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 endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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***Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

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 to his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes 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, 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.]

WHAT NATURE SAID TO A TIRED HEART.

For all thy bruises, weary Heart,
My blossoms have a balm;
For all thy restlessness and pain,
My woodlands have a calm.

Through all thy nights of sorrow,
Untired my calm stars glow;
Rebuking all thy sinfulness,
My stainless lilies grow.

All day, above thy fearfulness,
My wild birds fearless sing;
Crowding around the Courts of Death,
My emerald grasses spring.

My brooks go droning ocean-ward,
My birds fly wild and free,
My nights are full of solemn joys,
My days, of light and glee.

O! dearest of my children.—
God's best, sweet gift to me,—
Could my Peace crown these only,
And leave no place for thee?

Poor Heart! thy mother calleth;
O, weary and unblessed,
Come to my breezy woodlands,
And find my peace and rest! [EVA.

AN ESSAY

Read at the Teachers' Institute of Bingham township by Miss JANE A. HOWE, and published by request of the Institute:

Teachers! we are assembled here for the benefit of our various schools and on this occasion we have reason to meet each other with voices of congratulation and hearts of gladness. When requested to address you on this occasion, although occupied with the duties of teaching and having but little leisure to prepare an essay, I did not feel at liberty to decline. We are assembled here as teachers, pursuing one of the most honorable, most useful, and yet most difficult professions, and are associated together for the purpose of mutual improvement in the duties of our vocation, to continue with each other and to hear the counsel of friends, on the best method of teaching the rising generation to become useful and happy citizens of our favored country. If in this arduous work I could contribute any aid the question of duty was decided. I felt the more willing to comply with your request as the value of our services and the importance of our office are so often underrated by the public and even by parents themselves, forgetting that we are their most effective auxiliaries in training their children to become obedient, affectionate and happy members of the family, and hereafter ornaments to society and blessings to their country. Ah, if parents more frequently reflected how much the future prosperity of their children depends on proper early training, both in school and at the domestic fireside, they would number the school teachers among their best friends and strive earnestly to cooperate with them in their duties. They would sustain the just exercise of their authority, and frequently exhort their children to industry in study, and to respectful, affectionate and obedient deportment towards their teachers. Cultivate a cheerful, affectionate and dignified manner in your intercouse with your pupils "Man," said Aristotle, "is an imitative animal," and if you cultivate a cheerful disposition yourselves and speak kindly to your pupils you will by your example diffuse the same spirit among them and make both yourselves and your pupils happy. The feelings of human hearts in general, and of all the little hearts within the walls of your school house, are linked together by strong and unmistakable bonds of sympathy; and cheerfulness in the teacher will spread like an electric current over your whole school, and be felt by every heart within your little kingdom. If you are cheerful and kind you will always be welcome to your pupils They will rejoice to see you approach the school house even if the hour for study has not arrived; because they know you rejoice in seeing them happy We should seek to make the studies of our schools easy and pleasant, so that our pupils may delight in them. It is, indeed, neither desirable nor possible for us to remove every obstacle and relieve our pupils from the necessity of study, or to convert our school literally into a house of sport and amusement. This would be to encourage idleness and mental dissipation, and prevent that intellectual effort which is essential to developement of the mind. Aim at thorough instruction. For this purpose labor to make your pupil understand each lesson before you assign a new one, and teach them how to help themselves. Of course you will occasionally find a pupil whose feeble intellect, under the best tuition, will fail to compass the portion assigned. Make all necessary explanations and illustrations, and and particularly those pupils whose intellectual necessities require it. Strive by thorough drilling, repitition, and your method of questioning to impress on the pupils minds clear and distinct impressions of the subject under consideration. If you fail in this and their views remain obscure and confused they will soon be forgotten, as they are neither deeply impressed on the mind nor strongly linked by association to their previous stock of knowledge. The less scholars learn for the sake of forgetting it, the better. Force of character is indispensably necessary to us as teachers, if we would be successful in our vocation. I know it is discouraging for you to labor with tireless assiduity and brain exhaustive toil, and though the fruits of your labor be rich and ripe, rare and glorious, exciting on all sides admiration and delight, the teacher may be uninquired for or perhaps forgotten. Yet this is too often the teachers lot. But, teachers, let us remember ours is a great and good work; ours is the battle of knowledge, virtue and happiness, against ignorance, crime and misery. Let us persevere in this warfare; let us not be weary in well-doing; our cause is both progressive and aggressive, let us then carry our artillery into the hearts of the enemies country, and though we enlisted as private volunteers, let it be our firm resolve that we will prove ourselves, before the battle is ended, worthy of a Captain's commission; and let our little armies of regulars and irregulars, as they are, be so drilled that at last when peace is declared on earth, forever our great General will be satisfied with us and them.

GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.—This gentleman, who now fills the important place just made vacant by General McClellan, is a native of Union county, Indiana; was born in 1824, and is now in his 39th year. In 1843 he entered West Point Military Acadamy, and graduated in 1847, with rank of Second Lieutenant in the 2d Artillery. He immediately joined that regiment in Mexico, but in 1853 he retired to the walks of private life, and held an important position on the Illinois Central Railway.

Subsequently he removed to Providence R. I., where, upon the breaking out of the war, he raised the first Rhode Island Regiment, which rendered such efficient service during the three months' campaign, and fought with honor at the battle of Bull Run.

General Burnside is one of the finest looking men in the service, of good stature—5 feet 11—erect and vigorous in his movements. His address is easy and gentlemanly, as much so to the common soldier as to his equal in rank. He is thoroughly loyal, and imbued with a strong sense of the enormity of the crime of treason and rebellion, and is no way embarrassed with scruples about crippling the enemy in any way which he can be reached. His policy will not be a milk-and-water one, and we may now safely hope that more than a defensive warfare will be waged His vigorous course in North Carolina, and his uniform success in the important expedition he led in that State, in the face of appalling difficulties, are guarantees that he will not disappoint the hopes of the country in the high and responsible position he now occupies.

JOHN BRIGHT'S VIEWS.—A man, now in Paris, who while in London publicly renounced his allegiance to the United States on account of the President's Proclamation, sought an interview with John Bright, from whom he received the following letter of comfort:

NORTH WALES, October 17, 1862.

W. C. Jewett, Esq, London:

SIR:—I will be in town the end of the month. From your published views, but little good can result from an interview. If you are for the Union, and think it can be preserved by conciliating the South, I confess I am amazed. They have made war upon you, because they suspected that you would yield nothing more to them. Are you to yield more to them under compulsion of war, or because you can neither conquer the South, nor yet subsist as an independent state without her? If you love slavery and wish to continue it, and think you can build up with honor a restored and united republic by humbling yourself to the South, I can only express my surprise at the dream which possesses you. You may separate, or fight out this contest and win, but to leave the slave still a slave will expose you to the contempt of the civilized world I applaud the proclamation of the President, as does every man in Europe who is not a foe to freedom, or moved by base hostility to the American Republic because *it is* a republic, and because it is powerful. When in town I will see you. I am, respectfully yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

DEMOCRATIC PROMISES.—That if Seymour should be elected the rebels would lay down their arms and beg for peace. That the people should not be taxed—and that we should have better times and a sort of general millenium without delay. We shall see whether those promises are fulfilled.—*Oswego Times.*

A new daily paper has been started in Washington by John W. Forney. It supports the Administration, and is called the *Daily Chronicle.*

DID ABOLITIONISTS MAKE THE WAR?—It is asserted that those who insist on political organization, that Abolitionists made the war. Well, suppose they did, is the danger any less to our institutions than if it originated in other causes? Can we permit our edifice to be destroyed because a comparatively small number of persons kindled the conflagration? Is it not as much the duty of the whole people to preserve the edifice as though the misfortune were the result of circumstances where no party whatsoever could be chargeable with wrong? But Abolitionists did not make the war. It was neither because of slavery nor anti-slavery. These elements were made a pretext, and employed as trading capital by the conspirators and villains who inaugurated this rebellion, for the purpose of uniting, as far as possible, the minds of the Southern people in the false idea that their institution was in danger. The war is the fruit of a wicked and unhallowed ambition, commenced for the purpose of elevating demagogues, of the vilest type, to places of power in this Government, or a new one to be formed for their convenience and accommodation. It was waged upon the loyal people because Satan took Jeff. Davis and his associates up into an exceeding high place on the Blue Ridge Mountains, [laughter] and showed him all the southern kingdoms below, and promised that all these things he would give them to enter the service of his sable majesty. They were weak and wicked enough to suppose he possessed some title to the territory in view, [roars of laugter] and entered his service accordingly, acknowledging him commander-in-chief—a position which he still holds, they acting as his subordinates, and having the advantages of the rebellion as the reward of their enterprising exertions.—*D. S. Dickinson's Speech, at Albany.*

Sermon on Education.

To the Reverned Clergy of the State:

GENTLEMEN: The Educational State Convention, which was in session in Harrisburg last August, unanimously adopted a resolution "That Ministers of the Gospel throughout the State be requested to preach, on the first Sunday in December, 1862, a sermon on popular education."

As the Convention adopted no means to make its wishes on this subject known to you, other than the publication of the *minutes of its proceedings*, I have taken the liberty, in this manner, to invite your attention to it.

At all times, the due *training* of the young is of great importance, and the relation to it of the Christain Ministry is plain and intimate. In the present unhappy juncture of our national affairs, regarding the future through the uncertain light of the present, this importance is really increased, and the relation of your body to it seems to become, in the same proportion, necessary.

The wishes of the Convention are, therefore, cordially commended to your favorable consideration, with the hope that you will *simultaneously* add your prayers to the Father of Light, that He will, at this time, especially bless the cause of General Education, and so guide the efforts of all entrusted with its care, that the youth of the land may become Christian citizens of a united and prosperous Republic.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
THOS. H. BURROWES,
Superintendent Common Schools.
Nov. 11, 1862.

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.—A singular couple got married in Chester county, the other day, merely making the following declaration in the presence of friends:

"We, Orson S. Murray and Lydia P. Jacobs, make known to these our friends that we have chosen each other for conjugal companionship, in prosperity and adversity, in life and till death. We ask *no license*, we submit to no dictation.—We bow to no authority. We recognize no God nor Almighty power to guide us. Our promises are to ourselves and each other."

Gen. McNeil, in command of Northern Missouri, was formerly a thorough proslavery man, but under the teachings of the war, is an equally thorough abolitionist. He believes in abolishing slavery and rebellion too. By his righteous order ten guerrillas were shot at Palmyra, Mo., on Oct. 18, after ten days notice to the guerrilla Porter, that such would be their fate if an old Unionist named Allsman was not brought in safe.

Brigadier-General Edwin Price, the son of Major-General Price, the rebel officer exchanged for General Prentiss, has come to St. Louis, resigned his rebel generalship, taken the oath of allegiance, and announced his determination to observe it. General Price says the rebellion is almost exhausted, and the rebel army can exist but a little longer.

Personal Appearance of Edmund Burke.

When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall, and noble-looking, with a decidly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent, fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imagining power. His nose, which was as straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened into powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one set in the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he was never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and altitudes. One of the most characteristics of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body a picture of living energy.—*British Review.*

A Thought of Death.

In the long watches of the winter night, when one has awoke from some evil dream, and lies sleepless and terrified with the solemn pall of darkness around one—on one of those deadly, still, dark nights when the window only shows a murky patch of positive gloom in contrast with the nothingness of the walls, when the howling of a tempest round chimney and roof would be welcomed as a boisterous companion—such still dead times only, lying as in the silence of the tomb, one realizes that some day we shall be in that bed and not think at all; that the time will come soon when we must die.

Our preachers remind us of this often enough, but we cannot realize it in a pew in broad daylight. You must wake in the middle of the night to do that, and face the thought like a man, that it will come, and come to ninety-nine in a hundred of us, not in a maddening clatter of musketry as the day is won, or in carrying a line to a stranded ship, or in such like glorious time, when the soul is in mastery over the body, but in bed, by slow degrees. It is this; and then let us hope that we humbly remember that death has been conquered for us, and that, in spite of our unworthiness, we may defy him.

MRS. FREMONT AS AN AUTHORESS.—"The Story of the Guard: A Chronicle of the War," is the title of a volume soon to be issued from the press of Messrs Ticknor & Fields. The writer is Mrs. Jessie Fremont, the well-known wife of the General. Col. Benton's daughter no doubt is a skillful writer, and she will record in her forthcoming book many romantic incidents, and tell home truths appertaining to her husband's much-abused campaign in Missouri. We understand the volume will contain several private domestic letters of great interest from her husband and his soldiers. The profits of the book are to be devoted by Mrs. Fremont to the support of the widows and children of the fallen brave officers who perished in the Springfield fight. Such a book by such a writer will be a welcome volume everywhere.—*Boston Transcript.*

A horse doctor in a Western town was once elected constable. He was a thrifty, well to do farrier and blacksmith, and doctored and shod all the horses for twenty miles around. After being constable for a year or two, he took to hard drinking and became poor. Finally, he determined to reform, but found it hard work to quit his drinking habits. One day a man brought a horse to him to be doctored.—"The horse seems to be sound," said the man, "but you see he won't drink."—"If that's all what ails him," said the farrier, "you have only to elect him constable—he'll drink then fast enough, by thunder! I've tried it, you see, and know."

Philadelphia and Boston have filled up their quotas of soldiers without a draft.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—The "Carlisle *Gazette and Western Repository of Knowledge*," published in Carlisle, Pa., by Kline & Reynolds, in the year 1796, contains the following:

"*To be sold.*—A likely healthful negro wench, is used to do kitchen work, she has four children, the eldest a girl about 8 years of age; the second a boy about 5 years old, they are registered, *have had the small pox and measles*; third a boy 3 years old; the youngest a girl 18 months old; they are healthy and thriving, will be sold together for cash, public securities at the current value, or bar iron.—Enquire of the printers."

Another advertisement is that of a "chimney doctor," which profession, like the business of slave dealing, has fallen into disuse. The doctor advertises as follows:

"Jas. O'Flaherty, *Chimney Doctor*, lately arrived in this town, begs leave to inform the public, that he undertakes to cure chimneys in the free emission of smoke; sets the different kinds of fire works; such as perpetual boilers, metal and common oven, grates, stew holes, stoves, French and English kilns, cisterns, stills, pans and pots and hatters planks; lays hearths neatly, and undertakes to build houses of brick or stone.—He works at lathing or plastering by the yard or room; engraves on head or tombstones by the letter or epitaph. The above works will be completed according to the modern taste."

"Alexander Biggs, Tailor in the alley leading to the Sheriff's house in view of the market," advertises to make clothes of a "peculiar genteel air," clothes that are "distinguished by the ladies in distant places." How the dandies of that day must have besieged the shop of the renowned Biggs!

Among other curious things is a petition from the ladies of Pennsylvania to Congress, to *forbid men marrying away from home.* The fair petitioners say they are "possessed of youth and beauty"—Quite a good opinion of themselves; vanity is quite a failure even among the ladies of the present day.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls upon the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries true friendship. They who run from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity.—Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but is exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

THE PARTING HOUR.—The hour is coming—and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best—the hour is coming when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to friends we esteem. Whether we think or whether we think not, that body, which is warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless with death. The countenance must be pale, the eyes must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We know that we are sentenced to die; and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it lies down with us at night; it awakens with us in the morning. The irrevocable doom is passed upon us, and too well do we know it—"Dust thou art, and unto dust then shalt return."

INTEMPERANCE.—A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoiler of wealth, the destroyer 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 reproach, his own shame. He is a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

A Paris letter says the Mexican expedition has already cost 74,000,000 francs, or nearly £3,000,000 sterling, and 1,600 men are in hospitals or dead.