The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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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.

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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.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
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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.

H. J. OLMSTED,
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.

WM. H. MILLER. . . . . J. C. M'ALARNEY.
MILLER & McALARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
AGENTS for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Pension, Bounty, Arrears of Pay &c. Address Box 95, Harrisburg, Pa.

Pension Bounty and War Claim Agency.

PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contractracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promtly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law.

REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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June 8, '64.-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
DISEASES of the Nervous, Seminal, Urinary and sexual systems—new and reliable treatment—in reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent by mail in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
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PETROLEUM.

BY A PUPIL OF PACKER INSTITUTE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' a Western village passed
A man, whose future golden name
Hung trembling on the magic name,
Petroleum!

His brow was sad, but his eye was bright
With the haunting vision day and night,
And in his ear this word was rung,
Like music from a fairy tongue,
Petroleum!

In cabin homes he saw a light,
Which flickered thro' the starless night.
His heart was growing sad and lone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Petroleum!

Yet on he pressed with weary tread,
Dark rose the tempest overhead;
The mountain winds went whistling by,
And mocked his sad despairing cry,
Petroleum!

"Beware the branch of the withered tree!
Beware of swamps and mud to the knee!"
These were the words of the cautious sire,
Lost in *that* word which echoed higher,
Petroleum!

"Try not the pass!" the peasant cried,
"The rocks are ragged, the chasm wide,
The oily river is rushing by,"
But the purpose leaped from his flashing eye,
Petroleum!

At break of day, when sunlight spread
Its halo of glory over his head,
A scene in the distance caught his eye,
His heart upsprung with the joyful cry,
Petroleum!

The goal was reached, and patient toil
Drew from the earth its wealth of Oil,
And now repaid for his anxious care,
His clarion voice rings thro' the air,
Petroleum!

LYMAN COBB.

Nearly thirty years ago we published the following brief sketch of this distinguished author, whoss death is just announced. We re-publish the statement as a confirmation of the truth of Phrenology, as well as for a mark of respect toward one so worthy. His life has verified all that we then said of him. We quote:

"Lyman Cobb, the distinguished American lexicographer, possess a rare head and one that presents many striking proofs of phrenological science, but our limits will allow us only to glance at a few of his leading developments. His head is large, and his temperament highly favorable for activity and endurance. The domestic and social organs, except Amativeness, are all large on very large, which, combining with his very large Benevolence and small selfish organs, impart to his affections and attachments a purity, strength, and ardor seldom equaled in the gentler sex. His Hope is so large as to make him quite sanguine in his expectations. His firmness is very large, which makes him stable and decided when he has made up his mind, and quite persevering in the accomplishment of his purposes; and his Combativeness and Destructiveness are sufficient to give him great energy of character. But the most striking and interesting development in his head is his Conscientiousness. Although his Firmness is very large, yet this organ rises above it on each side. In the phrenological view, therefore, we might reasonably suppose that in making this head the Creator designed to present to the world a perfect specimen of an *honest man*. His Self-Esteem is moderate, his Approbativeness large, and his Cautiousness very large; hence his excessive diffidence, modesty, and amiability of character; and this combined with his excessive Conscientiousness, makes him feel too unworthy, and gives him a disposition to allow others to encroach upon his rights. His very large Benevolence joined with his moderate Acquisitiveness makes him liberal to excess, especially toward his friends. His reasoning qualities are of a high order, his critical acumen unsurpassed. His Form is very large, and this added to his very large Weight and large Size and Locality, enables him instantly to detect a typographical error or inaccuracy in spelling by a mere glance of the eye."

We add: The Temperament was nervous-bilious, or motive-mental, and as he advanced in years the mental-vital had the ascendency. The vital organs, heart, lungs, stomach, etc., were all large. He was broad, tall, and strong, with an upright figure and a manly bearing. There was something of the Calhoun or Jackson in his general bearing and make-up of organization, and he was both firm, dignified, and persevering. A man of action and resolution, he was seldom or never idle long at a time, and with his iron will and almost iron constitution, with exceedingly temperate habits, he was enabled to work almost perpetually, and even with but a moderate degree of sleep. Our portrait fails to do him justice, at least in one respect. His intellect was more capacious than is here represented, and although the hair grew down upon the forehead, the mass of brain above the ear was really very great—which was the case with Noah Webster, Calhoun, and many others. Acquisitiveness was moderate, as was Secretiveness, and he was frank, candid, open-hearted, and generous to a fault. He was eminently devotional, just, sincere, and trusting—a man of high principle and of sterling worth. He was amiable, joyous and hopeful. His greatest faults were those which affected himself, and those dependent upon him, rather than others. His desire to do good, and to confer favors on the world was so great that he even became improvident and almost neglectful of his personal affairs. He was the father of a large and very interesting family of both sons and daughters, who have grown up intelligently and virtuously, and so far as we know are well settled in life. Our relations with Mr. Cobb were always mere of the intimate, and we counted him one of our best friends, and have more than once had occasion to avail ourselves of his literary services, in preparing the manuscript of inexperienced authors for the press. And in parting with him, although he had reached a ripe old age, we feel that we have lost a friend indeed. But what is our loss may be his gain. Peace to his spirit. The following brief biographical sketch will interest our readers.

Lyman Cobb was born in Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Mass., September 18, 1800. His father died in 1809, and leaving a large family of children, Lyman started at that early age to provide for himself, and moved to the central part of New York. At the age of *nineteen*, he printed his first spelling-book, and at the time was occupied in teaching school. He sold the copyright of his book to the publishers at Ithica for Tompkins County for $1,000, which yielded at one half a cent per copy during the term of twenty-eight years, twenty five thousand dollars. The publication of his spelling-book reached millions of copies, being used in nearly every school in the State of New York. He wrote the following books: "Speller," "Expositor," "Dictionary," a series of five Reading Books, a Speaker, Primary Arithmetic, Higher Arithmetic, Miniature Lexicon, Corporeal Punishment, and upward of sixty or seventy small illustrated juvenile works.

The abolishment of corporal punishment was for years his hobby. At every school convention or public educational meeting he by resolution ascertained the sense of the meeting, and agitated the question, and the public became awakened to that extent that the Public School Society of New York ordered two copies of his work to be furnished each school, and the teacher recommended to read the same at least once in each year. The children of the present day owe an immense amount to him for the changes produced through his efforts in school discipline. For many years he labored regularly twenty hours each day, rising at five and retiring at one A. M. And upon Sunday his recreation and rest was attending three services at church and visiting two Sabbath schools, and addressing the children on each day. This immense amount of labor and want of rest made sad havoc upon his constitution, and made the last few years of his life painful through sufferings.

He was an active member of the Prison Association, Public School Society (Chairman of No. 5 for many years), New York Historical Society, and a great friend and frequent visitor of the Colored Home, Home of the Friendless, Five Points Mission, and House of Refuge, the latter especially, at which places whenever he visited always addressing the children. He was an earnest Christian in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but liberal in his views.

His unfinished works were "The National Dictionary," large quarto, upon which he had labored some years; a Bible Dictionary, upon which three years' labor had been spent, and a Concordance. In the year ending October, 1857, his income from all sources was $8,600. He died at Colesburg, Potter Co., Pa., October 26, 1864, aged sixty-four years. He had been confined to his bed for over two years.—*From the "Phrenological Journal.*

HOW HE DID IT.—A committee called on a flourishing tradesman to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman.

"Can't do it, gentlemen," was the reply; "I gave five dollars to the Rev. Mr. P——, yesterday."

After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R——, and departed with thanks; but a minute afterwards he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant:

"Draw off five dollars' worth of liquor and fill with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P——."

"WANTED—A BOY."

The fact that we have not seen half a dozen "boys" in as many years, induces us to jot down some thoughts under the above caption. We beg to inform the public that we do not want another apprentice just now, so the "wanted"—must be considered as serving "to point a moral," and not as an advertisement.

We suspect that the species "Boy," has gone after that "lost tribe" of Featherdom—"The Do, Do." Certainly we have not seen one of the species oftener than once a quarter, for ten years. True—there are a plenty of nominal boys everywhere; that is to say, there is no lack of bipeds in short coats and caps, with smooth faces, "of stubble." But these are not the boys of a not very distant day. They appear as such to the eye, but when one sees them on the street, or hears them speak, the illusion vanishes.

The boy that we knew ten years ago has departed and left little trace behind. We remember that he occasionally came into our office, almost always on errands for his father, or some grown-up person, and seldom, if ever, to sit in our arm chair, scribbling on our exchanges, talk to the printers, or meddle with the type. He came in, told his errand; if a cold morning, warmed his toes, and went his way. We do not recollect that he whistled Yankee Doodle, or drummed on the table. He may have done so, but it has not been remembered.

The boy we knew ten years ago never appears to us now in the street. We miss him wonderfully. He used to bow and say "Good morning," and never said "bully for you," as men passed along the streets. We do not recollect of seeing the boy of ten years ago with a pipe, or a cigar in his mouth; and alas, that we should have to say it!—we never saw the boy of ten years ago DRUNK. We never saw him reeling on the side-walk and disgusting the passers-by with his maudlin and awkward profanity. We do not remember to have seen him sitting in the stores and groceries by the hour, chewing tobacco guzzling beer, and making himself, in some of the lowest respects, the equal of grown-folks who do these things.

The boy of ten years ago did not require as much room, ether at home or in a crowd, as does the boy of to-day.—The latter is the loudest talker in a crowd of men, while at home he too often requires as much attention and grooming as a valuable horse. He claims all the favors, shirks all the "hardships," as he calls them, and might be mistaken for the head of the family, only that he condescends to let that imaginary individual pay the grocery, store, and shoemaker bills—as a matter of special favor, we suppose. Altogether, the boy of to-day is a nondescript. He puts on the bad habits of grown folks when he graduates at the nursery, and in dimensions, except in all things essential to true manhood, only, is to all intents and purposes A MAN.

The boy of ten years ago had some ambitions above and beyond retailing sugar and calico on a starvation salary—so small that the temptation to "crib" from the change drawer is often too strong for unacclimated virtue. He did not consider it a disgrace to be a good blacksmith, shoemaker, carpenter, &c., &c. He would have considered it a disgrace to have been a blunderhead at anything.—When he undertook a job he tried to do it well—acting on the safe and correct rule "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." We are not prepared to say that the boy of ancient times did not sometimes reckon his duty performed to his employer when he had put in the day *somehow*, and got his pay; but it was not a rule with the boy of ancient times that "the employer is to be cheated out of as many hours a day as possible without "kicking up a muss."

Not so with the boy of modern times. He has no comprehension of the mutual dependence and benefit of the employer and the employed. He regards his employer as a very handy person to apply to for favors, but seldom regards his convenience, his comfort, his business, as of the slightest moment.—He would miss him on pay-day, if absent. And that is about all. His commands, his requests, his interests, are all forgotten or ignored. Happy the employer who can find a boy who is not altogether wiser than himself in all things pertaining to business! It would be a rich treat to find a boy who has not learned everything before reaching the middle of his teens!—a boy who was not born supremely wise above age and experience.

But we long for these things with little hope. We do not say there are no exceptions; but it is a notorious fact that the majority of boys now, take little interest in the business of their employers.—Keep late hours, associate with young men of no settled characters, drink beer and whisky, and assume to know a great deal about what they cannot comprehend. They aspire to be known as "fast."—Therefore they are known among the men who move the world, and do its work, as nuisances.

O MODERN BOY! You are putting a bunch of rods in pickle for your conscience! You will either live to curse your stupidity, or die drunk and despised.

That is all.—*Tioga Agitator.*

What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother, women can make the fortune and happiness of her children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning, or how adverse a fate occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtasked powers. By her counsel and her love, she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her example, and her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach, so that with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much—alas! perhaps even more—to degrade man, if she choose to do it.

Who can estimate the evil that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin her husband by extravagance, folly or want of affection. She can make a devil and an outcast of a man, who might otherwise have become a good member of society. She can bring bickerings, strife and perpetual discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes whom God has entrusted to her charge, into vile men and even viler women. She can lower even the moral tone of society itself, and thus polute legislation at the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil, instead of an angel of good.

Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the whole earth smiles with loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and blasted desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions, and swept by the bitter blasts of everlasting death. That is what a woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one?—Has she no "worthy work," as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher path to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF LITTLENESS.—Everything is beautifull, says B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, when it is little, except souls;—little pigs, little lambs little birds little kittens, and little children.

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally cozy. Little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradice than we know of. Little fortunes bringing the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are sweetest to hear, and little charities fly further, and stay the longer on the wing. The little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read and little songs the dearest loved.

When nature would make any thing especialy rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, and little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, and the burden of the prayer is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour.

Every body calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard a good story of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 210! We were surprised. But then it was no joke—the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things besides; and what could she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of old we sometimes hear of, because nature deals in littles almost altogether. Life is made up of little, death is what remains of them all; day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.

Multum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most and, remember longest.

☞ One of "our girls," who is earnestly striving to obtain light, asked the meaning of the "G" in the masonic emblems, and asks if it dosen't mean "girls," "for," says she, "you can't get along without them somewhere in your institution." She's right.

One in the Queen city of the West writes: Two years ago I came to Cincinnati to engage in business, and soon obtained the assistance of a German porter, by name Barney. Finding in a short time that the muddy water of the Ohio was not as palatable or healthy as it might be, I bought a perous stone filter and sent to the store. I told Barney to take it in the cellar and keep it filled with water until wanted. A few days after, I asked Barney to "bring up that stone jar from the celler."

Said he, "I cannot."

"Why not?"

"I gave the ashman sixpence this morning to carry it away; for I had poured four pails of water in it, and it leaked so that I knew you would be glad to get rid of it."

"I Have always been astonished," said Miss Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountfathers left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for.—"That beau," said she, "which is told of as being set in the cloud—I wish he'd come down.

Appropos, said Miss Jones, I want no humpbacked man; the beau up there is "bent."

OLD SONG.—
There,s an oily time coming, boys,
An oily time coming,
There's an oily time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.
We may "strike grease," or we may not,
Stocks go to par or go to pot,
In this oily time coming.
"Wells," not "whales," shall light mandind,
The perfume shall be stronger,
And, "derrics" shall supplant "harpoons,"
Wait a little longer
(*Chorus*)—Oh, there,s an oily time coming.

"WHY is it," said one of our schoolmarms to a young scape-grace who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up in his teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

A YOUNG lady of aristocratic birth, who eloped not long since from the county of Limeric, with her father's groom, has been discovered residing with him in the city of Cork. She stubbornly refuses, however to return to her family, who are in great affliction. Her fortune, when she comes of age, will be ten thousand pounds sterling.

A TALE OF WOE.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow, and with her little lips she said "Confound you! let me go."

"HARD TACK."—In Danphen, France, they make bread but once in six months, and bake it with the refuse of the fields. In the winter it becomes so hard that they cut it with an axe, and soak it for twenty-four hours before they can eat it.

"How do you like me now," asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping trail of muslin following her. "To tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you *any longer.*"

A MAN once advertised his property for sale, and concluded his advertisment with, "A never failing stream of water before the door." Very true—his property was seated on the Delaware river.

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms, says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions! Whew—smell him bref!"

Old Gentleman (affectionately)—"My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?" *Precocious Youth* (stiffly)—"To get the juice out of it, old codger!"

A SOLDIER writes home that he gets along with the hard tack pretty well except when they put the shortening into it lengthwise.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN says that scraping the horns of oxen on the inside will make them curve outward, or vice versa.

"YOU'RE a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing master.

LADIES patch their laces for economy, and their faces for beauty.

WHY does a sculptor die a horrible death? He makes faces and *busts.*

WHY is a cow's tail like a swan's breast? Because it grows down.

THE only ever-lasting people on earth are the shoe makers.

When the fox is asleep, nothing falls into his mouth.