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

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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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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.

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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.

MANHATTAN HOTEL.
NEW YORK.
THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms $1.50 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 18th, 1863.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe for your County Paper—THE JOURNAL.

[Original.]

ENGLISH ROBERT.

You say, "the Rose of England fades!"
I see no paleness, but instead,
His life-blood on it, warm and red.

At bloody Fredericksburg he fell;—
Perhaps your son or brother lay
Beside him on the field that day.

He died, before our banner's stars,
Aflame with Freedom's deathless light,
Flashed o'er the world their glory bright.

He died, before the martyr-blood
That veins our flag with life's red hue,
Meant more than "Freedom to the few."

We blest our dear ones, when they went,
With faltering lips and eyes grown dim;
But no one wept or prayed for him.

His grandsire fought against us, once;
So Robert vowed, his eyes aflame,
His hearts-blood should blot out the shame,

Look, Mother England, o'er the sea!
A son of thine, who loved thee well,
At Freedom's feet, that morning fell.

He fought for Liberty and Truth;
His blood baptized our soil that day;
Among our holy dead he lay.

Between us and all scorn of thine,
Forevermore his soul shall stand
Entreating for his native land!

The blood that veins our starry flag,
Throbs in thy symbol Rose, as well,
Since noble English Robert fell!

Feb. 1863. EVA.

An Anecdote of the Paris Police.

Previously to the year 1789, but at what precise date I cannot say, the city of Paris possessed as guardian of its safety, and chief minister of police, a man of rare talent and integrity. At the same period, the parish of St Germais, in the quarter of the Rue St. Antoine, had for its cure a kind, venerable old man, whose life was spent in doing good to both the soul and bodies of his fellow creatures, and whose holy consistency and dignified courage caused him to be loved by the good and respected by even the most abandoned characters. One cold, dark winter's night the bell at the old cure's door was rung loudly, and he, although in bed, immediately arose and opened the door, anticipating a summons to some sick or dying bed.

A personage, richly dressed, with his features partly concealed by a large false beard, stood outside. Addressing the cure in a courteous and graceful manner, he apologized for his unreasonable visit, which, as he said, the high reputation of monsieur had induced him to make.

"A great and terrible, but necessary and inevitable deed," he continued, "is to be done. Time presses; a soul about to pass into eternity implores your ministry. If you come you must allow your eyes to be bandaged, ask no questions and consent to act simply as spiritual consoler of a dying woman. If you refuse to accompany me, no other priest can be admitted, and her spirit must pass alone"

After a moment of secret prayer, the cure answered, "I will go with you."—without asking any further explanation, he allowed his eyes to be bandaged, and leaned on the arm of his suspicious visitor. They both got into a coach, whose windows were immediately covered by wooden shutters, and then they drove off rapidly. They seemed to go a long way, and made many doublings and turnings ere the coach drove under a wide archway and stopped.

During this time not a single word had been exchanged between the travelers, and ere they got out the stranger assured himself that the bandage over his companion's eyes had not been displaced, and then taking the old man respectfully by the hand, he assisted him to alight and to ascend the wide steps of a staircase as far as the second story. A great door opened as if of itself, and several thickly-carpeted rooms were traversed in silence At length another door was opened by the guide, and the cure felt his bandage removed. They were in a solemn-looking bed-chamber; near a bed, half veiled by thick damask curtains, was a small table, supporting two wax lights, which feebly illuminated the cold, death-like apartment. The stranger (he was the Duke de ——) then bowing to the cure, led him toward the bed, drew back the curtains, and said, in a solemn tone—

"Minister of God, before you is a woman who has betrayed the blood of her ancestors, and whose doom is irrevocably fixed. She knows on what conditions an interview with you has been granted her; she knows to that all supplication would be useless. You know your duty, M. le Cure; I leave you to fulfill it, and will return to seek you in half an hour."

So saying he departed, and the agitated priest saw lying on a bed a young and beautiful girl, bathed in tears, battling with despair, and calling in her bitter agony for the comforts of religion. No investigation possible! for the unhappy creature declared herself bound by a terrible oath to conceal her name; besides she knew not in what place she was.

"I am," she said, "the victim of a secret family tribunal, whose sentence is irrevocable! More, I cannot tell. I forgive mine enemies, as I trust that God will forgive me. Pray for me!"

The minister of religion invoked the sublime promises of the gospel to soothe her troubled soul, and he succeeded.—Her countenance, after a time, became composed, she clasped her hands in fervent prayer, and then extended them toward her consoler.

As she did so, the cure perceived that the sleeve of her robe was stained with blood

"My child," said he with a trembling voice, "what is this?"

"Father, it is a vein which they have already opened, and the bandage, no doubt was carelessly put on."

At these words a sudden thought struck the priest. He unrolled the dressing, allowed the blood to flow, steeped his handkerchief in it, then replaced the bandage, concealed the stained handkerchief within his vest, and whispered—

"Farewell, my daughter; take courage, and have confidence in God."

The half hour had expired, and the step of his terrible conductor was heard approaching.

"I am ready," said the cure, and having allowed his eyes to be covered, he took the arm of the Duke de ——, and left the awful room, praying meanwhile with secret fervor.

Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the old man succeeded without his guide's knowledge, in slightly displacing the thick bandage so as to admit a partial ray of lamplight. Finding himself in the carriage gateway, he managed to stumble and fall, with both hands forward toward a dark corner. The duke hastened to raise him, both resumed their places in the carriage, and after repassing through the same tortuous route, the cure was set down in safety at his own door.

Without one moment's delay he called his servant.

"Pierre," he said, "arm yourself with a stick, and give me your support; I must instantly go to the minister of police."

Soon afterward the official gate was opened to admit the well known venerable pastor.

"Monseigneur," he said, addressing the minister, "a terrible deed will speedily be accomplished, if you are not in time to prevent it. Let your agents visit before daybreak, every carriage gateway in Paris; in the inner angle of one of them will be found a blood stained handkerchief The blood is that of a young female, whose murder already begun, has been miraculously suspended. Her family have condemned the victim to have her veins opened one by one, and thus to perish slowly in expiation of a fault, already more than punished by her mortal agony. Courage, my friend, you have already some hours. May God assist you—I can only pray."

That same morning, at eight o'clock, the minister of police entered the cure's room.

"My friend," said he, "I confess my inferiority, you are able to instruct me in expedients."

"Saved!" cried the old man, bursting into tears.

"Saved," said the minister, "and rescued from the power of her cruel relations. But the next time, dear abbe, that you want my assistance in a benevolent enterprise, I wish you would give me a little more time to accomplish it."

Within the next twenty-four hours, by an express order from the King, the Duke de —— and his accomplices were secretly removed from Paris, and conveyed out of the kingdom.

The young woman received all the care which her precarious state required; and when sufficiently recovered, retired to a quiet country village, where the royal protection assured her safety. It is scarcely needful to say, that next to her Maker, the cure of St. Germais was the object of her deepest gratitude and filial love During fifteen years, the holy man received from time to time, the expression of her grateful affection; and at length, when himself, from extreme old age, on the brink of the grave, he received the intelligence that she had departed in peace.

Never until then had a word of this mysterious adventure passed the good priest's lips.

☞ 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's 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!"

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

Message from the Governor.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1863.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN:—I desire to call your attention to a subject of moment. When the present infamous and God-condemned rebellion broke out, Congress was not in session, and the occurrence of such a state of things not having been seen in former times, no adequate legislation had been had to meet it. At the same time—the life of the country being at stake—it appeared necessary that some means should be taken to control the small band of traitors in the loyal States, so as to prevent them from machinations which might be injurious if not fatal, to the national cause. Under these circumstances, the General Government resorted to the system of military arrests of dangerous persons, and having thus commenced acting under it, have continued (at long intervals in this State) to pursue it. The Government of the United States acts directly on individuals, and the State Executive has no authority or means to interfere with arrests of citizens of the United States, made under the authority of that Government. Every citizen of Pennsylvania is also a citizen of the United States, and owes allegiance to them, as well as (subject to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States) he owes to Pennsylvania. If he be unlawfully deprived of his liberty his only redress is to be had at the hands of the judiciary. In such times as the present, it is more than ever necessary to preserve regularity in official action. Great efforts have been, and are, perhaps, still being made, by persons blinded or ill disposed, to throw us into a state of revolution; that is to say, to create anarchy and confusion, and ultimately to bring about the destruction of life and property among us. Any irreguiar, much more illegal, interference by your executive, with matters which, by the Constitution, are not entrusted to his cognizance, and especially any such interference with the action of the executive of the United States or with the functions of the judiciary, would be, in the existing crisis, emphatically dangerous, it would have a direct revolutionary tendency—in fact, it would be to commence a revolution. The courts of justice are open, and, no doubt, all personal wrong can be properly redressed in due course of law.

I do not know how many arrests of the kind heretofore referred to have been made in Pennsylvania, as I have at no time been privy to the making of them, but I believe they have been few. I was under the impression that there would be no necessity for more of them, otherwise I might have referred to them in my annual message; but recent events have shown that this impression was erroneous, I deem it my duty now to invite your attention to the subject.

The contest in which we are engaged is one for the preservation of our own liberty and welfare. The traitors of the South hate the great body of our people, who are loyal, and hate and bitterly despise the few who are ready for submission. Unless the rebellion be effectually suppressed, we must lose our pride of country, the larger portion of our territory, and the elements not only of greatness but of prosperity, and even of security to life, liberty and property. Notwithstanding all this, it is, I fear, an undoubted truth that a few wretches among us, false to our free and loyal traditions, false to the memory of their fathers, and to the rights of their children, false to the country which has given them birth and protected them, only stopping short of the technical offence of treason, in the very madness of mischief are actively plotting to betray us, to poison and mislead the minds of our people by treacherous misrepresentations, and to so aid and comfort the rebels that our fate may be either to abandon the free North and become hangers on of a Government founded in treachery, fraud, and insane ambition, or, at best, to dissolve the Union under which we have prospered, and to break this great and glorious country into fragments, which will be cursed by perpetual discords at home, and by the contempt and ill-usage of foreign nations, from which we shall be too weak to vindicate ourselves.

That such offences should be duly punished no good citizen can doubt; and that proper legislation by Congress is required for that purpose, can be as little doubted. Whether such legislation should include a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in any and what parts of the country, is a question which belongs exclusively to the legislative authorities of the United States, who, under the Constitution, have the right to determine it. The great writ ought not to be suspended, unless to the wisdom of Congress the present necessity shall appear to be urgent.

Therefore, I recommend the passage of a joint resolution, earnestly requesting that Congress shall forthwith pass laws defining and punishing offences of the class above referred to, and providing for the fair and speedy trial by an impartial jury, of persons charged with such offences in the loyal and undisturbed States, so that the guilty may justly suffer and the innocent be relieved.

A. G. CURTIN.

An Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor, out West, who had received, from the fair hand of a bride, a piece of excellent wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience:

"We put it under our pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ear every moment. O! that the dream had broken off here. But no! some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream, we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"

"Yes, my love; ain't it nice?"

"Glorious!—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding ducky," suggested my wife.

"Oh, no, dearest; bread pudding. I was always fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding!" exclaimed my wife, while her lips slightly curled with contempt.

"Certainly, my dear; reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad. Plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and is a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir!" and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry. I am sure it is very good if it is bread pudding.

"You mean, low wretch!" fiercely replied my wife, in a higher tone, "you know it's plum pudding!"

"Then, ma'am, it's so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that!"

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face—the glass itself tapping the claret from my nose.

"Bread Pudding!" gasped we, pluck to the last, and grasped a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum Pudding!" rose above the din, as we had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smashed across our head.

"Bread Pudding!" we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table, alighted in madam's bosom.

"Plum Pudding!" resounded the warcry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where we had been depositing our dinner, and a plate of beans landed on our white vest.

"Bread pudding, forever!" shouted we in defiance, doging the soup tureen, and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" vociferated the amiable spouse; noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then, in rapid succession, followed the war cries. "Plum pudding!" she shrieked with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones came up from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding," in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till, just as we can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper. "Bread pudding!" resounded we like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as my wife leaped upon the pile with the delicate feet and commenced jumping up and down, when, thank heaven! we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

☞ The Richmond correspondent of the London *Times* writes that the North is financially up—yet directs his employer's agents in New York to remit him his wages *in green backs.*

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life of misery or death.

"God has written 'honest man' in his face," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold, speaking of a person, in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind.—"Humph!" Jerrold replied; "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

Noble Letter from General Rosecrans.

On Tuesday of last week, in the Ohio Legislature, a message was received from the Governor, inclosing the following letter from General Rosecrans:

MURFREESBORO, Feb. 3, 1863.

To the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

The resolution of thanks passed by your honorable body to the Army of the Cumberland, its Commanding General and his staff, has been duly received, and published to the troops of this command. On behalf of all, I return you our heartfelt thanks.

This is, indeed, a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for national existence—against those who have despised our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interest.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends, for the defence and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall again spead her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitraty power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us. Crafty as the fox, cruel as the tiger, they cried "no coercion," while preparing to strike us. Bully like, they proposed to fight us, because they said they could whip five to one, and now, when driven back, they whine out "no invasion," and promise us of the West permission to navigate the Mississippi, if we will be "good boys," and do as they bid us.

Whenever they have the power, they drive before them into their ranks the Southern people, and they would also drive us. Trust them not. Were they able they would invade and destroy us without mercy. Absolutely assured of these things, I am amazed that any one could think of "peace on any terms"—He who entertains the sentiment is fit only to be a slave; he who utters it at this time, is, moreover, a traitor to his country, who deserves the scorn and contempt of all *honorable men.* When the power of the unscrupulous rebel leaders is removed, and the people are free to consider and act for their own interests, which are common with ours under this Government, there will be no great difficulty in fraternization. Between our tastes and social life there are fewer differences than between those of the people of the Northern and Southern Provinces of England or Ireland.

Hoping the time may speedily come when, the power of the perfidious and cruel tyrant of this rebellion having been overthrown, a peace may be laid on the broad foundation of national unity and equal justice to all, under the Constitution and laws, I remain your fellow-citizen,

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

DUELIST—A moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporeal courage.

Praise, when the reasons for it are given, is double praise; censure, without the reasons for it, is only half censure.

Pride and Opulence may kiss in the morning as a married couple; but they are likely to be divorced before sunset.

Music is the most delightful rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us foot-sore more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

Take away probability, and you can no longer please the world; only let there be probability, and you cannot displease it.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in flaunting transparency.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

The memory of good and worth actions gives a quicker relish to the soul, than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

Men, in general, are more completely persuaded by the suggestions of their own minds, than by reasons offered them by others.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied, "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."