# The Potter Journal.

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

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

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O. T. ELLISON,
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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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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.

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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.


[The following poem, which we find in the Philadelphia *Press*, is among the best of the many sad lyrics which the war has inspired. The music of the refrain is remarkable:

## DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars;
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow:
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

## POOR PHIL.

It is a mystery to me—why Bob Lyons should feel so shy of Nellie Waterman, the prettiest girl in the place, I couldn't for my life imagine! He had been badly hit at Fredricksburg, and was home on sick leave; and every day her carriage stopped at Mr. Lyons' door (by the way, it was worth the waiting for, to see the foot and ankle that she showed in getting out) with a basket of hot-house fruit, or flowers that she had arranged herself (and she did these things like a French woman,) or the last fuilleton for Lieutenant Lyons. But though Bob could hear her well enough from the little room at the head of the stairs that he called his den, he never took the smallest notion, except to growl out something very like an oath from under his moustache, or, if in the parlors, to hobble away as fast as possible for fear of meeting her. The flowers he wouldn't let into his room, but left them to wither in the outer hall; the fruit he gave to the children; the books he tossed over to his sisters with a contemptuous grunt. In short, if Nellie Waterman had been the cholera, instead of a handsome, stylish girl, he could have hardly avoided her more persistently, obstinately refusing to give any other reason for his unaccountable conduct than that it was his whim.

Nothing, however, is quite so hard to prison as secrets. Relax your vigilance ever so little, and the things will be on the house top in spite of you. And so one day out popped Bob's skeleton, like a Jack-in-the-box, and he told me all that was in his heart.

It was in answer to some remark of mine about Nellie Waterman, who had just passed. Bob turned his back squarely to the window, and sent his cigar savagely into the fire.

"I had as lief see a toad," he said—"rather, for it wouldn't be necessary to be civil to the spotted animal. Do you remember what Jule was reading the other night—something of Ruskin's, I think, about girls with spots of blood on their ball dresses, and grave-weeds twined in their wreaths. Well, I swear I never see this one without thinking that her dainty hands are wet with blood, and that her beautiful bright hair is thickly twisted with the willow that shades Phil. Seldon's grave. Poor, dear old Phil! he wore her false face over his heart when he went down. Worthless as he had proved her to be, he could never quite give her up. I had known her from a child, and warned him of his danger, and the only shadow that ever fell on our friendship came upon us then. There never was a man more thoroughly infatuated. He thought her pink and white face the incarnation of purity; her downcast looks he took for modesty; and it was useless to tell him that, besides her pretty face, she was simply tight lacing, flounces and French novels.

"She was, in his idea, womanly perfection—physical, mental, and moral. And she threw him over, of course—flirted with him till she was tired, then dropped him. When he insisted on some reason for this wrecking of his hopes, she closed her doors against him by way of answer. He came back looking like a ghost. Could you have seen him, you could scarcely have dreamed that this was our old sunshiny Phil.

"I hate woman when I think of it. Leave out my mother and sisters, and all the crinoline and grimacing in the world are not worth his dear old face, though he never looked cheerful after that, unless he was on some specially dangerous service—some risky reconnoitering or picket duty, affording him an excellent chance of being killed. Then he used to light up with a sort of grim satisfaction, because, he told me once, the excitement left him no time to think; adding, mournfully, that he should be dubbed the greatest coward in the regiment could it be known with what dread he looked forward to his long, sleepless nights, and those listless days when only the ordinary routine was going on.

We were before Fredericksburg—or rather, the river that separated it from us. Phil had just come from ——, where he had been sent on a secret mission, having also improved his short furlough to come on here, and get himself stabbed to the heart afresh. He had seen Nellie; she had received him coldly at first—scarcely spoken to him in fact; but relenting by degrees, suffered him to plead his cause again, and raised his hopes only to dash them more fatally to the ground.

"He came back utterly desperate. We were getting ready for the bombardment; and he threw himself into the preparations with the zeal and spirit of twenty men. Everything was as peaceful as if Nature was holding her breath to watch us. The sky looked down on us so solemnly that, though I don't know what ever put it in my head at such a time, I could think of nothing but that other winter's night when it was bright with angels praising God, and proclaiming peace on earth. The water seemed to hush itself, as if afraid to ripple. In the stillness we could hear the barking of dogs, and the melancholy chiming of the town-clock sounding out the hour; while on our side the only noise was the rumbling of artillery as we got the batteries into position, and the heavy roll of the pontoon trains going down to the river bank. It sounded like thunder in our ears; but they kept as dead silence as if they were all in enchanted sleep, till our men had pushed off and fairly gotten the bridge under way. Then—

"I don't know whether they suspected what we were at or not, or whether it was part of their cursed strategy to get as many targets as possible under fire; but when they did at last commence they made sharp work of it, as well they might, since, comfortably stowed away in cellars and houses on the bank, they had only to cut us down at their leisure. Shot and shell from our batteries proved unavailing; the city indeed was fired, but the foxes were not unearthed, and three times our brave fellows were beaten back, and brought their dead and wounded up the bank to fill the floors of the Lacy House.

"By this time it was morning, and we had procured a train with solid shot from Aquia; the rebels, who had stopped firing, commenced again, and the light struggling up showed us, as the sulphurious cloud cleared away, Fredericksburg was burning like a second Moscow. The solid shot plunged through brick and stone, but a fresh effort to lay the bridge proved also unavailing, the rebel sharp-shooters dropping our men like so many nine-pins.

"Then it was that Burnside called for volunteers, and the Seventh Michigan and our regiment, (the Nineteeth Massachusetts) responded. As we marched out, Phil came quickly up to Mark Gifford, his brother-in-law, who was at my side.

"'You have a wife and little child to leave,' he said. 'I have none, and never shall. Let me go in your place. Wait (as Mark was going to refuse) and hear me. If you are obstinate I will still go; I swear it, even if I swim after the boats; so there will be simply two to mourn for in the old homestead if you persist.'

"He was in such desperate earnest, and the time was so short, for the regiment was already moving on, and Mark, never so resolute a man as Phil, was so taken by surprise that he stepped back, and Phil took the place by my side and rushed on with us. As said Captain Ward at Bunker Hill, when we went down that bank I no more dreamed of coming alive out of that rain of fire than of going to heaven in Elijah's fiery chariot. As we crouched behind the boats and the piles of lumber, the balls came in among us like hailstones. Phil got a slight scratch, and a ball carried off my cap as if it had come expressly for it. Not that we left all of the firing to the rebels. We did a little sharp-shooting on our own account, quite respectable in its way, and keeping them about as busy as they kept us, till our guns began to speak again; then we pushed for the boats, got into them pell-mell, and made off. Such a crossing! It wasn't exactly a sail by moonlight, I can tell you. I never imagined such a din possible, unless at the day of judgment. Crack! crack! from those deadly rifles, and our poor fellows dropping at every shot, tho' lying as low as possible in the boats, our batteries thundering away, waking up the echoes, that rolled back on us as if they were having a battle of their own. I don't believe I ever shall again experience quite such honest astonishment as I felt on landing with my head still on my shoulders.

"I panted out something of this sort to Phil, who answered with a stern smile, and something about the ides of March, only half heard, as we rushed up the bank and after the rebels scampering out of every rifle-pit, and from behind every stone wall, springing up as if they had been a sort of fungus growth of legs warranted to make good time before Yankee bayonets.

"Most of them escaped, but some either couldn't or wouldn't run. One of these fellows Phil started, a surly brute, just showing his grizzly head out of a cellar door, and evidently meaning to die game. I called out as I saw the man taking deliberate aim at Phil, coming straight to him; but he, just turning his his head in answer, and showing me the same strained, reckless look that he had worn all that day, went on one step farther—got the ball in his heart; for he was dead when I reached him.

"I was on his murderer before he had time to load again, and I think I should have beaten him down as I did then had he been Sampson; rage and grief made a giant of me. But, after all, what was his worthless life? It can never comfort those who weep for Phil in the old homestead, where he lies buried, done to death—poor, loving, generous heart!—by that woman, whom I long, every time I meet her, to call Murderess!"

THE BACHELORS AND CONSCIPTION.—The new conscription bill proposes in two drafts to take the able-bodied men between twenty and forty-five years old. There are to be two classes—first, those married between twenty and thirty-five, with the unmarried between twenty and forty-five—second the married between thirty-five and forty-five—but the second class is not to be called out till the first is exhausted. This sets the bachelors between thirty-five and forty-five all ago for getting married. We agree with a contemporary that this is a wise provision of the law, if there is any wisdom in it. We wish it had taken all the bachelors between twenty and ninety, before it touches married men. What are these old bachelors good for but to die for their country? If they will not raise soldiers to fight battles, let them go and fight themselves; and die, if so be, without wife or child to mourn them when they fall. However, if any of those who would fall into the second class if married, will repent of this singularity, the war has already made widows enough who will not refuse to assist them in shirking the cartridge box, if they will only buckle on the harness of matrimony. Let them walk up and show themselves men at once. Fight or marry! Take your choice quick!

A SIMILE.—On a certain occasion I attended a church in a seaport town, to hear an evening lecture by a visiting preacher from the country. To persons at all acquainted with the southern country, it is quite unnecessary to describe the man or detail his liberal qualifications. Suffice it to say, he was a fair specimen of about three-fourths of his cotemporaries of the back woods. The house was full, and our preacher seemed bent on making an impression. His text was, "Faith without works is dead." Finding himself, probably, for the first time in his life, in a nautical atmosphere, he labored assiduously to sink the bushman, and to appear in the borrowed garb of one intimately acquainted with sea-faring phrases and pursuits. At length after an awful pause, and scanning his audience with a look that seemed to say, "Feller mortals, 'faith without works ar dead.' Now 'spose one of you wur in a boat, I reckon you'd look about for oars. But you can't find but one. And with that you row, and row, and row, and your boat goes round, and round; and I reckon you wouldn't reach shore nowhere nohow. Wal, feller mortals, that oar am faith without works. And I reckon you couldn't go nowere with one oar."

Pausing again and looking around with a triumphant air to witness the impression he had made, he seemed entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the mighty effort he had put forth. But, alas! for pulpit dignity! A sailor present, who had drank in every word, and longed for an opportunity to let his own light shine on the audience, broke the silence and exclaimed—

"Blasted fresh water lubber! Can't go nowhere with one oar! Guess the fool don't know how to scull!"

Any one must have been present to realize the effect of this appeal to the audience. There were not many dry eyes in the house after that, though the tears were not those of penitence.

Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.

He who ever acts as conscience cries shall live though dead.

A FIRST RATE MORNING BATH.—A great deal is said about bathing, and houses are generally preferred for having baths fixed in them, supplied with hot water and cold; but the simplest bath, and one in which all may indulge without trouble or expense, is that of a sponge or towel bath; and if repeated every morning, summer and winter, is such a renovater of the system that you will have little occasion either for salt water bathing or any other kind of bathing, and may fairly promise your doctor a long holiday, so far as you are concerned. Just do as we tell you in this article, and, if you do not feel better, throw the blame upon our advice.

Before going to bed, fill your washbasin with water, say two-thirds full; then put into it a large soft sponge or towel—just which is handiest. Provide something to stand on—either a piece of old carpet or a shallow tin—to keep the floor from being wet; and also a couple of coarse, good-sized towels. Then all being ready, immediately upon rising in the morning, having thrown off your night-dress, first wet your head, and then take the sponge or towel full of water and squeeze it upon your shoulders, the water running down to your feet. The body having thus got a good wetting, you need not, as some suggest, sponge the body any further, but take the towels and give yourself a good rubbing for about one or two minutes, till the skin begins to react; then dress as quickly as possible, and, if convenient and the weather suitable, take a short walk. Bathing and dressing should not take you more than ten minutes. Practice will render less rubbing sufficient, and the walk in time may be dispensed with. This is a bath that everybody should take, and will be found an infallible source of vigor and good health, if properly done and followed up.

MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN HAND.—Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ the hand. "In a French book," says Sir Charles Bell, "intended to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal. It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they correspond. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, pencil, or engraving tool, in all of which secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumbs depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given the special name Polfex, from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty, because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

A HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF DAY.—Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on a table, hold the thread between the thumb and fore finger, and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a glass tumbler, the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strkes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half-past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the center; if you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient length of time has elapsed to convince you the exeperiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise the vibrating motion would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

☞ A Brooklyn doctor vouches for the facts in the following: An anxious father not long since discovered his "only son and heir," aged five, engaged in pitching pennies with a number of ragged urchins, who had just initiated him in the mysteries of the all-absorbing game. He gave the little gamester a long lecture on the sin of gambling, etc., and finished by telling him that if he ever caught him in the naughty work of pitching pennies again, or gambling in any way, he would give him a severe whipping. The youngster stood with his hands in his pockets, coolly jingling the half dozen coppers he had won; and at the conclusion of his father's remarks, little Bob drew a cent from his pocket, and balancing it on the thumb and index finger of his right hand, said, "Dad, I'll go you head or tail for two lickings or none!"

## An Interesting Incident.

A lady of Bridgeport, Connecticut, married a citizen of Georgia, some twenty odd years ago, and accompanied him to his home in that State. He was a planter. Not succeeding there to his mind, he removed to Arkansas and bought land and negroes and resumed business as a planter. He had but fairly started in business when he sickened of fever and died.

His estate, consisting of thirty negroes and a plantation, the size of which my informant did not state, was involved in debt to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The widow judged it best to sell a portion of the land and negroes to pay the debt, but the foreman on the estate, himself a negro and a slave, advised her to another course. "I wouldn't do dat, Missus," said he, "de boys won't like it to go down South, and if Missus give us the chance we'll raise a big crop and pay off the debt, and have it all clear in two ar tree year."

He informed "Missus" that he had "talked to de boys 'bout it, and dey all say dey stick by and work off de debt, if Missus please not sell 'em." She followed the counsel of this humane and heroic negro, and "de boys" worked with a will. They raised a splendid crop of cotton, the entire labor being done—even to the sale of the cotton and the delivery of the money into the hand of the mistress—without the advice, help or interference of any white man. The debt was reduced six thousand dollars the first year. A brother of the lady, an invalid clergyman of Connecticut, spent the first winter after the planter's decease on the plantation. Grateful, as any man would be, these ignorant but faithful and kind hearted fellows, for their generous devotion to his sister's interest, he improved the leisure time in teaching the son of the foreman and a few others of the young negroes, and before spring, some of them could not only read tolerably well, but could write a legible hand.

Spring came, and the lady with her children accompanied her brother to Connecticut, and there spent the summer, leaving her negroes to make a second crop under the leadership and management of her negro foreman, without a white man on the premises. She held a regular correspondence with the foreman through the educated but dusky fingers of his son, and was kept well informed of the state of things on the plantation. Late in the autumn she returned, accompanied now by a sister who spent the winter with her, and followed up the work of her brother, in the educational line, without, however, any public proclamation of the fact, for obvious reasons.

The second crop swept off the remains of the debt and left a surplus. Thus the work has gone forward for nearly ten years. The working force of the plantation having increased, by the natural increase of the negro families, and additions having been made to the plantation from time to time by purchase, at the suggestion and by the advice of the negro overseer, with a succession of splendid crops produced by willing hands under the stimulous of kindness and encouragement, instead of the lash, the property was estimated, when the war commenced, to be worth over $100,000. When intercourse stopped between Arkansas and the North, the lady with her eldest son was on the plantation, and her other children in Connecticut. There had been, when my informant left Bridgeport, no communication between the parties for six months. The members of the family at the east are exceedingly anxious to hear from the mother, and fear lest their elder brother may have have gone into or been forced into the army.

While many are asking, just now, if the negroes in a state of freedom can any way be managed, or take care of themselves, such facts as those above stated may afford the anxious some support.

Printers sometimes make some ludicrous blunders. In a piece of manuscript handed to the "devil" to set in a western office, there occurred the following phrase: "There stood the martyr with his sheet of fire." The editor was astonished in looking over his next issue, at the following: "There stood the martyr with his shirt on fire."

Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive!

Some men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.

The reward of work well done, is the having done it.

Nothing abridges life like false steps, idle words and vain thoughts.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

Deep rivers flow with silent majesty, shallow brooks are noisy.

Believe not all you hear, and report not all you believe.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths.