

# The Potter Journal.

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

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1863.

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**THE POTTER JOURNAL.**  
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**M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.**  
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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. Owing no guide, except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made.

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All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.  
\* Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

**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 HAYES, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN, 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.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office on South-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, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly 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, Crochery, 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 in the latest and most stylish manner—Prices to suit the times—Give him a call. 13-41

E. J. OLMSTED & K. S. 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. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptor, Mrs. BETTIE JONES GARNER; Assistant, Miss ANNA WALKER. 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. O. R. BANSETT, President. W. W. GRIDLEY, Sec'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 convenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860—12. Now is the time to subscribe for your copy of THE JOURNAL.

## TO A FRIEND.

'Twas June; I think: the night winds blew  
With fitful moanings through the trees;  
You raised the window, leaning out  
To listen to the breeze.

There was no moon; through broken clouds  
The stars were shining cold and white:  
Awful and weird the forest looked  
In the dim wavering light.

You felt a sense of loneliness,  
Of groping for some hidden good,  
In the low sobs and tremblings  
Of the mysterious wood.

You spoke, at last, in far off tones  
Like one who listens in a dream:  
"How near all pure and holy things,  
In such calm twilight, seem!

The angels are not far away,  
Their faces brighter through the gloom,  
Their voices, full of heaven's sweet praise,  
Float through this little room.

I know they love me! Their pure eyes  
Have found the good I only meant;  
The world has seen my barren life,  
But they, the rich intent!

You could not see my eyes grow dim  
With answering tears; my words were light:  
I know not how, a shadow fell  
Between our souls that night.

You thought it ill-timed mirth that broke  
The spell of Night with idle word,  
O friend! how could I let you see  
How deep my heart was stirred?

'Twas years ago, but even yet  
When 'I see the cold stars gleam  
Through broken clouds that hour comes back  
Like an unquiet dream.

Still through the open window drifts  
The breath of clover blossoms bright,  
And in the darkness wood beyond,  
Cry the lost winds of night!

I see your earnest, burning eyes,  
That smote me with their depths of pain;  
Full of vague longings, faint and far,  
I hear your voice again;

And, turning as with sadder loss,  
Find that that sweet June eve gone by,  
There's nothing left but wilds of dark  
And winds that wait and cry! E.V.

[From the National Intelligencer.]  
**Letter from a Loyal Southern Gentleman.**

A recent visit to a constant correspondent with the South, has convinced the writer of this article of the correctness of the views advanced in his communication to your valuable paper some months since.

The fanaticism on both sides who have asserted that the people of the South have been and are a unit in their antagonism to the United States Government are in the wrong, and the falsity of their assertions is every day becoming apparent.

Every Southerner knows that a majority of the white population of his particular section, are not in favor of establishing any stronger form of government than that set up by our fathers, and that they have no interest in but, on the contrary, they have an interest against the maintenance of slavery, which only operates in competition with their labor.

Every Southerner knows there are not over two hundred thousand persons, all told, in that portion of the United States now in rebellion, who are directly interested as slave owners in upholding slavery, and that a majority of them are not disposed to abandon a republican form of government as a failure. It is true that the politicians of the South who fomented and still control the rebellion, do regard a monarch as the best form of government, and have been and are laboring insidiously to get their opinion adopted by the people who put them in power.

They have already established a rigid military despotism, which so long as the war continues, will answer their purposes well enough, but in the event their rebellion were to prove a success, which is now more improbable than ever, what would become of them in case their armies were disbanded before some stronger form of government were adopted and organized? They have pondered well upon this question. They know what in that event would be their fate.

The writer of this article, having been born in the South, having always resided there, and having been in five of the seceded States within the last six months, is perhaps better qualified to judge of public sentiment in the South than those who have never been there. Those residing elsewhere, who are known as "sympathizers with the South," are not entitled to be so designated. They do not sympathize with the majority of the white population of the South, but with the politicians that are riding them to their ruin.

The question is often asked, why if such be the state of the case, do not the masses in the South rise up, and after deposing the rulers, return to their allegiance? It is easily answered. They lack arms, munitions of war, and organization, all of which are in the despotic control of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his confederates. After having been abandoned to their fate in portions of Tennessee,

Kentucky, and Virginia, and Texas, by our government, it is not to be expected that the people of any portion of the seceded States will now declare themselves for the Union until they see clearly that they will receive permanent protection.

It is not at all strange that Mr. Jefferson Davis' health seems to be giving way under the pressure to which he has been subjected, and must continue to be subjected. What has become of the flattering inducements held out by him and his associates in the conspiracy to us, the people of the South? Have we had "peaceable secession"? Has the export duty on cotton filled the treasury of the so-called Southern Confederacy by paying the interest on the bonds issued by Mr. Meminger? Have the great powers of Europe intervened and opened our ports? Have the Democrats of the North held their party tie stronger than their allegiance to their government, and consented to help out the treason of those who regard a republican form of government as a failure? Thus far, what have the leaders of the South gained by the war they inaugurated save a stay of execution? They know that their doom is fixed, and they are only fighting for delay. If such is not the case, why are so many of the knowing ones among them occupied in converting at a ruinous sacrifice, their assets into gold or sterling exchange? Where has Gen. Sterling Price sent his personal effects, and why? Where have Floyd, Slidell, and a host of contractors of the so-called Confederacy, put their available means? Why are millions worth of exchange and gold, not to speak of government cotton quietly escaping out of the limits of "Secession" by the only safe route left open by the neglect of President Lincoln's administration—by way of "Atlantic"? The "Northern men with Southern principles" who, like Slidell, have ridden the South for years past, and yet ridden, have a prudent consideration for the future. Though, like rats, they may instinctively desert their sinking ship, they have their horrids for future use in places of safety abroad.

**WANTED TO BE IN SEASON.**—Not many miles from Boston, some time since, there was a revival, and a Merchant who was noted for dishonesty, suddenly became pious and joined the church. He took to exhorting and one evening remarked that he had done many things for which he was sorry, and decreed it his duty to make full restitution to those he had wronged.

He therefore notified all such that if they would call at his store, he would certainly do so.

About four o'clock the next morning a gentleman called at the Merchant's house and aroused him from bed.

Raising the window, he demanded the business of his visitor at that early hour in the morning.

"Is this Mr. W.?"

"That is my name."

"Well, I understand that you offered to make restitution to those you have cheated. You will remember that upon one occasion I suffered to the extent of fifty dollars, and have called to get it."

"Why did you not wait until proper hours and then call at my store?"

"Simply because I thought if I did there would be such a rush there that I would not get it!"

The window went down with a slam.

What we call wisdom is the result not the residue, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of old trunks that have crumbled away.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long and deepening before us.

When the day of life is over, old age may be sunny and chirping; a merry laugh may nestle in a tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a ruined chimney.

Honesty is not only the best policy, but the highest wisdom. However difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times more difficult for knavery to get off.

It seems strange that we of the present day are constantly praising that past age which our fathers abused, and as constantly abusing the present age which our children will praise.

Magnanimous repentance never waits for the spur of remorse before it bounds toward the injured one with confession and reconciliation.

A man often thinks he knows more than he does, never that he knows less. A sleeping man dreams he is awake, a waking man never dreams he sleeps.

Some persons are odious to vulgar people simply on account of their rank in society. Each of them may say, like the king in Hamlet, "O my offence is rank."

## LIFE IN RICHMOND.

PARTICULARS OF THE RECENT BREAD RIOT.

A lady of foreign birth, who has resided in Richmond for several years, has just arrived in Washington. Her statements, which the *Republican* pronounces perfectly trustworthy, are very interesting. She says there is a decided Union sentiment in the rebel capital, and this sentiment is spreading in spite of the pressure directed against it.

Outward demonstrations are prevented, but there is a large community who know each other, and whose feelings for the Union cannot be crushed out.

Provisions are so scarce in Virginia, according to her statements, that the enemy will be compelled to capture some of our stores to sustain themselves. She predicts that as soon as the roads are in good condition rebel raids will be the order of the day.

The bread riot of Richmond was a more serious affair than we have been led to suppose by any accounts that have hitherto reached us. Several hundred females, led by a woman of determined character, assembled, and after arming themselves with hatchets, divided themselves into three parties, and marched through the three principal streets, which run parallel through the city.

While on their way they halted at the principal stores and seized whatever provisions and groceries they could find. Tenus passing through the streets were impressed, and the articles were sent, as fast as captured, under the care of persons detailed for that duty, to the quarters inhabited by the poor people and distributed.

After passing through these streets the whole body concentrated in a quarter occupied chiefly by Jew speculators and traders, and proceeded to open the retail establishments and help themselves. The plundering had by this time become rather promiscuous, and various high functionaries were vainly endeavoring to quell the riot.

General Winder interposed without effect. Governor Letcher attempted to harangue the crowd, but they would not listen. Finally Jeff. Davis himself came to the rescue in a barouche, but even the conspirator-in-chief could make no impression for some time. He made several attempts to speak, but his voice was drowned in the cries of the excited mob.

At length the police succeeded in arresting a few of their leaders and locking them up in the central guard-house, after which silence was so far restored that Jeff. Davis was able to make himself heard. He promised them relief, and the Confederate Treasurer appearing at the same time, distributing Confederate scrip to rioters, the excitement abated and the crowd dispersed.

They reassembled subsequently, however, in front of the guardhouse, and demanded the release of those who had been arrested and were to be tried for rioting. General Winder, military governor, sent secret orders for their release, alleging that the Virginia troops would lay down their arms if the excitement among their families at home was allayed.

Since that time the government has issued to the poor of the city small rations, and the government supplies are failing even at that.

It should have been stated that the women, before commencing their raid, reported to the Governor's mansion and asked for food. He replied that it was out of his power to afford them any relief, as the government demanded all the provisions it was possible to get for the army.

There was deep muttering among the people already, and symptoms of uncontrollable disaffection are plainly exhibited. A few are making immense fortunes out of the war, but the many suffer severe privations, which they cannot endure much longer. Some boldly declare, in moments of excitement, that it is in vain to contend longer with the Yankees, for they must be beaten at last.

During the bread riot an individual noted for his eccentricities was in the crowd shouting, "It's of no use! We might as well give it up. We are whipped," &c.

It was noticed, at the time of this grand emote, that the most potent influence in quelling the mob was the free distribution of money to the people, and it was the general opinion that blood would have flowed freely if this remedy had not been applied.

The great men of the earth are the shadowy men, who, having lived and died, now live again and forever through their undying thoughts. Thus living, though their footfalls are heard no more, their voices are louder than the thunder, and unceasing as the flow of tides or air.

Happiness is to be gained by waging war against her enemies much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those who conquer her adversaries need not go to bed, for she will come to them.

## The Berkshire Pig.

You all remember what a perfect mania prevailed some years ago on the subject of Durham calves, Berkshire pigs, South Down sheep, &c. Well, I had a neighbor by the name of Martin, who was an uncommon clever physician and an importer of fine stock. One day the Doctor stopped to get his horse shod at neighbor Bird's blacksmith, who lived about two miles from the Doctor's house.

The Doctor commenced talking about his beautiful Berkshire pigs, and told the blacksmith in a fit of liberality that he would give him a pig out of the next litter that "Su" had.

In the course of two months or such a matter, the doctor called at the shop and told neighbor Bird that "Su" had a fine litter, and to send and get his pig. So Bird posts his man Bob off with his wife's large willow basket to get the pig. Between Bird's and Martin's, Sam Smith, who was a great quiz, kept a little grocery, and seeing Bob coming post haste on his master's horse, old Tom, with the basket on his arm, he sang out—

"Halloo, Bob, where are you going in such a hurry this morning?"

"I is gwine to Massa Doctor Martin's to get Massa Tom's Berkshire pig, what Massa Doctor promise Massa Tom do las time he shod de horse," said the negro as he reined in his animal.

"Well, Bob, you must stop as you come back, and let us see the pig."

"Dat I will, Massa Sam, dat I will," and away he went at the top of old Tom's speed.

In less than an hour Bob returned with a genuine swine, and alighting at the grocery he lifted the cover of the basket, and to the astonished gaze of the grocery man, who imagined a Berkshire to be something more than a mere hog, exhibited a very beautiful specimen of a jet black pig. An idea struck Sam Smith to play a joke on Bob, and knowing his propensity to imbibe, told him to go into the grocery and get a dram.

While Bob was gone Sam Smith ran round the back of the house, and got a little black pup nigh about the same heft, and took the pig out of the basket and put the pup in. When Bob came out and mounted his nag, Sam Smith handed him the basket, and off he went. On arriving at home the blacksmith asked him if he had got the pig.

"Yes, massa, and a werry fine pig he be too," said Bob, lifting up the cover, "black as coal," when to the utter astonishment of Bob and Bird, there lay a little black curly puppy.

"Is that a Berkshire pig?" asked the blacksmith in amazement. "Why it is a pup, not a pig!"

"Bless de Lor!" said Bob, "de be pig when I put him in de basket, but he change to pup!"

"Take him back sir," said Bird, highly indignant, "and tell Doctor Martin that I don't want to be fooled with his puppies, and if he don't want to give me a Berkshire pig, he say so."

Bob started back, and naturally enough, stopped at the grocery to relate his mishap to Sam Smith, who heard him out with a countenance expressive of wonder, at the same time doing his best to control his increasing desire to burst into fits.

"Well, get down, Bob," said the grocer, "and take another dram."

Bob didn't require a second invite, and while he was getting it his "bald face," the grocer took the pup from the basket, and put back the pig.

"Massa Sam," said Bob, coming out to mount his horse, "I am mighty embarrassed 'bout dis pig; I know he is pig fust, but den I know he is pup too—Ar'n't you sartin, Massa Sam, he was pig fust?" asked Bob, as he mounted his critter.

"I'll wear to it," replied Smith, and away Bob rode for the Doctor's.

On arriving at the house, Bob delivered his message, but the Doctor seemed somewhat incredulous as to the truth of the story, Bob, with a flourish of insulted veracity, opened the lid of the basket, when lo! there was the identical pig that he had started with. Bob stood transfixed, and with his eyes protruding, and mouth open, remarked—

"By golly, 'tain't no use; Massa, he be pup or pig jus' as he pleases."—N. O. Piquette.

Gerrit Smith has subscribed one thousand dollars to the fund for the relief of Ireland. Fernando Wood has not given a cent. Yet at his Cooper Institute speech, Wood had the impudence to tell the sons of Ireland that Gerrit Smith is a demagogue, and should be hung—and there were some so ungrateful as to applaud the sentiment. Gerrit Smith often errs, but it is always on the side of humanity. Who can say as much for Fernando Wood?

An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing it out.

## Sound on the Goose.

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a violent "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town, and after a great deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the sticking point and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at her work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress' female friends dropped in a few minutes after her heroic friend, had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than to himself. All efforts to "draw him into conversation" proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was well known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his own frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work and called out to the negro man in the kitchen—

"John!"

The door opened, and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the door way, and said:

"What is here, missus?"

"John, will you take this goose out!" Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding on you, but I'll go out myself!"

And before the lady could explain her meaning to him he had gathered his hat and made his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. "I am sorry to add that that little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid."

A good joke is related of an individual of intemperate habits and a vivid imagination. Two qualities combined often had a curious effect upon his mind and led sometimes to curious results: On one occasion he had been carousing with some boon companions, until late in the evening, when he started for home "prattling well how come you so." After audacious gyrations and performing many evolutions not laid down in any military work, he reached his home, where he found his wife in bed, and a glowing fire in the stove. His wife that day had assumed the care of a brood of young ducks, whose natural protector had been killed by a vicious dog. The ducks had been placed in a basket and put behind the stove that they might keep warm. The heat arising from the fire also had its effect upon Jim, and soon experienced a peculiar sensation in the region of the stomach; getting up hurriedly, he retired behind the stove, where nature worked its own relief, easing him somewhat from the effects of his potations; the ducks being frightened at the deluge poured upon them began to "quack," "quack," "quack." Jim started back in fright, and resumed his seat, from which he was soon forced again to retire, to undergo the same evacuating process, to the utter discomfort of the ducks, as they again uttered their peculiar cries. Jim was now really frightened, and called loudly for his wife, who hastily descended, and inquired the cause of his alarm.

"Why, husband what is the matter, are you sick?"

"Matter! Something awful, and if your stomach was as full of ducks as mine, I guess you would be sick, too!"

"Why, you dunces, how could you have ducks in your stomach. You have been dreaming."

"'Tis no dream. You will find evidence to the contrary behind the stove. Examine that basket, and you will find it full of ducks, all of which just came from my stomachs!"

John Minor-Botts, of Virginia so long incarcerated in the Libby prison and in Salisbury, North Carolina, has been released through the interposition of friends; an extensive purchaser of tobacco, and has permission to remain on his estate near Gordonsville, under the pledge of aiding or abetting the Union cause.

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking, if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!"

"Paddy, where's the whiskey I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Oh, master, I just drank it, and though if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same!"

Ladies are seldom troubled with the dumb ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws chatter.