The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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Board & Rooms $1.50 per day.
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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

Our Special Correspondence.

MORRISVILLE, VA., Aug. 28, 1863.

MR. EDITOR: We had long since tho't to give up literary efforts, but old habits are hard to shake off, and hence we propose to inflict ourselves upon you once more. It is not that we can inform you of any important movement; not that anything herein is likely to prove highly interesting, but merely to gratify a personal whim of our own. It would be difficult to assign any other plausible reason for the sudden change of determination in regard to writing. Perhaps the honor is forced upon us by news from the "Draft" at home. Some of the names of the lucky drawers of "prizes" have already reached our anxious ears, and while we notice some who we think might have had the fortune to escape, we see others who have no reasonable excuse for shunning the fray. On the whole there seems little reason to feel otherwise than well satisfied. Prior to the draft rumors had reached us that our Copperhead friends had armed themselves and were fully prepared, sternly resolved, to fight for the "peace" about which Vallandigham and Fernando have prated so much, and about which a certain portion of the Northern people have been so extremely solicitous.

Soldiers (I speak of the army generally) are somewhat experienced in the horrors of sternly contested battle-fields, yet I have to find the man sometime in the future that will not candidly tell you that this thing of shedding human blood is *most* repugnant to his feelings. They go to the battle field not from a love of strife, but because they believe it a duty forced upon them by the slaveholders' wicked conspiracy concocted to tear our government from its foundation and crumbling it into a state of anarchy, which should forever blast the brilliant future of our once (and soon to be again) happy and prosperous country. With these views is it surprising that our "Sojer boys" take, with a few grains of allowance, the blustering of those men who from the very outset, have employed their best energies in the treasonable work of embarrassing the Government, thereby giving substantial aid and comfort to the enemy? Then again, if those men who talk of resistance to the the laws by armed organizations, are really so brave as they would seem to wish us to believe, they can find no better mode of convincing us beyond a doubt, than by shouldering one of Uncle Sam's shooting irons, coming down here on the "Sacred Soil," and fighting armed traitors side by side with "Meade's little boys." We have waited long, tho' in vain, for some demonstration of the great fighting qualities of these people; and now we hardly feel like asking pardon for a slight feeling of satisfaction when we notice in the list of names drawn, a few of the "shining reptiles."

Yesterday, for the first time, we witnessed a military execution. Two men formerly connected with the army had deserted, and again returned as substitutes, no doubt reaping a small pecuniary benefit off the necessities of the coutry. Perhaps it might not be uninteresting to you to have an imperfect description of the scene. The execution took place only some two hundred yards from our camp, and the scene promised naught but unpleasant feelings. Yet the desire to see it, and everything, at least once in a life time, predominated over the horrible, and accordingly at 3 P. M., we found ourselves one of a large party assembled to witness the demonstration. At a little past 3 o'clock the Second Division of the Second Army Corps marched at a flank from their camp, moving to their position in a sort of ravine directly in front of Gen. Warren's Headquarters, there forming three sides of an oblong square, the General of the Division at the head of the right Brigade. So soon as the troops had taken up their position and been brought to "parade rest" our ears were saluted by the mournful sound of a band in the distance playing the "death march." Presently there came in sight a small party of soldiers marching with slow and measured tread, immediately after two coffins borne by eight men, following these a chaplain and on either arm a man dressed in uniform. Slowly, steadily, aye mournfully moved the procession through the open space, forming on one side of the square. The coffins were set down at the graves; the chaplain conversed a few moments with the men; taking off their hats they seemed for a time in prayer, then a hand shake. An officer moves forward and bandages their eyes. This performed the culprits took off and deliberately folded their blouzes, then quietly sat down on their coffins; one of them (Smith) raising his arms Heavenward. The officer returned to his men. Quickly the pieces are brought to a shoulder, "ready," "aim," and quicker than I can pen it, the muskets rattled forth a death note. Both the men fell instantaneously with a sort of helpless, grasping motion, on their faces and inclining to the right side. The officer approached; one seemed still alive; a man was called from the reserve and a bullet sent home to the brain. We had not the heart to witness more of the sickening scene, but turned sadly homeward. After pacing the distance to our quarters, still another shot greeted our ears, giving token that at first the work of death had been very incompletely executed.

As we walked from the ground the boys indulged themselves in expressions like these: "Well, isn't that rough, boys?" "I'd rather take my chances in a fight." "I think I should prefer to go out honorably," or yet another, "I'll wait till I get my papers from Uncle Sam, or a ticket from the Rebs." These expressions came not forth from unfeeling hearts, but from men accustomed to horrible sights and to controlling all outward expression of emotion, and most of them men who had rather die a thousand deaths than go down to the grave branded as *"deserter."*

One week this day, a like scene was enacted on the same spot. In that instance also, the victim was a "substitute," one who we understand, had twice or thrice taken pay as such, each time deserting. *Five* others were executed in the Fifth Corps. Is not this just though terrible retribution sufficient warning to those men who are disposed to traffic off the necessities of their country?

The persons so often indulging in threats of resistance to the laws, and speedy death to Government officials engaged in their execution, would do well to con over in their minds this picture; then tax their memories with the provisions of the law defining desertion. If we had a friend or brother and he were drafted, we should advise a prompt payment of the *three hundred*, or better still, the shouldering of a shooting iron, a march to the field, and a noble effort to redeem what has been lost in the past. Our word for it, those men now coming into the field will never know what soldiering really is. The men who for two years and over, have marched, fought and suffered for our common country, who have endured the freaks of an almost tropical climate, who have many times been but poorly provided for, who have patiently submitted to insult and injury from the great "peace" party of the North have but too truly borne the heat of the fight. And now as the clouds are clearing away and the bright sunshine of hope is once more upon us, where is the man so blind to the march of coming events (which have cast their shadows before) as for an instant to hesitate to throw himself into the tide so rapidly sweeping the Ship of State to a final and safe harbor?

G. W. C., JR.

An Act of Gallant Daring.

At the first unsuccessful attack upon Port Hudson, after the Federal troops had been repulsed, the open field separating between them and the Rebel batteries, covered with the dead and dying, was swept by rebel shot and shell, cutting off the sufferers from the needed succor. Among the fallen was a Union officer—General Paine—grievously hurt. His condition was discovered from our lines, but who sufficiently daring—reckless rather—to face the "leaden rain and hail," and bring off the fallen hero? It is a fearful errand, and he who undertakes it must do so with his life in his hand. And yet must he who has so gallantly led them be left to die? Volunteers are called for, and appeal is made to those who dare, to rescue the fallen General. It was a perilous undertaking. How it was made and with what result shall be told by the Chicago *Tribune*:

"Four black soldiers voluntarily moved out to his rescue. They reach him, raise him tenderly in their arms, and the dangerous return journey is commenced. Rifles crack sharply from the Rebel works; one and another of the brave bearers fall Now all are down and the wounded officer is still exposed. The peril of aiding him has been fearfully demonstrated. But again and again parties of colored men step forward by fours. The deadly missiles rain around them; again and again their numbers are thinned. Not until *fourteen* brave black men had offered up their lives was General Paine brought safely within our lines."

And these are our black allies. These are the men into whose hands we so reluctantly entrusted the implements of war to aid us in crushing this Rebellion The whole record of the world's heroism may be searched for an incident to surpass this. It will shine imperishable among the episodes of this contest.

Life in the country may be one of the richest on earth, but it may also be one of the poorest. If the great book of nature be open to the eye of him who resides there, and illumined with the light of heaven, from his little knoll, he can see and enjoy all the glory of the world; but if he sees in nature only the potato field which gives him food, then is this golden vein closed for him, and he himself stands like the potato plant, fast rooted in the earth.

Beautiful Extract.

"Men seldom think of the great event of death till the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence.—Death is the greatest antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise, and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in muddy graves, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest and the flowers tha bloom and wither in a day. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and countless multitudes that throng the earth to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

"In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his young Clemanthe asks him if they shall not meet again, to which he replies, 'I have asked that question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe!'"

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—Bishop, of the Jamestown *Journal*, was honored with a special invitation the other day to become one of Father Abraham's "elect." He tells his experience thus:

"WE" A CONSCRIPT:—It will be seen from the list that the Editor of the JOURNAL is "gobbled up" by the draft, he being one of the kind of men that Uncle Sam regards with especial favor. Perhaps our readers would like to know how a fellow feels when he is drafted. The emotions are rather serene than disturbed. The suspense being over a man feels rather pleased at the result and spends his time thinking what a good joke it is on *those "other fellows,"* who are drafted. The relief is such as you experience when you have listened for a long time to a solitary infernal singing mosquito around your bed, and cuffed and boxed around in the dark after him, you find all of a sudden that he has *lit* and *bit* and the fight is done with. He is full and you can rest quietly—perhaps all night and perhaps an hour, till he gets ready for *"the next draft,"* anyhow. Your contentment is heightened if you can hear your neighbor in the next room slapping around and swearing at his insect foes. We rather enjoy the draft; to be sure it is not what we would order at a first class hotel or take with us on a pic nic excursion, but it is a good thing, nevertheless, and we hope it will "keep doing so," till the army is big enough to pitch the whole damnable "confederacy" into the bottomless pit with four-tined manure forks.

Jim Giles was considered a hard case, but during a time of revival became converted from his evil ways, and was an enthusiastic exhorter and an active member of the church. In progress of time Jim was tempted to take a few drinks of that which had for many years been his favorite beverage; and true to his habit wended his way to the conference meeting. A favorable opportunity occurring, Jim favored his brethren with the following exhortation: "Brethren, I've been thinking of that beautiful scriptural passage which says, 'If you only have faith like a mountain, you can tip over a mustard seed—hic—most any time!"

"As the old cock crows, the young ones learn." A story is told of a certain man and his wife, who were almost constantly quarreling. During their quarrels their only a child (a boy) was generally present, and of course heard many of his father's expressions. One day when the boy had been doing something wrong the mother, intending to chastise him, said: "Come here, sir; what did you do that for?" The boy complacently folded his arms, and imitating his father's manner, said: "See here, madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."

What part of a soldier's duty would the ladies take the most delight in? We wrote, "present arms," but a snarly old Benedict at our elbow suggests "dress parade." We wouldn't stand in his shoes if his wife should find him out.

The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

Well managed faults often make a better appearance than ill-managed virtues.

The most commendable things in most rhymers are undoubtedly their *"refrains."*

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

It is not the number of our friends that gives us pleasure, but the warmth of the few.

Our griefs are no doubt deeply interesting to ourselves; but they are great bores to our friends.

Whatever we love becomes thereby above self, and we pay unconscious homage to it.

If you have nothing of the Divinity within you, you will vainly essay to worship the Divinity without.

We cannot well dispense with the respect of others unless we are possessed of our own.

No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. We must toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

"Mersey on me!" exclaimed a witty Lancashire witch, when she fell into the river at Liverpool.

An honest man is the noblest work of God; but the edition is small, suggests a satirical writer.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

A single woman has generally but a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

Where one man or woman is injured by loving too much, nine hundred and ninety-nine die from not loving enough.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue. And he who goes the lowest builds the safest. God keeps his pity for the proud.

White hair is the chalk with which time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the cook of a vessel in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man as boils the mate."

It is one thing for an editor to "invite public attention," and quite another for the public attention to accept the invitation.

A student once asked, "Can virchue, fortichude, gratichude or quiechude, dwell with a man who is a stranger to rectichude?"

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Some one called Richard Steele the vilest of mankind. He retorted, with proud humility, "It would be a glorious world if I were."

Speech is too often, not as the Frenchmen define it, the art of concealing tho't, but of stifling and suspending it so that there is none to conceal.

As a general thing, men are more competent to teach than women, in routine; out of routine, women are the surest teachers.

The degrees shorten as we proceed from the lower to the higher latitudes; the years shorten in like manner as we pass onward through life.

Keen satirists are usually men of talent, who, thinking and feeling more correctly than they live, wreak on their neighbors the bitterness of their own remorse.

Writes an enthusiastic young cavalier after a glorious dash of a few hundred miles through the enemy's country in Mississippi: "Solomon in all his glory was never on *a raid* like one of these."

Gail Hamilton says a woman ought to be very handsome, or very clever, or else go to work and do something; she is very clever herself, and has done something; is that an ergo against her beauty?

Let none of us rely upon the goodness of our intentions to shield us from trouble or blame. Even if they should not turn to paving-stones down below, they are apt to form a very rough road for us here above.

A poet was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand, perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying: "Not so loud; he hears you."

A poet who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of ladies?"

EDUCATIONAL.

In the JOURNAL of August 26, "K" asks what course he shall pursue to dispel a distaste for Grammar which dates from some previous term of school. My opinion is that this dislike arises from one of two causes: either your predecessor did not possess the "tact," or else the students are intractable. The mind is always pleased with ideas which it receives; it loves to enlarge and infinity alone can bound its powers. To this broad ground I will make one exception, that is when such ideas are peculiarly liable to be used in the promulgation of evil, none save the immoral can gain pleasure from their possession. As our common school literature possesses nothing of this kind the conclusion drawn is that the student is pleased with every principle he comprehends.

Why have "K's" students no relish for Grammar? Simply because they don't understand it. Here is the trouble, and "K," when you shall succeed in presenting the principles of the branch in question in such a manner that your students shall *drink in the beauties*, Grammar will no longer be irksome.

Why is it that there is such a diversity of preferences? One is seizing the Arithmetic and slate at every chance; a second plods on, rendering many hours pleasant in what a third denominates tedious and unmeaning Grammar. Difference in the capacity of students readily accounts for this. Let the student be in the habit of saying, "I don't like such a branch," bear in mind that that is equivalent to saying, "I can't master it." One of retentive memory delights in Geography and revels in History, while yet another of unschooled recollections is at variance with every study that cannot be reduced to a few abstract principles and these principles relieved from all technicalities.

As a rule for parents and teachers, I think it is well to develop the mind in points where it does not develop itself. Require students to pursue branches to which they have no predilection and unless either teacher or taught is a blockhead the word "dislike" will soon be descarded.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the best method of calculating interest?
2. Why is there more frost in the valleys than upon the hills?
3. When will the war end?

An Educational column is a tip-top thing. Will our County Superintendent have the kindness to contribute to its columns, and if convenient, take the matter in charge?

W.

Copperhead Axioms.

Nobody has a right to be President, except a pro-slavery Democrat. We want no Government when the people elect from any other party.

Whenever a State becomes dissatisfied with an act of the Federal Government, it can secede at will, and it is a violation of the Constitution to coerce it into submission.

Andrew Jackson violated the Constitution when he coerced Calhoun and his compeers into submission to Federal laws in 1832.

Wigfall and others had a perfect right to fire on Fort Sumter. The Federal Government violated the Constitution in resenting the insult.

The Constitution as we interpret it, and the Union as it was when Davis, Toombs, Thompson and Floyd controlled it.

Lincoln is not President of the United States, and we owe no allegiance to his Administration.

It is unconstitutional to arrest anybody who is aiding and abetting the Southern Confederacy.

Stephen A. Douglas was a fool for asserting "that every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war, only patriots and traitors."

Jeff. Davis is a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman, and Abe Lincoln a negro-worshiper, a low, mean Yankee.

Old Ben Butler is a beast.

C. L. Vallandigham is a polished statesman and a pure patriot.

The Union can only be restored thro' the agency of the glorious old Democratic party.

Abe Lincoln is an imbecile, and ought to be impeached.

Slavery must exist, if the Union is dissolved.

It is unconstinttional to vote any other than the Democratic ticket.

Everybody is an Abolitionist who is in favor of suppressing the rebellion.—*Ingham County (Mich.) News.*

Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently, "Yes, some of 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the river."