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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COLLINS SMITH,
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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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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 convenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1859.-12

MY NATIVE LAND.

[FROM THE GERMAN.—From the Boston Post.]

Land of my birth thou art far away,
My eyes thou canst not bless!
Thou'st vanished from thy votary,
Like youthful happiness.

I stand alone, and think of thee,
While on the sea I pore,
And all my dreams, with ecstacy,
Revert to thy loved shore!

When listening to the ocean's roar,
I'm filled with trembling joy,—
And dreamed myself at home once more,
And when I was a boy.

And in the wind I seem to hear
Thy linden's rustling leaf,
Whose grateful shade was want to cheer
The school-boy's transient grief.

In its tumultuous, noisy way,
The mountain stream doth blend
With its discourse, exultant, gay,
The name of each old friend.

The sound of bells upon thy herds,
By ocean borne along,
Brings to fond memory the words
Of a familiar song.

I hear the bird sing on the spray—
The murmur of the tree,
Whose rustling branches, in their play,
Still cry: "Remember me!"

The sea, alone, with its rough swell,
Connects me still with thee:
And on its shore, as sad farewell,
I kiss the last tall tree.

Adoringly I think of thee,
To me forever dear—
And send thee, on this rolling sea,
A breaking heart's last tear.

A PICTURE FROM THE HOSPITAL.

HOW OUR SOLDIERS LIVE AND DIE.

In a number of the *Boston Commonwealth* we find the following sketch of a scene in one of the army hospitals at Washington, from the pen of Louisa M. Alcott, of Boston, who performs the duties of a nurse:

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

One evening I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large fair man, with a fine face and the serenest eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend who had remained behind that those worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John, his courage, sobriety, self denial and unfailing kindliness of heart, always winding up with: "He's an out and out fine feller, ma'am, you see if he ain't." I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately looking man whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature, who seldom spoke, uttered no word of complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith.

NO HOPE.

A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and bearded, comely-featured and full of vigor as yet unsubdued by pain, thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking you fairly in the face, with a straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder: "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And as the two passed on, John's eyes still followed them with an intentness which would have won a clearer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face, then came the usual serenity as if in that brief eclipse he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hand, with that submission which is true piety

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P——, I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most, and to my great surprise he glanced at John.

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great vitality, but even his temperate life can't save him. I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him, and you'd better tell him so before long—women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at farthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn out, worthless bodies round him were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives to linger on for years, perhaps burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave and faithful, fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, a true soldier of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P—— to say, "Tell him he must die," but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophesies, so rendering my task unnecessary.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE STORY.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him, was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious and he spoke in whispers, but from occasional conversations I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said with an irrepressible glimmer of female curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife or mother, John?"

"Neither ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have, which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that, but I'm not so very young, ma'am—thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years, for mother's a widow. I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry till Lizzy has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt you are both, John, yet how came you to go to the war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No ma'am, not as I see it; for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay, I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows, but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'go;' so I went."

A SOLDIER'S PRIDE.

"Do you ever regret that you came when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am. I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front. It looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle—do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him.

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

THE LAST LETTER.

"Shall I write to your mother now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes; but they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one, doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, the last to death.

"No, ma'am, to Laurie, just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent, for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive, full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good-bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines with steady hand, and as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it", then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before. Now, John was dying and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this, in its gentleness and patient strength.

As I went in John stretched out both his hands.

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was, and so rapidly that even while he spoke over his face I saw the gray veil falling that no mortal hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help, and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, "How long must I endure this and be still?" For hours he suffered dumbly without a moments murmuring. His limbs grew cold, his lips white, and again and again he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony; yet, through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

SOLDIERLY SYMPATHY.

One by one the men woke, and around the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt even in one week. Presently the Jonathan who so loved this comely David came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?"

"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will! I will!"

"Good bye, Ned."

"Good bye, John, good bye!"

They kissed each other tenderly as women, and so parted; for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while there was no sound in the room but the sound of water from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal: "For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry that pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he asked, and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blow were useless now. Dan flung up the window, the first red streak of dawn was warming the grey east, a herald of the coming sun. John saw it, and with the love of light, which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down, and stretching out his strong right-arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past.

As we stood looking at him, the ward-master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had looked and longed for it so eagerly—yet he had it; for after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away.

"He made a few desultory remarks," said the schoolmaster. Mrs. Partington stopped suddenly in the bustle she was making around the table for tea, and gazed over her specs thoughtfuly at him Leaning on a plate edgewise, as if to enforce her views by the support it gave her, "I suppose it was because he was weak," said she, "but Ayer's Pills will cure him I never knew 'em to fail. They are very solitary in such cases" "Really madam," replied he, "I cannot guess your meaning." "You said dysentery," said she, laying down the plate and putting a spoon in the preserves. "I said desultory," said he, smiling, "quite a different thing." "No matter," said she, looking up in time to box Ike's ears, who was putting paper down the chimney of the kerosene lamp. "The Pills are good for both, I dare say, for they cure almost all the diseases in the cornucopia.

DON'T GET IN DEBT.—Debt is a perfect bore. How it haunts a man from pillar to post—lurking in the breakfast cup—poisoning his dinner—embittering his tea!—now it stalks from him like a living skeleton, seeming to announce its presence by recounting the amount of its liabilities. How it poisons his domestic joys, by introducing its "balance" into the calculation of madam, respecting the price of a new carpet or dress. How it hinders dreamy plans for accumulations. How it hampers useless energies—cripples resolutions to good to be fulfilled.

☞We have some German friends up at Galena, who in daily conversation, use the English language, but the mother teaches her children the same German prayers she used to repeat to them in her childhood away back on the banks of the Rhine. One night, as little Ernest, a precocious chap of some four summers, was quietly going through his evening devotions, he suddenly electrified and astonished his pious mother, by: "Ma, why do we always talk Yankee and pray German? Is God a Dutchman?"

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who, by-the-way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

A STUPID CRATER.—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding, exclaimed—"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead!" "So he is, ma'am; but *the crater's not sensible of it!*"

☞A young lady in Richmond, writing to her friends in Baltimore, says that the gayeties of society in that city consist chiefly of what are called "starvaton parties," at which people meet in each others houses, and have music and dancing, but nothing to eat or drink. She avers that they have a good deal of fun, and no supper.

☞Viscount S. once met M. de V, and said to him: "Is it true, sir, that in a house where I am thought to be witty, you said I had no wit at all?" M. de V. answered: "My lord, there is not a word of truth in the matter. I never was in a house where you were thought to be witty, and I never had occasion to tell anybody you had no wit at all."

WOMAN THE TRUE TEACHER.—She has a larger heart, a finer brain, and a more delicate muscle and nerve than man, and hence she is most eminently qualified to shape the intellectual, moral, and spiritual world. A high cultivated woman is God's antidote for sin and suffering.

☞"Sam, did you see the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I meet him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good looking man; he made a bow, dat's all he said."

☞"Sambo, where is your master?" "Gone out." "Has he left off drinking, yet?" "Oh, yes, sure! he leave off two, tree times dis mornin."

A GAME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—The *American Agriculturist* thus describes a game that used to afford "us children" much mirth:

One of the party being provided with slate and pencil, calls on each of the others in turn to name some descriptive adjective, as good, pretty, ugly, long, short, ect. These are written in a column at the left of the slate. The writer then places his pencil oposite one of the words, and calls for the name of one of the party, which being given, is written next to the adjective, and then the names of the whole company are written in turn, each opposite the adjective which comes in order on the list.

The writer now commences at some other part of the list, and each company names some locality, as "on the house," "under the barn," "in the woods," etc., and these are added, one to each name. In the same manner some act is next written, to complete the sentences, as "hauling saw-logs," "sleeping soundly," "shelling corn," etc. When all is completed, the sentence are read aloud. The ludicrous situation described will often cause great merriment. Thus it may happen that "Sweet Susan was before the looking-glass, making faces;" or that "Slow John was on the railroad, runing a race with the engine;" or that "Long John was hunting the rebels, in the wash tub." Of course, much fun will depend on keeping the sentences secret till all are read.

A SPECIMEN OF PURE COPPER.—A friend relates to us the followihg amusing and instructive incident. Scene on the road, somewhere in Chatham.

Dramatis Personae—Man on a wagon: Man afoot, carrying a Jug.

MAN ON WAGON. "Hillo, friend; won't you ride?"

MAN WITH JUG. "Well, guess not; you seem to have load enough, and the road is rough. Don't care if I put my jug in the wagon, though."

MAN ON WAGON. "Well, do."

Man with jug puts the same in the wagon. Man on wagon asks:

"What you got in the jug?"

"Kerosene oil," says the other.

"Ah! Kerosene Oil. How is it," says man with wagon "that Gov. Curtin has raised the price of Kerosene oil so suddenly from 40 to 80 cents a gallon."

"Guess you must be a Copperhead," says man with the jug, "for no sensible, loyal man, would ask so silly a question."

"And you are an abolitionist," says man with the wagon—"you voted the black republican ticket, and I won't carry your jug another rod." So out went Mr Jug.

Wonder if man with the wagon was one of the twenty-two that joined the Democratic club in Chatham on one night?

☞"Hang the slavery question! I'm disgusted with it. Let us *ignore* it and put down the rebellion." Hearken, oh, Solomon, to your brother, who is even now running through the streets yelling at the top of his voice: "My house is burning up! Don't notice the *fire*, at all, for I'm disgusted with it. Let us *ignore the fire* and put out the conflagration!"

We can ignore the fire and extinguish the flames just as easily as we can ignore slavery and put down the rebellion. Why the rebellion is to slavery what a cough is to consumption; only its legitimate manifestation. We cannot avoid the Slavery question; we must either settle it, or it will settle us most effectually, forever.—*Nashville Union.*

The buxom, bright-eyed, full breasted bouncing lass—who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady withal in company—is just the sort of a girl for a young man to marry: but you, ye pining, lolling, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, putty faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens.

☞A Lady was once declaring that she did not understand how gentlemen could smoke. It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman: "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he's now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

☞When you go to kiss—first grasp with haste around the waist, and hug her tight to thee; and then she'll say "Do go away—do, won't you let me be?" Then, O, what bliss! but never miss so good a chance as that; then make a dash, as quick as flash, and—Georgie hold my hat.

The man who stands under the gallows, about to be swung off, would like to have "the last tie" severed.