

The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XV. NUMBER 16.

COUDERSPORT POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1863.

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POTTER JOURNAL.

M. W. McFarney, Proprietor.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

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STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Monthly gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

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Coudersport, Pa., will attend all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

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TORNERY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and fidelity. Office on Second street, near the Albany bridge.

W. E. EDLSON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully solicits the patronage of the village and vicinity, and will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Second street, near the Albany bridge.

W. E. EDLSON,
DEALERS IN FINE MEASURES, PAINTS, OILS, &c., Stationery, Dry Goods, &c., &c., Coudersport, Pa.

D. B. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Groceries, &c., &c., Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Glass, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
J. 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 entrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13-41

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TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegheny river, Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17, '61

W. J. OLMSTED, J. S. D. KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main street, 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, Preceptor; Mrs. N. JONES GUMBLEY, Assistant, Miss A. E. CAMPBELL. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from \$5 to \$8; 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.
W. R. BASSETT, President.
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Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

MANHATTAN HOTEL,
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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.
Feb. 18th, 1863.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Now is the time to subscribe for your County Paper—THE JOURNAL.

REJOICE.

Ye heart-broken captives from Africa's fair land,
Rejoice; for deliverance will soon be at hand.
The Northern men have risen in twain,
The cords that have bound you in sorrow and pain.

On every gale, upon every breeze,
That from the far Southward floats up through the trees,
Is borne to their ears your tales of despair;
Of heart-rending trials, of sorrows and care.

The sighs of ye mothers, in anguish forlorn,
Regretting your children had never been born,
Have reached to the ears of the strong and the brave,
Determined, with valor, to rescue the slave.

They pity your infants, ye fondly caressed,
Whom hard-hearted tyrants have torn from your breast:
Ye, demon-like monsters, have bartered and sold,
For a few paltry dollars, of silver and gold.

Rejoice! ye disconsolate children of woe,
Permit not your tears to continue to flow,
The God, that has prospered Columbus's domains,
Ere long will release you from tyrant's chains.

T. B. LYMAN.

Copperheads of Connecticut.

There are two Connecticuts. One is the Connecticut of Israel Putnam; the other is the Connecticut of Benedict Arnold. This is the simple explanation of the moral contradictions Connecticut presents to the wondering and somewhat perplexed observers of her present attitude in relation to the rebellion.

The Connecticut of Putnam is in the Union and of the Union; body and spirit, heart and hand, with life and fortune and sacred honor all pledged to its support. The Connecticut of Benedict Arnold is in the Union if the Union is in its party, and not otherwise—as Arnold served his country so long as his country served him, but no longer.

The Connecticut of Putnam has heard the howling and endured the thieving of the wolf of Secession as long as she intends to. She has joined the hunt. She has assisted in driving the animal into his hole, and now she proposes to go down there—to the very bottom of it—and shoot him dead, and drag him out by the ears, and hang him up, till he becomes a stench in the nostrils of the world. The Connecticut of Benedict Arnold stands trembling about the creature's lair; they say the den is a very black place and they have a natural horror of all things black; they say also a man could not get into it if he would try; or if he did, that the wolf, like Daniel's lions, would surely "have the mastery of him, and break all his bones to pieces, or ever he came to the bottom of the den."

So their plan is to feed him well and give him free range over all unoccupied territory, with some limited privileges even in the "home lots," and by this process of "conciliation," they are confident that the wolf will soon grow wild and companionable as a Newfoundland dog—will "roar you as 'twere an nightingale," and will consent to rule and ravage the country in the most gentlemanly and peaceable manner possible.

The Connecticut of Putnam is loyal to republicanism and democracy; it fully believes in the equality of all men in natural and political rights; it confidently anticipates the period when all forms of despotism and aristocracy, and especially of slavery, will be destroyed; it cherishes an immovable faith in the capacity of a moral and intelligent people to take care of their social and civil concerns better than any monarch or privileged class can do it for them; and it stands firmly by the church and the school and the ballot-box as the essential conservators and instruments of popular freedom. The Connecticut of Benedict Arnold is one of those democracies which, in every age, have been the ready instruments of tyrant monarchs and proud aristocrats in crushing popular liberty. It has the instincts of the coward and the slave. It finds its natural level in cringing and supplicating. It turns with a spiteful rancor upon the true friends of the people, who desire to elevate the masses to intelligence, virtue, and prosperity, but is only too happy to submit to the masteryship of those who openly insult and scorn all the men of toil—who term those who, like the apostle Paul, "labor with their own hands"—"mudsills," "whiteslaves," "greasy mechanics"—and who, with every expression of utter disgust, declare their intention of depriving, as soon as they get the supremacy, the whole laboring population of all political power and social position. This style of democracy brands, in the madness of its prejudices, all enlightened philanthropy as hypocrisy and a disguised hostility to the ignorant and the poor, but it fawns upon and worships a bragging, insulting bullyism as a very deity, which it serves by an irresistible instinct of its nature. It hates the church and its ministry, especially if they be true and fearless men. It sees little good in the school, complains loudly of

taxation for education, and resists all efforts to give the child of the poor man the same opportunities as the child of the rich man. But it defends the grog-shop as an institution of the people; it adores the slavery of the black race as the great bulwark of the democracy; and it follows with a most devoted subservience the fortunes of the conceited aristocracy, who kick them even while bending in the extreme abjectness of submission, who spit upon their concessions, who scorn their alliances, and declare themselves disgusted with their very presence.

Such is the loathsome debasement to which the Copperheads of Connecticut have sunk; and such is the degradation which they are preparing for that dignified, sturdy, proud old State!

These two factions, though both of them prominent enough, for different reasons, to represent the state abroad and to claim its name, are very unequal in numbers. The one comprises the great body of the intelligent men of the state. The other is a mere faction of the great Democratic party, but exceedingly threatening and noisy; with a large talent for political intrigue, having its vociferous representatives in every hamlet in the state, using every tavern and grog-shop as a propaganda of its faith, and wielding an influence out of all proportion to its size, its talent, or its real courage. Between the two lies a "third estate"—a large mass of men who are of somewhat uncertain character, but whose former proclivities are such as to encourage the Copperheads to seek their aid in the nefarious schemes now on foot. Some of them are unthinking men, easily imposed upon by such a sophism as this, for example, "We are for sustaining the Government, but God forbid that we should call Abraham Lincoln and his abolition Congress the Government!" too stupid to perceive that this means, they are loyal to the Government while it is in the hands of our party, but rebels the moment it is administered by others. Some of them are unintelligent men, before whom infamous Doncey ventures the assertion that, after weeks of active armed insurrection on the part of the South, the simple humane act of Lincoln in sending provisions to the starving garrison at Fort Sumter was the inauguration of a "war and blood policy," and the origin of "a civil war which has no parallel, nor anything like a parallel, on the pages of history."

Some of them are jealous men, intensely prejudiced against those who have been more successful in life than themselves, and who, by an adroit handling of these prejudices, can be swayed, momentarily at least, from the path of patriotism. Some of them are timid men, who are nervous about gunpowder, and dream of "ought about the draft," and who are so short-sighted as to suppose that the plan of resisting the conscription and defying the power of the Government under the leadership of some Copperhead Governor, is a safer enterprise, and one likely to require less military service, than fighting the rebels. Some of them cannot get rid of the notion that the country is never safe except under the control of something they call "Democracy," to whom the query of Gov. Wright of Indiana is pertinent: "I am a Democrat. You say you are a Democrat; and are my brother in political faith. But before I own you, I want to know what kind of Democrat you are. Jefferson was a Democrat, but Burr was a Democrat also. Jackson was a Democrat, but so was Calhoun. Douglas was a Democrat, but so was Breckinridge. I want to know what class you are in?" These gentlemen might be made more patriotic, if they could be brought to see that names are not *always* things. And some of these men are both intelligent and honest, and are troubled lest civil liberty should be endangered in the exercise of military power, and are hardly able to repress their Anglo-Saxon instinct—and a noble instinct it is—to resist governmental encroachments until the war is over, and the nation saved.

Now it is evident that this "third estate"—this mass of undecided men—held the balance of power not only in Connecticut, but through the country. The question of the effectual and final suppression of this rebellion depends upon the effort that shall be made within the next four months to awaken the latent patriotism, and to appeal to the native good sense, which are far from wanting in these men. It will be a great calamity, if, even temporarily, they are inveigled into the support of the traitorous and destructive schemes of the Benedict Arnolds of 1863. Should they come permanently under such a sway, the whole social fabric would inevitably be demolished. There is no possibility of overestimating the venom of these men, which an unerring popular instinct has denominated "Copperheads," or of exaggerating the peril of giving them power in the land. They have shown themselves to be bullies toward those who fear them, and sycophants toward those who openly scorn them. Bullies and sycophants are

always cowards; and a coward in power is always a despot. The bloody horrors of the Reign of Terror were the fruit of fear, rather than cruelty. Let the men who humbly begging the boon of peace from the pompous slave aristocracy once gain power in the North for their masters in the South, and no man's right of speech or suffrage or property, nay, no man's life, would be safe. It would be the repetition among ourselves of the conscriptions and confiscations and banishments and imprisonments and whippings and hangings and assassinations which have made the whole South's Golgotha for two years past. It would be the reign of Robespierre, the assassin and the coward, intensified by the pride and courage of Catiline, the aristocrat and the bandit. It would be the meanness and unscrupulousness of the lowest class of Yankees united with the recklessness and blood-thirstiness of the ruling class of Southerners. It is high time the free men of the North looked this issue full in the face. The question of negro slavery, sinking as it is in all its proportions, into insignificance compared with other interests involved in this struggle. The question we are now deciding by our arms and our ballots is the whole question of popular liberty and republican government—nay, it is the whole question of equal laws, domestic tranquility, and personal security! The men who are now following the Woods and Toney's and Seymours of their party into the embraces of the iron Moloch of slavery, "know not what they do." Make them see it, and they would as soon burn down their own houses, or dig their own graves, or poison their own children, as to follow such a lead. True, we cannot now supply those influences of Christianity and education which alone can give a permanent security against these perils from popular delusion, prejudice, and ignorance. Connecticut is reaping to-day the bitter fruits of depending upon a great school fund, rather than upon good schools, to educate her population; of her neglect of the numerous isolated hamlets among her hills, where the Sabbath bell never agitates the murky atmosphere of the tavern and the dram-shop; of the tremendous pressure which the churches have brought to bear upon the preachers of God's truth to be popular rather than faithful, prudent rather than heroic; and more than all, of the timid, gingerly manner in which her good men have been accustomed to handle these sons of Belial who are now disgracing the state before the country. It is too late to remedy all this now. It must be a lesson for the future. But there is one thing every man can do now. He can give his time until the first Monday in April, to the work of enlightening his neighbors, removing their prejudices, correcting their mistakes, inducing them to keep aloof from the lodges of that secret rebel organization which now covers the state like a net, and warning them of the machinations of the most unscrupulous, the most contemptible, and the most dangerous conspirators who ever threatened the life of a nation or the institutions of liberty.

—Rev. John P. Gulliver, in the N. Y. Independent.

A Few Queer Things.

We know lazy, shiftless, trifling devils, who never paid a dollar of taxes in their lives, who are howling twelve out of the twenty-four hours about the "enormous taxes we are burdened with."

We know men, whose ragged pantaloons display the flag of distress at half mast who could not buy the toe-nail of a nigger if able-bodied, slaves were selling at a dollar a dozen, who fly into a passion if they hear of an "attack on slave property."

We know of men who never did a day's work in their lives—save when borrowing or stealing was impossible—who are howling like wolves against "niggers coming to the North to compete with the labor of poor white men."

We know of men who never had an entire dollar in their lives, spend hours in expatiating upon the damages of a paper currency.

There are queer people in the world, and much of all the talk on the above topics is done by the classes mentioned.—*Buckeye State.*

A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-post in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with harder force. On giving him the twentieth blow the enraged officer could stand it no longer. "Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I have done my duty, and I can do no more, but I'd just like to know what it is that is so funny?" "Funny," roared the other, "why, it's excellent. You've got the wrong Smith. I ain't the man that was to be whipped; it's the other one. You'll have to do it over again. Ha! ha!"

A good-natured fellow, nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, and I'll tell you how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray how?" "Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow money from the rich ones, and nather will ever trouble you again."

"Husband and wife should be adapted to each other's needs," said a gentleman; when a wag in company immediately put the following poser: "Are we then to infer, sir, that a woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match?"

DIVERTANCE OF OPINION.—Says the Richmond Enquirer, "It required forty years to effect dissolution." The Copperheads all say it was effected in 1860, by Mr. Lincoln's election.

Take Courage.

Popular Opinion bound to triumph. The cry of Freedom is "Forward March." Russia takes the van, by the promulgation of an Imperial decree, on the 3d day of March 1863, that 20,000,000 serfs were thenceforth to be recognized as free men, in the fullest sense of the word. Never before has Europe given such proof of the irresistible sway of public opinion, as at the present time.

Two of the most despotic and powerful nations of Europe have reorganized its way as their safest policy. Now only has Russia acknowledged its force; by the liberation of her serfs, but by her far-reaching concessions to the Poles that they might be induced to disband their insurrectionists, who had arisen to reestablish their long refused rights. The Prussian government yields to the pressure of public opinion, by her non-interference with the Polish insurrection.

The immense excitement expressed by the whole of Europe, Armenia, and Northern Africa, with reference to our "War of the Races," and the fact that the middle and lower classes have the strongest imaginable feeling for Northern success, is indomitable proof that the cause of freedom is making rapid strides forward in all the civilizations of the East. That a tremendous storm is arising, that shall nearly overspread the whole civilized world, is evident from the fact that dark crimson clouds are arising with majestic power from all parts of the horizon. The storm is already begun in the United States of America, and towards it all eyes are turned, not regarding it as a storm of comparative insignificance, affecting only that portion of the country over which it now extends, but as destined to hurl its thunderbolts upon all. They do not expect to evade it, nor do they wish, though destruction and death in its direct forms may be the immediate results; for their bosoms are filled to overflowing with the hope, that when the storm shall have cleared away, the broad branches of the tree of liberty will put forth buds and blossom with tenfold luxuriance of heretofore. They have also the hope, that they shall not enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms; but that with their children and children's children, they may partake of its blessed gifts.

T. B. LYMAN.

A FACT.—The ready wit of a true born Irishman however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his bod of bricks, caught the parasol in the midst of Elsevier's gyrations, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow which reminded us of the poor Power.

"Faith madam," said he, as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smiling.

"Troth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye, thanked me for both."

PATIENCE AND OBSTINACY.—In a lane where it was impossible for two vehicles to pass, a Quaker in a gig confronted an obstinate fellow in a cart. The Quaker mildly declined to back his horse—the obstinate fellow swore he would not. After an hour or so of ineffectual discussion, the man in the cart thought to crush the Quaker into submission by taking out a newspaper and calmly perusing it.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "when thou hast finished thy paper, I trust thou wilt lend it to me." The man was beaten and backed his horse without more ado.

A good-natured fellow, nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, and I'll tell you how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray how?" "Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow money from the rich ones, and nather will ever trouble you again."

"Husband and wife should be adapted to each other's needs," said a gentleman; when a wag in company immediately put the following poser: "Are we then to infer, sir, that a woman without arms and a man without legs would be a fair match?"

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The \$300 Feature.

Elsewhere, we publish a communication stating objections to the \$300 clause of the Conscription Act. The language used in our leading article of yesterday, relating to the conscription, was, of course, intended to have exclusive application to the demagogues who are denouncing the Conscription Act and attempting to get up an excitement about it, with the twofold object of preventing the execution of the law and making political capital. We are aware of the fact that the Conscription Act is likely to be used to a considerable extent by the malcontents; and that the \$300 clause will be actively employed by them. But persons who desire the truth and not the part of good citizens, should endeavor to understand the law, as it is, before they denounce it. They should observe that there could have been no intention on the part of Congress to discriminate against the poor man, and note particularly the following points:

1. Our numbers as a people are so large that it is not necessary to follow the Southern precedent, and conscript all the able-bodied men, except such as "own twenty negroes."

2. There would have been no dissatisfaction about it, and no cry of "rich" and "poor," if the law had simply provided that the drafted men must go or find a suitable substitute.

3. In case of a draft there would have been a great demand for substitutes, and a parcel of sharpers like the gold-gamblers would have mixed in the matter; and the price of a substitute would have been run up from \$500 to \$1,000; and, perhaps, as in Georgia and Alabama now \$1,800 to \$2,500. Would that have been any better for the poor man? Would the advantages of the possession of property have been any the less marked in that case.

4. The obnoxious \$300 clause simply provides that the price of substitutes shall not be more than \$300 and may be less. The Secretary of War in ordering the draft can fix it at what figure he pleased not exceeding \$300. It destroys the substitute market and simplifies business; and by reducing the price of substitutes from any \$1,000 to any \$200—We believe these figures are fair—it is really giving the poor man a chance to obtain exemption, whereas he would have had no chance if it had not been for this loudly abused clause. It is a question for the dissatisfied who are short of funds, to determine whether they would prefer to go into the substitute market with the chance of being obliged to pay \$1,000, or of depositing in the hands of some authorized person, a sum not greater than \$300.

5. The law as all who have read it know, was drawn with much care, to avoid cases of extreme hardship. There is a class of persons who will oppose anything that seems likely to end the war in the triumph of the Government, and this class will be especially virulent in hostility to the Conscription Law. Honest people should be cautious not to suffer themselves to be deceived by the traitorous lying of these fellows. Study the facts and stand by the country.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"It is a solemn thing, is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people, 'plighting the troth,' as the song says, and coming up to consummate their vows."

A lawyer who wished to play upon the stupidity of an opposing witness, interrogated him thus: "Mr. Hodges, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?" "Yes, sir."

"Does he know anything?" "Very little."

"How much does he know?" "Well almost nothing; not much more than you do."

The witness was allowed to retire without further question, amidst the tremendous screams of laughter.

A Justice better versed in law than gospel married a couple in his way. "Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all—each one dollar."