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 endeaver 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.
B. S. COLWELL, 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 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 promptnes 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

M. 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.

BRAND THE LIARS.

Vallandigham, the chief of the Copperhead tribe, in his efforts to aid the Rebels by perjudicing the people against a Union Government, says:

"*THIS wicked Administration* INCITED and PROVOKED Civil War, as a PRETEXT to abolish Slavery in the States."

And this is repeated by all the Tories, for the purpose of deceiving honest men.

Now, *who ever heard of an Administration "inciting war" against itself?* Why should Old Abe try to turn *himself* out of the White House? And what can an "Administration" do before it comes into existence? The vile charge is ridiculous in argument—preposterously absurd and wantonly, wickedly, designedly untrue.

What are the facts of history on the point of TIME?

The leading Rebels boast that they were for THIRTY YEARS PAST maturing the Secession they are now striving for.

Now look at the FIGURES!

While James Buchanan was yet President—before "this Administration" had a being in point of fact—the following acts of "civil war" were openly perpetrated:

ON NOVEMBER 10, 1860—before the vote for President was fully known—hostilities were virtually inaugurated by bills for arming troops and denouncing the United Statet authority passing in a Southern Legislature and by open revolt, sedition, and treason, at numerous public meetings there.

On the 20th of Dec. *South Carolina* in State Convention declared war by her Secession Ordinance. 25th, called upon the Slave States to form a Confederacy. 18th, tore down and trampled upon the Union's flag, and by force seized the U. S. Custom House, Post Office and Arsenal at Charleston, and also captured Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney.

Dec. 25, the U. S. revenue cutter Aiken was betrayed into its enemy's power.

In 1861—2d January, Gov. Ellis of *North Carolina* took Fort Macon at Beaufort, the barracks at Washington, and all the U. S. property at Fayetteville.

Same day, *Mississippi* commenced war by setting up another Government within this this "supreme" government.

The same day *Georgians* took possession of Forts Pulaski and Jackson and the U. S. Arsenal at Savannah.

On the 4th Jan. Fort Morgan at Mobile Bay and the U. S. Arsenal at Mobile were seized by Gov. Moore of *Alabama*.

Jan. 5th, the steamer Star of the West sailed from New York, with supplies, for Fort Sumpter, and on the 8th *was fired upon by Rebel Batteries at Charleston*, and driven back to sea.

On the 11th, the U. S. Arsenal at Baton Rogue, Forts Philip and Jackson below New Orleans, and Fort Pickens on Lake Ponchartrain, were seized by the troops of *Louisiana*.

On the 16th, the Rebel Col. Hayne demanded from the President the surrender of Fort Sumpter.

Same day, 216 sick and feeble patients were turned out of U. S. Marine Hospital, at New Orleans, to make room for Rebel soldiers.

Next day, *Florida* secedes, then takes possession of Pensacola Navy Yard.

Jan. 19? *Georgia* secedes, and steals all the remaining property of Uncle Sam.

On the 31st, Louisiana seized the U. S. Branch Mint, and $511,000 of money in it belonging to the Government.

FEBRUARY 1st, *Texas* revolted, and Gen. Twiggs betrayed over to it the Union troops and a million and a half of arms or other Union property.

On the 5th, *Arkansas* takes arms from the U. S. Arsenal at Little Rock to fight the Union power.

On the 8th, the Rebel Government was fomented at Montgomery, Alabama—7th, elected Jeff Davis President—and, 19th, *inaugurated him as President of a hostile and seperate Confederacy.*

On the 23d, the President elect thwarted the plot to assassinate him by going through Baltimore without being announced.

Freedom of speech and of the press, the right of peaceful assemblage, and habeas corpus, were suppressed—U. S. Officers were insulted, and driven from power—peaceable, law-abiding Union men and women were abused, robbed, imprisoned, mobbed, driven from home, or killed, in various ways, in great numbers. In short the Constitution, laws, and powers of our Government were under the iron hoofs of military despotism, in defiance of the will of several of those States, as expressed py their honest votes. All was a "reign of terror" by a lawless, armed Aristocracy.

☞ON 4TH OF MARCH—AFTER *all of the above and a hundred other acts of war, treason, robbery, murder, and crime were committed*, President Lincoln *was inaugurated*, and with his Cabinet began to roll back the tide of war they found raging.

Look at the dates, again. And yet we are unblushingly told that "THIS *wicked Administration incited and provoked civil war?*" If the Devil don't roast such a liar, he fails to get his own dues.

—"*As a PRETEXT*," quoth Vallandigham and his confederate falsifiers.

Look at the dates again. The Rebels began their mad game in the Fall of 1862—through all 1861 they used Slaves to destroy our Government—and not until the end of 1862 (two years) did the President restore Freedom to the Slaves of Rebel masters, as a "military necessity," not as a "pretext" devised beforehand.

Reader! cut out the above dates and post them up for reference against liars.
—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

Arrest of a Woman Spy.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following particulars of the arrest of a woman spy, referred to by our Norfolk correspondent yesterday:

Yesterday (Wednesday) morning it was made known to a single individual that Mrs. Webb had a parasol in her possession, in the handle of which was a minute statement of all the men and means in Gen. Dix's department. From her hands this invaluable parasol was to be intrusted to the careful guardianship of Miss Hoosier, who was to convey it safely through our lines at Suffolk, and carry it to Gen. Longstreet. Col. Boyer, with the skill of a Jonathan Wild, permitted the lady to depart, so he might see if she carried the pretty little shade, which cost $8, Federal money. Everything was correct. A telegram was immediately sent to Gen. Peck to have Miss Hoosier returned immediately to Norlolk. Miss H. was riding swiftly along, every moment, as she thought, nearer freedom, and in her dear little parasol was all the requisite information for recapturing Norfolk, and driving the hated Yrnkees from Suffolk and vicinity. It was her lot, perchance, to deliver Virginia from those who vexed her sorely. All alone she sat, feeling happy as Lady Alicia, when, at the side of Lady Mandeville, she attended the first ball.

"The heart's delight did like a radiant lamp
Light the sweet temple of her face."

At length the cars stop at Suffolk. A quick, brief ride, and she's home. No, not yet! She is stopped ere she leaves her seat, and politely requested to return in the same train. Expostulation follows; then entreaties; then she grows furious, and at last a soft, betraying air steals over her broad features; she flatters, she cajoles, but without effect. Meanwhile she clings to her parasol, like a bereaved mother to her deformed child.

Soon she is back to Norfolk. The parasol is taken from her reluctant grasp.—The handle was one long, hollow iron tube, and in this concavity was closely concealed long rolls of paper, closely written on. There is scarcely a quartermaster in this department who could give such a correct, minute, and perfect account of the number of men, means of subsistence, stores of ordnance, &c., as these papers contained. In regular order was set down the whole number of troops in Gen. Dix's department, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and tediously defined and described each place where they were posted; the correct number of those discharged whose term of service had expired, and those who would soon leave for their homes.

Every man sent from Suffolk and other places to re enforce Yorktown or to occupy West Point was there. Great Bridge was graphically described; Bower's Hill, Deep Creek, and the "intrenched lines" were all mentioned as being weakly guarded, and none of them further than eight miles from Norfolk. The force stationed at Kempsville was fairly enumerated at fifteen men, and the weak and strong points in the fortifications around Suffolk faithfully portrayed.

Longstreet was instructed how to make a Morgan-like raid through all this country, and the sure means of a safe retreat made plain and clear. He was informed of Gen. Viele's residence, and how he might be captured; where Gov. Pierpont resided when in town, and how strong or, more properly, how weakly, these localities were guarded. The secret emmissary earnestly hoped they might succeed in capturing the "*bogus* Governor of Virginia" The number of gunboats stationed on James River was given, with a correct description of their strength, and the position they occupied in the stream.

The writer said Suffolk was to be evacuated soon. The Yankees could not spare a sufficient force to hold the place, and that they meant to retire to Bower's Hill, a place located on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, within about seven miles of Portsmouth. The long sectional rolls thus found in the handle of the parasol could be worked into a perfect military encyclopedia by the ingenuous Longstreet, and, while they would have been of incalculable benefit to him, would have brought irretrievable disaster to the Department of Virginia.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a description of a western home, which perhaps may interest those who are fond of level country:

"E. says I may have the privilege of sending you a description of this country, and as I think it will not be difficult, I have taken a piece of paper and am out doors sitting on a log, so I can survey the whole world and give you a correct picture of it. In looking around here, one would think this might be the only place in the universe, for I can see the "end of the world" in every direction. On the south, as far as the eye can reach, are prairie and sky, which appear to meet on very friendly terms—they seem quite glad to see each other. The prairie is the greener of the two; I cannot say which is the elder.—On the west is sky and prairie, and I think the prairie looks a little nearer to the sky, than the sky does to it,—such little differences are worth nothing where everything looks so plain. On the north is sky and prairie, interspersed with a black-bird. On the east it is quite different; it is sky and prairie wtih a few trees standing up against the sky, but they look very much out of place; I think there was a mistake made in the arrangement, there are so few it is only an aggravation. However the scenery is very fine here just now. It has been raining a little and the clouds hang beautifully in the sky. They are of all colors, and I presume, are sent to show us that the west has charms as well as the east. The sky is the handsomest thing in the country, but it is too far off to suit me. It is the only thing I can see anywhere around here to hang anything on, and it is rather inconvenient to reach.

Can you see this country now from my description? I have not told you about our locust trees and the *grounds* about our house. We have very extensive grounds here, indeed. This is all the paper I allowed myself to describe this country on, so will close by saying it is a bewitching place. X.

ANTIQUE SLANG.

It is not generally known that the phrases "Bully Boy," "Bully for You," so commonly used in the street, are not of modern coinage, but have a classic origin. As a stimulus to martial exploits, the Romans honored a victorious general when he entered a city with a triumph. He was placed in a chariot drawn by four horses, preceded by his captives and his spoils, and followed by his army, and thus escorted, he passed along the Via Sacra, and ascending to the capitol, sacrificed a bull to Jupiter. An inferior trium was called an ovation, from the practice of sacrificing a sheep instead of a bull. In the case of an ovation, the victor entered the city on foot, attended by a small retinue and a band of flute players. It is common in our army for the soldiers to manifest their appreciation of a gallant officer or soldier by exclaiming "Bully for him!" (a bull for him,) but no man who wears an epaulette would consider it a compliment were his soldiers to shout "a sheep for him." And yet we give ovations to our conquering heroes. In the tale of Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott puts the following words in the mouth of Friar Tuck when he entertained the Black Knight:

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy—
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Ho! Jolly Jenkin! I spy a knave in drinking.
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy.

THE SACRED VOLUME.—Some writer gives the following analysis of the book of books, the Bible:

It is the book of truth, which detects all human errors.

It is the book of life, that shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences.

It is a complete code of law.

It is a perfect body of divinity.

It is an unequalled narrative.

It is a book of biography.

It is a book of travels.

It is a book of voyages.

It is the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written.

It is the best will ever executed; the best testament ever signed.

It is the schoolboy's best instructor.

It is the learned man's master-piece.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's dictionary.

But that which crowns all is the author.

He is without partiality and without hypocrisy.

With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS.

Reverence for age should be instilled very early into the minds of children; and, like all seed sown by a mother's hand, it will take deep root there. Then will the virtues of the aged shine very brightly before the mind, and their infirmities be looked on with with great leniency and pity. Next to the motherless children do the "stricken in years," claim our sympathy.

Not long since, a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for the minister. When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied:

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "you have met with a great loss."

"Well yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general—but our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There was seven of us, sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces there, which smiled or grew sad, in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear flows no word in our language half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day would ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." And we hoped before that day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children; rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went up to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—but she had outlived her usefulness—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One, two, three, four, five; how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumbers in her mother's bosom, of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the green-sward, in the meadow and by the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought us before a happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with a new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love and care and hopes, and fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the strong warm hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and her children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize. But hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy, seventy-one, two, three, four.—She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied, and goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty, eighty-one, two, three, four, five, ah, she is now a second child, "she has outlived her usefulness; she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth craving and money grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, echoing back from our "hills of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words: "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their maker while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently: "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as was all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed the most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she reared a large family of sons and daughters, that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and vigor left her, she lived for you her descendants. You who together have shared her love and care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care this has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourself totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the "evening of life," that you never say in the presence of your families nor heaven, "Our mother outlived her usefulness, she was a burden to us." Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that!—No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their faithful bosoms and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother—there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold."

IN LIMBO FOR "TAKING SOMETHING."—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, with the army at Falmouth, has been visiting one of the Provost Marshal's prisons. He tells the following anecdote:

One of the prisoners, a Union soldier, a droll-looking fellow, is also on board the barge. I accosted him with—

"Well, my fine fellow, what are you in here for?"

"For taking something," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said he, "one morning I did not feel very well, and went to see the surgeon. He was busy writing at the time, and when I went in he stopped and looked at me, saying, "Well, you do look bad; you had better take something." He then went on with his writing, and left me standing behind him. I looked around, and saw nothing I could take except his watch, and I took that. That's what I am in here for."

His explanation was satisfactory, so I dropped the subject.

TOUCHING THE SNAKE.—The late lamented Ex-Gov. Briggs was a staunch advocate of the most rigid abstinence from all that can intoxicate. On one occasion he was arguing, "that the only safety was to let it entirely alone as a beverage—that a little occasionly was not necessary; but injurious," when he gave the following illustration: "A rattlesnake lies here on the floor. He is quiet. One man says, 'I can touch him without any harm; he won't bite me; I'm not afraid.' He is told not to do it; there is danger if he touches him; he is safe if he lets him alone.' He replies: 'I can take care of myself; I'm not afraid of the snake, and I will touch him.' Remonstrance is vain. He stoops, he touches him; the snake strikes his hand with his fang; the man dies!"