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

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BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[From the Boston Commonwealth]

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

DEDICATED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

BY J. T. POWERS.

Strike for Country and for God!
Now's the Day and now's the Hour,
Draw the sword and wield the spear
Gleaming o'er the sacred sod.

Strike for Country and for God!
Hail the Holy Jubilee,
When the iron chains shall fall
And earth's millions all go free.

Strike for Country and for God!
Every blow ye deal and give
Now proclaims with word of power
Earth's oppressor's shall not live.

Strike for Country and for God!
God it is who leads the host,
Heaven's Great Captain now commands
Every soldier to his post.

Strike for Country and for God!
Let each man his country bear
In his arms and on his heart,
Strengthened by the might of prayer.

Strike for Country and for God!
Let the Red Sea parted be;
Smitten by Jehovah's rod
For the myriads of the Free!

Strike for Country and for God!
Smite the foeman to the dust;
Free the captive from his chain;
Strike for Liberty! ye must!

Strike for Country and for God!
By the blood of martyrs slain—
Martyrs who have bled for God—
Let their blood ne'er cry in vain!

Strike for Country and for God!
God is on the side of right,
Draw the sword nor draw in vain—
God shall teach your hands to fight.

Strike for Country and for God!
And ne'er quit the blood-red field
Till the foe shall bite the dust
And the tyrant power shall yield.

Strike for Country and for God!
Man be true to Liberty—
Break the chain that Wrong hath forged,
Help the Christ of God go free!

Strike for Country and for God!
By the blood of Him who gave
All he was or hoped to be
For the suff'ring, scar-crowned slave!

AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS.—A correspondent relates the following incident which he witnessed in the cars: "On one seat was a pale soldier, lean and weak, returning, as it proved, from service in Arkansas, to be nursed by his mother, near Pittsburgh, whose only son he was.

At Wellsville, most of the passengers got out for refreshments. Some passengers carried food along and ate it in the cars, but none offered any to the soldier, who, either too weak to walk, or not having money to spare, sat still, silent, and alone. As the train was about starting, two middle aged ladies came in, and opening a basket, began to eat a bountiful lunch. From their conversation they appeared to be from New England. They were richly dressed, and judging them to be aristocratic, the writer was not favorably impressed with them. After a little while, one of them, casting her eye forward, saw the soldier. She stepped eating, and whispering a moment to her companion, who nodded assent, she went forward and conversed pleasantly with the soldier, and returned for her basket, from which she supplied him liberally with the best it contained. After eating all he desired, she wrapped in a paper and gave him enough to last him home. After eating enough herself, she sat down by his side and talked pleasantly with him most of the way to Pittsburgh. The writer conceived that there were few dry eyes among those who saw what passed. Was not that woman one of the true aristocracy? Whether the needed food or the kind manner and conversation of the lady was most refreshing to the long-time hopeless patriot; or whether both were not equally so, we leave the reader to decide."

EXTENT OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—The late Government survey of the great lakes gives the following exact measurements:

Lake Superior, the greatest length 350 miles, greatest breadth 160 miles, mean depth 988 feet, height above the sea 627 feet, area 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan, greatest length 360 miles, greatest breadth 108 miles, mean depth 900, height above the sea 587 feet, area 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron, greatest length 200 miles, greatest breadth 160 miles, mean depth 800 feet, height above the sea 574 feet, area 20,000 miles. Lake Erie, greatest length 250 miles, greates breadth 80 miles, mean dept 200 feet, area 6,000 miles. Lake Ontario, length 180 miles, mean breadth 65 miles, mean depth 500 feet, height above the sea 262 feet, area 6,000 square miles. Total length of five lakes—1,345 miles, total area 84,000 square miles.

In reply to an advertisement headed, "Use Cooper's Tooth Brush," a western editor says:—"We'll see Cooper hanged first, the dirty fellow! How would he like to use ours!"

OF WOMEN.—I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times have I seen weak men show real public virtue because they had by their sides women who supported them not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting, self-seeker, thinking public business only as a means of making himself comfortable, and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.—*De Tocqueville.*

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.—Negro property in Missouri has depreciated, and it is said to be nearly impossible to sell a slave anywhere in the country for one fifth the ordinary price, while every species of property has increased in value. A St. Genevieve paper reports a stampede of negroes from that county. Slaves have long since ceased to be of value in the counties adjoining Kansas. The counties between Kansas City and the towns in Atchison county, on the St. Louis side of the river are said to be patroled by the enrolled militia to prevent the escape of slaves from inland counties. There were only fourteen hundred slaves in St. Louis two years ago, and the best judges now estimate that there are less than five hundred, and these principally old and decrepit house servants.

JACKSON AND FREMONT.—Capt. Goulding, who was General Pope's Quartermaster, and taken prisoner, has been exchanged. Several interesting statements have been made by him concerning the treatment of the prisoners by the rebels. He reports having had several interviews with Stonewall Jackson, who told him that during the entire war he had never been so hard pressed as he was by Fremont in the Shenandoah Valley; that he never was in such a dangerous position as at Cross Keys and Port Republic; and he freely admitted that he would have been captured, army, bag and baggage, had Fremont been reinforced or supported by McDowell.

SNOW IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Gen. Bragg's rebel army encountered serious difficulties in its retreat from Kentucky. Not less than ten inches of snow had fallen in the mountain region, and his poorly clad and poorly shod troops were exposed during their forced march to all the rigors of a winter campaign. The sufferings of the rebel troops are said to have been terrible, and much sickness ensued and many lives were lost through fatigue and exposure to the inclement weather.

A livery-stable keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go without requesting the lade not to drive fast. One day a man called for a horse to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why jest look a here, old fellow," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession, if it kills the horse."

OF COURSE.—The Richmond papers are expressing their delight with the result of the recent elections in the Northern States. This is not unexpected by the Breckinridge leaders, North. But how do the loyal masses who voted that ticket, with the idea of infusing more energy into the prosecution of the war, like the Southern interpretation of their course? Not much, we take it.

A pretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world?—A woman's.

"Look out for paint," as the girl said when a fellow went to kiss her.

It is easy to say grace, but not half so easy to possess it.

The nightcap would be the cap of liberty—if it were not for curtain lectures.

Don't fret on account of your bankruptcy. Your creditors will do it for you.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

He must be a person of very significant standing who is always standing upon his dignity.

A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season; but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME.—We recently heard the following touching incident:

"A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired, room, waiting to be laid away in a lone cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of the one so loved and cherished, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through her tears of affection and love and said:

"Mother, this little hand never struck me!"

What could be more touching and lovely! Young reader, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or a sister take your hand when cold in death and say 'this hand never struck me?'

INCHES IN A BUSHEL.—The American bushel contains 2150½ cubic inches (or exactly 2150.42.) This is the old English Winchester bushel. The new English Imperial bushel has 2218 1-5th inches, (or exactly 2218.192.) a box one foot square, inside measure, requires to be very nearly 7½ inches high inside to hold half a bushel, or about 15 inches high inside to hold a bushel, (exactly 14.93 in.). A box 15 inches square and 9½ inches deep holds very nearly a bushel. The exact depth is 9.55 inches. A box containing 56 cubic feet holds 45 bushels of grain. To get the bushel contents of a box: multiply its inside length, breadth, and hight together; multiply the product by 45, and divide this by 56. To get the size of a box holding any number of bushels, multiply the bushels by 56 and divide the product by 45, and you have the number of *feet* required. The hight will depend upon the length and width. *Example:* For 100 bushels, multiplying 100 by 56 and dividing by 45 gives about 124½ for the feet required. This is almost exactly five feet every way.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The result of the congressional election as far as heard, is as follows: The States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Illinois, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan and Missouri, elect 73 Administration members and 71 opposition.

The States not included above, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, California, Oregon, Maryland, Kentucky, and Western Virginia are now represented by 32 members, of which 19 may be called Administration, and 13 (to include the Kentucky and Maryland delegation) opposition.

It is pretty certain that the Administration will have a majority in the next House.

A lady of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet bright little boy, of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him:

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed!" he replied, with a clinging kiss.

"How much?"

"Why I love you—I love you—up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed:

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

A book publisher once thought of republishing a Christmas story from a large English collection which he had imported. He made his selection, and gave the rest to his little boy to read. Next day the boy rushed to his father with one of the stories in his hand, and with glowing face and sparkling eyes exclaimed: "Oh, father, this is the story for Christmas; it's a real stunner, and will take down the world!" The father published both stories. His boy's selection went through four editions; his own still lies unsold on his shelves.

Becky Burchburd thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket.—*Exchange.*

Perfect nonsense. There is not a woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.

What do the sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

KISSES.

Sitting to-night in my chamber,
A bachelor friged and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke wreaths;
Memories teeder surround me;
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly;" in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquettish;
'Twas—catch me and kiss if you can sir!
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte, and Susan, and Hattie,
Mary Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye mignonettes, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and the best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot into it as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other titles are given them; while on the other hand they extol their state as one of perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have some one to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are alwas talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! who are petted to death by women who have daughters? invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewed on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands? The married man. Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man. Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well; but he that marries not does better."

BUCHANAN FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR.—The movement to make ex-President Buchanan the next United States Senator from Pennsylvania is most rediculous and imprudent. The imbecility of Buchanan involved us in this war. Had he but possessed as much courage in his whole body as General Jackson had in one hair of his head, he would have taken the advice of General Scott, and served the South Carolina secessionists as Jackson served the nulifiers, and we should have had no further trouble. Buchanan is unfit for any office of responsibility and trust, and especially for so honorable an office as that of a Senator of the United States. We would sooner see old Simon Cameron occupy this position; for Cameron, unlike the imbecile and treacherous Buchanan, has some pluck, some capacity, some frankness, and some fidelity to his friends.—*New York Herald.*

CANADA FOR THE UNION.—In a recent presentment of the grand jury, Toronto, C. W., the following expession of sympathy for the cause of our country appears:

The jurors in common with their fellow citizens, express a hope that peace may be restored to the United States of America, and that that nation may arise out of the terrible crucible, purified and disenthralled.

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. If you ever had your finger in an angry man's mouth, you will not dispute the veracity of this assertion.

A MOTHER'S KISS.—A day or two since, a ragged and dirty looking boy, fourteen years of age, pleaded guilty in the superior criminal court to having fired a building. For two years past, since the death of his mother, he had wandered around the streets a vagrant, without a home or human being to care for him, and he had become in every respect a "bad boy." A gentleman and lady interested themselves in his behalf, and the latter took him one side to question him. She talked with him kindly, but without making the slightest impression upon his feelings, and to all she had said he manifest the greatest indifference, until she asked him if no one ever kissed him. This simple inquiry proved too much for him; and bursting into tears replied:

"No one since my mother kissed me."

That one thought of his poor, dead mother, the only being, perhaps, who had ever spoken to him kindly before, touched him to his heart, a hardened young criminal as he was. This little incident caused other tears than his.—*Boston Recorder.*

GRAND WORDS.—The following ringing sentences are from the conclusion of a late sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:

"I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine though hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks liberty too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more. We can give more sons, more treasure—will give everything—but this country shall be one, and one undivided. The Atlantic and Pacific shall say it—deep answering to deep.

"Hear it, England—one people, one Constitution, one government.

"One God, one country, one flag, one destiny—cost what it may, we will have it. Let God name the price, and it shall be paid."

PRECIOUS BOY.—"As the cock crows the young ones learn." A good story is told of a certain man and his wife who were almost constantly quarrelling. During their quarrels their only child (a boy) was generally present; and of course had many of his fathers expressions.

One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother intending to chastise him, called him and said, "Come here sir; what did you do that for?"

The boy, complacently folding his arms, and imitating his father's manner, replied:

"See here, Madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the old Bailey a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt thinking the man did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied—"Ah my lord, they are alll hanged but your lordship and I."

CONNUBIAL.—Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife, that in her he possessed four *fulls.*

"Name them, love."

"You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and armful."

"Ah, you have the advantage of me, my dear."

"How so, precious?"

"I have but one *fool.*"

Mr. J. mizzled.

At Lynn, the other day, a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she didn't know. The question was put to the next an Irish girl, who answered, "ADAM, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you need not feel so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman."

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

An Irishman being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about? It is the same as the Widdy Bradey. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey and she belaves I'll niver pay her—and faith, that's my belafe too!"

An Englishman traveling in Kilkenny, came to the ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Niver," replied Pat; "me brother was drowned here last week, but but we found him agin the nixt day."