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 endeavor 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,'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, 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, Sec'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.

A Battle Cry.

"We are all Highlanders; follow!
My Highlanders, forward!" he cried;
Waved the star-gleaming banner before you,
Charged boldly, and bravely, and—died!
It is Freedom that summons you onward,
Give Treason and Slavery no truce!
Right over the form of your leader,
O! children of Wallace and Bruce!
"Highlanders, forward!"

He called you to noble, grand deeds,
He called you to glory and fame;
Ye never were faithless to Freedom,
March on, in your Country's dear name.
The Stars and Stripes floating around him,
How peerless he led you to death!
Revenge him—revenge our brave Stevens!
Unmoved by the hot cannon's breath,
"Highlanders forward!"

Fade the Rose on the bosom of England,—
The Rose that burns red for the free!
Die the delicate blooms of the Shamrock,
That whiten the Isle of the Sea.
While the Thistle blows wild on the mountains,
While shine the calm stars in the sky,
No Highland heart falters and trembles,
When God calls ye onward to die.
"Highlanders, forward!"

Sept. 25, 1862. EVA.

RIVERS—HOW THEY FLOW.—All rivers small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon and another to cool under: one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish and childlike; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasion. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep on one side of their life for play and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent, when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to their main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided also, like wicked and good men; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in; but the wicked rivers go scooping irregularly under their banks until they get full of straggling eddies which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, or pools, like wells which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie that lives at the bottom; but wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two kinds of sides.—*Ruskin.*

FUEL.—It is a common mistake among farmers to burn wood the same year it is cut. Two cords of dry wood will give more heat than three cords in an unseasoned state. When the moisture in the burning wood is being evaporated it has the power of taking up heat; its own bulk is increased one five hundredth part for every degree of heat added, and it travels up the chimney or stove pipe with the heat. If wood be cut two years before its use, it will be found much more economical; all the heat will be radiated in the room, or at least a very much larger portion than when it is accompanied by moisture. When under steam boilers, green wood will not make steam, at least in the boiler, for the heat is used in converting the water of the wood itself into steam, as it passes through the flues into the chimney, without heating the boiler. This is true not only of wood, but also in a degree of coal, especially bituminous coal, which, when wet, radiates but little heat, the majority passing up the chimney. Even anthracite coal is capable of holding some water. It should always be carted on a dry day, and placed under cover for winter's use.

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid food, drinks, medicines, tooth washes and powders are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger nail as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth, that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel.—True, is will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in the water.—When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subside, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences will be manifested.

The number of persons in Philadelphia subject to military duty is 80,473; adding to these the number now in regiments, 19,228, will make a total of 99,701.

Speech of Hon. John Hickman.

The Ladies' Festival, held at Cloud's Grove, in Concord, Delaware county, on Thursday week, in aid of the geneial hospital at Chester, was well attended by citizens from Delaware and Chester counties, and the neighboring State of Delaware and Chester counties, and the neighboring State of Delaware. The ladies had provided liberally, and upwards of five hundred persons sat down to the entertainment, which had been prepared by them. After the cloth was removed, Robert Frame, Esq.,—a life-long Democrat—was called to preside, assisted by a large number of vice presidents and secretaries. Hon. John Hickman made the opening speech; and, upon rising, said it was after much difficulty he had brought himself to the conclusion that he ought to attempt to speak, as he was suffering severely from indisposition. He then stated his subject to be:

THE VICE OF THE NATION; THE DANGER OF THE NATION, AND THE SAFETY OF THE NATION.

1. *The Vice of the Nation.*—As surely, said he, as there *was* a God in Israel there *is* a God in history. The sovereignty of the great Ruler is as distinctly marked in the career of people as in nature and Revelation. And this God, who leaves the impress of his power upon the recorded past, is the Christian's God, whose great attributes are justice and mercy. Few believe that individual sins can go unpunished. These are principally against justice and mercy; why, then, should national sins be chartered? they are *always* against justice and mercy. Our faith is consistent, and we cannot subscribe to a creed which proclaims individual responsibility and yet excludes the responsibility of aggregated individuals or communities. Both are true, or both are false. For, if neither myself nor my child can justify an act, so cannot I and my child, acting together, or in unity, make defence. If *man* cannot with impunity do wrong, *men* cannot do wrong without retribution. The declaration does not require argument, it is really a syllogism.

It is a common belief that we have a Government ordained of Heaven—that God was with our fathers in the trials of the Revolution, and that as He led His people through the Red Sea, so He led *them* through the sea of blood. In that fearful struggle for the rights of man, our patriot ancestors were clearly right, but in their subsequent course they were just as clearly wrong. In their success they forgot their Great Deliverer. They fought for truth and virtue, and conquered gloriously; they afterward submitted to falsehood and injustice, and entailed the damning consequences upon their childeren and children's children. In their immortal *Declaration* the enunciation was made, that "all men were created equal;" it was their platform, and they stood upon it in the face of a despotic world, and throughout their trials. In their *Constitution of Government* they repudiated their own principles, and wrote it down, deliberately, that instead of the lowest being the peer of the highest, that man was property, and might be bought and sold, and used. Can I be mistaken? If I am, may God forgive me! If I am not, may He forgive them!

Read, carefully, thoughtfully, disinterestedly, if you can, our organic law, the Constitution of the United States, and then say whether you do not discover the sanctions of slavery. I cannot pause to consider the remarkable suggestion that the word "slave" does not occur in the instrument. Have we not, through three-quarters of a century, in our legislation, in our conventions, and in our communities, admitted—

1. That the slave population of the South was represented in Congress.

2. That slaves escaping from service have to be delivered up to those to whom their labor was due.

3. That the slave trade might be prohibited after the year 1808.

These provisions were either right or wrong. If the latter, why insert them? If the former, that slaves ought to be held and be the subject of representation, then why look to a restriction of the principal traffic? The vice—the crime—was thus made a part of our political system, and we are called upon to answer for it—to pay the penalty.

1—THE DANGER OF THE NATION.

I have indicated what I suppose to be the crime of the nation. It may properly be asked, "How can this moral fault of the past affect us at present?" To such a question I can only reply thus: I read, and what I read I believe, and you believe that a secure prosperity does not attend general depravity. The reverse is the case.

Greece, after having reached proficiency in arms, skill in arts, freedom of commerce, renown in oratory, the divinity of poetry, and marked invention, erected sensuality into religion, and attempted to sanctify a general corruption. Morality was esteemed an enjoyment of the pleasures of life, and luxury honorable. She ceased to be free, and to advance. Rome engulphed her, and she fell, never to rise again.

Rome, seated on her seven hills, proud in her beauty, august in her valor, supreme and arrogant in her command, with her temples erected for vice, and her baths for lust, was down-trodden by the barbarians, and is now buried beneath the accumulated dust of Christian centuries. Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, Thebes, Carthage, Nineveh, and Babylon, where are they? Alas, alas, they have sepulchres, but how few pause to decipher the almost obliterated inscription above them! "The victim of an *internal foe.*" Not an *external foe.*—Their deaths were not violent, but natural. Truthfully written, how sad, and yet how instructive, is the history of all human or political organizations!

England, after holding in her hands for a thousand years, and offering to the nations a goblet of commingled barbarism and humanity, still survives, to meet that which certainly awaits her—a fearful retribution. She has preyed upon the poor, insulted the proud, weakened the brave, and now arrogates to herself the title of "mistress of the world." God will remember *her* crimes, and punish her perfidy. She worships symbols, is plethoric from selfishness, and totters in a miserable senility. She sustains a church, that she may the more securely practice artifice. She sacrifices no interest upon her altars, and trembles like felon guilt, when confronted by injured strength. She has ever been the rotter of the nations, and now, haggard, yet still devilish, with a palsied hand, attempts to prevent the decline of a power built up by the rapine and the bloody ambition of centuries. If we can but pause long enough to look back upon the past, and reflect upon our high calling, the *United* States of North America will be made the instrument of a Divine vengeance upon this monaachy—*the guiltiest of the guilty.*

3—THE SAFETY OF THE NATION.

We have done much that we ought not to have done, and we have left undone much that we ought to have done. We erected bulwarks for slavery in our national youth, and have not only refused to confess the evil we then did, but we have strengthened them from day to day, and from year to year. We are now suffering the full weight of the curse of the institution. Holding ourselves out to the world as the only free Government, we nursed slavery until it ruled us as a master, and struck us as a despot. The present unparalleled rebellion—a civil war so extended as to be incomprehensible in other lands—is the perfected fruit of the sins of the fathers and the children.—Treason, the legitimate offspring of the bastard slavery, assails our very life. The crime is fearfully dangerous—shall we assail its life? Must we not assail it? Is it not assault or death?

We have been too long in the light of Christianity and civilization to argue the wickedness of crime. When I state that the system of American slavery disregards marriage, parental ties and social proprieties—all of which you know—I prepare you to form a judgment. It justifies the separation of husband and wife, and parent and child, and the absolute control of females—what do you think of it? Fathers and mothers, what *do you* think of it? It is now costing us hundreds of millions of dollars of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of lives; what should we do with it? It is the heart which furnishes the life-blood of the wild conspiracy? How shall we treat it?—Answer! ye whose sons sleep upon the battle-fields, how shall we treat it? Aged friend and neighbor, your only begotten was murdered, and disinterred, and mutilated, to afford trophies for the monsters; how shall we treat it? Sister, your treasure, your boy who dedicated his all to freedom, can never return to you—he died nobly fighting against the enemies of his race, the task-masters of the South; how shall we treat it? I answer for myself, for you, *it must cease to be an annoyance.* If we would have a country and a home, it must be brought into subjection. *We must let the people go!* "We are not prepared to do so," the response comes quickly. Pharaoh would not let them go, and the land was smitten with frogs, with murrain, with hail, with locusts, with darkness, with rivers of blood, and the death of the first-born. Time and again has the entreaty come to us, "let the people go," and we have as often disregarded the voice of kindness and admonition. Plague after plague has afflicted us, and now the threat comes that all the waters shall be turned into blood, and that all the first-born shall be slain. Our rulers are asked, "Will you let them go?" They will not let them go. The inquiry is at last forced upon the people, "will *you* let them go?" To save your Government; to save your homes; to save yourselves, to save your families, "will you let them go?" Do you hear the voice and recognize it? Oh yes, it is God's voice speaking to you from every page of history. "Let them go, or perish." "Let them go, and save the temple where your goddess' dwells." Looking back over hundreds of centuries—over the desolation which has followed swiftly after disobedience and disregarded duty, I declare I am willing to "let them go." I make my vow before you—I will let individuals die, and communities die, and institutions die, and interests die, but I will save the nation, if I can.—Will you?

Slavery is the cause of the war, and the strength of the enemy. He battles for it, and draws his supplies from it. What law of God condemns the resistance of evil; what usage of war forbids weakening the adversary when it can be done without cruelty? The nation and the crime are confronted. If we are for the nation we must be against the crime; we know that those who are for the crime are against the nation. It is as impossible to serve both as it is to serve God and Belial. I show you the "irrepressible conflict," and demand the full discharge of a sacred obligation. On the one hand is virtue, which exalts; on the other, vice which casts down—the two cannot not go hand in hand, and have a common cause. When they come in conflict one or the other must fall. We have tried time and again to make compromises between them, but confusion has always followed the effort. When will kings, and princes, and presidents learn a plain duty, to do justice and love mercy? We must let the people go!—There has been no decisive progress in the present war for the single reason that we have not finally decided to abandon all effort to reconcile and perpetuate antagonistic and ever-warring principles. The Administration, professing to be wiser than all mankind beside, struggle against eternal decrees, and are determined to save both slavery and freedom. As God is greater than Lincoln, and cabinets, and congresses, I asseverate it is impossible. Change of policy or disgraceful failure is the only choice left to the Government.

Citizens, you not only deserve success, but you can compel it. When the small engine cannot move the lengthened train, push with the eight-wheeled driver. We may not be perfectly safe, but it is better than a stand-still. The hands of Moses were heavy, they were upheld, and Amelek was overcome. You are the power behind the train—push it on. The hands of our leaders have fallen—hold them up. Do not hesitate to act—we are the sovereigns—those above us are but servants, and must obey.

We are fast disgracing ourselves before those who have hitherto regarded us as honest, consistent, and invincible—let us determine to exalt ourselves in the eyes of Him "that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." When we shall do so, slavery shall vanish as a black cloud from before the face of the sun, and Liberty and Union will really become, for the first time, one and inseparable.

I do not expect the war to be brought to a sudden conclusion by a great victory. Far from it. I look for days of toil and nights of anguish. But we will succeed. Although I do not approve, I have faith. The Union will be sacred for posterity, for the subjects of absolutism, for the glory of man. We are now going to school and learning rapidly. We know much more to-day than we did yesterday, and some time in the future we will receive our diploma. Although we are in the valley worshipping a golden calf, we may yet hear and accept the tables of the law, and be saved through them. But first the idol must be burned in the fire, ground to powder, strewn upon the waters, and we be made to drink of it. Neither trials nor delays should discourage us, for the land of promise can certainly be reached. We will wash our hands of the crime—we will let the people go.

I have never had a doubt as to the result of the contest in which we are so closely engaged. Our armies are but just gathering for the strife, and the rebel legions will ultimately fall before them as the mighty hosts of Senacherib before the avenging angel of the Lord. This shall remain an asylum for the oppressed, and our hallowed banner be still honored on every land and every sea. When, before, since the first transgression, have such mighty interests depended upon such a simple and easy act of justice—a spoken word.

A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason. He is the thief of his own substance, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff, his own shame. He is a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

Commodore John Percival died at Roxbury, Mass., on the 17th inst.

Woman in the Ascendant.

Rev. Robert Colyer says this of the women of America:—"The women of our land have distanced all their sisters on the earth for general steady devotion to the material needs of the soldier. We may challenge any people to show such a perfect devotion manifested in such a way. When the history of this war is written, the Sanitary Commission will have to write, 'We should have been able to do very little for the comfort of our men, had it not been for the untiring devotion of our women, and their generous, boundless gifts of what was most needed.' Of the part taken by women in that which pales, all gifts of food and garments, I cannot at this time adequately tell.—Mothers gave their sons, wives their husbands, and then sat down to their daily life. 'That is the portrait of a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,' a friend said to me one day, opening her album: 'they are a rich family; he was educated in the best schools, had just come back from a tour in Europe when the war begun; he went into the army at once, and was killed at Ball's Bluff.'

"A lady now the widow of one from our own State who fell at Pittsburg, went up to the field on one of the first boats, and when she arrived found her husband dead. The novelist, who professes to give us life as it ought to be, will say, 'then she sat down by his bleeding corpse all night long and wept.' The angel who writes down in the book kept in the archives of heaven life as it is, has written out in fair golden characters:—The wife of General Wallace, of Ottawa, went to Pittsburg to find her husband, who was represented wounded, and found him dead. Then she looked on the face of her dead, and wept for a little season.—But she saw all around him on the boat the men who had fought and fallen with him there yet alive, in pain and thirst, with none to help them. So she turned away from her dead, sent back her tears into her heart, and turned to the living, and all night long she went from man to man with water and words of comfort, and the holy succor that must come out of such an inspiration in such a place."

FORGERY OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.—The Directors of the Bank of England have met with a serious reverse. Hitherto, their great protection against the ingenuity of the forger has been the peculiarity of the manufacture of their paper—a peculiarity which has hitherto defied imitation. Various as have been the attempts to imitate this paper, it has never been successful, for a spurious Bank of England note could always be detected by the quality of the paper alone—that is, detected by all who are accustomed to the handling of the notes.—Finding that they could not successfully make this paper, the forgers have had recourse to a more simple mode of procuring it—they have stolen a large quantity, some say several tons, from the Bank's mills, and there is great consternation in Threadneedle street. The robberry was only brought to light by the great number of forged notes in circulation, which are so like the real thing that the most experienced in such matters have been imposed upon, even practised cashiers and others long accustomed to the handling of notes. When the painful fact was satisfactorily established, the Bank Directors immediately issued a reward of £1,500 for the discovery of the thieves and forgers, of which £500 is to be paid for the detection of the paper-stealers, and £1,000 to those who can trace out the persons using the paper in the printing of forged notes. Bankers, money-changers, and others are urged in the same announcement to exercise the utmost vigilance in the receiving of Bank of England notes, and are requested to note the name and address of the persons from whom they receive them. The robbery in question is a very serious affair both at home and abroad, and its consequences may be most disastrous unless the culprits are detected and brought to justice. In every European city, and even on the continent of America, this robbery will cause consternation.

An officer of an Indiana regiment, in passing through the streets of Norfolk, met a pretty little girl of eight years, and gently patted her on the head, when the mother, who observed it from a window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight in the house, Susannah, and I will wash your head!"

A lecturer, addressing a Hampshire audience, contending with tiresome prolixity that "Art could not improve Nature, until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

Many sailors in our Navy have received two or three thousand dollars in prize money since the war commenced.