The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XV.--NUMBER 40. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1863. TERMS.--$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McClarney, Proprietor.
$1.50 PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

*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.

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

1 Square [10 lines] 1 insertion,	50
1 " " 3 "	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months,	2 50
1 " six "	4 00
1 " nine "	5 50
1 " one year,	6 00
1 Column six months,	20 00
1 " " "	10 00
1 " " "	7 00
1 " per year.	40 00
1 " " "	20 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Business Cards, 8 lines or less, per year	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

**All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

**Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.

BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
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

H. 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.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.
SPRING MILLS, ALLEGANY CO., N. Y.
ELIAS HORTON, JR., Principal
MRS. ADA WALKER HORTON, Preceptress
MISS NELLIE WALKER, Assistant
MISS GERALDINE WOOD, Teacher of Music
The Fall Term commences August 26.
The Winter Term commences December 9.
The Spring Term commences March 25.
Tuition from Three to Five Dollars.
Board $1.50 per week.
Furnished rooms for self-boarding at low prices.
For further information address the Principal or the undersigned.
WM. COBB,
President Board of Trustees.

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

HEAVEN'S REGALIA.

'Twas night; a Christian lady slept,
And dreamed a dream of heaven;
She thought within its pearly gates
To her was entrance given.

She stood upon the Sea of Glass,
Amid the white-robed throng:
She walked the golden streets, and sang
The everlasting song.

The conquering palm was in her hand,
She tasted bliss untold;
And on her radiant head she wore
A crown of shining gold.

O! clime of glory, no regret,
May ever mar thy rest;
Yet sighed the sleeper as she dreamed—
She was not wholly blest.

She marked the flashing diadem
O'er many a princely brow,
Resplendent with the diamond blaze
And the rich ruby's glow.

O'er turquoise fair, and princely pearl,
The emerald glory streamed;
But in her heavenly crown, alas!
No radiant jewel beamed.

O! that to grace her coronet
One gem she yet might win;
O! could she but return to earth,
And save one soul from sin.

For well she knew what jewels gave
These crowns so rich a blaze;
They were the souls of sinners shown
The error of their ways.

She woke, and lo! 'twas but a dream;
But, in the Book Divine,
She read who in the courts of bliss
Shall first in glory shine:

That they who unto righteousness
Do many sinners turn,
Like stars in heaven's firmament
For ever more shall burn.

HOW I BECAME A BACHELOR.

That I became a bachelor is rendered unmistakably evident by the foregoing caption. How I became so you have yet to learn, and my object in penning this sketch is not so much to inform what I am so unfortunate, (or fortunate, as you please,) as to be, as it is to enlighten you in regard as to how such came to be the case, and hoping that it may prove a salutary lesson to some reckless wight like myself, I will proceed without further preface or preliminary.

It was while on a visit to an aunt of mine in the town of G——, that I became acquainted with Carrie Mayburn, a fine blooming maiden of eighteen summers, with beautiful auburn hair, clear bright eyes, a small nose, and a handsome mouth, well studded with pearly teeth, rivalling snow in their whiteness; added to these charms, a faultless form and a graceful carriage rendered her at once a special object of attraction and admiration; her amiability and sweetness of temper made her warm friends, while her beauty of face and figure drew her hosts of suitors. In short, she was, as I was not long in discovering, the universal admitted belle of the place.

Although I am not to say an extraordinarily susceptible individual, in the general acceptation of the term, yet I will admit that, like all the rest of my class, I have my weak points, and do not profess to be so entirely proof against the influence of female charms as to be incapable of experiencing at times a curious and somewhat undefinable sense of palpitation in the region of the ribs, when in the company of the fair sex; and as my acquaintance with the charming Carrie resolved itself into intimacy, and this, ere long, began to ripen into stronger feeling, I eventually began to realize that I was becoming enmeshed in a net of fascination, from which a desperate attempt was necessary to extricate myself, and where I had formerly sought her society for the sake of a chat wherewith to while away the time, I now began to look upon her in the light of an indispensable companion; and at length as the time for my return home drew near, I became aware that unless she and I could make a compromise one way or another, I must bid farewell to happiness and make up my mind to pass my future life in misery. Actuated by these thoughts, and fearful lest I should be forestalled by some one or other of her admirers, and having also the happy consciousness of being looked upon by her in that light, was calculated to be anything but discouragement to my hopes; in short, feeling fully satisfied that I was by far the most highly favored of her gallants, I determined that before I took my leave of G—— I would know my doom from her lips; consequently the evening previous to the day fixed for my return, I called upon her, and met with the usual cordial reception. I remained for some time, and after considerable hemming, and hesitation I nerved myself for the desperate deed I was about to commit. In the most fascinating manner I asked her to be mine—to share with me my future trials and triumphs, reverses or successes, prosperity or adversity, joys or sorrows as the case might be: I told her I was poor and had yet to gain a name and position in the world, but that I loved her truly and devotedly, and would make her a kind and affectionate husband. As I concluded, she placed her hand in mine, saying as she did so:

"Edwin, my heart is already yours, obtain my parent's consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand."

What more could any reasonable man ask? "Obtain my parent's consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand." The words kept sounding in my ears, and I was in doubt whether I was dreaming or not; gradually, however, I came to my senses, when my first act was to throw my arms around the neck of my beloved, and imprint a warm and passionate kiss upon her ruby lips as a token of acknowledgment that I understood and appreciated her meaning. I was determined that we should go to her father for the purpose of obtaining his sanction to our proposed alliance. We found him reading a newspaper, and made known our errand immediately. He studied for a moment, which seemed to be a month, and at length he said:

"Wr. Willett, I cannot say that I have any serious objection to receive you as my son-in-law, yet as you yourself acknowledge, you have not yet been enabled to attain such a position as it is in my opinion advisable for you to attain before undertaking the support of a wife, I must request you to apply yourself assidulously, and when you have risen to some eminence in your profession, and accumulated somewhat towards the maintenance of her whom you anticipate taking under your care, I will then, I assure you, place no further obstacles in the way of your marriage. The welfare of my daughter has ever been my constant study, and I should be the last one to deny her anything that would in the slightest degree contribute to her happiness. You will believe me, my dear friend, when I say I am prompted by no mercenary motive, for I am sure when you come to reason the matter clearly and calmly in your own mind, and look at it in the proper light, you cannot fail to perceive the utility of following my advice."

I bowed an acknowledgement, and with a promise to call upon them in the morning to bid them farewell, I took my departure.

To say that I did not feel some degree of impatience consequent upon the result of my interview with Mr. Mayburn would be absurd, for lovers are always impetuous and unwilling to be put off, and I was by no means an exception to the rule, but I was compelled to make a virtue of necessity and bide my time. The next morning I made an early toilet and repaired at once to the domicil of my inamorata, whom I found looking as charming as ever. I bade her good morning, and told her that I had come to take my leave of her for a short time, but that I hoped the day was not far distant when I should be permitted to come again and claim her as my bride. Having now broached the, to us, by no means unpleasant theme of the previous evening's conversation, we were soon deeply engrossed in making plans for the future. But, all things must have an end, and as the hours sped away like minutes it seemed to my infatuated mind as though I had scarcely entered the house until it was time for me to pronounce the much dreaded good-bye, which was to be the signal for our temporary separation; and, as like 'time and tide' railroad cars 'wait for no man,' I was obliged to do it, but it was done in a decidedly doleful way, I assure you, and ere long I was speeding forward on my homeward way, my thoughts being centered on one object, Carrie, a prize which I was fully resolved I would use my utmost exertions to gain.

* * * * * *

Nearly two years had elapsed since the date of my engagement with Carrie Mayburn; during that time I had made many visits to G——, and always found her the unchanged being that she was when first presented to the reader, unless it was that she seemed, at least to my eyes, if sible more beautiful than ever. We had kept up regular correspondence; her letters always breathed a spirit of love and affection, coupled with the hope that the time would soon come when we would be united to separate no more in life; mine, as may be imagined, always re-echoed the same sentiments embodied in hers As the reader has already been apprised, it was the desire of Mr. Mayburn that I should rise to some eminence in my profession before claiming the fulfillment of his daughter's promise.

This I had endeavored to the utmost of my capacity to do, and I had reason to believe that I had in a great measure succeeded, for by the expiration of the time above mentioned, I was able to congratulate myself upon having the patronage of the most influential citizens of the place who had the most implicit confidence in my professional abilities; consequently I now felt justified in once more making application for the hand of the fair Carrie, and as I was so situated at the time I came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for me to visit G—— for several weeks, I resolved to write to Mr. M. in reference to the matter.

Accordingly, having composed my mind as well as circumstances would permit, I sat down with a new pen and a quire of extra quality of note paper, and summoning all my eloquence, tact and chirographical skill, I transcribed a most elaborately worded epistle, wherein I portrayed my present circumstances, position, still unsatisfied aspirations, until after nearly exhausting the vocabulary of Webster's latest edition, I was at length constrained to wind up by the assurance that but one thing was lacking to render me supremely happy, and that was, as you have already conjectured, the legal right to be the protector and possessor of his lovely daughter, and that I hoped he would offer no further objection to our union.

Now it happened that I had in G—— a cousin named Bob Tracy, who was the owner of a beautiful bay mare on whom for some time past I had cast numerous wistful glances, and considering that a refusal of my requests was entirely out of the question, I determined to drop him a few lines, desiring him not to stipulate for the disposal of the aforesaid mare until such time as I should have a chance to confer with him, as I thought it highly probable I could make him an offer for her which he would be willing to accept; so I dashed off a hasty note, and having folded, sealed and superscribed both missives, consigned them to the post office, and returned to my duties with a view of whiling away the time as patiently as possible until I could have sufficient leisure to enable me to ascertain the result of my petition.

However wearily the wheels of time may sometimes drag on, yet they have never been known to cease their revolutions entirely, and thus in my case, altho' the space intervening between my dispatching the letters and my visit to their destination seemed interminably long, yet it finally passed away, and at length one fine morning found me comfortably ensconsed in the cars, dashing away at a furious rate in the direction of G——, and in a few hours I reached the goal upon which was fixed my highest hopes, which, alas for the disappointments to which we are all more or less liable at times to be subjected, as the sequel will show, were destined never to be the substantial foundations upon which I imagined I had been building my airy castles; but I will not anticipate.

Immediately upon my arrival in G—— I repaired to a hotel, to put myself in the proper trim, prior to calling at the house of my respected friend. Having made an unexceptionable toilet, I set out with a beating heart and a sort of nervous impatience, and after a short walk found myself at Mr. Mayburn's door. I rang the bell, which was answered by the servant, who at once ushered me into the sitting room, where were Carrie and her father, both of whom regarded me an instant with looks of surprise and wonder, when, to my astonishment, the former arose, and with naught save a slight and scarcely perceptible nod of recognition, glided out of the door. How to account for this strange conduct, was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension; for a moment I was dumbfounded, but as I recovered myself, I turned towards the father as though to ask a solution of the mystery. I did not have long to wait, for, with a face resembling a surcharged thundercloud, the old gentleman suddenly burst forth—

"Well, sir, you are a scoundrel and a villain, and as consummate a specimen of concentrated audacity, effrontry and impudence, as you now prove yourself to be in polluting my house with your contaminating presence, I never saw!"

To say I was astonished, would be but a faint way or expressing it. I was completely taken aback, but, finally, managed to find my speech, when I politely requested him to explain himself, as I was not aware that I had been guilty of any act to merit these animadversions.

"Explain, sir!—why, what do you mean, you contemptible puppy? and having most grossly insulted my daughter as well as myself—a fact of which we have ample testimony in your own hand writing—do you dare to come and deny to my face any knowledge of the fact whatever?"

This I was entirely unprepared for, and I looked, long and very earnestly at the man to see if he was insane or not. What a preposterous idea! I offer an insult to his daughter! her for whom I would cheerfully have laid down my life, and felt only too thankful for the opportunity.

"Mr. Mayburn," said I, as soon as I could recover my faculties, "I will not be thus trifled with any longer. I have never either by word or deed, been the cause of wounding your daughter's feelings, and I—"

But he seemed determined that I should have no chance to vindicate myself in any way, and stopped me short by producing from his pocket a letter which he thrust fiercely into my hand, saying as he did so:

"There is the undeniable proof, let us have no works about it. Leave my house and never enter it again as long as you live, or I will have you pitched headforemost into the street."

Mechanically I took the letter, the hand-writing of which I immediately recognized as my own, and ran my eye hurriedly over the contents. Good heaven! It was the note I had written to Bob Tracy, and by mistake enclosed in in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mayburn, and *vice versa*.

As the reader is doubtless anxious to know what the letter could possibly contain to so completely turn the tide of affairs pertaining to my matrimonial prospects, I will give it *verbatim*.

"JOLLY CHUM:—I sit down to scrawl you a word or two in reference to the superb animal over which you hold legal sway, and of whom as you are aware, I have desired to be in possession, knowing her to be a gay creature, full of life and spirit, and withal, *decidedly fast*. I feel that without her I cannot longer be satisfied, and from nothing I assure you, will I derive so much pleasure as from trotting her around, and exhibiting her to my friends. Feeling certain that my offer proves acceptable, I will call on you in a short time, until which I do not wish you to dispose of her. Yours considerably,

EDWIN WILLETT."

After reading it, I stood far a moment as if in a trance; at length I raised my eyes from the letter, gave a glance at Mr. Mayburn, and crushing the offending sheet in my hand, rushed, scarcely knowing what I did, with a sort of frantic despair through the hall, and without a word left the house, never again to darken its doors.

A few days afterwards I called upon Bob Tracy to say to him that he need not reserve the mare any longer, as I had concluded not to purchase, but as soon as he caught sight of me he ran out to meet me and shook me by the hand and otherwise indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, thanking me over and over again, for having received from me a most beautifully written gilt-edged note, asking in marriage a daughter, of whose existence he was most profoundly ignorant; he had no doubt that I had gone stark mad, and had just about made up his mind to insert an advertisement in the papers warning the public to beware of me as a person dangerous to be at large. I now gave up; I found I was besieged on all sides, and with an imploring look I begged him to say no more about it to any one, that I had banished all thoughts of marriage from my mind, and had concluded to spend my future life in single blessedness, but despite the charge I gave Bob to keep quiet, the affair, through some mysterious agency, became circulated around, or, depend upon it, I never would have given it publicity; and now having put you in possession of the "two letters," I will make a polite bow and retire to my bachelor couch.

THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.—Keep your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintance on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son, Manfred, came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:

"Now, then, old girl, slap up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred?" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful. "I generally play with Dick Turner, 'cause he's a bully boy with a glsss eye. That's so."

The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:

"Ma, I'm going to buy a plug! Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A plug!" gasped the mother.

"Yes, sire-ee, a plug. I've got the spondulicks salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs and sent for a man-servant to interpret the slang.

Little Charley came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father he said, "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I mashes my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

A young lady, when asked to partake of the pudding, replied:—"No, many thanks, my dear madam, by no manner of means; I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until a manifest sense of internal fullness admonishes me to desist; my deficiency is intirely and most satisfactorily satisfied."

Hook's Practical Jokes.

On the occasion of the trial of Lord Melville, Hook had gone with a friend to Westminster Hall to witness the proceedings. As the peers began to enter, a simple-looking lady from the country touched his arm and said,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"Those, ma'am," he replied, "are the barons of England; in these cases, the junior peers always come first."

"Thank you, sir—much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear," turning to her daughter, who accompanied her, "tell Jane these are the barons of England; and the juniors—that's the youngest, you know—always go first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home."

"Dear me, ma," said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old."

This *naivete* hold out an irresistible temtation to Theodore, who, on the old lady's pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, with scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes, and asking, "What gentlemen are those?" replied: "Gentlemen, ma'am! These are not gentlemen; these are *ladies*—elderly ladies—the dowager-peeresses in their own right."

His interrogator looked at him rather suspiciously, as if to find out whether or not he was quizzing her; but reassured by the impurturable air of gravity with which her glance was met, turned round again to her daughter and whispered—

"Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are the elderly ladies and dowager-peeresses in their own right. Tell Jane not to forget *that*."

Shortly afterwards, her attention was drawn to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with his richly embroidered robes.

"Pray, sir," she exclaimed, "who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, ma'am, is Cardinal Wolsey."

"No, sir," was the angry rejoinder, "we know a good deal better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead and buried these many years."

"No such thing, my dear madam!" replied Hook, with the most extraordinary *sang froid*; "it has indeed been so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in truth; in fact, these rascally newspapers will say anything."

The good lady looked thunder-struck; opened her eyes and mouth to their widest compass, and then unable to say another word, or remain longer on the spot, hurried off with a daughter in each hand, leaving the mischievous wag and his friend to enjoy the joke.

Sad Incidents of the War.

As the steamer Vanderbilt approached Troy, N. Y, with the returning Troy regiment on board, there was observed among the many eager faces that awaited the landing, a woman bearing in her arms a child, to whom she said in joyful accents, "Now we'll see papa?" As the vessel drew near she saw one of her husband's comrads on the deck and inquired of him: "where,s my Jimmy?" "He was killed in the last battle," was the terrible response. The poor woman gave a shriek of agony, and would have fallen had not the bystanders supported her. After indulging for a time in an agony of grief, she went away with a heavy heart—her hopes blasted in a moment.

Among the throng from abroad who visited Elmira, N. Y., to join in greeting the 23d regiment on its return home, was a young lady, the betrothed of Capt. Clark of the 23d, who came to meet her intended. The train came, but instead of bringing the young captain full of life and with buoyant hope, it brought his corpse. He had been killed but a few hours before near Williamsport, Pa., by coming in contact with a bridge. The lady was overwhelmed with grief and was borne away by sorrowing friends.

God Bless my Mother.

A chaplain in the navy writes: "Not many nights ago the whole meeting was moved as the heart of one man by a noble-looking youth of 18, who in the midst of his broken hearted prayer, burst forth in the earnest subblication' "O God, bless my dear mother! I thank thee that thou hast heard her many prayers, and I, so long the object of her love, have at last become the subject of thy grace?" And on the last night the feeling of every one present were again moved in like manner by the testimony of a sailor in middle life, given, with sobs and tears, to the blessed influence of a mother's prayers, in restraining a wayward son from sin, and in bringing him at length, by the grace of God, to the hope of salvation.

Let the praying mother whose prayers seem not yet to be answered, take courage and exercise new faith in reference to the son of her love, from proof that praying is not spent in vain.