The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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, 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'.

THE IRISH PICKET.

I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near.
And silence, speechless as the grave,
Is all the sound I hear.
My gone is at a showlder arms,
I'm wetted to the bone,
And whin 'im afther spakin' out,
I find meself alone.

This Southern climate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and bastely thing,
With winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Ye mind the hot place down below?
And may ye never fear
I'd dthraw comparisons,—but then,
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star; ashore,
And that's fornint the very cloud
It was behind before;
The watchfires glame along the hill
That's swellin' to the South,
And when the sentry passes them
I see his oogly mouth.

It's dead for slape I am, Biddy,
And dramen shwate I'd be,
If them ould Rebels over there
Would only lave me free;
But when I lane against a sthump,
And strive to get repose,
A musket ball be's coming shtraight
To hit my spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A sliparkin' here wid me,
And then, avourneen, hear me say.
"Acushla—Pat—machree!"
"Och, Biddy, darlint," then, says I,
Says you, "get out of that;"
Says I, "me arrum mates your waist,"
Says you, "Be dacent, Pat."

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy,
It's them I think of, sure,
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor flure;
I'm sure you're aisy with the pig
That's fat as he can be,
And fade him wid the best, because
I'm towld he looks like me.

When I come home again, Biddy,
A sargent tried and thrue,
It's joust a dacent house I'd build,
And rint it chape to you.
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
And duck pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig pen, praty patch,
And garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin' round a tree,
And well I know the creature's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Mister Rebel, say yer pray'rs
And howld yer dirty paw,
Here goes!—be jabbers, Biddy dear,
I've broke his oogly jaw!

☞What manner of man must be he who perpetrated the following parody?

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither 'neath the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
HEMANS.

Men have their time to talk,
To "gas" to "spin long yarns," for it is human,
And parrots their's to mock,—
But I grieve to say thou hast all seasons for thy everlasting tongue, O woman!

☞A precocious youth in a country town in this State, arrived at the age of nine years, when his father sent him to school. He stood beside the teacher to repeat the letters of the alphabet. "What is that," asked the master. "Harrer," vociferated the urchin. "Well, what's the next?" "Ox-yoke." "No, it's B." "Taint B, nuther!—it's an ox-yoke. Crotch all hemlock! gosh a' mighty! think I don't know!"

☞The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest souls, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

☞The human heart beats about seventy-two times in a minute; or, in a life of sixty years, two thousand millions of times.

☞Funeral bells are the door-bells of the other world, and gravestones mark the boundary line between this and that.

☞Many friends are like the shadow, which follows you only while the sun shines.

☞He who loves a lady's complexion, form and features, love's not her true self, but her soul's old clothes.

☞Bring your virtues to the touch-stone to try their truth, rather than to the balance to try their measure.

☞How all of us would hate and despise the man who should misuse our gifts as we misuse those of heaven.

☞As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

☞A false friend is like shadow on the sun-dial, appearing in sunshine, but vanishing in shade.

☞Imitation is the homage stupidity pays to genius.

REMARKABLE EDITORIALS.

YANKEES HOLD ALL THEY EVER HELD.

[From the Richmond Examiner.]

"It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees that they hold all they have ever held, and that another year or two of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the Southern Confederacy. They who think independence is to be achieved by brilliant but inconsequential victories, would do well to look with the natural eye at the magnitude of Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederation; they are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. The pledge, once deemed foolish by the South, that he would "hold, occupy and possess" all the forts belonging to the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln. Forts Pickens, Sumter and Morgan we still retain, but, with these exceptions, all the strongholds on the seaboard, from Fortress Monroe to the Gio Grande, are in the hands of the foe.

"Very consoling and very easy to say that it was impossible to prevent all this, and that the occupation of the outer edge of the republic amounts to nothing. Vicksburg and Drewry's Bluff give the lie to the first assertion, and the onward movement of Rosecrans towards Alabama, the presence of Grant in North Mississippi, and of Curtis in Middle Arkansas to say nothing of Banks at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, set at rest the silly dream that a thin strip of sea-coast only is in the possession of our foes. The truth is, the Yankees are in great force in the very heart of the Confederacy; they swarm on all our borders, they threaten every important city yet belonging to us and nearly two hundred thousand of them are within two days' march of the Confederate capital. This is no fiction. It is a fact so positive that none can deny it.

"Nor is this all. The President tells us, in his message, that the troubles with the Indian tribes have been removed, and no further difficulty is anticipated. The intelligence we obtain from private and trustworthy sources does not confirm the President's sanguine assertions. The trouble with the Cherokees was, in great part, due to the fact that some seven or eight thousand of them, now in arms, had not received a cent of pay for fourteen months. It is true that paper money has been sent them, and ere now, it is hoped, has reached its destination. But Indians do not like paper money. Still it would answer the purpose if Gen'l Albert Pike remained to disburse it, and to allay their prejudices which he of all men in the Confederacy, is best able to do. Pike, however, has resigned, for good reasons, doubtless, and a person said to be not the most competent is left in his stead. Under these circumstances, we shall be fortunate, indeed, if we escape further trouble with the Indians. Moreover, we get from Missouri members and others, distressing accounts of the condition of affairs in Arkansas.

General Hindman is very far from being a favorite, even among his own people, and so destitute are some of the new levies who have volunteered to come out of Missouri to join our armies, that whole battalions of them have been seen marching barefoot through snow three inches deep. Add to this the fact that, so far as the public is permitted to know, New Mexico and Arizona are for the time being, lost to us, and that the state of disaffection in Tennessee and Mississippi (growing out of the appointment of incompetent officers and the fancied neglect of that country by the Confederate Government—not from any lack of fervor in the cause), which President Davis' visit was intended to heal, is likely to revive under the depressing influence of Bragg's retreat and his continuance in command—add all this to the foregoing, and it will be seen that the Yankees have much to encourage them in the prosecution of the war, and we not a little to excite serious apprehensions as to the future.

The remedy for this state of things is obvious. It lies in the extension and rigid enforcement of that law to which we owe our salvation. We must bring out the conscripts and diminish exemptions. If this is done, the chapter of failures in the Southwest will come to an end. The history of the battles in that region has been sufficiently uniform to justify a conclusion which shall not be chargeable with the vices of hasty generalizations. It has not been so much for a want of brains as for a want of men that we have been compelled to lose the fruits of some of the best fighting that has been done in this war. At Donelson, at Shiloh, at Perryville and at Murfreesboro', the story has been always the same—victories, achieved against great odds, snatched away by overwhelming reinforcements to the enemy.

As the past has been so will the future be, unless something is done, and that speedily, to fill up the shattered ranks of our armis in the West. Exemptions must be diminished. The system of details must be adopted. Young men must not be permitted to evade their duty by slippling into safe places. Complaisant friends must turn a deaf ear to their entreaties. Able-bodied men must not be allowed to stay at home on the pretext of attending to twenty negroes. Here in Virginia there are, in many places, contiguous plantations, numbering in the aggregate hundreds of slaves, without a solitary white man left to guard them. The gentle authority of ladies had been found amply sufficient to control the obedient African population.

With the first opening of Spring comes the last tremenduous shock of this war Many of the Yankee troops are nine months' men. More are enlisted for two years, their time expiring in May next. Up to that time they will be available, and we may be sure that all the fighting that can possibly be gotten out of them will be had before they are allowed to go home. They outnumber us two to one. There is a limit to the brave men at Tullahoma, Grenada and Vicksburg. They must be sustained, strengthened, reinforced. If within the next two months we do not add seventy-fi ve or a hundred thousand men to our forces in the Southwest we shall come to grief. If we do add them, we are safe beyond peradventure, and next summer will witness the final triumph of our arms.

TO THE "PEACE MEN" AT THE NORTH.

[From the Richmond Despatch.]

Mr. Brooks appears to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural-born fools, or are they only stricken with that judicial madness which we are told the gods always inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South is as galless and as lilly-livered as themselves, and that they are willing for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard of outrages under which they have suffered during this war? Can they believe them capable of so soon burying in oblivion all that they have done and all that they have suffered? * * *

If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow, and pray us to be their masters, we would spurn them as slaves. Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see the face of one of them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the south side of the Potomac, or the north—to have no trafic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it cost the life of every man in the Confederate States.

We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are the representatives, desire and design to restore peace, and that, at present, they dare not speak out their real sentiments, which are in favor of separation. We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are fools enough to believe that a majority of the people in the Confederacy are in favor of reunion. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored.—But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincoln is, himself, or any of the thieves and murderers who lead his armies.

In the event of our refusal to return to the Union, they would, they own, unite in hounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been hounded on by Beecher and Hale. They look only to their pockets when they preach of reconciliation and restoration. If the same object could be affected by entirely dastroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however. President Davis expressed the sentiment of the entire Confederacy, in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detestable and detested Yankee nation. Anything but that. English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom—all, all are preferable to any association with the Yankees.

At a supper in Albany, there were present—one father, three daughters, one mother, one brother, three grand-daughters, three sisters-in-law, one brother-in-law, three aunts, four cousins, one wife, one nephew, one grandson, three nieces, one husband and three sisters. And yet there were only four persons present.

Law is the buoy of the good citizen.

Charging a Square.

In speaking with a friend the other day concerning the Mexican campaign of '46, the conversation turned upon Colonel Dakin of Louisiana, when he related a little anecdote which is so characteristic of the man that we cannot refrain from repeating it.

The Colonel commanding one of the six regiments of volunteers, which were raised in Louisiana after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and which joined General Taylor's army speedily. The Colonel was an old disciplinarian, very strict and capable, and in a short time his regiment excited the admiration of even veteran officers, by the ease and precision with which it drilled and manoeuvered.

One morning the regiment was drawn up, and the men were standing at ease, after a variety of marches, and charges, and evolutions, when the Colonel took it into his head to put their discipline to a stronger test. The regiment was thrown into a square to receive cavalry. The commander rode off a few hundred yards and then wheeling his horse, came down sword in hand, at a fierce gallop, straight as his men. He and his steed formed an imposing looking object, for he was a big man, and his steed a big horse, and neither appeared to fear the glittering and bristling bayonets against which they were rushing. The men stood the charge very well until the horse and rider were within a few feet; then they broke right and left in utter confusion, and opened a broad passage for the "cavalry" into their ranks.

Of course the Colonel was wroth, and the way the officers and men caught it, for a few moments, was by no means agreeable to their feelings.

"You repel cavalry! Why, what would you have done if a thousand dragoons had charged upon you as I did?"

"Well, just try us again, Colonel, and see if we don't hurt your feelings," cried a number of discomfitted volunteers.

The square was again formed. Off rode the Colonel, round he wheeled, and here he came again, at full speed, rushing straight at the bayonets, and looking as if he would crush the line to powder, under his charger's heels. The bayonets wavered not, though the horse came faster and faster, and finally, with a terible bound, sprang at the square. The square stood the shock, and the next moment the horse was stretched on the ground, with a broken bayonet in his side, and his limbs quivering in the death agony, while the stout rider lay with his foot and knee caught, and himself unable to rise. Not a man moved, the square was silent, steady, and unbroken. In another moment the Colonel was on his feet. He replaced his sword in the scabbard, looked gravely and cooly at the dead horse, then at the firm array of soldiers, and then said, in his quaint way:

"Very well done, boys; both the horse and the square did their duty. Now you are ready for the lancers."

The men cheered not a little.

How they Fire in Battle.

An army correspondent says,—"You wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volley, or each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends on circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy was near at hand the regiments fire only at command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire.—Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon the regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form into a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonet charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in our rank four deep—the two front ones kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them they would run against a picket of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of bullets.

The working men of Manchester, England, have held a large and enthusiastic mass meeting, presided over by the Mayor, to express their sympathy with the American Union, and, in particular, the Emancipation policy of the Federal Government. A letter from John Stuart Mill, warmly approving the demonstration, was read, and a congratulatory address to President Lincoln adopted. Notwithstanding the cotton distress, there has been an increase in the English revenue of £2,802,000. It is reported that 10,000 more French soldiers are indispensably needed in Mexico; and it is expected in France, that the capture of the City of Mexico will cost greater sacrifices than ever will become known.

A married editor rarely writes about woman. He dares not try to make her his subject, since he is hers.

It is not work that kills men; it is *worry*. Work is healthy; you can't put more on a man than he can bear. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes aside; but love and trust are sweet juices.

A trifling sort of fellow not long since won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being "a poor young man," etc. "Yaw, yaw," said the old man, "I know all about it, but you ish a little too poor—you has neider money nor character."

QUEER.—In the Franklin Almanac for 1863, among much other valuable information, is a table of the "Governments of the World," in which the established religion of the State is given. The only two in which "universal toleration" is allowed, are the United States and Liberia, both Republics—one of white men, and the other of black men.

LIFE ERRORS.—How little self-appointed censors of others may know of those whom they condemn! It is pitiful the amount of pain sometimes ignorantly, sometimes selfishly, inflicted in this way. Love surely should be able to quicken the mental vision in this respect. A careless foot may be planted just as crushingly as a wilfully malicious one. Alas! who can compute the tragic meaning of those little words, "I didn't think," "I didn't know?"

PUBLIC OPINION.—A Pennsylvanian, in the Union service in Kentucky, writes, 18th inst., as follows: "What a shame that Buckalew was elected U. S. Senator! However, it is not often that a party is so "perfectly represented." Fernando Wood Vallandigham Seymour Bright Buckalew men may do their worst—like the old negroe's "hoss," Slavery's "eyes is sot."

END OF THE WORLD.—Prophecies are again current respecting the approaching end of the world. One reverend gentleman of the Millerite persuasion predicts universal dissolution in 1867–68. Another seer names the 17th of August, 1863, as the closing up of creation, adding that a world's convention will assemble at Cincinnati to "settle up the business of the past and arrange matters for the future."

While the Lancashire operatives are actually starving, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has received from England $3,200,000, which was recently in Bank, subject to his order. He also has $125,000 from his Duchy of Cornwall, *and he and his wife are to receive besides seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.* Where is the justice or propriety of our sending food free to the suffering poor of England, while England squanders such sums on one young fellow of no particular merit?

It makes a great difference whose ox it is that is gored. When the Southern traitors rise against the Government of their country, and sacrifice the lives of thousands of loyal men by their treason, they expect to be treated with all the courtesy demanded by the rules of civilized warfare; but when a rebellion seems probable, and the slaves of these traitors are expected to rise against them in aid of the lawful authorities, they are threatened with instant death, instead of being treated as prisoners of war.

AN UNPARALLELLED CASE.—The Nunda *News* says: An astonishing and unusual "circumstance" has come to light within the past week, not many miles from Nunda, that beats anything of the kind, we think, that has been put upon record. Said "circumstance" is nothing more nor less than a newly born babe, but the mother who gave it birth is not yet *eleven* years of age, and will not be 11 years old until January next. The child lived 36 hours—the youngest one we mean—and the mother is as smart as a cricket. The affair has been kept as quiet as possible, but the matter could not be kept secret. The people will talk, and newspapers live to give all local news there is stiring.

An old lawyer was giving advice to his son who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son, said the counsellor, if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case, my son, talk round it."