strength were sufficiently recruited, he was assigned to duty at the West Point Military Academy, where he remained from January to July, 1849, acting as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. After this he returned to the ordnance Department and remained there performing the customary duties connected with this important Department, until April, 1854, he assisted in the United States Coast Survey, when he left that field of duty, to build a military road from the Big Sandy River to St. Paul. From 1854 to 1857 he was stationed at the Frankfort (Ky.) Arsenal as Second Ordnance Officer, and afterward was Chief Ordnance Officer, of the Utah Expedition, when he had the command of a battery. Returning in 1859, he was sent to the Montgomery (Ala.) Arsenal, and subsequently, by Jeff. Davis, to Leavenworth.

Such was the slowness of promotion in the Ordnance Department in the time of peace, that although a Brevet Captain in 1847, Gen. Reno did not get his commission as full First Lieutenant until March, 1853, and it was not until seven years after this, viz., in July, 1860, that he received the full rank of Captain of Ordnance, a rank which he had already held by brevet for over fourteen years.

In the Fall of 1861 he was recalled to Washington, and commissioned a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and ordered to report to Gen. Burnside, who was at Annapolis, fitting out his North Carolina expedition. He served with distinction at Roanoke Island, Newbern, Beaufort, and other places, and was commissioned a Major-General of volunteers, his rank in the regular service being Captain. About the 1st of August last, with Gen. Burnside's Army Corps, he hastened to the relief of Gen. McClellan after he had reached Harrison's Landing, and subsequently proceeded with his command to the Potomac. Participating in the sanguinary conflicts under Pope, he finished his brilliant career in driving the invaders from the soil of Maryland.

Since his appointment to the Burnside Expedition of Hagerstown Hights, Gen. Reno has been continually in the field, and although there are officers having higher and more important commands than that intrusted to him, there are none braver or more loyal, and no truer soldier than the late Major-Gen. Jesse L. Reno.

A SHORT CLERGYMAN.—A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. B. there lives, and has lived for years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in the village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. ——— in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly hid the poor little clergyman nearly from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused and turned all sorts of colors. Many, in the general uproar left the church; and it was a long time before the minister was able to proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of the audience. The text was announced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, and a little while ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and, stepping back, lost his footing, and disappeared from his hearers. The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

A HAPPY MAN.—The Cleveland *Leader* says: We heard a man congratulate himself on being exempt the other day, upon grounds that we should not consider in the highest degree exhilarating, although he appeared to be quite transported in contemplating them. "I am exempt from the draft," said he, rubbing his hands in glee, his face expressive of violent joy. "How so?" we asked.

"I ain't got only one lung!" he yelled; "ha! ha! ha! pulmonary consumption has got the other—ha! ha! and I *hain't got only one lung!* ha! ha! ha! ha! and he laughed until he was seized with a coughing fit, which threatened to relieve pulmonary consumption of the task of using up "tother lung."

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.—It is a striking fact that both the visions of angels, both the first annunciations of the resurrection, and both the first appearances of Christ, were made to women. Why was this? It seems strange that the first tidings of the resurrection from human lips should have been, not from the lips of apostles, who were to be the authorized heralds of this fact, but from the women who were to be forbidden to speak in the church. It seems at first sight, a singular exception to the divinely ordained plan of preaching the glad tidings of finished redemption. Yet a little reflection will show that it is not exceptional, but the very order of arrangement that is repeated in every generation of the world. The fact is the same that exists in the case of a vast majority of Christians ever since. We first hear the story of the cross, the sepulchre and the throne, not from the lips of a man who stands as an ambassador for Christ, but from the lips of a woman—a pious mother, sister, or nurse—who pours in our infantile hearts this wonderful tale of love and mercy. Some, it is true, are left to an early orphanage, and some to a godless parentage; but even of these the general fact is true that the first knowledge of Jesus is learned, not from the lips of men, but from the lips of women.—*Dr. Moore.*

MILITARY GREATNESS.—As a little four year old boy was being put to bed, his mother said to him, "Kiss mamma good night, Johnny." He at first refused, and then inquired, "Do lieutenants kiss their mammas?" "Why, do you ask that, my dear?" inquired the astonished maternal parent. "'Cause I'm lieutenant of our company, and Joe Walsh is captain!" Being assured that it was not beneath his official dignity to "Kiss mamma good night," he saluted her and went to bed.

"Man proposes, and God disposes," said a pious aunt to her over-confident niece. "Let a man propose to me if he dare," was the response, "and I will dispose of him according to my views, as it suits me."

A young lady on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushingly replied that she wanted him to be a husbandman.

LITTLE-OR-NOTHINGS.

Look fate full in the eye. It is like a lion, believe me; it quails before the resolute.

Modesty is well—nevertheless, genius always knows itself.

Most men, now-a-days, understand by faith, a firm reliance on their own opinions.

Hush! when one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know and are thankful.

People may like and respect each other extremely, yet *not suit*; even as two good tunes are not always capable of being harmonized.

The same feeling which prompts the child to reach up his hand to the waxen images of the peddler, goes with us into higher walks of art.

It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. *No* life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn.

The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt!

Pure gold is much too flexible; it must be alloyed and debased before it is stiff enough for currency. So truth or honesty is susceptible of an astonishing amount of alloy before it is stiff enough for trade.

Time is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an acorn is encased the germ of a ship which shall baffle the storms of fifty years; but no harder than to believe that in *all* men lodges the germ of an angel.

It is a vain thing for you to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

Laughter, sleep, and hope are the three bounties with which kind Mother Nature compensates us for the troubles of a life which few, perhaps, would accept if they were asked beforehand.

And the doctor observed of the "Apollo Belvidere," that grandest of all shapes, undeniably, that it reminded him of a boy who had slung a pebble at a bird—*and hit him!* the embodiment of the word "*success!*"

Give us this day our daily bread. "It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth."

In poetic natures, troubles press to a rapid conclusion, and before reason triumphs, the wish to fly from sorrow, to the ideal mind, is almost irresistible. I am sorry to say it, but I believe there is a frequent tendency to self-immolation, in such beings, that they fight with all their days.

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

How in this world everybody puffs his indignant morality at everybody else! It only takes a turn of the weathercock to bring about the millennium. Only let these gusts of virtue, that every man blows upon his neighbor, be turned upon himself, and the thing is done. It's easier than sinning!

An exhausted horse can be managed by a child. Cæsar, you know, cried, "Give me some drink, Titania," like a sick girl, when ill in Spain. So Shakespeare says; and *nations* have their times to be sick, and accept any leader that presents himself, I have long ceased to merge merit in success.

It is always folly to try to walk through this world by sight only. If we would not be confounded nor put to shame, if we would look the future in the face without dismay, we must learn to keep step to the music of Providence and say continually in our hearts, "Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

If Washington had not been a man of consummate personal worth, would he ever have been so enshrined in our grateful love and veneration? We serve our country and the world best when we most diligently cherish those pure, generous, and holy affections, those immortal virtues which prepare us for a better country, that is, a heavenly.