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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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.

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

S. 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.

Dissolution,

Notice is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing under the name of Bouton and Burtis, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by J. W. Bouton.
J. W. BOUTON,
WOOLSEY BURTIS.
White's Corners, Sept. 30.

SAPONIFIER!
The greatest Soap-maker ever known! For sale at
STEBBINS'.

BOND AND FREE.

JANUARY 1ST, 1863.

All hail to the day in our country's career,
That sounds the loud watchword of Freedom forever.
To down-trodden millions each hour shall appear,
Like the hand of God lifted, their shackles to sever;
"They are free, they are free,"
Over land, over sea,
The tidings are wafted, "eternally free."

Who dares to confront the bold fiat of Fate,
Whose words have gone forth, and whose will none can alter?
Let traitors and bigots in helplessness wait,
The heart of the patriot never can falter.
At last, oh, at last,
From the infamous Past,
The stain on our honor no longer is cast.

What verse shall rehearse to posterity's ear
The triumph and glory that circle the nation?
What pæans of joy shall the centuries hear?
What emblems of art shall record our salvation?
Humanity's cry
Is answered on high,
In its own squalid shambles let Slavery die.

See where on yon summit the pennon is borne
So dear to our hearts and so sure of Heaven's blessing;
Its colors may fade, and its fabric be torn,
By the tints of the sun, and the tempest's caressing.
But the cymbol is there,
And will flutter and glare,
While its foes shall lie lashed in the chains of despair.

Then pledge a brave promise, that, happen what may,
Our country we'll save from distress and dishonor;
Intact her dominion, unstinted her sway,
The garlands of Liberty clustered upon her.
"She is free, she is free,"
Over land, over sea,
The tidings are echoed, "eternally free."

An Important Letter.

The McDowell Court of Inquiry, which from the start has been a kind of white-washing affair for sundry generals, has produced a document of more than ordinary importance. Gen. McClellan, in his testimony, stated that a sufficient force had been left for the defence of Washington, and upon that ground censured the administration for withholding McDowell's army. Major Gen. Hitchcock in his testimony on Friday last, produced the following letter from the President to McClellan. Let those who have so unscrupulously condemned the administration, ponder over the fact that the very result predicted by the President occurred:

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1862.

Major General McClellan:

My Dear Sir—Your despatches complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, pain me very much.

Blenker's Division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you knew the pressure under which I did it; and as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance.

After you left I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction; and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position.

General Banks' Corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was divided and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This presented, (or would present, when McDowell and Sumner should be gone) a great temptation for the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington.

My explicit directions that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of corps, be left entirely secure, had been entirely neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell. I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangements to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was not satisfied; I was constrained to substitute something for it myself.

And now allow me to ask you, "do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond, via Manassas Junction, to this city to be entirely open, except what resistance could be presented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops?" This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying that you had over 100,000 with you. I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and en route to you.

You say you will have but 85,000, when all enroute to you shall have reached. How can this discrepancy of 35,000 be accounted for?

As to General Wool's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do, if that command was away. I suppose the whole force which is gone forword to you is with you by this time; and, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will readily gain on you—that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone.

And once more, let me tell you, it is indispensable to *you* that you strike a blow? I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember, I always wished not going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, as only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we should find the same enemy and the same or equal entrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note—is noting now—that the present hesitation to move upon an entrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can. *But you must act.*

Yours, very truly,
(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

In another letter the President doubts the wisdom of the peninsula campaign, as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1862.

Major General McClellan,

MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the Railroad on York river—mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas. If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions I shall gladly yield my plan to yours:

1. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of *time* and *money* than mine?

2. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

3. Wherein is a victory *more valuable* by your plan than mine?

4. In fact, would it not be *less* valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communication, while mine would?

5. In case of disaster, would not a safe retreat be more difficult by your plan than by mine?

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

It also appears by the published documents that Gen. Banks' movements on the Shenandoah, which ended in the retreat of that able officer, were made at the express direction of General McClellan.

The defamation of the Vallandigham politicians against the administration are now beginning to react on that nest of rebel sympathizers, and we have no doubt when the people will realize the rascality of these tories, they will shun them as an old whig of the revolution would have shuned a British tory of that day; and as the truths of history come to light, justice will yet be done to our patriotic President and his efforts to put down this foul rebellion.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE MILE.—By constructing a canal about three fourths of a mile in length, from Big Stone Lake to Lake Traver, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate both the Minnesota River and the Red River of the North, to Lake Winnepeg, a distance of seven hundred miles! The country traversed by these rivers is surpassingly fertile, and capable of sustaining a dense population. Lake Winnipeg is larger than Lake Ontario, and receives the Sas-katch-a-wan River from the west. The Sas-katch-a-wan River is navagable to a point (Edmonton House) near the Rocky mountains, seven hundred miles west of Lake Winnipeg, and only one hundred and fifty miles east of the celebrated gold-diggings on Fraver River, in British Columbia.

The digging of that one mile of canal would therefore, enable a steamboat at New Orleans to pass into Lake Winnepeg, and from thence to Edmonton House, some five thousand miles! A bill has been introduced into the Senate, which makes provision for the canal.

Probably in the world there cannot be found a spot across which the digging of so short a canal would effect a result so prodigious. And what is almost equally remarkable, the ground between the two lakes is so low and so level that it is said the water flows in times of freshets from one to the other.

A Story for Boys.

"I wish father would let me play about the saw mill and sail on the pond," said Julius White to his mother, in a complaining tone, as his father had refused him permission to sail on the mill pond.

"Your father knows what is best for you," said Mrs. White.

"I have heard that said a great many times, but I don't see why I can't do as I wish to sometimes. John Marsh's father likes to see his children enjoying themselves."

"My son, you need say nothing more to me until you are in a more amiable state of mind."

Julius felt the reproof, and began to review what he had said. He saw that he had in reality, though not in words, charged his mother with saying what was not true, and his father with being indifferent to his happiness. His reply to his mother's assertion that his father knew what was best for him, implied a want of belief in her assertion. In his remark that John Marsh's father liked to see his children enjoy themselves, he implied that his own father did not like the same. He felt somewhat ashamed of what he had done, but did not go to his mother and confess his fault and ask her forgiveness. Had he done so he would have added to her happiness and to his own.

A few days afterwards Julius saw a number of boys playing at the saw mill. He wished to join them very much; but he had never been allowed to go there without the permission of his father—or rather he had never been allowed to go there except in company with his father or his older brother. He felt sorely tempted to go without permission. He said to himself, "Father is not at home; can't ask leave to go; if I go, I don't go in disobedience to his orders." But this reasoning did not quite satisfy him—True, his father had not said in so many words, "You must never go without my permission;" but he well knew that it was not his father's wish that he should go, and he well knew that if his father was at home he would not permit him to go. He tried to invent some excuse by which he might justify his joining the boys, whose joyous shouts increased his desires to join them. He thought he would go and beg his mother to let him go for a few moments; but he knew that she would not act in a manner opposed to the known wishes and judgment of her husband.

He climbed upon the fence so that he could have a fair view of the boys in their sports. This was unwise. It was exposing himself to temptation. He would have acted wisely if he had retired out of sight and hearing of the boys.

After a while the boys constructed a raft, and pushed out upon the pond. Julius got down from the fence. It seemed as though his legs would take him to the pond whether he would or not. The sight of his mother at the window led him to resume his position on the fence.

He watched the boys until they had sailed to the upper end of the pond, where they landed for some purpose. A new thought occurred. His father had never forbidden him from going to the upper end of the pond. He knew he must not go to the saw mill; but there was no reason why he might not go to the upper end of the pond. There could not possibly be any harm in that. So he set out at the top of his speed. When he reached them he was almost exhausted by his violent exertion.

"Come to have a sail down the pond?" said one.

"No; I came to see you sail."

"You have just come in time; we want one more to balance the raft and hold it together."

After some objection on Julius' part, he got on the raft and sailed down to the mill. He persuaded himself that it was a work of necessity, and though it brought him to the mill, he was not to blame.—When he was there he might as well play with the boys.

The mill was not in operation. To prevent the water from flowing over the dam, the sluice-gate had been raised a little. This kept the pond from filling.

"I say, boys," said one, "let us shut down this gate and have the pond full."

Some of the boys objected, but others said that it would do no harm, and one said he knew the mill-owner well, and would bear all the blame.

They shut down the gate, and the water began to rise, but so slowly as scarcely to be perceptible.

"Let us take a sail up to the top of the pond," said one, "and by the time we return the pond will be full."

They did so. They remained at the head of the pond for some time gathering some nuts which they found on a tree there.

When they came down to the dam, the water was flowing over it. They directed the raft to the point whence they set out. The water was running over the top log of the dam of which they were to land, and walk on it to the bank. The water, as I said, was flowing over it, but not in depth sufficient to carry the raft over.—As Julius stepped on the log he slipped and fell over the dam into a deep pool underneath it. The boys rushed on shore, and ran round to the bottom of the dam on the lower side, expecting to find Julius drowned; but it so happened that as he rose to the surface, he was within reach of a slab which floating in the pool, and by means of it got on shore before the boys got to the place.

He went home pretty well convinced that his father knew what was best for him, and that it was not a want of interest in his son's happiness which led him to refuse him permission to visit the saw mill and pond unattended.

The Translation of the Rain.

As the rain falls heavily on the roof, it speaks manifold things, and this is the translation: "My errand is life. I have roused the sleeping streams; they leap from the rocks and tear down through the chasm, roaring and foaming, and proclaiming wealth and prosperity to man. I have my hoary companion on the mountain tops, who will not yield up his treasures until wooed by the summer sun; I, answering the prayer of thirsty earth, am hear. I will smite on the cabin-roof and wake the sleeper to labor; I will beat the window-pane and rouse the debtor from his stupefied despair. Gathering my forces I will turn them against the hills and unearth treasures that make the veins and arteries and the heart of commerce pulsate with fever. My power shall be felt by every kingdom from the jeweled queen to the Lazarus by the way side. I will send messengers of joy to the dwellers by the Missouri and the Kenebec, the Solway and the Shannon, the Rhine and the Loire, and the tawny people of pagan lands. I will make the heart of Emperors swell with pride and ambition, or tremble with fear, as golden levers shake their thrones. I quicken the cold blood of the miser, as he adds to his store, and answer to the widow, who cries in her desolation for bread. I sharpen the settler's ax, and send him further into the forest, and temper the plowshare for the ground that is unsubdued. I will have a voice in the council of nations, and when empires and republics are weighed, I will even the balance; and then I will freight the rivers and seas with ships; some to gather the moss of the world's waters, and some to wreck against the icebergs of Arctic seas. Oh what a heaven-sent monarch am I! My scepter is gold, my empire is the world, my subjects everywhere, my power infinite, my reign ages of ages! But gently! To the quiet sleeper, peace; to the sinking and despondent heart, hope and joy; to wives and children, raiment and bread; to deserted fathers and mothers, the return of their prodigal sons; to waiting maidens the embraces of strong arms and the kisses of lips unpolluted by untruth; and to God the gratitude of all!"—*Exchange.*

WOMAN.—From the earliest ages to the present time women have been alternately worshipped as "angels," and reviled as "cats" and "serpents," according as they have behaved to their adorers and detractors. Women puzzled King Solomon and perplexed St. Paul, whose message to his female converts testify to the difficulty some of them caused him. In our day, however, every schoolboy seems to think he can solve all the difficulties of the woman question—their natural tendencies, possibilities and prospects in this life. Women, instead of being, as heretofore, the rock on which wise men have split, are now become little more than the blocks which fools try to cut with their razors while waiting for their beards to grow. What women have been we know pretty well—average human beings, on the whole doing their duties as well as they new how, nurturing the qualities of their husbands, their sons; or brothers. They have made themselves felt, as effectual elements in the ordering of human affairs. There is no instance where a man has become a great leader, either as general, statesman, or religious reformer, who had not some woman living at the roots of his inner life, fostering his ideas and his aims—with whom he has taken counsel—out of whose thought he has derived nutriment for his own thoughts—who has helped him and believed in him, and advised him, and stuck to him when the whole world seems against him. Women do not often achieve greatness for themselves; but they are at the bottom of all that is good and the most of what is bad, in the world.

The girls use powder on their faces just as the men do in the musket-pan—to make them go off.

Religious expressions, being sacred things must never be made use of in light and ludicrous actions.

Train's Lecture.

George Francis Train exhibited himself at Utica the other evening, and the *Herald* of that city epitomizes the lecture (!) which accompanied and illustrated the exhibition:

"I am G. F. Train, and know more than anybody else, and can prove it.—England is a sham and a rottenness from center to circumference;—her people are all drunkards and fools. All Americans are fools and toadies—except myself.—Humility is a crime and egotism the greatest of all virtues. Therefore I, being the greatest of all egotists, am the wisest and most virtuous of all men.—Look at me. I have originated a revolution in England which will sink that country in about two years. I am now here to fix up America, after which I intend to tend to the rest of the world. I shall be the next President, and am now on my way to Richmond for the purpose of settling up this war. Nobody can do it but I, and I can do it in a few days. Your Everetts, Huntingdons, and other supposed great men, read their lectures, and for that reason are fools. See me! I don't read. See! What's more, I've been all over the world, and seen everybody and everything, and therefore all those editors that call me a gassy egotist are very audacious persons, and I consider them, O, ever and ever so insignificant—mere picayunes, and they are just what I think they are because I think so—of course—don't you see? By the way, the ladies think a great deal of me, and I a great deal of them; therefore I appeal to them to elect me President, and they will do it too. Ladies and gentlemen, I will now recite a piece of poetry in that thrilling and distinguished way of mine, and close:

'I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
Me, me, me, me, me, me,
Me, I, me, I, me, I, me, I,
I, me, I, me, I me.'

You will discover the marks of my own original genius in these majestic stanzas. Do not forget that George Francis Train is the only man of any account that ever lived on this earth, and that he will, without any doubt, be king thereof next year about this time. Adieu."

ARTEMAS WARD AND THE ARTIST.—I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin' when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes.—My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweiber, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her first born," and my daughter shewed me a really pretty pictur, dun in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? Does he?" said I—"Well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you chargo sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks—She closed the door, I must say, in *italics.* I went into the closet and hurfed for over half an hour.

A BIG STORY.—The latest Munchausen story was related by a boy who was begging in the streets of Plymouth the other day. He said that he was a cabin boy on board the American liner, and for some of his mischievious pranks was headed up in an empty water-cask, with only the bung-hole to breathe through. On the following night a squall came up, the ship went down with all on board except himself, the cask containing him having rolled over into the sea on a sudden lurch of the vessel. Fortunately it kept "bung up," and after thirty hours floating about he was cast on the coast, where, after he had made desperate efforts to release himself, he gave himself up to die. Some cows strolling along the beach were attracted to the cask, and in switching around it, one of them accidetally slipped her tail into the bung-hole, which the boy grasped immediately, and kept fast hold of with admirable resolution. The cow started off, and after running about three hundred yards the cask struck against a rock, and was knocked to pieces. After wandering about for several days, he hailed a vessel, was taken on board, and carried to Falmouth, from whence he proceeded to Plymouth.

A western paper announced the illness of its editor, piously adding:—"All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, 'as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing,' according to good authority."