

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. Owing no guide, except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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RULALIA 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. COLLWELL, 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.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second street, 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 promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by G. 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,
G. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13-41

S. 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, Preceptor, Mrs. NARRIE JONES CAMPBELL; 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, 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 Railroad and near the Erie Railroad 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 County Paper—THE JOURNAL.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE.

The officer now prominently brought before the public as the one best fitted to direct the great army of the East, is a native of Barcelona, Spain, born in 1816, during the residence of his American parents in Spain.

On the return of the family to this country George was educated for the army, and his brother Richard, now commander of the North Carolina, for the navy.

George G. Meade entered the Military Academy in 1831, and graduated in 1835, with Neglee, Blair and Martindale. On the last day of 1835 he became a 2d Lieutenant in the 3d Artillery, but resigned in October, 1836, and was for some years engaged in private pursuits, but on the 10th of May, 1842, was reappointed 2d Lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers, and in that capacity fought during Taylor's campaign in Mexico from Palo Alto to Monterrey, obtaining a brevet of 1st Lieutenant. On the 10th of May, 1856, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and held this rank at the breaking out of the war, being then engaged on our Northern frontier. Anxious to obtain an active position, he was at first overlooked; but on the organization of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps under Gen. McCall was appointed a Brigadier-General, August 31, 1863, and entrusted with one of the three brigades. The Pennsylvania reserve formed part of McDowell's army till after the battle of Hanover Court House, when they were sent to Gen. McClellan, and in the first of the seven days' battles, at Mechanicsville, they were in the heat of the fight.

Gen. Meade's conduct was particularly noticed at Gaines's Mills he so distinguished himself that he was breveted Lieut.-Colonel in the regular service, having been appointed Major, June 19, 1862. At the battle of Newmarket Cross Roads he was severely wounded, but on his recovery took command of the division of Pennsylvania reserves and led it at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, succeeding Gen. Hooker at the latter battle in the command of the 9th Army Corps.

Under Gen. Burnside he was formally appointed to command the Reserves, and after the battle of Fredericksburg, where he showed great ability, the 5th Army Corps (Fitzjohn Porter's and Butterfield's) was assigned to him. He was then made a Major-General of volunteers with rank from November 29, 1862. In his new capacity he took a conspicuous part in the battle of Chancellorsville under Gen. Hooker, directing with skill and judgment that important corps which contains the flower of the regulars so long led by Gen. Sykes.

Of all who have commanded the army of the Potomac he holds the lowest rank in the regular service. All the other commanders were Major-Generals or Brigadier-Generals, except Burnside, who held no commission in the regulars.

As a military man Gen. Meade is very highly esteemed, and all the Generals of the army, it is said, concurred in recommending his appointment.

Maj.-Gen. J. E. Reynolds, born in Lancaster, Pa., in the year 1820. He graduated at West Point in 1841, and was appointed 2d Lieutenant in the 3d Artillery. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1846. In the war with Mexico he served with distinction; was breveted Captain for Monterey, and Major for Buena Vista. Subsequently he rendered good service in California and in the Indian country. When the civil war broke out he was appointed Colonel of the 14th Infantry. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the following August, and within the last year Major-General of Volunteers. In September, 1861, he commanded at Cheat Mountain, Va., when the Confederates, under Gen. R. E. Lee, attacked him in strong force, and tried to drive him from his position. They were repulsed handsomely several times, and finally retired. In 1862 Gen. Reynolds was attached to the Army of the Potomac. He served with gallantry in all the battles of that army in that memorable year. In September, when Pennsylvania was threatened with invasion, he was placed in command of the forces organized for the defense of the State. He subsequently commanded a division under Gen. Burnside, and when Gen. Hooker was placed in command he was assigned to the 1st Army Corps.

He was in the advance as Gen. Meade moved on Gettysburg, July 1st, and with almost rash courage attacked the enemy with his own corps alone. While posting a battery to check the masses of the enemy he fell, having received a death wound from a rifle ball. He died soon after being removed to Gettysburg.

Sour people should at once engage in the sugar business.
A French writer calls dyspepsia the remorse of a guilty stomach.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is room for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the school-boys, great noisy romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle, and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict.

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well remembered time when they were the little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed? But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother, and the fastidious sister, and the nervous aunt, "anything for peace sake!" so away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the railroad station, or to the wharves, or to the common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay. We protest against the usage of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is an unwelcome, and they are scolded when they come in, checked, rebuffed, and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

Mrs. Barton has four boys between the ages of seven and fourteen—active, merry, intelligent lads. Their father is in his store until late in the evening, very often, and the boys are mostly under their mother's training. When they choose to play out after school, they do so, but within certain limits. When they choose to stay in, they are made heartily welcome. There is no scolding about the thick boots making a noise or wearing out the carpet, for from the earliest days the law of the house has enforced the putting off the boots and the putting on of the slippers when they come in. There are books for those who choose to read, and games for those who choose to play—light and warm and pleasant words, sympathy for all, and caresses for those who love caresses, and companionship and conversation for the elder ones who begin to be companionable, and discuss the questions of the day. Who believes that the sons of such a family will be willingly alienated into haunts of wickedness, or easily enticed from the love of such a home?

If Mrs. Gray, who calls vacation recreation, and doesn't see what it is for, and who, when her children come in after school, exclaims, "There, come out, and don't let me see one of you in here again till supper time," should consider for a moment that she is making home but a sleeping-place and eating-place for her children, and preparing the way for future mortification and sorrow, she would, perhaps, consider before it is too late. A remark of one of her children might enlighten her:

"Mother doesn't love us a bit. She loves Willie, though, because he's the baby."
"But she won't when he is as old as we are," says Charlie; "she'll drive him out then, just as she does us."

Yet Mrs. Gray does love her children dearly. If any one doubts it, let him strike or injure one of them; or instead, let him look into the family sitting-room at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and see the tired form as she bends to the basket of stockings, or folds neatly the mended garments, and brushes carefully the Sunday suits. So much for the body; but how with the impressive young hearts? She makes them learn the Sunday school lessons, and gives them all a New Year's present of a Bible, and then turns them into the street. God pity the boys for whom there is no place in the house! If they escape contamination and vice, it is of His mercy who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice, and who call of little children unto him and blesseth them.

The parents may do well who carefully lap up money for their children, educate them at school, and set them up in business; but they do infinitely better who never suffer the love that warmed the cradle-side to grow cold, who lay aside their own comfort and convenience to make home attractive to their sons, and send them out to fight the battle of life, armed with the paucity of firm principles, and warmed and invigorated by the cherishing love whose rights began at the cradle and will end only at the grave.—*Mother's Magazine.*

General U. S. GRANT, the hero of Vicksburg, and other well-contested battle-fields, has been promoted by the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to the rank of Major-General in the Regular Army.

PENNSYLVANIA.

[Many of the New York papers since the war began, have been censuring Pennsylvania for the course her State officers chose to pursue, makingvidious comparisons; and since the invasion of the State have blamed her for her seeming apathy. The following article from the *Tribune* is the first fair statement of the position of the noble Keystone we have noticed, and we give it to our readers as evidence that a change of opinion is about taking place among our hyper-critics of the Empire State:]

"There have been unnecessarily, but not unusually harsh things said against Pennsylvania, in regard to her want of preparation for the recent Rebel invasion. The distinction should be drawn between the last Copperhead Legislature and the entire action and spirit of the people during the war, from the time when the Pennsylvania soldiers were the first to hurry to Washington at the breaking out of hostilities, till the present moment.—There is among the loyal States no large State, or aggregation of the smaller States, which has made greater contributions of troops, or suffered more in the war, than Pennsylvania. Up to the beginning of this year Pennsylvania furnished over two hundred thousand troops, not including the fifty thousand militia under the call of 1862. Before the battle of Gettysburg thirty-seven thousand Pennsylvanians had laid down their lives for their country! Pennsylvania is the only State which has organized at her own expense a first class reserve force amounting to nearly sixteen thousand men. This organization acted under Major-Gen. McCall, Brig.-Gen. Meade, Brig.-Gen. Reynolds, and Brig.-Gen. Ord. It was ready for service two years ago; and by the act of the Legislature authorizing its existence (under the Three Million State Loan) it was for the support of the military forces of the State or of the United States. It was soon absorbed by the Army of the Potomac, and variously distinguished itself. The glorious death of Reynolds, and the glorious work and position of Meade, are proofs of the skill shown in the selection of the officers from among the Pennsylvanians commanding the Reserve.

"As the first reserve of Pennsylvania was taken by the General Government, it is probable that a second or a third one would have been equally needed out of the State under bad generalship, and the State left as defenceless as she was at the opening of the late invasion. No worse spirit, however, than that which led to the election of such men as Seymour, Wood, and the like, prevailed in the Legislature of Pennsylvania; and that, and the good nature of the General Government in permitting the fullest expansion to Copperhead ideas in both States, was the cause of the successful invasion of Pennsylvania for a few days. But had the Reserve force been allowed to act as a reserve, in accordance with its name—and not fought through the battles of the Peninsula, up to that of Chancellorsville—no Rebel troops would have invaded Pennsylvania, either in the cavalry raid of 1862, or the general attack of 1863. The last call of Gen. Curtis, for sixty thousand additional troops, too, let it be borne in mind, has been quickly responded to. The three months men are pouring in as fast as they can be enrolled.

Take Life Like a Man.
Take it as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you, personally, were born to the task of performing a worthy part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, and thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, realizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but says he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason that he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

There are just two hundred thousand persons in the British Islands who at this time are in the habit of writing verses.

General Butler on the War.

I have always lived a Democrat according to the strictest faith. I know of no better democracy than mine.

But at the present time new principles, new measures, and new thoughts of the future must occupy our minds, rather than the burdened issues of the past.—The two years just gone by have taught us great truths as a nation. We have learned more in this than nations of old acquired in a century. To-day, with the enemy thundering at the gate of the capital, the question arises, what can be done to preserve the integrity of the Union? To rescue the nation is the great duty of all patriots. To do this we must unite with loyal men everywhere. The negro question must not trouble us; it is a dead issue of the past. No one need trouble themselves about that. And now about the *habes corpus*. According to the Constitution it could be suspended only when the safety of the country demanded it. That is and ever shall be my motto.

My Democratic friends! my peculiarly excellent Democratic friends! A man high in office once thought of suspending the *habes corpus*. Would you like to know the circumstances? It was the occasion of the conspiracy of Aaron Burr, and the actor was Thomas Jefferson.—Once it was really suspended at New Orleans and by whom? Gen. Andrew Jackson. We have a rebellion on one side, and an invasion by Lee on the other, and if the Constitution ever justifies the suspension of this writ, it would do so under our present circumstances. When the war is over, I will go as far to protect those privileges as any Democrat who now stay at home and mock me. My Democratic friends, I repeat it—put down this rebellion, and you won't hear anything more about the suspension of the *habes corpus*.

We hear a great deal from the Democrats about settling up this matter. I ask the question, shall we compromise to-day? Shall Brackinridge, with hands imbued with the blood of your brothers, come back and take his seat in the Senate of the United States? Shall Wigfall come back and take his place in the halls of National Legislation? I agree with my friends, they shall not; and in closing I can only say that there is one duty for us all in this hour of national peril; it is to sustain the Government of the United States. When peace and a re-united nation comes again, then we can settle all our minor differences.—*Speech at Concord.*

"CRINOLINE."—Professor W. A. ARTOUX, reputed editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and son-in-law of John Wilson (the renowned 'Christopher North'), is author of the amusing and satirical poem called 'Crinolines,' in the June number of 'Blackwood.' The character of this effusion, which reminds one of English PUNCH and American SAGE, may be judged from the concluding stanza:—
"To whisper to thee were a joy
More coveted than the wealth of kings;
But ah! what means can I employ
To baffle those confounded springs?
I long to clasp thee to my heart,
But all my longings are in vain;
I sit and sigh two yards apart,
And curse the barriers of thy train.
My fondest hopes I must resign;
I can't get past that crinoline!"

Trust no friend before thou hast tried him, for they abound more at the festival board than at the prison door.

A certain man had three friends, two of them he loved warmly; the other he regarded with indifference, though that one was the truest of his well-wishers. The man was summoned before a tribunal, and, though innocent, his accusers were bitter against him.
"Who among you," said he, "will go with me, and bear witness for me? For my accusers are bitter against me, and the king is displeased."
The first of his friends at once excused himself from accompanying him, on the plea of other business. The second followed him to the door of the tribunal; there he turned back and went his way, through fear of the offended judge. The third, on whom he relied the least, spoke for him, and bore witness to his innocence, so that the judge dismissed and rewarded him.

Man has three friends in this world; how do they demean themselves toward him in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment? His best beloved friend, gold, is the first to leave him, and accompanies him not. His friends and kinsmen accompany him to the portal of the grave, and then turn back to their own homes. The third, whom he is most neglectful of, is his good works. They alone go to the Judge's throne; they stand before him, and speak for him, and obtain both mercy and grace.—*Herder.*

In ancient days the precept was "Know thyself." In modern times, it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

Sleeping in the Cars.

A great many funny things happen, and any quantity of amusing stories are told of occurrences that take place on railroads. A little incident transpired on the road between Buffalo and Rochester, that is really about as good of its kind as anything we have heard lately, and proves conclusively that the longest way round is the nearest way home.

A gentleman having business to transact at Syracuse, took the evening train from Buffalo at seven o'clock and departed on his journey. Having been laboriously engaged during the whole day and being considerably fatigued, he fell sound asleep just the other side of Attica, and only stirred from his position when the conductor came about to collect the tickets. At Rochester passengers are transferred to another train which takes them east, and those who had come from the west had arranged themselves comfortably in the other train—all except our friend. He was so sound asleep that nothing waked him. The consequence was that the cars started promptly at their time and he was left. The train from the east, arrived just as the other was leaving and passengers for Buffalo left the cars in which they had been riding and stepped into the same train in which the sleeper had come to Rochester. Another conductor was in charge of the train, and was obliged to waken the gentleman to obtain his fare.

"Do you go through, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Y-e-s," replied sleepy head.
"I'll take your fare."
"How much?"
"Eleven shillings."
"Well, that's cheap,"—supposing that he was paying from Rochester to Auburn—and forking over the amount subsided into his former position to finish his snooze.

At Attica he was again shaken by the conductor and his fare demanded.

"By George, I've slept like a book all the way—never had a better nap in the cars in my life. What's the fare?"
"Ninety-three cents, sir."
"Well, that's cheap—cheaper than I have ever paid before," and he again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

By and by the cars arrived at the depot in Buffalo; the noise and confusion here effectually awakened our traveler, and he left the cars with the rest of the passengers. On alighting he stopped short—stared about—rubbed his eyes—stared again—looked at the lamps, then at the conductor, and finally exclaimed:
"Well!—by thunder!"
"What's the matter?" asked the conductor.
"This is too bad."
"What?"
"Look here, friend, I should just like to know where I am."
"Why, in Buffalo, to be sure; you can't go any further West on this road."
"Well this is pretty business. Last night I took the cars here to go to Syracuse, and now find myself at five o'clock in the morning at Buffalo! If I ain't so ass there never was one"—and off he went muttering and swearing to himself—the speaking being done up in a language nervous but very malignant—strong but very ungentlemanly—such as would be highly improper to ears polite.

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

The Ohio Register nominated Gen. F. McClellan as the candidate of the Peace Democracy for next President, with C. L. Vallandigham for Vice. We consider that a fit and proper ticket for the party. And since it was argued in 1860 that it was unconstitutional in the Republicans to take both their candidates from the Free States, Va. has probably taken up his residence in Dixie to remove this objection.—*Tribune.*

GRADUAL DEATH.—We do not die wholly at our death; we have moldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.