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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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.
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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.

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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.

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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

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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
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The Fall Term commences August 26.
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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.
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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

DYING.

How slowly from my throbbing veins
Ebbs the red tide of life away;
I wonder if my mother knows
That I must die to-day?

The waving banners beckon, "On!"
The cannons thunder, "To the fight!"
I cannot lift my weary hands
Even to cheer the Right.

I give my life, I have no more;—
Take that for Freedom's sake, dear Earth!
Thank God for Truth, though woe and blood
Announce her royal birth!

The battle strife sounds faint and far,
The world is growing strangely dim;
The robin in the door-yard tree
Is chanting her sweet hymn.

Good-night! I shall not smile again
To meet the morning's purple glow;—
I'm dying on the battle-field!
O, Mother! do you know?

EVA.

WITHERED.

It lies here in my hand,
A broken, withered thing;
Only a faint flush left
Of the beauty of the Spring!

Ah, no! it lies in my *heart*;—
Lost its perfume and glow,—
A withered bud of hope,
So fair in the Long Ago.

EVA.

From the Phrenological Journal.

GOVERNOR CURTIN.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

The portrait of Governor Curtin indicates a man of great decision and positiveness of character. The features are well cut and prominent, the head rather broad and, the whole organization compact, giving earnestness, executiveness, directness, and oneness of thought and feeling. He has the power of converging all he knows and feels, and concentrating it upon that which he purposes to accomplish. This is especially apparent physiognomically, the sign of Concentration being very large on his upper lip. He decides what to do and how to do it, and then brings all his forces to bear upon the execution of the matter in hand.

His Cautiousness is large enough to give him prudence, and his practical intellect sufficient to open a way for the exercise of his force of character, so that he is not wanting in retaining and guiding power; and therefore his general force of feeling and earnestness of character are his servants rather than his master.

He gathers knowledge readily from books (being able to apply himself to study with great perseverance and effect when necessary,) but more readily from practical observation, and holds it in his memory, so that he can avail himself of it at the moment.

He is not wanting in breadth of thought and reach of mind, but his distinguished mental characteristic is that of ready, practical judgment, which enables him to understand and take advantage of a present emergency.

He has kindness, sympathy for the suffering, reverence for sacred subjects, and the tendency to believe in providential government and guidance.

There seems to be harmony between his entellectual faculties, his moral sentiments, and executive force. As a business man he is sagacious, clear, prompt, and decisive. He would succeed as a scholar, as a speaker, as a mechanic, or as a merchant.

His social feelings enable him to wield a powerful influence over men, through the friendly and fraternal impulses; hence he is capable of making many friends and being very popular.

His large, broad chin indicates a full cerebellum and a strong love for the opposite sex, which is subject, however to the control of a powerful will, also indicated in the chin. As a husband he would be warm and devoted in his affections.

We regard him as a man of energy, firmness, indedendence, activity, friendship, prudence, respect for justice and things sacred, for knowledge of men, memory of what he sees, practical judgment, and for vigorous, off-hand intellect.

BIOGRAPHY.

Andrew Gregg Curtin, the present Governor of Pennsylvania, was born on the 22d of April, 1817, in Bellefont, a beautiful village in the county of Centre in that State. His father, Roland Curtin, who was for forty years a leading manufacturer in Centre County, married the daughter of Andrew Gregg, who was one of the great men of Pennsylvania in the early part of this century.

The subject of our sketch was educated at the Academy of Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, in Milton, Northumberland County. Mr. Kirkpatrick, still living in Allegheny County, was of the old style of instructors. He "turned out" his boys thoroughly impregnated with the classics and mathematics.

After getting well imbued with as much Latin and Greek, and mathematics as any of our colleges afford, the young Curtin was placed in the land office and law school of Judge Reed, of Carlisle This school was one of the departments of Dickinson College, and as long as its professor lived it flourished and sent forth some of the best lawyers and public men of Pennsylvania. Judge Reed was well known for his "Pennsylvania Blackstone," one of the first attempts ever made to adapt the immortal "Commentaries" to our modern law. He was a first-rate lawyer, and an adept in teaching legal principles.

Andrew G. Curtin was admitted to the bar in 1839, and began the practice of the law in his native town. He immediately entered upon a large and varied practice and has ever since been constantly and actively employed in the courts of the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Mifflin, and Clinton His great information, his vigorous mind, and his candor recommended him to the courts; his winning style made him powerful with juries. He rapidly became one of the best and most rising young men in central Pennsylvania.

A man with the gifts and temperament of Andrew G. Curtin could not but be largely interested and concerned in public affairs. Strikingly amiable, genial, and warm-hearted, of luminous, quick, and extensive intelligence, of the most engaging address, endowed with a fluent, facetious and captivating eloquence, and instinct with old Pennsylvania traditions of policy and patriotism, he threw himself at once into those political controversies which, as Burke tells us, are the noblest employment of the cultivated man.

In 1840 he took an active part in the political campaign in behalf of General Harrison. In 1844 he was a fervid adherent of the illustrious candidate of the Whigs, and he stumped all central Pennsylvania for Henry Clay. In that struggle Mr Curtin first acquired his wide-spread reputation of effective and resistless popular eloquence. There was not a county from the Susquehanna to the Alleghanies in which the name of Andrew G Curtin ever failed to attract the very largest crowds, who eagerly gathered to enjoy the feasts of wisdom and wit, of humor and pathos, of poetry, statistics, story, argument, and imagery; which he spread out on his glowing and melodious periods.

In 1848 he was placed on the Whig electorial ticket, and again traversed many sections of the State in behalf of General Zachary Taylor. He was an original supporter of the nomination of General Winfield Scott, and in 1852 he was again placed on the electorial ticket, and worked with his usual zeal to carry the State for the hero of the valley of Mexico

On the election of Hon. James Pollock to the Governorship of Pennsylvania, in 1854, Mr. Curtin was appointed Secretary of the Commonwealth, the duties of which office he performed with signal ability and discretion.

After his retirement from the secretaryship, he again devoted himself to the practice of the law, in Bellefont, until 1860, when he was nominated as the people's candidate for Governor, after an earnest struggle made by such competitors as Messrs Covode, Howe, and Taggart; and after a contest of unexampled warmth, he was elected by 32,000 majority, thus securing the State for Lincoln and virtually determining the great Presidential election of that year. To no one man was the great national triumph of 1860 so much indebted as to Gov. Curtin.

He entered the gubernatorial chair in January, 1861, when several of the cotton States had formally withdrawn from the Union. He had therefore to grapple with the rebellion from the day he entered office until now; and how wisely and well he has discharged the grave responsibilities imposed upon him, let the prompt response of Pennsylvania to every call of the Government testify. It was to his prudent foresight and ceaseless efforts that the nation is indebted for the safety of the Capitol after the disaster at Bull Run, for when the States stood aghast at the gloomy prospect for the Union cause, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps marched into Washington fifteen thousand strong, and have displayed a matchless heroism on every battle-field.

Whether in the raising, equipping, and organization of our volunteers, in solacing and minestering to the sick and wounded, or bringing the martyred dead to sleep with their kindred, Gov. Curtin has been ever faithful to every dictate of patriotism, of duty, of humanity. Scarcely a soldier but speaks his name with reverence; scarcely a wounded or sick volunteer whose eye does not quicken with joy when he speaks of his honored executive; scarcely a friend of our heroic dead but mingles devotion to Gov. Curtin with the sorrow for their loved ones fallen in battle. He is known in the army as the "Soldier's Friend," and well has he earned the title by his ceaseless and tender care for the brave defenders of the flag.

In April, 1863, he formally announcnd his purpose to retire from the executive chair at the expiration of his present term. That he did it n good faith every friend with whom he counseled can testify; but in the face of his declination the leading counties instructed for his renomination, and when the Pittsburg convention met, he was compelled to accept the position of the standard-bearer again, or apparently desert the cause so near his heart, and to which the best energies of his life had been devoted. He was nominated on the first ballot by more than a two-third vote, and is now again before the people for their suffrages.

No man in the Commonwealth is more familiar with its history or with its various local interests; with its diversified capacities and requirements; with its legislation, its policy, and its public opinions; no one has such an extensive acquaintance all over the State. In all his private relations, and in the discharge of his official duties, he has achieved a high character for probity and honor.

Gov. Curtin is not only above all reproach, but is beloved by his immediate neighbors and personal acquaintances. A man of dignified presence, of gracious and gentle demeanor, kind-hearted, genial, and sunny-tember, remarkably instructive in conversation, he is beyond all question, the most popular man of his age in Pennsylvania. In his native county and all through the valleys of central Pennsylvania, every man, woman, and child cherishes a feeling of *personal* attachment to "Andy Curtin" He is noted at home for his open-handed liberality and for his continual charities.

HUSBANDS.

Young ladies past the age of fifteen, and from that delicate and interesting age all the way up to forty, and perhaps even later, are generally supposed to be, more or less, on the look-out for a husband. Nice dresses and pretty bonnets, music and dancing, and the polite accomplishments in societies where these are cultivated, and very much of what is called society, are supposed to have this object in view.

We do not say how just this is; but such is undoubtedly the popular idea. It is believed that nine out of ten of all young unmarried ladies would not object to a *good husband*.

But the supply of good husbands is not equal to the demand. Consequently we have some hundreds of thousands of old maids—nuns who have taken no veils or vows, and do not live in convents, but who are none the less living in a state of celibacy. Some seem to think that this is a dangerous and immoral state. We are not of that opinion.

The surplus of women make the celibacy of many a necessity. The unworthiness of men is the cause of a number.—We see thousands of men around us, whose married state is a constant marvel to us. We cannot conceive how they ever induced any woman to have them. Rough in manners, careless in their morals, slovenly in appearance, and filthy in habits, how can these men be the fit husbands of tender, delicate, loving women? Still such men do get married. We read about them in the newspapers. Sometimes they are complained of for beating, bruising, or stabbing their wives. Sometimes it is a suit for divorce. But there are thousands of such cases that are never heard of. Many a proud, sensitive woman, dies of a brutal husband, and the world never knows it.

Until the standard of husbandry virtues is raised, and the market better supplied, women will do well to prepare for the struggle of life without their help. There is too much marrying in haste; and of consequence, too much repenting at leisure. Marriage, which develops all that is lovely in woman, sometimes brings out the worst qualities of men. Many a woman at forty exceeds the promise of her girlhood; but how very few are the men who do not fall very far short of the hopes of youth.

Probably the chief motive to many a marriage is never avowed and scarcely suspected. Women are such angels of charity, that they marry men out of pure benevolence, in the hope of making them better. They know how much men need their society, and influence, and how much worse they would be without them; and so they give themselves up, for better or worse, sacrifices on the altar of charity.—*Wide World.*

A MODERN PAIR.—It is undeniable, says Prentice, that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and "raise Cain."

A TRUTH.—He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

☞ If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

A BRAVE BOY.

When I was a boy, I lived among the Green Mountains of Vermont; in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote for me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was then called Baxter's Prairie.—The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks, but our principal food was hoe-cake and salt-pork.

One of our neighbors had had no meat for some time, and being out of powder, they had no game. So one day they sent up their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homewards, and going through a piece of woods by Silver Lake, he heard a rustling of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward; again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; everything was still, except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and he dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the sound of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear, and the stealthy catamounts came out from their dens. So, picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt, savage wolf creeping after him; and as he hurried on, still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal, and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around, faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards towards his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker, the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back.

The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork, he was safe, and could run home unmolested; but he knew there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backwards he went, step by steb. As the wolf came near, he hit him a square blow upon the head with a stone, when with an angry yelp, the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long, dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were answering howls, and hearing none took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again was the contest renewed. Many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log-cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing sound, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying:

"Mother, I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

☞ Set a pitcher of iced water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the impurities of the room, the air of which will have become pure, but the water utterly filthy. This depends upon the fact that water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absolving nearly all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is the greater its capacity to contain the gases. At ordinary temperature a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature to that of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use, and should be often removed, whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason the water in the pump should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in a pitcher over night is not fit for coffee water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to health than impure air, and every person should provide the means for obtaining pure, fresh water for all domestic uses.

A Negro being asked for his definition of a gentleman, gave the following:

"Massa make me de black man workee—make de ox workee—make eberything workee—only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please, he lib like a gentleman."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRLS.—Antony Trollope, in his new book on America, thus speaks of our school girls:

I do not know of any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman up to the moment ignorant of the matter than that which he would find by visiting, first of all a free school in Pennsylvania. The female pupil at a free school in London, as a rule, is either a ragged pauper or a charity girl; if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards when the same girls become our servants and the wives of grooms and porters. The female pupil at a free school in Pennsylvania is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly clean. In speaking to her you cannot in any way guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year; nor will you be able to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were in all respects your equal.

A JOKE.—A ragged-looking rebel went into a Hoosier's house during the raid, and got to putting on airs, telling the girls that he was John Morgan, and the old lady, who had "hearn on him" fainted and rolled under the table. The girls keeled over against the wall, fell over, the chairs, &c. Secesh was about going into the cupboard, when a long, sandy-haired chap entered the room.

"Who the h—ll are you?" said Sandy, eyeing him closely.

"I'm Morgan. Why?"

"I'm told that you're a hoss at kissin' and you've hugged the ole 'oman and squeezed the gals to death. I guess you had better drop the pies and things."

"*Pizen things?*" shouted the rebel, turning pale as he dropped a load of pies, corn cakes, hams, &c., which he had "confiscated," and had been eating heartily of, "O, I'm a gone goslin!" and dropped upon the floor.

The girls tied him, and Sandy and the old 'oman hike to beat him to death, and then let him go.

What the Federal Government has done for the rebels.

First. It confiscated their cotton, but in return gave them "Wool."

Second. It has exercised a "Fostering" care over North Carolina.

Third. It gave them a "Pope" to control their misguided zeal.

Fourth. Notwithstanding the financial condition of the country, it established "Banks" in New Orleans.

Fifth. It furnishes them with a "Butler" and "Porter."

Sixth. When the slaves in South Carolina fled from their masters, it sent them a "Hunter" who found them by hundreds.

Seventh. When they invaded Pennsylvania to reap a harvest, it furnished the "Sickles" and gave them "Meade" to cool their heated blood.

CHOOSING A DEACON.—At a church-meeting in Connecticut, for the purpose of filling a vacant deaconship, some diversity of opinion, strange to say, appeared to exist among the brethren as to who should fill that very pecuniary profitable office. After a deal of talk, and no progress, Brother B——, an honest, straightforward farmer, having in mind the Democratic Convention, probably, thought that a third man "might unite the party," and made up his mind to propose the thing, although he never made the attempt to speak in public. Rising with caution and hesitation, he delivered himself "to the point" thus:

"Gentlemen, I am not used to public speaking, but, in my opinion, Dan Baxter would make an *all-fired good deacon!*"

It is superfluous to say that "Dan Baxter" was "elected."

Mrs. Warbler, who advertised in Maine for a husband, has received over seventy applications, and still warbles for more.

An Irishman writing a sketch of his life, says he early ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

The fellow who had deserted from five wives and four regiments, thinks that, instead of being tried as a deserter, he should be forgiven for those first few offences.

An old toper was overheard the other day advising a young man to get married. "Because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you come home drunk."