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

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

H. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order in good style, on short notice.

Ulysses Academy
Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GRIDLEY; Assistant, Miss ADA WALKER. 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.

The Rochester Straw-Cutter.
OLMSTED & KELLY, Coudersport, have the exclusive agency for this celebrated machine, in this county. It is covenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860.—12

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

[For the Journal.]

THE TRIAL WAY.

The way of life with trials rife
Is, after all,
So fraught with bliss, compared to this,
The sweetest sin is gall.

This way is high, to heaven nigh,
And narrow, straight;
And walks a throng of joy and song,
And threads the pearly gate.

Heaven is so near, each sigh and tear,
Like smiling noon;
Lights pilgrim's place with glory's grace,
Makes earth a heavenly boon.

The works and cares, the alms and prayers,
That press his days,—
Amazing love! like pearls, above
His mansion home emblaze.

The good that flies, the joy that dies,
The grief instead;
Each casts on high a hope and tie,
And he is homeward sped.

When death draws near he has no fear,
For faith will form,
To take him higher, a car of fire,
Of death's dark icy throne.

He vic'ry wins—he *glory* wins,
He breathes its air;
And shouts, O Soul! faith has the goal,
And hope is anchored there.

J. J. ROBERTS.

Coudersport, Pa., April 22, 1863.

Spicy Correspondence Between a Copperhead and a Soldier.

The following spicy correspondence has been sent from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, to the Cincinnati *Commercial* for publication. The editor of that paper vouches for its genuineness:

HAMILTON, OHIO, SUNDAY, March 22, 1863.—DEAR BOB: I suppose you was in a harder battle New Year's than I and Rash were with the skunk, and more serious, too. I suppose that before this reaches you, you will have been in another. From what you say, I suppose it is an awful sight to see the slaughter of men. You undoubtedly know of the heavy draft that is awaiting us. The people here are all of mind—that is to resist the draft. They all say that they will rebel against it it. I don't know how that will work, but if they do I am in. Do you think the soldiers will fight us if they were brought up here to take us? I don't. I think they would be wise to throw down their arms. Bob, we had a big Democratic meeting in Hamilton, and the speakers all said they would have big fighting here soon. One said that Lincoln would be out of the White House in less than three months. Bob, there must certainly be some rough times here before long. Bob, you may know that us boys had big times in Hamilton yesterday.—We listened to the speaking until we got tired, and next was euchre and bar.—Well, Bob, I must quit for this time.—Write soon if you don't get killed

J. H., JR.

REPLY.

MURFREESBORO, April 2, 1863—JOHN: Your cowardly and disgraceful letter is just received. You can better imagine than I can define my disgust at receiving such a contemptible and treasonable letter from one claiming to be a citizen of the American Republic; a man raised and educated under the auspices of the best Government ever enjoyed by any people, who has so degenerated in the scale of morality and love of country as to become an object of contempt rather than of sympathy. I blush to think that one of my former associates, who but a short time since boasted of love for his country and her free institutions, is today, from motives of dastardly cowardice, cringing in the attitude of supplication at the shrine of the Southern Confederacy. What has so recently come over the spirit of your dreams, that you can thus meanly repudiate both your God and your country? The sentiments you express savor very much of human depravity.—Have you lost all the pride of manhood? Have you become so demoralized as thus to acknowledge yourself at once a traitor and a disgrace to the free institutions of the country which gave you birth? May God, in his infinite justice, prosper the glorious cause for which the Federal arms are contending; while to the wretched torment of fire and brimstone, in the deepest gorge of hell, consign not only the rebels in arms against our Government but also, and three fold more deserving, the unprincipled and cowardly wretches who openly avow themselves traitors, but who have not the moral courage to take up arms in favor of the rebellion for which they profess so much sympathy. If such men as Vallandigham and his followers expect to receive mild treatment at the hands of the soldiers in this department of the Army, they are laboring under a most woeful delusion. The scorching flames of hell would be to them a welcome relief if they should be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of our justly indignant army. You greatly mistake the loyalty of those who so freely gave their blood at the battle of Stone River, if for a single moment you entertain the opinion that we would justify you in resisting the draft. We will, with one accord, lay down our lives in support of the cause for which we enlisted, but never, till the last armed foe expires, will we ingloriously lay down our arms, as intimated in your letter. We will return home for no other purpose than to bayonet and if need be, exterminate all such treason mongers as you described. This letter will no doubt conclude our correspondence, to which I do not object; and since you have taken the liberty to write such an insulting letter to me, I proprose to deal plainly with you, and, in doing so, allow me to say that all your boast about resisting the draft is mere cowardly bombast. You and all your stripe lack the courage to lift an arm to oppose the draft. You, will, no doubt, purchase a revolver, and talk loudly about resistance, as cowards do; but mark me for the expression, you will never use them. I despise a coward as I despise the devil, and forever hence you are in my humble estimation, a cringing coward of the lowest order. Only think for a moment of a spirit so contemptible as to express the wish that we might desert the graves of our brethren to the desecration of rebels. Go on in your mad career of opposition to the war, but remember the day is fast approaching when you will gladly give your right arm to be able to recall the treasonable acts of the past. If you desire to know how your letter was received here, you can readily determine from the following—One of the boys present when it was read, remarked that "if you were here your skin would be taken off and twisted into whiplashes with which to lash your soul on the road to Hell." All denounce the author of such a treasonable letter as a mean contemptible coward, who dare not fight for or against his country.

With every sentiment of profound disgust, I subscribe myself forever the enemy of traitors at home and rebels in arms, while I am unalterably for the Union.

R. M. McCOY,
Co. F. 69th Regiment Ohio Vol.

"FEMINOLOGY."—A queer gatherer of statistics has made the discovery that the stouter a lady is, the more she rolls her eyes up while waltzing.—The smaller a lady is, so much the more does she affect sunflower rosettes, enormous flounces, and extra-sized ornaments. Diminutive ladies invariably admire giant like gentlemen—and *vice versa*.—Sensible, amiable, and conscientious young ladies of gentle disposition, are invariably fond of reading newspapers. This sort make the best wives.—Ladies who are greatly admired by their own sex are very seldom viewed in the same light by gentlemen. Some ladies speak of "ladies' beauties," and "gentlemen's beauties."—If you walk up the street with a boquet in your hand, nine women out of ten will look attentively at it, while not one man in twenty will notice its existence.—It is a curious fact that those women who have made the most acquaintances during a long course of years have by far the best memory for faces and persons.—Although women are supposed to be the talkative sex, it is not less true in learning a foreign tongue, men acquire more readily the facility in speaking it, while ladies understand it better and sooner when spoken to.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares:—"There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making when the sensation is new to him."

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," was the answer. "Walsh! Walsh!" responded Paddy, "are you not from Dublin? I knew two old maids there of that name—was either of them yer mother?"

Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

Put a good face on everything, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

If money is your god, it will be certain to plague you like the devil.

Milkmaids and shepherdesses are the best kind of cow belles and sheep belles.

Tongues are apt to be unruly, for, as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on them.

Worldliness and Pride.

A good old lady who lived in one of the rural districts of Maine, and who had never seen much of town life, was prevailed upon on one occasion to pay a visit to a relative who lived in a distant inland town of some importance. When Sunday came around the old lady accompanied her friends to church, where her simple notions were shocked at the wonderful display of what she called worldliness and pride. The minister himself did not escape her criticism. In the midst of the sermon, and whilst the old lady was cogitating on things around her, a mischevious crow that had been tamed and taught to speak, flew in at one of the open windows, and alighted on the back of a seat in front of one of the deacons, looked that functionary in the face, and exclaimed in a clear and audible voice that sent a thrill of horror to the heart of the old lady, "Curse you! I curse!" And before the deacon could capture the fugitive it flew to another place, and pronounced its malediction upon another prominent member of the church. The minister stopped and the congregation became disturbed. Everybody was anxious to see the intruder captured and expelled from the place, and many were the fruitless grabs made for the crow's legs; but he eluded them, and round and round he went uttering his imprecations. At last he came across our old lady, and she too shared the crows imprecations. The old lady rose from her seat preparatory to its evacuation and confronting her black adversary with flashing eyes and uplifted finger, exclaimed, in a sharp shrill voice that startled the audience, "Oh, you needn't scold me, for I don't belong to this congregation!" and left the place in deep disgust.

Dangers of Precocity.

Bartlet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirably Greek and Latin verses, and became profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791, a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinneken, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age, he spoke distinctly, at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote and at fourteen mouths was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was familiar with Ancient History as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sauson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge.—In the ancient and modern languages he was a proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen.—Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talents or style.—The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference—the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes, brighter than the gilded chandeliers in Aladdin's palace. Were the stream of life so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam. Why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

A JOKE ON JOHN BROWN.—The other day a joke was perpetrated in the Circuit Court, which is worth telling. The lawyers were busy settling the days for the trial of their various causes, when the case was called of "The People vs John Brown."

"I thought," remarked his honor, Judge Gillespie, with great gravity, "I thought that case was disposed of at Harper's Ferry."

"Only suspended, your honor," remarked a waggish lawyer with equal gravity—nobody so much as cracking a smile.—*Belleville, (Ill.) Advocate.*

Do one thing at a time—that's the rule. When you have done slandering your neighbors, then begin to say your prayers.

Happiness is a pig with a greased tail which every one runs after but nobody can hold.

SEVEN UP.

In a pleasant farm house, one wintry eve, after supper and a hard day's work at threshing, Samuel Grey rose from his chair with a sad, weary look, and stood before the drawer of an old bureau.

"Samuel, what is thee doing?" said his mother, following him. "The is not going out to-night, when so tired?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, taking up with a sigh, a small calico bag, which seemed well filled.

"Why, that is the mortgage money, Samuel; what does thee want with that? It is not due till next spring."

"I know it, mother; but I must have this money this night," he answered in a determined tone.

"For what, my son? Thee has always told me everything. We earned the money together."

"I know it, mother. All these years we have toiled to pay off the mortgage left on the farm at my father's death, and now it has all come to nothing. Sit down in your chair mother, and I will tell you the truth, as I trust I have ever done. I do not fear your blame, as I have always loved your praise. This one egregious error has taught me great lessons already. They say women can bear trouble better than men."

Samuel's mother trembled very much, but she sat quietly down. Her face was pleasant to look at—healthy and fresh, with a clean Quaker cap crimped about it. She could not believe her son had done anything so very wrong, but all was a mystery.

"Last evening you know how late I staid away; and I presume you thought I was with Ellen at the farm, but I was not, more is the pity. I went on an errand to the tavern to get some oil for our lame horse's leg. The bar-room was a blaze of light, and all the boys there, and I stepped in to warm. There were two finely dressed gentlemen from Boston sitting around the table, calling for the best of port wine, and treating the company. They called me to join so cordially that I consented, and felt rested with the the good fire and exhilerating glass. Soon one of the strangers brought out a pack of cards, and played with Joe Lampson and Jim White. I sat and smoked in the corner, and did not take much notice of the game. They played for cigars and wine, and then for money, and the game was 'Seven Up.' Now, when I was a boy I used to have an excellent run of luck at cards, and beat everybody; and I suppose I was elated at my reputation; for when Joe Lampson said, "I have won two hundred dollars," I was astonished, especially when the strangers paid it over as quick and easy as they would brush off a fly. I thought, if dull Joe has won so quickly such a sum, why may not I, who am so lucky at cards? They urged me to take a hand, and the sight of the new bills on the Merchant's Exchange Bank so won upon my better understanding, that I drew right up to the table. I thought only of winning; I never thought of losing. We played and won, and played and lost, and lost. Oh! mother, I lost all this money as quick as a flash; and they taunted me that I could not pay; but I must pay it, or have my honor lost before the whole village. I know how wrong it was, but if hard work will make it up to you, you shall never want." Here Sam broke down, and cried like a child.

"Thee is welcome to take the money, Sam," said his mother, quietly. "I wish thee would promise never to touch a card again."

"Dear mother, I solemnly——"

"No, Sam! no oaths. Remember thee will be tempted this very night to try and win back this very money."

"No, I have seen too many winks pass between those two men. They are gamblers, who have come down to impose upon us 'greenhorns' in the country.—When I think of how many hard days' work I have performed, and how many chickens and eggs you have raised to sell, all for one good object, and that my cursed folly has ruined all, I am ready to despair."

"I shall not live long to want money, Sam; I only thought of thee and Ellen, who is soon to become thy wife." Samuel groaned, and left the house with a heavy heart. He knew by the twinkling light across the fields that Ellen sat watching for his visit, but he sped on toward the village, until, stamping the snow from his shoes, he entered once more the tavern. Again, in a private parlor, he found the companions of a previous night. He went firmly up to the table and deposited the money. "I have come," he said, in a bold voice, "to pay you what you won from me last night." The man merely waved his hand, on which shone a jewel, toward him. "Oh, a mere trifle," he said, "time enough by and by."

Sam turned towards the fire, with a groan. Evil thoughts took possession of his mind. "Can some men make money thus easily by the toss of a card or the turn of a die? and yet, after all my honest labor, must I be turned from my humble home, and my happy prospects broken up for life by two deperate gamblers?" Fierce passions seemed at war with him; as the sweet visions of former hopes passed away. He did not notice that there were mutterings of wrath at the table, as one after another was fleeced in his turn. Cries of "unfair," "unfair play," were met my contemptuous sneers from the successful men who pocketed the gains.

Samuel's little roll of bills still laid upon the table, and he could not bear to leave it there. It seemed sacred money. "How little my father thought when he left me the farm, with only this mortgage as an incumberance, that I should prove so recreant to my solemn engegement to take care of my dear mother. Oh, God forgive me, and spare me, that I may do better in the future." And at that moment a softer emotion sprung up in his heart. He felt a loathing of sin for all kinds that he never felt before, and a determination to shun even the smallest deviation from duty, if its retribution was so dreadful. This was a more desirable state of mind; and a humble spirit breathed its blessings over him, as he rose up and buttoned his thin coat over his breast, again to face the cutting wind of the wintry night.

About this time a handsome sleigh had driven up to the door of the tavern.—The horses were flecked with foam, and the frost hung about their trappings, showing how swiftly they had traveled. Two strong men had leaped from it, and hastily entered the house. The host came obsequiously to the door. They drew him aside.

"We have tracked two notorious blacklegs from Boston here, and thinking they might be making a little mischief, have come down. Indicate, I say, the room where they now are, or we shall arrest you as an accomplice! Quickly!" as the gleam of a revolver shone in the cold moonlight. "In there, in there!" stammered the landlord, trembling with alarm. The detectives came very softly but not so gently that the gamblers did not listed intently. One said, "Throw the cards in the fire! raise the window! hark!" Just then the door was thrown violently open. "Ah, my hearties, well met! We have had quite a drive for you;" adjusting handcuffs all the time as though they were used to the business, in spite of the desperate struggles of the two men. "Now, my birds, we will see what you have caged!" said these minions of the law, and forthwith began to pick their pockets, having laid them at length on the floor.

"Counterfeit bills in plenty, some golden-ergles, silver! Get pen and paper, landlord, and state the amount. Now, young man," the sheriff said, addressing Samuel Grey, and his friends, who stood in silent amazement beholding the scene, "we might consider you under arrest for gambling, but presume you were just green enough to be entrapped by these Boston youths. Didn't understand the ways of our wicked city. However, I will just advise you to beware of bad company for the future; it does not lead to pleasant results."

"How much have you been robbed of this night?"

"There is my money," said Samuel as each one stated the amount, and pointed to the roll on the table.

"Well, take it, and go instantly," said the men.

Samuel obeyed; and when once more in the fields, and within sight of his mother's cottage, he fell on his knees and wept aloud, giving thanks to God, as he had never done before. He was not yet twenty-one; life was before him; hope again dawned; let us trust that the sad lesson was not in vain. The old mother could not knit the long, blue woolen sock that evening. She paced the low room with prayers and tears. Never in her lonely widowhood had sorrow come so heavily upon her heart; and when the door opened, and Ellen stole gently in to inquire what was the matter, missing her lover, Aunt Rachel threw her arms about her neck, and gave way to grief. So Samuel found them when he returned, most unexpectedly, to change their tears to joy.

Some time since, a superannated old commodore was placed in charge of one of our navy yards. One day a poor little fellow had just filled his basket with chips, as the gouty old commodore "hove in sight," and growled out: "Drop that wood, you young rascal; drop it, I say." A chase ensued. The boy was small and his load heavy, and presently the old commodore, puffing and blowing, seized the boy by the collar. Jumping away, and dumping the chips at his feet, he exclaimed: "Take it, you darn'd rascal—it's flint; it's the first price you ever took in your life."

Commenced—the Trust started.