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.
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 Mait 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. 11, 1861

Original.

FOREDOOMED.

As Autumn leaves lay sere and dead
Where fresh and fair the June flowers bloomed,
Amid Life's joys and sweetnesses,
He stood, to woe foredoomed.

Your hands are free to toil, but his
With unseen gyves were bound; in vain,
With bitter tears and passion-throes,
He strove against the chain.

Your feet, perchance, keep even time
Along the pathways in the light;
His, bruised and bleeding, oftimes strayed
Through dreary wilds of night.

His was a human heart, like yours,
How hath he loved and prayed and wept!
While you were sleeping, what sad watch
His wakeful spirit kept!

He loved all forms of truth and right;
He worshipped goodness reverently;
He would have followed were they led;—
Alas! he was not free.

He lived alone, misunderstood:
He wept to hear Christ's voice afar,
But,—chide him not, for he was blind,—
He could not find the Star!

If something holy in his life
Was blighted just before it bloomed,
Forbear your scorn, O, world! and know,
To this was he foredoomed. EVA.

"SMALL LIES."—H. W. Beecher, in a recent sermon upon faithfulness in small things, said:

"I do not know any buyer that pays such prices as the devil pays when he buys men. Here is a man who sells himself for about one-eighth of a pound of chicory in a pound of coffee. He prepares his commodity with a lie and retails it with another lie. Every time a man commits a known dishonesty, he sells his soul, and thousands are selling themselves by little driblets. And I think that a man who sells himself thus, cheats himself. No, he cheats the devil. The devil pays too much for him. I am informed that before the commutation system was abandoned by the ferry company men of property and standing in society, would boldly declare that they had a commutation ticket in their pocket when they had none, for the sake of going through without paying! They lied for one cent! I pity the devil. I do not know what he does with such men. It is awful to be chief magistrate of a parcel of men like these. I cannot understand how these exiguous, thrice-squeezed men can be managed!"

SIGNIFICANT MOTTOES!—The following were among the mottoes on the transparencies, at the celebration, in San Francisco, of the passage of the Pacific Railway Bill:—"From New York to San Francisco—By the Horn, sixteen thousand miles! By the Isthmus, six thousand miles!—From New York to San Francisco—By the Horn, one hundred days! By the railroad, four days!"—"The Pacific Railroad—Uncle Sam's waistband. He has grown so corpulent that he would burst without it." "A long twilight when coming west; a quick daybreak when going east. Score up your longitude, Mr. Conductor!" "Married—In June, 1862, by the High Priests of North America, Mr. Atlantic to Miss Pacific—all of the same nation." "Fresh No. 4 Mackerel, six days from Belfast—Chesapeake Bay oysters, six days from the water!" "Now time and space are in the race! San Francisco in 1862, one hundred thousand inhabitants. San Francisco in 1872, one million inhabitants. San Francisco in 1862, fifty-five million dollars assessable property. San Francisco in 1872, five hundred million dollars." "Westward the march of Empire streams its way." "The Locomotive—His prow is wet with the surge foam of either Ocean. His breast is grim with the sands of the Desert."

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—

"'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"'I saw him,' said I.

"'You did; and were *your eyes on your book* when you saw him?'

"I was caught and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

A schoolmaster requesting a little boy who had been whispering, to step into the next room is wittily spoken of as "starting on a whaling expedition."

THE DESERTER.

"Come here a moment please."

We had only a glimmer of light in the hospital, for the cots were nearly all empty. Most of our wounded had been sent home; but the moon was full, and poured its white stream of radiance right down on the face of the man who had spoken to me.

"What is it you want?" I asked.

"I don't like to be alone. I feel rather strangely!"

"You are excited; what is the matter?"

The thin, keen features of the man wore an eager, restless expression; his black eyes shone fiercely.

"I'm a deserter, you know. This wound troubles me a little. You don't think I deserted from cupidity, do you?"

"Really, I know nothing about it. You are not well to night; I shall give you something quieting so that you may sleep?"

"No, no, just stay here a moment.—Don't leave me."

He looked so eager that I sat down on his cot, felt his pulse again, re-arranged his bandages, and placed his pillow more comfortably.

"Your touch is gentle as a woman's," he said, gratefully, sighing as he spoke. I sat still a little while, then rose to order his medicine, but he grasped me by the hand and drew me down again by him.

"This moonlight reminds me of the night I came near losing my sword arm. I was Lieutenant in a Louisana regiment. We had a pretty hard brush with your fellows, and I found myself face to face with the toughest subject you ever saw. Twice I thought myself gone: our cartridges were out; with a great shout of "Liberty and Union!" the Yankee came at me with a sabre, cutting a gash in my arm that laid me low. Fortunately they had to fly just then, or I should have been in the other world. When I came to my senses, I was all alone with just such a glare of moonlight in my eyes as shines to-night. I was very weak and consuming with thirst, and not especially thankful to my brave comrades for leaving me thus. You must know that I joined the army without a spark of love for secession; not a jot of principle in the matter—purely from the love of adventure, and with my French blood tingling at the thought of 'la-glorie.' I have had different teachings since; so you need not be hasty in thinking me very contemptible. Glory has been the dream of my life."

Pale and wasted as he was, the young Lieutenant's face had a strange fascination on it. Now his eyes gleamed again, his proud mouth was tremulous with feeling, that of course, was yet incomprehensible to me. I tried to make him be silent; but so intense was his desire to speak that I found it best to listen calmly—best for more reasons than one, life was low in the chalice, perhaps my listening might sweeten its last few drops.

"Yes, Glory has been a bright dream ever since I could listen to old stories of my ancestors in other lands, where our name was a proud one, a name I have tried to keep with honor. Well, I woke in the moonlight with a dim sense of concern for my generous friends who had left me to my fate, and a very urgent desire to get water; so I managed to crawl through the woods, sometimes rising to my feet only to fall again, though I had tied my handkerchief round my arm to stop the bleeding. I recollected passing a farm-house before the fray, and as well as I could, made my way for it. I was fortunate; though alarmed, the occupants were accustomed to danger, and kindly took me in. For some time I was very ill; during my illness our regiment was ordered off; indeed the Federals had gained possession of that part of the country. No one molested me, for the family was a poor Union one, who had been robbed of nearly all their valuables, but who, notwithstanding their ill-treatment, did not make known my refuge. I need not tell you how kind they were, how patient and careful; there was only an elderly woman, a boy of fourteen, and a young woman in the family. From the time that I first opened my eyes after the delirium of fever, until—no matter for time—but kindness and tenderest care from both, but principally the younger woman, greeted me. I can see her great, dark, sad eyes, looking now at me. Dieu! how beautiful, how tender, how full of love. Love, did I say? adoration! What a life was hers! Poor Nina, poor Nina! She was the daughter of one of the most influential, proudest merchants in New Orleans—her mother a quadroon slave. The father died one day of apoplexy without adjusting his 'property,' leaving Nina a slave. Too proud, too good, too beautiful. She fled, for her master had already named the price—three thousand dollars. I gnashed my teeth at the accursed institution—she taught me what I was fighting to perpetuate. She, poor Nina, not even then safe from pursuers. I cannot express to you how gentle and tender was her care of me. I can only tell you that it inspired the deepest love."

The invalid raised himself on one arm, flashing darker, deeper than ever were his black eyes—a noble brow, cheeks white and thin to spirituality, the proud lips quivering with pain and passion.—Again I tried, unavailingly, to soothe him—he must have felt the strong tide of life ebbing, but it seemed only to nerve him on to speaking.

"I had left in New Orleans rare beauties, my own cousins, proud, elegant women; I have frittered time away over soulless creatures; I have believed myself in love with these moths, glittering, gaudy, vain beings; never had I truly loved till I saw Nina. You do not know what it cost me to confess this even to myself. I, who had the proudest of blood in my veins—I to love a woman tainted with African lineage! I feel wild—the room swims—hush, you must listen! Nina's voice was rich with melody, but it became torture. Her gentle, healing touch distracted me, her light footfall, her winning womanliness and modesty all jarred. I was nearly mad, and because I loved her—loved her whose price was *three thousand dollars*.

"I can see the room where I lay day after day battling dire thoughts—wan and weak, weaker than now, for to-night I am strong. My wound would not heal, for my brain was on fire. So lying there on the nice white pillows, fanned or read to by that beautiful, sad passionate woman, who even in her nice sense of beauty and order, in her loving desire to please, in her longing to amuse or change the current of my unhappy thoughts, betrayed the same emotion that was galling me. She wreathed flowers dexterously; she cooked the most delicate birds for my fastidious appetite; she sang softly low-toned ballads, rich and sweet old French words. And I, cold, mute, passive, listened with ears intent to hear, eyes aching to drink in her loveliness; for she was lovely—yes, though only worth *three thousand dollars*.

"I will stop soon; you are kind to be patient. I was dreaming one night of past scenes—of my beautiful, fashionable, cousins; but their faces became suddenly dark and vicious as imps; their voices taunting, mocking me with my love of glory, my hopes of fame; for it seemed as if Nina had told them of my love for her, and in their impishness it became a matter of rare sport to jeer and mock me with my sudden fall from greatness, from ancestral pride. I suppose I spoke aloud in my dreams, for as I woke a pale face, flooded in tears, vanished like a vision before me. So I knew that Nina had heard all. The next day I was left all alone. Oh, how long it was, how wearily impatient I became for my kind nurse, my tender friend! The day wore away, and evening came. In the long, tranquil twilight I watched the stairs as a sick man will, longing for Nina. She came at last, slowly, feebly, as if very tired, and weary, and depressed. For the first time I drew her close to me, her unresisting head down on my bosom, and told her that I loved her better than life, better than fame, better than any human being in the wide, wide world. She was very still; only her soft breath on my cheek, only the beating of her heart close to mine told me that she heard. Again I spoke, more intensely, more impatiently, told her all my struggles; my whole heart poured itself out, and still she knelt at my side in silence.

"Speak, Nina!" I said, "only one word."

"I would die for you—I would die; but I cannot live and be yours," was her only reply.

"But, Nina, you must. Have I not given up all? Am I not willing to resign a claim which the world acknowledges—good birth?" I was going on when she passionately exclaimed:

"I cannot bear it—stop! I cannot be beneath even you! I have no tame woman's heart; I have the fire of the South burning, leaping in my veins!" She rose quickly, standing beside me in her beautiful indignation, pride and love struggling together as they had done with me. Her words came wildly fast and incoherent. She spoke of her white father bitterly, witheringly; of her slave mother with unmixed contempt; of the world in disdain, almost cursing her Creator. She was in a passion of wild grief; of utter, unsubdued anguish. I tried to allay her sorrow, assuring her of my love. Gradually she calmed down; tears came to her relief. She caressed me as if I had been a little child she had unwittingly injured—all harshness, all reproach had ceased to issue from her lips. It was like the hushing of a storm, the gentle rain after flashing electricity and gusts of furious wind.

"I recall my childish lessons, long forgotten—of humanity, of a Heavenly Father's love and mercy spite of seeming disfavor.

"Poor Nina, how quietly she listened!

"It was late when she bade me good night, but I thought her happier when we parted.

"I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by strange outcries, scuffling noises, remonstrances, rough replies, and, as I staggered weakly to the door, a sharp report. Two men rushed quickly past out of the house, leaving all silent within, excepting a low sound which I knew to be Nina's voice. I called, and presently the elder woman came, very much excited and alarmed, saying that the men were slave-catchers in search of Nina, who, by their going so hastily away, she feared was injured. The boy came also quaking into my room, where they at last brought my poor Nina. She was indeed wounded mortally—whether by her own hand I could scarcely determine, though I think it must have been in self-defence.

"She opened her beautiful eyes only once upon me, then closed them with the same tired, weary expression I had noticed in the evening. We watched her thro' the night but human aid could not avail. She was gone before morning—to where she could not be sold for three thousand dollars!

"Dieu! do you wonder I deserted? Do you wonder I want to live to meet those wretches? Glory has been my dream—now vengeance has its place!"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," was my answer as the deserter's grasp tightened. His pale face glowed suddenly, his proud lips quivered, a convulsive smile played over his fine features—the broad band of moonlight still shimmered over the little cot. The soldier had joined the ranks above.

DEAD TO THE LAW.—Some years ago a man without a family or relatives lived in a county of Arkansas, and was possessed of an estate worth five thousand dollars. He went to New Orleans and was absent four years without being heard from. The Probate Judge granted administration on his estate—wound it up and discharged the administrator.—The man returned—had been to Mexico—when in the court the following dialogue took place:

Dead Man—If your Honor please, I want my effects returned to me, as you see I am not dead.

Court—I know—that is, as a *man*—that you are alive and in court, but *as a court*, I know you are *dead*, for the records of the court say so, and against their verity their can be no averment—so says Lord Coke, and a good many other books I never read.

Dead Man—But I want my property, and it's no difference to me whether your records lie or not. I am alive, and have not transferred my property, and to deprive me of it without my consent is against the law.

Court—If you intimate that the records of this court lie, this court will send you to jail.

Dead Man—Send a dead man to jail?

Court—Sheriff, take this apparition out.

EXCELLENT DEFINITION OF GOOD MANNERS.—A writer in the Atlantic thus describes what we are always theorizing about:—"The world has always been charmed with fine manners, and why should it not? For what are fine manners but this: to carry your soul on your lip, in your eye, in the palm of your hand, and yet to stand not naked, but clothed by your individual quality—visible, yet inscrutable—given to the hearts of others of others yet contained in your own bosom—nobly and humanely open, yet duly reticent and secured from invasion. Polished manners often disappoint us; good manners never. The former may be taken on by indignant souls; the latter imply a noble and opulent nature."

A DEMOCRAT SPEAKS.—General Wilcox, of Michigan, who returned from imprisonment with General Corcoran, made a stirring response at Detroit, to the welcome of his fellow-citizens.—Having stigmatized with deserved severity the aims and characters of the managers of the rebellion, he said:

"I know of what I speak. I have talked with these men and learned their views. I am a Democrat, and I say upon this issue we Democrats can grasp and join hands with the Abolitionists. This war is crushing slavery, and will continue to crush it until its vitality is gone; and I cry Amen! I go for the Pressdent and a killing policy. He is right and I will stand by him so long as he carries the flag. I spoke these sentiments in Washington, and Senators and Representatives told me that was just what the people wanted. Now, my friends, let us close the books for the past year, forget all, and open new books for the new year, and go at them with a will—with gunpowder and shot—and this wretched, unholy rebellion will be crushed, and its authors consigned to death and infamy."

An actor, who was extremely ugly, was playing a part in which a lady had to say to him—"Ah! sire, you change countenance." A wag in the pit cried out, "Let him do so, pray don't stop him."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A NEW YORK SAILOR RULING A CHINESE CITY.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The great lands of the Orient, the homes and the cradles of fancy and romance, have not entirely renounced their old character. Occasionally, amid the smoke of battle, we have wafted to us a bit of fairy life and romance worthy

——the good old days
of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid

The latest advices from China inform us through the medium of private letters, of the unprecedented career in that country of a young American, of this State, who, though but twenty-nine years of age has reached a position which reminds one of the dim legends of Prester John. Here is a brief recountal of the story of adventure:

About twelve years ago Edward Forrester, a country lad, born in Jefferson Co., in this State, decided, like a great many other boys, to go to sea. His friends opposed the idea, but of course, the love of ocean life was too strong to be resisted, and young Forrester joined those who "go down to the sea in ships." He was successful, and soon became the mate of a whaling ship, though then scarcely beyond his minority.

In Honolulu, Forrester made the acquaintance of a merchant of Hakodadi, and went with him to Japan. Here he remained two or three years engaged in commercial pursuits. Thence he went to China where he was taken into the Imperial service. He became popular both with the foreigners and native authorities at Shanghai, and was finally made second in command to General Ward, in place of Colonel Murgiven, who was severely wounded in some recent engagement.

In this capacity the quondam sailor continued to be much liked, and now enjoys the confidence of all the Mandarins in the province, and is admitted to their confidence, as well as to the highest and most exclusive Chinese society. At one time Forester led a band of two hundred men against the rebels, only nine of them returning, the rest of them having been all killed. He has now twenty thousand troops under his command.

For his services he has been made a Mandarin of the Blue Button, and his name stands high in Pekin. His rank obliges him to keep at least twelve servants. The latest letters received from him (to May 1st) state that he is in command of the city of Soungkaing; sleeps with the city keys under his pillow; while not one of the 200,000 inhabitants of the place—not even the highest Mandarin—can enter or leave without his permission, and at a word from him any individual out of that 200,000 may lose his head.

Mr. Forester enjoys also the friendship of Admiral Hope, General Michel, and the other English and French officers in China. Admiral Hope he reports as severely wounded in a recent fight.

On the 8th of May the English, French and Imperialist troops were preparing to attack Chingfoo, of which Forester was to be made Military Governor. He predicts the removal or deposing of the so-called Heavenly Emperor within a year.

Such is the brief and brilliant career in the East of a genuine specimen of Young America. The American Mandarin has friends and relatives living in this city, as well as in the northern part of the State, who will learn with astonishment and pleasure of his influence and power in far-off lands.

A TRUE WOMAN.—Gen. Sickles, in his speech at Brooklyn on Tuesday night, narrated the following touching incident:

While in the cars the other day, during my tour through Western New York, a lady approached me and made inquiry about her son, whom she said was in my brigade. I could not help expressing my surprise to her that one so youthful in appearance had a son old enough to be in the army. She said her boy was only sixteen when he enlisted; but being large of stature, no questions about his age were asked. After such enquiries as would suggest themselves to an affectionate mother, she gave me a message to him. She bid me say to him that his father had just enlisted in the Ninth Cavalry and that she was now quite alone. "Tell him also," said she "that we are as poor as ever, but that all the pay he sent me I have put in the bank in his name. Not a penny of it has been touched. I want him to know that if he comes home not as able to work as when he went, something is laid by for him." Turning to a bright youth some ten years old, who stood near her as she was leaving me she, said: "General, I wish this one was old enough, and you should have him too, for I think God will bless every mother who gives her children to the cause."

"God bless Abraham Lincoln."