# The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XV.--NUMBER 11. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1863. TERMS.--$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE
POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
**M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.**
$1.50 PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

***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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Feb. 18th, 1863.

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## THE POISONED CUP.

The silken arras of King Henry's apartment was suddenly thrust aside.

The monarch started, and placed his hand upon his sword, for his life had been attempted more than once. But he smiled at this causeless fear, as his eyes fell upon the slight form of the intruder, with its sweet, youthful face.

The young girl advanced with a timid yet graceful step, and sank down upon one knee.

"What do you seek, my child?" said the king, looking with paternal kindness upon the face, which, with all its softness and delicacy of *contour*, had a high and daring look.

"I crave no boon, sire," returned the maiden, obeying the motions of his hand, and rising to her feet—"at least, not now I have come to warn you of a plot against your life."

"Ha! what mean you?" exclaimed Henry, in alarm, his countenance darkening with the suspicions that were ever ready to spring up in his heart.

"I will tell you. But first swear by the cross upon your sword, that if you find my words true you will give me the life I shall ask of you."

"I swear," said the king, hurriedly, raising the jewelled hilt of his sword to his lips as he spoke. "Now, go on."

"You dine in state to-morrow, with the Duke of Bedford?"

"That was our intention. But surely his grace, our good uncle, has not turned traitor to his king?"

"Not to my knowledge, sire, yet it is there that death lies in wait you! Listen to me, and mark my words well. In the banquet-hall you will observe among the servitors a man, tall, broad-chested, and strong of limb, and with look and bearing ill-befitting his garb and station. Unless weary of life, drink not of the cup he will present you! Neither forget the promise you made to her, who has risked more than life in saving yours."

And before the king could recover from his astonishment, she was gone.

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The entertainment given by the Duke of Bedford to his royal nephew was prepared with all the splendor and magnificence due to his own rank and the character of his illustrous guest. A tournament, and various of the fantastic masquerades much in vogue at the time, were produced expressly for the king's amusement.

At their close the doors of the banquet hall were thrown open, and, to the inspiring strains of music, King Henry entered, followed by the duke, some others of the royal family, and a long retinue of retainers

The table ran nearly the whole length of the wide and lofty hall, and was covered with every variety of the substantial dishes of the time and age

With all the demonstrations of respect paid to royalty, the king was escorted to his seat, which was on a slight elevation. Upon his right sat his host; upon his left the Earl of Derby: the rest were seated according to their station, the lowest in rank taking the lowest place.

King Henry, whose countenance had worn all the morning a gloomy, disquieted air, glanced sharply around the hall, where the serving-men were ranged at regular intervals. He started as his eye fell upon a tall, stalwart man, who bore in his brawny hands a gilded salver, upon which was a silver cup.

"Who is that, my lord duke?" he exclaimed. "By'r lady! but he looks more used to handling the lance than that bit of gilded metal!"

"I know not, majesty," returned the duke. "He is a stranger, who, for the day, takes the place of my faithful butler Hubert, who is sick."

Just at this instant the man approached them. According to custom, he presented the cup he bore, and which was filled with a compound of milk, honey, wine and spices, then held in much repute, to the duke, who gave it with his own hands to the king.

Henry took the cup, and keeping his eyes fixed steadily upon the man's countenance raised it slowly to his lips. Only a keen observer could have detected the gleam of triumph that shot from beneath the drooping lashes, but it was not unnoticed by him. Removing the cup, he turned his eyes full upon his host, saying:

"Will it please your grace to receive this from our hand, as a token of our gratitude for the faithful and zealous service you have rendered us?"

The duke's face flushed with gratified pride; for, to be thus publicly served by his sovereign, and with such kind and gracious words, was a high distinction.

"With many thanks, my liege," he said, taking the cup, as he spoke. "God save King Henry!"

Unsuspicious of evil, he would have drained it at a draught, had not the king, whose countenance instantly cleared, laid his hand upon his arm.

"Nay, my good uncle," he said, "your willingness to oblige us is enough."

"It is our royal pleasure," he added, "that the bearer of this cup shall drink of it to the confusion of the enemies of our crown and person!"

As Henry said this, he fixed his eyes keenly upon the countenance of the servitor, who, during this conversation, had been vainly striving to conceal his increasing agitation.

He turned slightly pale as the king pushed the cup toward him. Nevertheless, he said in a clear, steady voice:

"I pray your majesty to excuse me. I have made a vow that no wine shall pass my lips until my own wrongs be righted."

"Is *that* thy reason?" said the king, with a significant smile. "We shall see. Here, Erric," he added, offering the cup to a large greyhound that was crouched at his feet.

The long, smooth tongue of the noble animal had scarcely lapped the last drop, when, staggering, he fell lifeless upon the floor.

King Henry sprang to his feet.

"Treason!" he shouted, bringing his clenched hand down heavily upon the table, and glancing with flashing eyes around upon the astonished courtiers, who following his example, arose, and stood looking at each other in terror and dismay.

"I trust that your majesty will bear witness," said the duke, in an agitated voice, "that I would have drank of the cup, had you permitted me."

"I would that the hearts of all present were as loyal as thine?" said Henry, laying his hand kindly upon the duke's shoulder. "Yet well do I know," he added, glancing darkly around, "that yonder knave has a master at whose bidding he has done this. Away with him! If he reveals the name of his instigator, he may find mercy at our hands. If he refuses he dies at the break of day!"

During this scene, a slight female figure had been vainly striving to force her way through the body of armed men, who, fearful of further treachery, had gathered around the king.

As soon as Henry observed her, he bade them stand back, and beckoned her to approach.

With pale cheek and unsteady step the young girl obeyed, and throwing herself at his feet, clasped his knees.

"Rise, fair maiden," exclaimed Henry; "this posture ill befits the preserver of England's king!"

"I will not rise, sire," returned the suppliant, "until you have pardoned that unhappy man, my wretched, misguided father, whose wrongs and sufferings have nearly bereft him of reason. It is *his* life that I ask at your hands!"

"What!" exclaimed Henry, with a frown, "the life of my attempted murderer? Methinks that is a strange request, lady!"

"My liege," said the maiden, imploringly, "remember thine oath! Break not thy kingly word. Let me not feel that in saving my sovereign's life, I have become a parricide!"

"These is some strange mystery here," said the king, addressing those around him. "Let the man be brought before me."

The criminal's brow did not blench, as he stood before the king, who, regarding him sternly, said:

"What prompted you to this deed of guilt and madness?"

"The wrongs and insults heaped upon me by your own hand!" returned the accused, giving a look as stern and haughty as his own.

"Now by the holy rood, thou liest, knave!" exclaimed Henry, angrily. "I knew not, until now, that there was such a person as thyself in merrie England."

"Thou shouldst have known it. The son of Sir Philip Darcy, who fell at Bosworth, fighting for his king, should not have lingered all these years in poverty and obscurity."

"Sir Philip left no son. He was an imposter who claimed his estate and title."

"I am that imposter," said the man, raising his head haughtily, as he spoke. "And yet, nevertheless, his son and rightful heir."

"Thy look and bearing show thou speakest truly," said the king, in a gentler tone, for he still held in grateful remembrance the brave knight who fell at his right hand on the victorious field of Bosworth. "But why didst thou not present the proofs of thy birthright?"

"I did, your majesty, but was unable to obtain a hearing. I thrice sought a personal interview, and was thrust from your gate with indignities that nearly maddened me. I then went to France, my mother's birthplace and mine. Collecting the most conclusive evidence of the validity of my claims, I transmitted it to you by the hand of a trusty friend; but that evidence was rejected, and a price set upon my head. I returned in disguise to find myself an outlaw in the land, whose peace my father purchased with his life. The rest you know."

"Who is the trusty friend of whom thou speakest?"

"Sir John Trevit, who is now present, and who will bear witness that what I say is true."

The king turned a dark look upon Sir John, who stood pale and trembling, the very picture of guilt and terror.

"Ha, I understand," he said. "It is upon him that I conferred the Darcy lands, supposing there to be no heir.—He has dealt treacherously by us both. But I will attend to that anon."

"On account of the wrong we have unwittingly done thee," he added, turning to Darcy, "and the debt we owe thy daughter, we not only accord thee a free pardon, reinstating thee in thy rightful inheritance, but make thee peer of the realm, an honor which we should have conferred upon thy gallant father, had he lived to receive it, and which, we trust, will be worthily borne by his son."

"You have made me more than that," said the grateful man, kneeling at the king's feet, as he spoke, "every vestige of the pride gone that naught but kindness could subdue; "you have made me a true friend and a loyal subject!"

"Amen!" responded Henry. "Now, go; and forget not all thou owest to the gentle daughter, whose loyalty and filial devotion have saved thy life and mine."

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OLD AND NEW STYLES.—It is generally known that Julius Cæsar, about forty-five years before the Christian era, reformed the calendar on the basis of the year consisting of 365 days and 6 hours. This was really a very marvelous approach to accuracy, considering the astronomy of the times; but it was not quite accurate, as it made the year nearly eleven minutes too long. The error was corrected by Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, by which time the odd minutes had accumulated to ten days. Accordingly his Holiness ordained that ten days should be deducted from 1582, by calling what according to the old calendar, would have been called the 5th of October the 15th that year. Most of the Catholic nations adopted the reform; but it was not till 1752 that the Gregorian calendar was adopted in this country. It was enacted (24 Geo. II.) that eleven days should be omitted after the 2d of September, 1752, so that the difference of the styles, which consisted of ten days in 1582, was now eleven days. These minutes are still accumulating; and to meet their accumulation, it is provided that "the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, or any other hundredth year of our Lord which shall happen in time to come, except only every fourth hundredth year of our Lord, whereof the year 2000 shall be the first, shall not be considered as leap years." The year 1800 was not considered leap year; and since that time there have been twelve days between the old and new styles, in other words, the 13th day of January, 1863, is the old New Year's Day.

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Man has no intrinsic greatness. He is finite, and weak, and poor, and perishing, and can be great only by associating himself with something that is divine; something that shall lift him up into a nobler sphere. And, therefore, he who knows how to cast himself upon the stream of the divine will, that is flowing through time and the world, shall, by the divine power, partake of eminence and glory. He who appreciates what is the divine life, and perceives that God is great by the good that he does, and is conscious that he is conducting a providence on earth that aims at his own greatness; he who sees through God in his providence, and identifies himself with the course of events as it is divinely ordered, shall take the humiliations that belong to it now, and also the rewards which accrue from it in the end. He who knows how to identify himself with God's great moral courses in this world, as revealed in each age, is on the way to greatness.

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There is a speck of war in the Southern dominions, in quite an unexpected place. A number of people in Northern Georgia and Southwest North Carolina, have openly revolted against the rebel oligarchy, and have only been partially suppressed after considerable fighting and blood shed Col. G. W. Lee, of the rebel army commanding in the disaffected districts issued an order, which filled the Atlanta *Confederacy* Jan. 31, decrying the insurrectionary movements, warning the malcontents of its hopelessness, and offering them a free pardon if they would lay down their arms.

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A person who squanders away his fortune in rioting and profuseness, is neither just to himself or others; for, by a conduct of this kind, his superfluities flow in an irregular channel; and those that are the most unworthy, are the greatest sharers of them; who do not fail to censure him when his substance is exhausted.

## From the Army.

BELLE PLAIN, VA., Feb. 17, '63.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—A few days ago, one of the many numbers of the JOURNAL, sent by kind friends at home, succeeded in running the gauntlet of our army mail officials, and worn and travel stained it reached my "wandering tent"—a welcome guest.

Perhaps I should have written to you before; but when there is anything of interest to write about the soldier's time is generally occupied. He only has the necessary leisure for correspondence, in times of comparative quiet when past events have become stale themes, and too soon, of course, to "borrow thunder" from the approaching storm.

Moreover, thy servant enlisted in a regiment of strangers—whose health and gallant exploits, as well as the good qualities of its officers—are duly set forth each week in the papers of the counties where it was raised. It is not expected that your readers would be interested in a detailed account of our adventures, but they may be pleased to learn that the regiment, embracing as it does much of the intelligence and patriotism of Central Pennsylvania, is a good one and is ably commanded.

We have the honor to belong to Division No. 1, commanded by Gen. Wadsworth, formerly of New York. He was the defeated candidate for Governor there last fall, was at one time Military Governor of the District, and is now one of the oldest, ablest and most patriotic Generals in the army. He is known here as one of the staunchest friends of the President's Emancipation policy. In a word he is one of those Generals who know what they are fighting for, and whose "stars" are on the ascendant.

Our Brigade Commander Gen. G. R. Paul is a brisk, active little man, and is great on a review. He averages about one a week. On these occasions he likes to see everything in its proper place, and all right and flies and sputters about, somewhat after the fashion of an over neat housewife on scrubbing day.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of visiting Capt. Jones' boys at Falmouth where they were doing Provost duty.—The boys are all well spoken of by their officers and comrades. Capt. Jones, it is said by those capable of judging, is one of the very best Captains in the Volunteer service; and Lt. Harry Baker, resigned on account of ill health, bears a stainless reputation as an officer, and takes with him the best wishes of all who know him.

The first Sunday after our Regiment came here, I went with a friend to visit some acquaintances among the "Reserves." I was not long in finding the quarters of my old friend Mark French, for everybody knew him, and could tell me just where he lived. He figures as Captain of Co. E, 1st Pa. Cavalry. When I arrived he was away visiting the "Bucktails," but he did not keep me in waiting long. Of course we had a good time exchanging our latest news from Potter, and talking over old school scenes. The visit was worth at least one month in the army leaving out the "drill." Mark makes a good officer. His energy and perseverance make difficulties vanish in double quick. He possesses in a rare degree the faculty of attaching men to him, so indispensable in him who would command. Since my visit there, I have been told that Mark has resigned on account of his eyesight, which was in danger of being entirely ruined should he expose himself as he must, remaining in the service. His place in the Regiment will not easily be filled. Yet no one can complain, Mark has done his whole duty, and has fairly won for himself an honorable name.

Yesterday the 149th Reg't P. V. Lt.-Col. W. Dwight commanding, landed at this point and proceeded about a mile and a half back from the river to Camp. In the ranks I recognized many familiar faces, and missed many more. Some I was told were away at home on furlough, and others away at their "long home."—Among the latter were some of the noblest and best of our Potter boys. They drooped, and died, the silent tear, in tribute to their memory dimmed many a manly eye, then the great tide of excitement swept along, and amid the rushing and roaring of great events, they were forgotten, but not forever, when this cruel war is over, when again men have time to think and meditate, then the memory of these young heroes, and their many virtues, will spring up again, in the hearts of their comrades, and be cherished there among the things that are sacred.

Col. Dwight, and Capt. Johnson were looking well. Lt's. Horton, Hoyt and Reynolds were absent from the regiment, with leave of course.

I noticed the men looked remarkably fresh and healthy, though it was evident they were somewhat tired, as the walking was none of the best, and the knapsacks heavy.

At first the soldier's knapsack is his great trouble, fix it as he will it *wont* be right. Almost imperceptibly it fits itself to him, grows to be a part of him, and he will march nearly as easily and rapidly with as without it.

In this part of the world the soldier finds it necessary to depend for his comfort solely upon himself. He is to decide whether he will sleep in the mud, exposed to the fury of the storm, or on a comfortable bunk, by a warm fire, and under shelter; whether he will wear torn clothes or mend them; whether he will do without the things he needs or make them. In short the more Yankee ingenuity he has, the better he will be likely to fare. I trust the boys from Potter are not deficient in that quality.

The grand snowstorm of the season commenced here last night; the fall was fast and furious during the entire day; a great part melting as soon as it fell.—The event was celebrated here by a regimental snow-ball, in which old and young engaged with an eagerness and zest worthy their school-boy days. There can of course be no movement of the army for several days.

Somewhat free expressions of discontent and general disapprobation of everything, rather too common in the army a month ago, are rapidly giving place to sentiments of a more manly character.—Judging by what I have been able to see and hear, the tone of feeling here, has advanced fully twenty per cent within the last ten days, and is beyond all doubt still on the mend, with considerable room for further improvement.

I remain very truly thy friend,
MONROE.

P. S. 18th still storming, rain predominates, snow going off, mud about waist deep, and of about the consistency of tar. Officers and men who were with McClellan's army on the Peninsula, who were under the impression that they had seen mud before now say that they are convinced that they never did.

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## They are Sleeping.

Yes, they are sleeping, a long, dreamless sleep, from which they will never awaken. Sleeping far away from mother and home, far from wife and children, from brother and sister, and the fair gentle girl whose cheek has faded like the rose when the chilling blasts of Autumn sweep over it, waiting for the coming of the loved one.

Perhaps it has not been long since they left home to go forth to battle for the right; yet what a length of time, what an endless eternity it seems to the anxious hearts at home! How eagerly they watch the post for the coming letter, and how disappointed they are if it fails to arrive at the expected time. Then comes the news of a great battle, great loss of life, glorious victory. Eagerly they grasp the paper, but the words all run together—there is a mist before their eyes.

"Here, Mary, you read this," says a mother whose son was in the battle; "my eyes are not as good as they used to be."

But 'tis not her eyes; 'tis the terrible fear that is knawing at her heart, that makes her eye-sight fail her. Mary reads the list of the wounded. He is not there. A sigh of relief escapes the mother's bosom as they look down the list of the killed.

"He is not there, thank God!" cries the mother, bursting into tears.

But stop! here is his name, and just opposite the word "missing." Missing! Crawled away perhaps to some lonely spot after being mortally wounded, to escape the searching rays of the sun. He is left to die alone and uncared for; or, worse still, taken captive, to languish in some lonely prison, shut out from the glad sunlight and life-giving air that our God has so bountifully provided for all, to die, perhaps at last!

Sleeping! Yes, in the lonely swamps, on the broad prairies, thousands are sleeping; some stricken down by disease, wasting with fever, dying, indeed, martyrs to the cause they loved so well, yet not without the consoling thought that they have fallen bravely on the battle-field.

All along the blue Potomac they are sleeping; by pleasant streams and grand old forests, that together chant solemn dirges around their resting places, while the stars keep mournful watch over them at night.

And they will sleep on till the last roll call is sounded—then there will be a grand awakening—a terrible uprising in judgment against those traitors who, to serve their own base, ambitious ends, have brought such desolation and destruction upon our once prosperous and beautiful land.

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Solitude and society are always endeavoring to checkmate each other, and never succeed. Men have secluded themselves in desert, cave, and city, and cheated themselves into an illusive friendlessness, when lo, they have either made a friend of some entity, or transformed into a familiar for themselves a fawn pigeon, or poodle.