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 endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons.
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.
C. H. WARRINER, W. M.
A. SIDNEY LYMAN, 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 o-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

W. 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.
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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.
WM. COBB,
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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

"LITTLE SISTER."

Like a sunbeam is our sister,
Dancing fleet and light,
Through the doorway, o'er the threshold,
Beaming clear and bright.

As soft music falls her footstep
On our list'ning ear,—
Like the notes of strains immortal,
That in dreams we hear!

Have you heard the silvery ripple
Of the woodland stream?
Thus her laughter, free, but charming,
Soothes our life's sad dream!

Like the starlight on the river,
Smiling through the night,
Is the radiance of her features,
Beautiful and bright!

Like a queen, she wields a sceptre
Over all our hearts,
But we yield no blind allegiance,—
Love its power imparts.

Sorrow leaves its throne in silence,
When her wand appears;
Doubts and grief are also dying,
Gone are all our fears.

As the darkness yields to daylight,—
Ocean to the shore,—
So we yield our darling sister,
Our hearts evermore!

Pure and guileless as a flow'ret
From the hand of love,
May we guard the bud so precious,
Till it blooms above!

THE PARSIMONIOUS CLERK.

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes—
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

"Weston," said Mr. Dayton to one of his clerks, as they were alone in the spacious counting-room, which was attached to the large store of which Mr. D. was proprietor, "give me leave to say that I do not think your dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store." A deep blush suffused the face of the young man, and in spite of his endeavors to repress it, a tear glistened in his full, black eyes.

"Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments, I would increase it." "My salary is amply large sir," replied Weston, with a mortified air but with the proud independence of feeling of which even poverty had not been able to divest him.

"Oblige me then, by changing your apparel, and presenting a different appearance in the future. You are wanted in the store." Weston turned and left his employer, who muttered to himself, as he took up his paper, "how I do detest these parsimonious fellows." Mr. Dayton was a man of immense wealth. He was a widower and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was as good as an angel and as beautiful as she was good.

She was simple in her tastes and appearance. Such was Laura Dayton when Weston May first became an inmate of her father's house, and what wonder was it that he soon learned to love her with a deep and ardent affection. Though their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes were too plain to be mistaken. Weston was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure that he was not distasteful to her, still he felt that he must conquer the passion which glowed in his heart.

"I must not win her heart," he said to himself; "I am penniless, and her father would never consent to our union."

Thus he reasoned and thus he manfully endeavored to subdue, what he considered an ill fated passion. Laura had many suitors and some who were worthy of her, but she refused all their overtures with decisive yet gentle firmness.

Her father wondered at her conduct, but would not strive to alter her inclinations. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he departed this world. It was not long before he surmised that young Weston was the cause of her indifference to others.—The pleasure which she took in hearing him praised, the blush which mantled her face when their eyes met, served to convince the old gentleman that they took more than a common interest in each other. He forebore to make any remarks on the subject and was not so displeased at the thought as Weston had imagined he would be.

Weston May had now been three years in his employ. Mr. Dayton knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, good morals, and pleasing manners conspired to make him esteem him highly. He placed unbounded confidence in him and was very proud of him. He often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe; for although Weston dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare, which Mr. Dayton thought proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and accordingly he addressed him on the subject as before related. Soon after this conversation Mr. Dayton left home on business. As he was riding through a pretty little village he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress with an ease and politeness which told that she had not always been in a humble cottage, invited him to enter.—He complied, and a scene of poverty and neatness met his gaze which he had never before witnessed. The furniture consisted of nothing more than was actually necessary, was so clean and neat, that it cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable old man sat by the window, staff in hand. His clothes were whole but so patched that they seemed the counterpart of Joseph's coat of many colors.

"This is your father, I presume," said he addressing her.

"It is, sir."

"He seems quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year, and has survived all his children but myself."

"Have you always resided here?"

"No sir; my husband was once wealthy but indorsing ruined him, and we were reduced to this state. He soon after died and two of my children followed him."

"Have you any children living?"

"One sir, who is my only support.—My own health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and my father being blind and deaf needs a great deal of attention. My son will not tell me how much his salary is, but I am sure he sends me nearly all of it."

"Then he is not at home?"

"No sir, he is a clerk in New York."

"Indeed! Pray what is his name?"

"Weston May."

"Weston May! Is it possible. Why he is clerk. I left him in charge of my store only two weeks ago.

Explanations followed, and Mr. Dayton soon left promising to call some other time.

"Noble fellow," said he mentally, as he was riding slowly along, and ruminating upon the call. "Noble fellow. I believe he loves my girl, and he may have her and part of my money too. Let me see," here he fell into a thinking mood and by the time he reached home, he formed a plan which he determined to execute. How it terminated we shall see. Full of his new plan, he entered the breakfast room where Laura was awaiting his appearance.

"So Weston is going to England," said he carelessly.

"Sir!" said Laura, dropping her coffee cup, "going to England?"

"To be sure; what of it, child?"

"Nothing—only—I—we shall be rather lonesome," replied she, vainly endeavoring to repress her tears.

"Come, come Laura, tell me do you love Weston? You never deceived me, don't do it now."

"No; well I—I do love him most sincerely."

"I thought so! I thought so," replied he, as he left the room.

"Weston," said he as he entered his store, "you expect to go into the country shortly, do you?"

"Yes sir, in about four weeks."

"If it would not be inconvenient, I wish you would defer it a few weeks louger," said Mr. Dayton.

"I will sir, with pleasure, if it will oblige you."

"It will oblige me greatly for Laura is to be married in about six weeks, and I wish you to attend the wedding."

"Laura married," said Weston, starting as if shot; "Laura married?"

"To be sure. What ails the boy?"

"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden—unexpected."

"It is rather sudden; but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector before I die. I am glad you can stay to the wedding."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot stay," said Weston, forgetting what he had just said.

"You cannot! Why, you just now said you would."

"Yes sir; but my business requires my presence, and I must go."

"But you said you would stay with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir, but in this I cannot oblige you."

"Weston, tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"

"Sir!" Weston seemed like one waking from a dream.

"Do you love my girl?"

"I do, sir."

"Will you give me your mother for her?" Mr. Dayton spoke earnestly.

"My mother! what do you know of her?"

Mr. Dayton repeated the incident already related, and in conclusion said:

"And now, boy, I have written to your mother and offered myself, and she has accepted; what have you to say?"

"That I am the happiest fellow on earth and proud to call you father," replied the young man with a joyful face.

A few weeks after a double wedding took place at Mr. Dayton's mansion, and soon after a sign went up over a certain store, bearing the inscription of "Dayton & Company."

Young man, you may learn from this that it is not fine clothes that would win for you the esteem of those around you.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

Mordacai Paine, a sadler, doing business on North Ninth street, was called from his work on Saturday morning by a messenger who brought the melancholy intelligence that his wife, Barbara, had taken arsenic for the purpose of committing suicide, and was then at the point of death. He hastened to her bedside, and found her more in agony of mind than body. She declared that there was something on her mind which she wished to confess to him before her departure, with the hope of obtaining his forgiveness.—Mr. Paine, with great emotion, desired her to go on with her disclosure, adding that she might assure herself of his forgiveness before she had made known her offence.

'Ah! Mordacai,' said she, 'you remember our large white pitcher was broken some time ago; I pretended to you that the cat broke it, but that was false, for I did it myself.'

'Oh, my dear,' said Mr. Paine, 'don't concern yourself about such a trifle. I had forgotten the pitcher, and it matters not how it was broken.'

'There is another matter,' said Mrs. P. after some hesitation. 'The silver spoons which I made you believe were stolen by the Yankee clock mender, I pawned them to pay the milliner for doing up my pink satin bonnet.'

'Never mind it, my love,' said Mr. P. encouragingly. 'I hope heaven will forgive you as freely as I do.'

After a short pause, Mrs. P. began again:

'Your best razor, which you missed last summer, and made so much to do about, I swapped it away to a peddler, for a tortoise shell comb.'

'The deuce!—well, well,' said Mr. Paine, recollecting himself, 'that is all done now, and cannot be amended. Think no more of it.'

'I could not leave this world with such a thing on my conscience,' replied the fair penitent.

'Go on, go on,' cried Mr. Paine, 'I told you that I would forgive everything at such a time as this.'

Mrs. Paine resumed:

'You remember our boarder, Simon Drake, who ran up a bill of six weeks, and then ran off in a hurry without paying a cent. He and I had agreed to elope together; but he changed his mind at the moment and ran away without me.'

'Fire and fury! do you dare to tell me this?' cried Mordacai in great excitement. 'But as you are dying, I won't reproach you. I'll leave you now to settle the affair with your own conscience.'

'Stay and hear one thing more. The dose I took this morning was intended for you, I put it in your cup of coffee, but in my hurry to have the thing done, I gave you the wrong cup and took the right one myself.'

'The devil fly away with you, you jade!' roared Mordacai, as he flung himself out of the room. In the entry he met the apothecary, who had sold Mrs. Paine the fatal powder. This medical man had heard of the commotion at Paine's house, and suspecting the cause of it, he came to administer hope and comfort to the afflicted.

'Don't be alarmed, Mr. Paine,' said he, 'the drug I sold to your wife was nothing but magnesia. I judged that she wished to destroy herself, and I tricked her in this way to save her life.'

'You swindling rascal,' shouted Paine, 'how dare you cheat a customer in that shameful manner, and obtain her money on false pretences? Begone!'

And with this exclamation he violently ejected the astonished apothecary from his front door. The man of physic, suspecting of course that the poor Mordacai was deranged, sent two officers to provide for his safe keeping. His relation of the preceding dialogue, however, soon obtained his discharge.

☞ A SAD MISTAKE.—A singular incident occurred at a wedding in Troy lately. The guests were assembled, and the carriages were awaiting them at the door, when a sexton drove up with a hearse, which he backed down to the gate, alighted and opened, and stood waiting to receive the coffin. He had mistaken the place, and seeing the carriages, supposed it was the funeral instead of a feast. The circumstance cast a gloom over the happy bridal gathering.

☞ A Paris physician has been sentenced to imprisonment for one year, fined five hundred francs, and placed under the surveillance of the police for five years, for having divulged the nature of a patient's disease and thus ruined his character. He was also condemned to pay one thousand francs damages to his patient.

An Army Chaplin, preaching to his soldiers, exclaimed: "If God be with us, who can be against us?" Jeff Davis and the devil!" promptly exclaimed one of the boys.

Capital Answers.

A professor of universal knowledge had a prince, who suddenly came in upon the pretender, and put his wisdom to the test.

"So thou knowest all things," said the king; then tell me to-morrow morning these three things only, or thou shalt lose thy head.

First—how many baskets of earth there are in yonder mountain? Secondly—how much is the king worth? And thirdly, what is the king thinking of at the time.

The professor was distressed beyond measures, and in his apartments rolled upon the carpet in agoney, for he knew that he must die on the morrow. His servant learned the trouble and offered to appear before the king and take his chance of answering the questions.

The next morning the servant, clothed in his master's robes, presented himself to his majesty, who was deceived by his appearance and the king proceeded;

"Tell me, now, how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If the baskets are as large as the mountain, one will hold it, if half as large, two, if quarter, four; and so on."

The king had to be satisfied and proceeded.

"Now tell me how much the king is worth?"

Well your majesty, the king of Heaven and Earth was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I conclude you are worth one piece."

This was so witty an escape, that the king laughed snd went on.

"Now once more, tell me what I am thinking of?"

"You are now thinking that you are talking with the professor, whereas it is only his servant."

"Well done," said the king, you shall have your reward, and your master shall not lose his head."

TOUCH NOT MY SISTER'S PICTURE.—The following incident was related by a Confederate prisoner to an attendant, who by many acts of kindness had won his confidence:—

"I was searching for spoils among the dead and dying ubon a deserted battlefield, when I discovered a small gold locket upon the person of a dying boy, apparently about fifteen years of age. As I endeavored to loose it from his grasp, he opened his languid eyes and implored me, by all that was good and pure, by the memory of my own mother, not to rob him of his sister's picture. 'Oh!" said he, "it was her last gift. I promised her, when she kissd my cheek at, parting, that I would always wear it next my heart, in life or death." Then, as if throwing his whole soul into the plea, he exclaimed: "Oh! touch not my sister's picture!" As the last words faltered upon his tongue, his voice hushed in death. By the dim light of the stars I hastily scooped a shallow grave, and buried him with his sister's picture lying upon his breast."

TURN THE HORSE.—A young sprig of a docter once met at a convivial party several larks, who were bent on placing in his hat a very large brick—or, in plain language, make him gloriously drunk—which they accomplished about 10 o'clock at night.

The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount the horse, which they at length did, with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow."

"So your are," exclaimed one of the wags; just get off, doctor, and we'll put you on right."

"Get off?" hiccuped the doctor—"no you don't. Just turn the horse round, and it will all come right—you must all be very drunk."

NOTHING IS HIDDEN.—Nothing in this world is hidden forever. The gold which has lain for centuries unsuspected in the ground, reveals itself one day on the surface. Sand turns traitor, and betrays the footstep that has passed over it; water gives back to the tell tale surface the body that has been drowned. Fire itself leaves the confession, in ashes, of the substance consumed in it. Hate breaks its prison-secrecy in the thoughts, through the doorway of the eyes, and Love finds the Judss who betrays it by a kiss.

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR CORNS.—Rub them over with tosted cheese, and let your feet hang out of bed for a night or two, that the mice may nibble them. If the mice do their duty the remedy will be sufficient.

☞ An exchange says—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. The Louisville journal adds, "And it grows on 'em as they get bigger."

LOCAL ARISTOCRACIES.—In Boston, the only recognized aristocracy is intellect; and the question put by a Bostonian is this:—What do you know?

In New York, it is a mere matter of wealth, and the question is: What are you worth?

In Philadelphia it is blood, the exact quality of which is decided by your answer as to what are your relations?

In Washington, where politics govern: How many votes do you control?

In Charleston as in the Quaker city, it is the blood or pedigree, and the question is: Who was your grandfather?

In Cincinnati, the queen lard oil city:—How many hogs do you kill?

In Chicago, before the panic, it was:—How many corner lots do you own?

In St. Louis the passport to favor is secured by an affirmative answer to the question: Have you any interest in a fur company?

In New Orleans, south of Canal street among the merchants it was: How much cotton do you ship? North of Canal street among the French creoles: How does he dress?

In Mobile, it is manners that makes the man, and the question is: How does he behave?

SHE COUDN'T SEE IT.—An Irishman entered a small village ale-house somewhere in New Jersey, and looking round him for a minute, addressed the landlady as follows:

"Missus, sho' me over sixpence worth of ale and sixpence worth of bread."

The bread and ale were set before him. He looks at the one, then at the other, and as if having satisfied his mind on some point, drinks the ale.

"Missus," says he, "I have taken the ale; what's to pay?"

"Sixpence," says she.

"Well, ther's the sixpenny loaf," says he; "that pays for the ale."

"But the loaf wasn't paid for," said she.

"Bless your soul," says he, "I didn't ate the loaf."

The landlady couldn't see through it, but Pat could, and walked away.

YANKEE SPEED.—An englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country mentioned, that the celebrated Eclips had run a mile in a minte. "My good fellow!" exclaimed a Yankee present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to fine me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless; and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory—just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

INTERESTING TO HOLDERS OF TREASURY NOTES.—A Philadelphia banker recently received in the way of business a fifty dollar United States Treasusy note, dated December 1, 1863, payable two years after date, with interest at five per cent. per annum, the latter payable semi-annually. The interest coupon had been detached from the note. The United States Treasurer at Washington was consulted as to the effect on the value of the note by the detachment of the coupons. The reply was as follows: "The coupons having been detached, the note ceases to be a legal tender until the 1st of June, 1865, at which time it will be received for its full face value." This may be of interest as a precedent in like cases.

SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The last foreign mail settles the question of the safety of Dr. Livingstone the African explorer, who was reported to have been killed by the natives on the Zambesi. The British war sloop Rapid has brought a letter from Bishop Tozer, dated at Murchison Falls (at the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi river,) on the 21st of December, which states that Dr. Livingstone had come back from his expedition up the country, and arrived at the foot of the Murchison Falls in November and they intend to come down the river as soon as the water rose sufficiently to get the Pioneer down.

Mrs. Partington says "that when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the girls undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of extoting them home devolves on their own dear selves." The old lady diew down her spects, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex.

AT a printers' festival the following sentiment was offered.—

"Printers' Wives—May they always have plenty of small caps for the heads of their little original articles."