The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
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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.
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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.

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

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

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

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 o- Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17,'61

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

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

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

Original.

STANZAS.

BY CLARENCE J. LINWOOD.

'Twas on a calm autumnal eve I strayed,
Along the beauteous Susquehanna shore;
The sunbeams on the waters gently played,
While rivilets murmurs mingled with its roar.

I gazed in silent rapture, while I stood,
And viewed creation's wonders there display'd;
The wild o'erhanging rock, the silver flood,
The lofty hill in verdure green arrayed.

A calm soft feeling did pervade my soul.
As on the charms of nature there I gazed;
And while in pride I saw the river roll,
My heart the Author of these beauties prais'd

Awake, I cried, come lend thy gentle aid,
My slumb'ring muse awake, nor longer dream
Within this silent, this sequestered shade,
I'll tune my lyre to poesy's soothing theme.

Hail, Susquehanna! hail, ye rural shade!
There with the muse at evening's silent hour
The bard, perhaps, will wander thro' your glades,
And lost in deep reflection, own her power.

O, let me to these sacred shades retire,
And shun the haunts where busy man hath trod; [inspire,
Indulge the thoughts which scenes like these
And muse in silence on the passing flood.

How lovely to repair to this sweet spot,
To wander through the rural shady grove;
To here repose within some lonely grot,
Or by the margin of the stream to rove.

How sweet at close of day when all is still,
To watch the glorious sun depart the world;
While as he sinks behind the western hills,
The clouds & trees are tinged with living gold.

Or when pale eve her dewy mantle spreads,
To mark the lovely placed queen of night
As o'er the hills her radiance bright she sheds,
And gilds the rippling waves with silver light.

In these romantic shades, and rocky hills,
'Tis sweet to walk at this calm twilight hour,
Where autumn's changing hues, reign foretells
Of wintern stern, with rugged stormy power.

Yes soon, yes sweet, ye peaceful haunts, your trees
Will be divested of their mantle green,
By autumn's frosts; whose gentle evening
Now softly sighs, and waves their foliage green.

Chill winter too, king of the northern blast,
Will soon approach, clad in his wild array;
The pensive autumn's gentle reign be past,
And nature own his stern and rigid sway.

Farewell, then, humble vales and heath-clad hills,
Ye moss-grown rocks, I take my leave of you;
Ye gurgling fountains and meandering rills,
To you I bid a lingering, fond adieu.

But when returns the mild and gentle spring,
With balmy breeze; with fresh and blooming flowers,
Perhaps, to hail the sweets she then will bring,
Again I'll seek these lovely sylvan bowers.

The Price of a Wife.

It would be a curious speculation to trace the habits and customs which have, from the earliest ages, and in all communities, helped to fasten upon us these sordid feelings which make marriage something like a gambling transaction; in all barbarous nations the father of a girl conceived he had a right to some compensation from the husband for her services, and as a remuneration for the trouble and expense of bringing her up. In the early history of all nations in their uncivalized state, the custom prevails: the woman is sold for a price. Among the Hebrews and the Arabs the price paid to the father was sometimes very considerable. An ordinary price was five or six camels, and if the bride was very beautiful, or highly connected (rank and station had their influence even in the earliest ages.) the fifty sheep or a mare and foal were added. At the seige of Troy an accompiished lady was valued at four oxen. And when Danaus found he could not get his daughters married, he advertised that he was ready to receive suitors for them without expecting any presents—that is, that he was ready to get rid of them at any price, or at no price. Among the savage tribes of our own days the custom prevails. The red man of America still bargains for his wife, and the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. The Russians do not mince the matter as more civilized nations do, but when a marriage is proposed, the lover, accompanied by a friend, goes to the home of the bride and says to the mother—"show us your merchandize, we have got money." The Ancient Assyrians deserve some credit for the custom they introduce; every year they put all their beauties up to auction, and the prices that were given for these were applied by way of a portion for those who were not beautiful. Thus all, of both sorts, got married; the one for their beauty the other for the money which beauty not their own had gained for them. They made sensuality give a dowry to avarice; but still marriage was a lottery.

An editor describes a kissing scene as "a solemn and interesting occasion"—probably because he was not allowed to participate.

It is said that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Neither are of much use without the holder.

A RUSE DE GUERRE.

"Well, this don't pay!" exclaimed Harry S——, who was seated with his long legs dangling from the window-sill.—"There's that old fellow just going to pitch into that enormous apple-pie, and there are sliced peaches and cream in abundance. Now, its bad enough, it strikes me, to be eaten up by the mosquitoes, and other varmints, too fearful to mention, not to speak of the intolerable heat, without the Tantalus-like punishment of seeing and hearing other people enjoy themselves, with not the remotest chance of being asked to participate. It don't pay, and I defy human nature to stand it, either!"

"Its all very well to say it don't pay," grumbled another, who answered to the nickname of 'Growley,' and who was perched up on a cross-beam, something like a chicken roosting. "But what's to be done? There is no chance for rest—what, with the infernal 'cousin, cousin' of these mosquitoes, and there is no more whisky left to keep us awake; in short, as the poet elegantly expresses it—there's no nothing!"

"That's so!" echoed the rest, who were in quite as bad a humor as their comrade 'Growley.'

"And yet," continued he we must sit here"—

"*Roost* here, 'Growley,'" interrupted some one.

"Well, roost here, and roost here, listening to the sounds of merriment in which we can take no part. I, for one, won't stand it, and am for storming the house, carrying off the pretty daughter, hanging up the old man, and kicking up the devil generally!"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Harry S—, the first speaker. "Don't let us employ any violent means. I have an idea,—we will take gentle means to soften this old rebel's heart—for rebel I believe him to be, though professing Union sentiments—we will charm him with music. 'Music hath charms,' you know, 'to soothe the savage breast;' and we know that Orpheus braved even the dangers of hell through the magic of his lyre."

"I tell you what it is, S——," exclaimed a comrade, in a voice of mingled indignation and mockery, "you're evidently tight; I have suspected it all along, but now I'm certain of it! The idea of making any impression on the old rebel's heart! you might as well try to keep the devil from piling on the coal by playing him an air on the jewsharp. As for that fable of Orpheus, I don't believe a word of it, and am under the strong conviction that the only lyre (liar) in the matter was the person who first invented the story."

"For my part," interposed another, who had not yet spoken, "I think Harry is right Our involuntary and evidenly unwilling host is a German, and Germans, you know, are all proverbially fond of music Besides, hasn't he been bawling himself hoarse all the evening with 'Was ist das Deutcher Faterland,' &c., &c?"

"I don't see any harm in trying, anyhow. We can, at most, but make 'the night hideous'—when, in self-defence, and if for nothing else but to stop our mouths, he may be tempted to send us some of the good things visible on the sidebord yonder."

"Well, strike up, then, whoever has any tune left in him," exclaimed Growley. "I'm sure I'm in for the good things, for I'm as hungry as a wolf." So saying, he gave a preparatory snort, that might have served as the introductory to a grand Indian scalp-dance.

"By heavens, none of that!" exclaimed all in chorus. "Don't *you* join in, Growley, or you will have the old Dutchman vacate the premises altogether, and the pies and 'goodies' now visible, disappearing up the chimney, like the magic supper in a Christmas pantomime!"

"Well, blow your own horn, then, for d—d if I'll help you any more," answered the indignant vocalist.

"That's gratitude, that is! After me doing all I could to mend matters, too. Well, well, republics are proverbially ungrateful, and the soldiers of a republic are the most ungrateful of all created beings Now you may let Harry sing for you!"

"Yes, Harry, do you start it," now echoed from every side. "Out with it, old boy!"

Thus urged, Harry S——, who had really a fine voice, struck up a tune, in which the rest joined with admirable effect, for, although the music might not have passed muster at the 'Academy,' we doubt if sweeter strains had ever before arisen and mingled with the moonlight air of that region, at least.

But it is time to give an explanation of the period and circumstances of this midnight minstrelsy.

The party assembled numbered five, and they were all members of that splendid body of young men known as the 'Anderson Troop,' and of which Philadelphia is so justly proud. It was just before the great battle of Antietam, and in their character of independent scouts they had been out in search of information of the strength and whereabouts of the enemy—when, night approaching, they had been compelled to seek shelter at the farm-house, in the outbildings of which we find them. Their host was, as has already been said, a German, and this particular evening, on which our story opens, appears to have been a festive one with him. At least so judged our friends, as, dismounting at the door, a savory smell of pies and puddings almost overpowered their famished senses. If so, however, the old German, with the natural reserve of his race, was not going to have any intruders in his festivities; so, hastily furnishing them with a plain but substantial supper, he gave orders to his sole manservant to establish them in part of the out-buildings, where their presence would not interfere with his frolic.

There may have been another reason for this churlishness on the part of the old gentleman, for he had a very pretty daughter—the Fraulein Katrina, whose eighteenth birthnight he was about to celebrate

Now, Katrina was a sweet and charming creature—made up of real living flesh and blood—none of your icy, sylh-like natures or forms—but unsophisticated, warm-hearted, and impulsive. So, perhaps the caution of the father, in not admitting five wild, but very good looking fellows beneath his family-tree was just as well.

Our young friends, however, did not think so—as later, when established in their comfortless, barn of a place, they, by reason of a window opposite, became dissatisfied witnesses of their host's festivities. Beside, the fair Katrina had already turned the heads of more than one of the party, and each time as she flitted by the open casement in search of some delicacy for herself or to replenish her father's plate, but added to the flame already lit within their over-susceptible hearts. Spurred on, then, by love and appetite, they determined, by singing a popular song, to make one last effort to soften the heart of the obdurate parent.

The first verse of their song had scarce melted away in the balmy night air, when a form appeared at the window opposite. It was the charming Katrina; and lit up as was her Hebe-like form, by the glowing lights within the room, with the dark outlines of the open casement for a frame she presented as pretty a picture as one would wish to gaze upon. Rembrandt-like in effect, the singers were for the moment almost spell-bound at the sight, but determining to charm her completely, they gave chorus in fine style—just trilling the last line with a little touch of feeling that quite delighted themselves, even. They sang well—they were singing for their suppers; for well they knew that he who can but will not sing for his supper, does not deserve to have any. So they sang well, these young fellows, inspired as they were by the savory sight of the apple tarts, and the graceful contour of the charming Katrina.

This fair maiden, the while, was leaning eagerly from the window, her back towards the singers, but her head turned around so as to catch the sweet sounds wafting towards her.

"O, papa!" she cried at last, as the final note of the chorus died away. "O, papa, who can that be singing? How delightful to have a serenade, and on my birth-night, too!"

"Ya!" answered 'papa,' with the utmost sangfroid, and demolishing at the same time the last of the pie; "Ya. I tinks as how it must be de screech owls."

"Oh, no, papa, it's real nice singing Why, surely you must hear it?"

"Ya, ya, now I tinks I does hear someting," answered the old Dutchman, rolling towards the window like a perambulating beer cask. "Ya, it's them fellows over der, dat makes all dish noise," he continued, as, having finished the last mouthful of the pie, he found time to think over the matter. "Ya! dat's it. It'r them soldiers as come to-night for a night's lodgings."

"But, papa," expostulated the maiden, "what made you put them over there? Why, didn't you give them a room in the house?"

"Ya! ya! and have dem cut up de debil in de house. No, no. I knows what dese soldiers are!"

"Oh, papa, I'm sure they are real nice persons. Now do have them over; do. There's a dear papa! They will make such a nice company for my birth-night; I declare it will be quite a party!"

"Ya, ya!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "dat's just de way with dese women-folks. Dey tinks of nothing but parties and balls. Dat was just de way with my poor frow, who is an angel now, so we hopes. But I'll see what can be done. John!" he continued, calling to his servant man; "just you goes over dare and tells dose young gentlemen dey please walk over here."

Now, as every word of this conversation had been distinctly heard by the eager group clustered together in the little hay-loft, it may be readily understood that John, on his appearance found them fully prepared to accompany them forthwith. So, in a few moments, they were nicely seated in the best parlor of the worthy German, with the pretty Miss Katrina pouring out large tumblers full of delicious currant-wine of her own making.

The evening thus happily inaugurated, things were now going on most swimmingly, when the tramping of many horses was heard, and a body of cavalry rode up to the house. By the noise made, it was evident that the troop, whatever it might be, was quite considerable, and not knowing whether they were friends or enemies, it was deemed expedient that our small band of heroes should conceal themselves, to await further development, for in their eagerness to obtain some knowledge of the enemy, our little party were now far beyond the Union "lines," and in what is called "neutral ground," that was as likely to be traversed by the enemy as by their own forces.—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," says an old proverb, and although much against their wishes, our five friends could not but concede to the wisdom of the fair Katrina, who insisted upon hiding them, until at least the motives and chatacter of the strangers could be discovered

This needed but little time to evince—for soon the loud oaths and boisterous voices of a numerous body of men rang through the old house—while their conversation showed them to be rebels. Fortunately the horses of our friends had been turned out into a distant field on their arrival, so that this means of detection was removed—for, had their horses been in the stables, their presence must have been instantly discovered.

From where they were concealed our party could see a rebel officer and soldiers enter the little parlor which they had just left—and could see them eating the remains of the good things with which they had fondly hoped to fill the still existing cavities of their unappeasable stomachs.

Of the rebels there were about twenty, one of whom had been left as a guard at the outside door of the farm-house, and, feeling perfectly secure, they now gave themselves entirely to the business of demolishing the pretty little Katrina's pies and cakes, evidently very much to the girl's complete disgust.

Now it may readily be understood that our brave boys of the Anderson Troop had no idea of standing there quietly while the rebel gluttons filled their vile carcases.

Fortunately the room in which they had been so unceremoniously thrust, on the approach of the rebel cavalry, was a corner one containing windows at the side; after a whispered consultation, then, it was determined that they should let themselves drop from one of these windows upon the soft sward which surrounded the house. This they did, unobserved, while the rebel soldier, who had been left to keep guard, was pacing in front of the house.

The next thing was to surprise and overcome this not over wary guardian, and this was done so noiselessly that those inside the house were not a whit the wiser. Our heroes might now have escaped in safety, but a grand idea seized them, and they determined to practice a trick upon the too-confident enemy, that if successful, would place them entirely at their mercy. Fortunately for the furtherance of this ruse de guerre, one of the party was familiar with the bugle, so that he was enabled to make a proper use of the one left by the rebel bugler at the saddle bow—most luckily, too, the moon had hidden herself behind a heavy mass of clouds, leaving but little light to betray their stratagem. So leading the horses of the enemy which had been carelessly fastened in front of the house, cautiously away, taking care the while, that their footfalls were muffled by the mossy sod—they got them some distance from the house, when, each mounting a horse and leading two others, they charged with sabres clanking, and bugle sounding, up before the house.

The rebel crew, surprised, and immagining that the Federalists were in force, attempted to rush down stairs and gain their horses; but in vain, at the foot of the stairs they were met by the gallant Anderson boys, who owing to the confined and startled vision of the surprised rebels, looked to them like a whole host of Federals sent down to trap them. So, deceived by the uncertain light, as well as by the heavy tramp of numerous horses, which they had heard, ther did not doubt for a moment but that they were surrounded. This idea was heightened by orders, given in a loud tone, by the bold authors of the ruse to their imaginary followers, to guard every avenue of escape, and "shoot the d—d rascals if they dared to show their heads," also, by a bugle-call in the distance, which yet sounded far and near. This last addition to the ruse, as may be supposed, was the work of the amateur bugler of the party, who in the meantime had started off again full-tilt, and having attained a goodly distance, had blown a blast upon his bugle with all his might. This succeeded to admiration; for conceiving that it was the announcement of the arrival of a fresh body of Federal soldiery, they at once threw down their arms, and defiling out one by one, were each securely bound in succession, before they had time even to suspect the shrewd trick which had been practised upon them; but, when they did, the oaths and vows of vengeance of the deceived party were fearful to hear—for, *twenty men in all, they found that they had been surrounded by but a fourth of their number.* But it was too late now, for their captors were in full possession, and to the proud chivalry's immense mortification they were started off towards the Union "lines," by the brave Anderson boys, amid the unrestrainable laughter of the fair Katrina, who delighted at the ruse, and quite captivated by the daring fellows who had practised it, was, as all good girls should be, intensely and emphatically for

"The union of hearts, the union of hands—
The Union—the Union forever!"

"THE SPIRIT OF '76."—The lad—for he was but a stripling, though he had seen hard service—lay stretched out on the seat of the car. Another lad, of less than twenty summers, with his arm in a sling, came and took a seat behind him, gazing upon him with mournful interest. Looking up to me, for I was accompanying the sick boy to his home, he asked:

"Is he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Of what regiment?"

"The Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry. Are you a soldier?"

"Yes."

"Where do you belong?"

"In the One hundred and fifth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers."

"The One hundred and fifth Regiment!—That sounds well. Illinois is doing nobly."

"I did belong to the Eleventh Illinois Infantry."

"Then how came you in the One hundred and fifth?"

"I was wounded at the battle of Fort Donelson, so that I was pronounced unfit for service and discharged. But I recovered from my wound, and when they commenced raising this regiment in my neighborhood, I again enlisted."

Hitherto the sick boy had been perfectly still. Now he slowly turned over, looked up with glistening eyes, stretched forth his hand with the slow movement of a sick man to the top of the seat, and without saying a word, eagerly grasped the hand of the new recruit. The patriotism that glowed in those wan features, and prompted those slow, tremulous movements, like electricity, ran through every heart. The twice enlisted youth, as soon as he saw his intention, delighted at the appreciation and reflection of his own spirit, grasped the outstretched hand, exclaiming, "*Bully for you!*"

Words cannot describe the effect upon the passengers as they saw those hands clasped in token or mutual esteem for love of country; a mutual pledge that each was ready to give his life, his all, for that country; they felt that the Spirit of '76 still survived.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

"Stonewall" Jackson has been made a life Director of the Southern Bible Society.

One of the recruiting tents in Boston has this motto:—"Come in out of the draft!"

Major General Sumner entered the army as a private, and rose through all ranks to the highest.

An exchange says that if you want a kind of money that will stick to you in trouble, use postage stamps.

The Government of Brazil has decided that after two years, the Amazon and its tributaries shall be open to the commerce of all nations.

A speaker at one of the anniversary meetings in Boston, in referring to his Satanic majesty, styled him "the original Jefferson Davis."

Somebody has written a book on "The art of making people happy without money." We are in an excellent condition to be experimented upon.

The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor a boquet of tansy, and wormwood. He says he don't care, its sweeter than matrimony, anyhow.

There is an essential difference between saying our prayers and praying. Bad persons may say their prayers; none but the good can pray.

Somebody says very beautifully:—"As the small planets are nearest to the sun, so are little children nearest to God."