The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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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.
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 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,
F. 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

E. 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.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest love do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.
Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.
Weeping, sad, &c.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.
Weeping, sad, &c.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Weeping, sad, &c.

DEVOTION.

Away down in the great, cold State of Maine, and in the little city of R——, lives a well-to-do printer. Many years had he sent forth his ever welcomed sheet, and his patrons must have been more ready with the needful than subscribers generally are, for this printer not only furnished and enjoyed all the comforts, but entered somewhat into the luxuries, of life, and appeared above-board.

At the time of which I write the printer's family consisted of himself, wife, two sons and two daughters; but as the eldest daughter is the heroine of this sketch, her only will I describe.

Helen was young, well educated and pretty. Her eyes were bright and dark, hair black, and skin smooth and fair. No wonder that William sought favor in her eyes; but she had rather an independent way of putting on a little scowl and putting out her full lips—and yet this, instead of detracting from, seemed to add a charm.

About this time there appeared in the streets of R——, a young man named William Curtis. He seemed to be a stranger to every one, but he entered into a very respectable business, and his studious application and gentlemanly appearance and courtesy to customers foretold that he must succeed.

But, as weeks rolled on, things changed, and, owing to a sudden slack of business and considerable competition, young William was compelled to close up his large and elegant store, and re-open a small book-binding establishment on a second floor. This frustration of his first hopes and brilliant promises may have been the reason of his dabbling at the wine cup.

Being at a social party one evening he made the acquaintance of Helen, the printer's daughter, and after enjoying her conversation for an hour and attending her to her home he came to the conclusion that she was the finest and most agreeable young lady that he had ever met.

The acquaintance, thus begun, ripened into friendship, and, at last, into love; but, although William was paying his addresses to so chaste and beautiful a being, he continued to indulge himself with strong drink and to associate with men of doubtful character.

For a long time these secret revelries were kept from the trusting Helen, but at last they became publicly known; and, of course reached her startled ears. Some girls, with less love in their hearts and forgiveness of purpose, would at once have dismissed the intemperate lover; but Helen's love was too deep, and upon him had she placed all her future hopes and expectations. No wonder that the poor girl wept when the terrible and humiliating news was broken to her, but she knew William's heart, and she could turn him from his evil ways—at least so she thought.

But an unfortunate occurrence took place, which cast her new resolutions and hopes from her mind—blasted forever. The printer and his good wife having become aware of the almost beastly state into which their daughter's lover had descended, called Helen to them and in positive but gentle terms informed her that henceforth all intimacy between her and William must cease, as the respectability of the household demanded it; and furthermore his visits to the house were objected to.

This was the most cutting blow of all to Helen; but being a girl of good sense, she saw that her parents had done but right; and, though would be like tearing her heart from her breast, yet she wisely concluded that if William loved whisky better than he did her it would be best to leave him to his cups.

No one can call her selfish for this step, for we have too often seen young women marry men who were strongly addicted to drinking liquor, in hopes that their influence after marriage would be sufficient to make their husbands forsake the evil habit: but, to the life-long sorrow of many a woman, experience has shown that if this influence before marriage is not sufficiently strong to turn their dear ones it will never be afterwards.

William called at the printer's house a day or two after Helen's interview with her parents. She received him pleasantly but sadly. William endeavored by smiles and animating conversation, to drive away the soberness of his darling; but, though smiled faintly at times, yet during his call she appeared to be absent minded, and to take but little interest in what he said.

At last he rose to go and Helen followed him silently to the door. They paused at the threshold, and he passed his arm around her waist and drew her towards him.

"What has made you wear so sad a face to-night, my love—and what has made you appear so strangely? Surely something must be wrong."

Helen bowed her head for a moment and wept; but this gush of tears seemed to give her strength, and then she brushed away the drops that were glistening on her cheeks and frankly repeated all that had been told her, and also her parent's wishes.

William was struck dumb for a moment; his bosom heaved and his temples throbbed as the truth of his present degraded position flashed upon him.

"Can it be that I am as low as this? Gracious Heavens! What have I been about?"

He drew Helen passionately to him, pressed a burning kiss upon her lips, and with a trembling "Good bye," rushed from the house. Helen, almost too weak to stand, tottered backed to the parlor, and flinging herself upon the sofa, gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

After her burst of grief was over she became calm, and offered up a prayer for the redemption of her lost lover.

William Curtis came forth from the house of the printer a changed man It took him but a short time to form his resolutions; and, once formed, they were not easily changed. Honor and wealth he could see far ahead, but almost insurmountable difficulties and impassible barriers bestrewed the pathway, and to climb such jagged cliffs, to swim such boiling streams, and to breast the stinging air of public sentiment, made his brain whirl in doubt and discouragement at first. But life's happiness was at stake, and he would make himself worthy to claim Helen, or die in the attempt.

Loud over the Northern land swelled the voice of war, as the heroic bravery of Sumpter's little band was heralded thro' every city, town and village; and thousands of patriots, well worthy of their revolutionary sires, flocked under rhe loved banner of our Union, and swore to defend it even with their lives.

Among the first to place their names upon the lists was William Curtis, he enlisted as a private, and when his regiment was organized, armed and equipped, it was sent flying over the iron rails to the seat of war.

I will not stop to detail the hearty reception that the regiment met with in every place through which it passed, but stride over a few weeks to the disastrous battle of Bull Run. Here the regiment in question was engaged, and no soldier stood more bravely up to his duty than did William Curtis; but he escaped unharmed, though many of his brave comrades fell beneath the galling fire of musketry and cannon balls.

The Sergeant-Major was killed, and our William, having been noticed by the Colonel, was appointed to fill the vacancy. During the long winter that followed he attended diligently to his duties, and the Spring campaign opened, and the regiment found themselves in front of the formidable defences in front of Yorktown.

Our hero had displayed so many military qualifications and repeated evidences of his ability to command, that he was recommended for and obtained a second-lieutenancy.

The battle of Williamsburg followed our entrance of Yorktown; then Fair Oaks; afterwards Charles City Crossroads and Malvern Hill; and the protecting providence of God shielded Lieutenant Curtis through all of these.

Our rapid transfer to assist General Pope brought us into the engagement of the second Bull Run; and though many a noble fellow fell in the ranks of our regiment, still fate again favored our Lieutenant. Only a day or two passed, and he found himself facing the rebels at the short but bloody battle of Chantilla, and his guardian angel was ever with him here.

At last, after a series of long and weary marches, we arrived opposite Fredericksburg and crossed the Rappahannock to attack the rebel Lee in his well chosen position. As well might the ocean's wave attempt to uproot the ledge from its solid foundation as for the Union troops to dislodge the myriad troops of the South from their natural advantages, improved by art; and our regiment, like all others that attacked at this point, was hurled back, though more than half its numbers were left dead and dying amidst the tangled briars.

Lieutenant Curtis' conduct here was ever, as it had been, full of dash and gallantry, and many an evidence did he have to show of his escapes from instant death. A button on the side of his cap was clipped by a rifle ball; another passed thro' his vizor and brought the blood trickling from his shoulder.

The Adjutant of the regiment was borne bleeding from the field, and Lieutenant Curtis was called to fill his place. Every one knows how the battle terminated, and of our re-crossing the river under cover of night, and, once across, we retraced our steps to our old camps, and quietly settled down. Lieutenant Curtis' merits were again noticed, and he was promoted to the next grade.

A few months passed away, when General Hookers' furlough order was issued, and our hero concluded to visit the city he had left so suddenly. The two years he had spent in the service had improved his appearance, and the black moustache seemed indispensable to his gay uniform.

Good report had, of course, preceeded him, and when he hastened back to Maine his old acquaineances received him with open arms and many congratulations.—But he had not yet seen his Helen.

A Sabbath evening, quiet, pleasant, clear and cool, overspread the little city of R——. The stars shone out brightly, and a half-grown moon gave a mellow lightness to the night, that instilled the best of spirits into the promenaders.

On this night William Curtis, with varied emotions in his heart, bent his footsteps toward the printer's house. He had faced the deadly balls of the enemy in many a battle with less fear than that which now possessed him and made his heart flutter and beat against his bosom. But had he not won an honorable name?

Absorbed in his own deep thoughts, and in a quandary as to how he should be received, he reached the printer's gateway. The pull that he gave the door-bell, and the audible tinkle, made his heart leap to his mouth and almost to choke him; but by a powerful effort, he regained his composure.

A few moments passed, the door swung open—and there stood all that William loved. A mutual gaze transfixed both: but 'twas only of a moment's duration, and then Helen, with a cry of joy, threw herself into the arms of him—the only man she ever loved.

Before the cheerful coal fire in the parlor they were soon seated, and their souls were so full of happiness and words to speak that tongues were found too dull to express what each would say. His struggles for her sake, his faithfulness and her secret devotion for the long two years, were soon spoken.

"And now," said William, taking her hand in both of his, "have I not shown you the depth of my affection? Can you not trust me? But the sufferings of the past are nothing and are entirely forgotten in the joys of the present. And yet there remains one sweeter delight for you to give. Can you not guess it? Oh, dearest Helen, say that for this poor heart yours is given in return—that you will be my Helen, my wife!"

The small white hand was not withdrawn, but lay trembling in William's grasp, and, amid choking emotions, she murmured,

"Take me—I am yours forever."

Half an hour after a door opened, and Helen's father and mother entered the room. They advanced and cheerfully welcomed the young man to their home; and when William frankly told them that he had returned to claim Helen for his bride, and that he needed but their consent, they could not find it in their hearts to say no; and the old gentleman, placing his hands upon the heads of his two children, gave them his blessing and benediction.

A lady, on giving a sixpence to a beggar, accosted him thus: "I have now given you more than ever God gave me." To which he replied: "No, madam: God hath given you all your abundance."—"That is your mistake," said she; "for He hath but lent it to me, that I might bestow it on such as you."

☞Men and women have become extinct; they died sixty years ogo, and left no heir! Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.

The Issue Well Illustrated.

The following conversation between a patriotic young lady and a Southern-sympathizing young man, embodies a clear illustration of the nature of the main issue involved in the present war. We invite attention to it, because precisely the same mode of argument attributed to the young man is frequently adopted by persons in Mercer county as a means of excusing their bitter opposition to and denunciation of the National Administration. After pursuing the discussion for some time, the lady inquired:

"If you sympathise with the rebels, why don't you go and join them?"

"I, madame? I assure you I am perfectly loyal."

"Indeed?"

"Why, certainly; only I stand by the Government, not by the Administration."

"So Vallandigham says."

"I mean I am no Abolitionistr"

"So Brooks says."

"That is, I am afraid we are alienating the South."

"So Tom Seymour says."

"In other words, I am a Union man, but I don't think war can restore it."

"So Toucy says."

"But, my dear madam, the war is unconstitutionally carried on."

"So George T. Curtis says."

"I mean that our liberties are in danger."

"So Fernando Wood says."

"Come, then, isn't it hopeless."?

"So the London *Times* says."

"Yes, my dear madame, but what on earth do you say?"

"I say that whoever stands against the Administration in this war stands against the Government. I say that whoever is afraid of alienating the South is afraid of irritating a snake that has already stung him. I say that whoever thinks that force cannot restore the Union, does not know that union as the most irresistable instinct of the American people. I say that whoever says the war is unconstitutionally carried on is in danger of being split by the tempest in which he is trying to split hairs. I say that whoever says our liberties are imperilled by the Government and not by the rebellion, works and prays for the rebellion and the annihilation of all civil liberty and order. I say that whoever calls the war fratricidal has no more conception of national honor than lottery dealers are said to have of honesty. I say that whoever considers the cause of the United States hopeless hates that cause in his heart, and is utterly ignorant of the character of the people and the facts of the situation. That is what I say, and that is what every true American man and woman says and believes.

The young gentleman made no reply, but the next day, he said to a friend, "I dined yesterday at Mrs. ——'s. What an awful abolitionist she is!"

COURT LIFE AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Social life in England, or, rather, Court life, has received a powerful impetus by the advent of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the world of fashion is rapidly re-assuming the aspect it wore during the early days of the present reign. The obdurate retirement of the Queen contrasts strangely with the bustle and animation constantly prevailing in the Court of the Prince of Wales.—The young couple are out almost every night, at the opera or theatre, or honoring some distinguished members of the aristocracy with their presence at dinner. They mingle freely in all the gaieties of the town, and their faces are becoming quite familiar at all the usual haunts of people of quality. They appear to be winning for themselves "golden opinions from all sorts of people." And in case of anything occurring to the Queen, would unquestionably ride into power on the very topmost wave of popularity. The Prince does not by any means confine himself to the mere gaieties of life, but is to be seen at more important gatherings, attending the exhibitions at Eton, and other schools and colleges, anniversaries of agricultural and scientific societies, and, in short, seems to be pursuing about the same career that rendered his late father so popular. Ae has begun life well. Let it be hoped that he will so continue to its close.

☞A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, describing the duels of the sharpshooters on the Rappahannock, previous to Hooker's advance, says:

"At one time during the day, in a pit near at hand, I heard a rebel snap his gun several times; but it missed fire, much to his disgust, for I could hear him swear when it failed to go off. One of our men amused at his perplexity, called out:

"'Hello, reb, where did you get your percussion caps?'

"'They're Northern Copperheads,' was his quick response."

☞A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

SPRING-TIME.

In the early part of May, very many persons begin to feel that they are not as well as they have been. There is a degree of languor and lassitude, an indisposition to exercise, or even to read or think much, which makes life almost a drag. This ought not to be. There is no good and sufficient reason why man should not wake up to a newness of life, and embark in its business with a new energy and a new enterprise. The grass shoots up in its greenness so delightfully refreshing, that we love to look upon it; the buds swell on the trees, and the beautiful flowers unfold themselves; while the birds of the wood fill the sweet air with their rich and gladsome diapasons! And why should man alone, of all the creation, look with a languid eye upon the spring-time? It is unnatural, it is wicked, it is absurd; and it comes about in this plain matter-of-fact way. Man alive! do you see that pig yonder, lying in the corner of the fence, or at the foot of the wall, his eye half-closed, and so lazy that he can not summon up courage enough to wag his tail? An hour sooner he was not so, but was running towards the corn-crib at the farmer's cry of "pee-gy," with the same agility that a little beggar-boy will run from you, these times, on the discovery that you have in mistake given him a dime instead of a nickel. The pig has eaten so much that he can scarcely grunt. The lassitude which comes over multitudes of humanity with the beautiful spring, is the result of eating too much. There is nothing in the spring air to cause this; for it is soft and balmy and blissful, and brings animation and a newness of life to every living thing, man only excepted!

The "modus operandi" is worthy of being studied and well matured, by every intelligent reader. We are kept from freezing by an internal furnace; the fuel for which is the food we eat; the living furnace, like that of our dwellings, requires more fuel in winter than in summer. Who has not, in considerable anger, abused Bridget for roasting them, by keeping up a greater fire in April than in mid-winter? and we call it perversity. But the maid does in the cellar what the mistress does in the dining-room, she simply put the same amount of fuel in the grate or furnace daily. The maid roasts the outside of her mistress, while the mistress herself roasts her inner-man; thus she is literally between two fires. Is it any wonder that people complain of spring fever? As a remedy, Bridget opens the doors and windows and diminishes the heat, while the mistress resorts to tonics and the masters to "bitters," alias brandy and water, to whet up the appetite, to make the stomach call for more fuel, instead of attending to the stomach's instinct, in calling for less food. In all nature man is the biggest fool.

In spring be a strict vegetarian, be a strict cold-water man, keep clean, keep cheerful, keep out of doors, and your spring-time will not be the sleepiness of the pig, but it will be as gleeful and as gladsome as that of the sweetest birds of May.—*Halle Journal.*

POOR GREAT MOZART!—He died in great poverty and his burial was a sorrowful one. He had brain fever; and after keen suffering he fell asleep peacefully at one o'clock on the morning of the 5th of December, 1791. On the 6th of December, at three o'clock in the afternoon, his body was carried to the Metropolitan church in Vienna, where the customary prayers were said over it in a side chapel. When the little funeral left the church, it was raining and snowing fiercely, and the storm continued with such violence that on arrrving at the gates of the city, the few friends who had followed poor Mozart's remains so far, resolved to return; thus the body went to the grave unattended by a single relative or friend. No loved or loving one stood on the edge of the grave as the coffin was lowered into the ground. The man who had charge of the business hustled him into a common grave with a dozen or more coffins in it, covered over the opening and hurried off without even doing so little as to mark where he had laid the poor great Mozart! And Constance Weber, Mozart's patient, devoted wife, where was she? Ill. So ill when her husband died as to be blessedly unconscious of his burial. But after awhile she recovered, and when she went with weak, faint steps to her husband's grave, the unhappy woman found that the grave-maker had not the slightest recollection of where he had buried him. And to this day not Vienna, nor any one in the world knows where the great Mozart lies buried.

☞An exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that "he would like-ah to have ah something on it-ah, to denote what he was." "Certainly, certainly, I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.