

The Potter Journal.

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

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq., DAN BAKER, Claim Agent Coudersport Pa. June 8, '64-ly.

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LOVE'S RECONCILIATION.

She stood there by the fire that blazed up so cheerily in the grate, throwing a soft, subdued light over the otherwise unlighted room, stately Georgia Berrian, the flame playing in lambent brightness over her grandly beautiful face. Her face was one of those that once seen can never be forgotten. Pure and oval, with a rose tinge on the full cheeks, a darker tint staining the superb lips, a brow high and intellectually broad, eyes of deep, rich hazel, filled with a rare beauty, a singularly charming power of expression on her face. Her dark, silken hair, of a soft, clear brown, was smoothed plainly away from her face and thrust into the velvet net she wore, in a style that well became her.

"I wonder why Ashley doesn't come," she said, in a tone that betrayed impatience. "He is so late!"
She crossed the room and went up to one of the large windows. She swept aside the crimson drapery and looked out. The night was cold and calmly beautiful, a solemn silence brooding in the air. And on just such a night as that one, years and years ago, Christ was born, and angels sang the grand, sweet melody, of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

"How provoking!"
Georgia Berrian's face wore a slight frown now, as she dropped the heavy curtains and turned away.
She wheeled a heavy lounging chair up to the fire and sat down. She leaned her head upon her jeweled hand in deep thought, and if the truth must be told, felt in an envious mood.
For more than an hour she had waited thus, as she was waiting then. Waiting for the coming of Ashley Leicester, her accepted lover, one who was to claim her on her twentieth birthday, not quite three months away, as wife. She had many suitors, but among them all she loved none till Ashley Leicester came. Young, talented, wealthy, and of good family, he had won a place in her heart that no other one ever had. And she had promised that she would be his wife. And now, on this Christmas evening, she was waiting for him. He had promised he would come early. He wished to see her, he had told her, alone; so she waited, while the hands of the gold and ornate clock upon the mantel crept slowly round. Every moment she expected to hear his step; but he came not.

"Why doesn't he come?"
She possessed a haughty, imperious nature, this Georgia Berrian. She was little used to waiting, too used to being waited on. She had felt irritated and out of sorts all day, and her vigil was not improving her temper in the least.

At last! There was a ring at the door bell.

"I wonder if it is him?" she said, impatiently. "I should like to know what detained him."

The door opened, and a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-three or four years came into the room. He came forward with a glad smile on his manly face to meet her.

She rose to meet him. She gave him her hands, and spoke a few commonplace words of welcome.

"Won't you give me a kiss, Georgia?" he asked.

"I don't think you merit one," she said. "You are a tardy cavalier."

"I could not come sooner, Georgia," he answered, slowly.

"I have waited for you a long time. Why did you not come an hour ago?" she asked, a slight vein of coldness running through her tone.

"I have told you that I could not come sooner," he answered. "Is not that enough?"

"Perhaps!"
She turned away from his warm gaze, a little flush of crimson on her cheeks.

"Come and sit down here by me, Georgia."

"I would rather stand here by the fire; it is more pleasant," she answered, perversely.

He sighed softly. A little shadow had crossed his sky.

"How pleasant this firelight is!"
"I like gaslight better," exclaimed Georgia, suddenly. She was determined to disagree. "John, light the chandelier," she said to the servant that came in answer to the bell she rang.

"What have I done to merit this coolness, Georgia?" he asked.
She did not answer, but pulled the scarlet geranium blossoms in her hair apart, and dropped them slowly in the fire.

"Am I unwelcome?" he questioned.
"Perhaps so," she replied, with icy coldness.

"Georgia, I thought you loved me," he said.

"I did," she answered.
"But do not now!" he cried bitterly, stung by her coolness.

"You may be right," she said; "I shall not contradict you."

"Well," he cried, "I may never come again, welcome or unwelcome. Perhaps it would be better if I should not."

Something in his tone startled her. She was too proud to ask him to explain.

"Shall I go?" he asked, while his cheeks flushed up hotly. "If you had rather be alone I will leave you."

"You can go if you wish to, sir. It is nothing to me," she answered, while all the time her heart accused her.

"It is nothing to you!" he repeated, bitterly. "Well, then, I will go. Good-bye, Georgia. I have loved you—I do love you! God bless you, my darling. Good-bye!"

And he was gone.

Gone! She stood there alone, where he had so lately left her—stood there; and her heart smote her for her blind, cruel willfulness, her unexcusable and perverse conduct. How she longed, when he was gone, to throw herself into his arms and ask forgiveness—to rest her head upon his breast again. But it was too late! A demon had seemed to be urging her on, and she had driven him away by her coldness and cruelty.

She paced the velvet carpet, whose softness gave no echo to the footsteps, a strange unrest at heart. What if she should never see him again?—never hear his voice—never hear words of forgiveness? She would have given much to have recalled her bitter, stinging words; but she could not.

"Georgia, you have heard the news?" cried Eva Grantley, as she walked rather unceremoniously into Georgia Berrian's room, two or three days after Christmas.

"No. What is the news, pray?" Georgia asked.

"Ash Leicester has enlisted and gone to Washington—went this afternoon. You know he has been rejected once or twice as physically incapable of performing the duties of a soldier, but this time he was taken."

"Ashley Leicester enlisted?" That was all that Georgia heard. There was a ringing fluctuating sound in her ears, a cloud swam before her vision for a moment, then with an effort she regained her self possession.

"When did he enlist?" she managed to ask.

"On the morning after Christmas. People say he won't stand it long, he is so delicate. His constitution is not strong enough, you know."

Poor Georgia Berrian!
After that she went about with such a load at her heart—such a great pain. But the saddest of all was, that they had parted, as they did, with her unkind words and actions between them, separating them like a gulf. He had left without one word for her. And she had driven him away—driven him to endure hardships which he was incapable of. Poor Georgia! her trial was indeed a bitter one—her punishment a sad one; but she had brought it on herself.

The gray twilight settled down over the earth on the Christmas evening when, for the last time, I lift the curtain on the lives of two whose hearts had known in the year that had gone by, so much of sorrow; so little of the calm, quiet happiness that had been theirs before the shadow fell between them.

Georgia Berrian stood in that room where just one year before he had left her—he who was now away down in Virginia, doubtless; but she was not certain, for he had not written; or if he had, no letter had been received from him in a long time by the Leicesters. He had never written to Georgia—never mentioned her name in his letters. Oh, how long, how dreary the vanishing year had seemed to her! A fit to think that all this misery, this terrible estrangement, had been brought on through her own willful self, in a strange fit of ill-temper, for that alone had caused all this sorrow.

She was looking strangely beautiful. A dress of purple velvet, edged with black, fell about her tall form in artistic waves, till it touched the crimson carpet of the floor. Her brown hair was braided away from her superbly beautiful face, and coiled in a shining mass at the back of her queenly head. A diamond star blazed out like fire on her brow, amid a cluster of crimson flowers and emerald leaves that drooped over her soft hair. A diamond fastened the ruffle of lace at her throat, and a diamond blazed out

wjerdly on her finger, beside the plain engagement ring, placed there by the one of whom she was now thinking so sadly.

"Oh! Ashley." A sigh quivered on her lips, and her eyes had a strange glimmer in them, as though there were tears there. "If he only would come back to tell me that he forgave me; if I only could see him once more, if he is living, and ask him to forgive me. I would give worlds if it were in my power."

She sat down in the grey dusk and leaned her head upon the arm of the velvet covered rocker. Her attitude was dejected; her face expressive of keen sorrow.

Mrs. Berrian came into the room. "Georgia, are you here?" she asked, for the shadows of coming night filled the room.

"I am here," Georgia answered; did you want me?"

"Ashley Leicester is at home; he came this afternoon," Mrs. Berrian said.

"Ashley at home?"
Georgia rose up in her strong excitement, a great joy breaking out over her face. He was yet alive, and near her. The thought was full of keener joy; a sweet relief crept into her heart; the heart that had been purified by the fire of bitter trial.

"Yes, so your father told me just now. No one expected him. They say he is very weak; not expected to live but a short time, poor Ashley!" and tears filled kind Mrs. Berrian's eyes.

"Mother," Georgia said, suddenly, "I am going there to see him to night, at once; I wronged him; I drove him away, mother; I was the one that was to blame, and I want him to say that he forgives me!"

"Georgia, you are a noble woman," the mother said, while tears of motherly pride filled her eyes; "God bless you and Ashley!"

Georgia's pride had vanished now. She was a woman, a true and noble woman. With a firmness born of her noble purpose, she ordered the carriage, and threw on her cloak of black, edged with a narrow strip of costly fur, and the hood of soft merino.

She went down the steps and on to the pavement, she paused one moment to still the wild beatings of her heart; then she entered the carriage, and was driven rapidly away.

A drive of a few moments brought her to the home of the Leicesters. She alighted and ran up the steps. She pulled the bell-rope with a strangely tremulous hand.

It was a holiday among the servants, and Mrs. Leicester came in answer to the summons. She started back when she saw who it was that stood there; but Georgia did not wait for words of welcome, but entered the warm hall. A coldness had sprung up between her and the Leicesters after Ashley went away for though they knew nothing of the real state of affairs between the two, with any degree of certainty, they suspected that something had gone wrong.

"Mrs. Leicester, Ashley is here?" Georgia said, while all the time her heart was longing to pour itself out in passionate pleadings for forgiveness to him.

"Yes, he is in the library. He is very weak. His journey home has worn him out. I think it would be better to wait till to-morrow before you see him; the excitement might prove too great for him in his present exhausted state."

"Oh, Mrs. Leicester, let me go to him for just one moment, just long enough to ask him to forgive me for the wrong I did him—for I wronged him—I acted shamefully toward him, and I have come to ask forgiveness! I must see him. If he should die, and without telling me that he does not hate me—if he should die before I have acknowledged my error! Oh! Mrs. Leicester, let me go!" she pleaded.

"Oh, Georgia! don't talk of his dying! He must live for you and me!" Mrs. Leicester cried, and with a burst of tears she flung her arms about Georgia's neck.

"He loves you yet, Georgia."

"Oh, if he only did!" Georgia cried.

"He does; for while he was asleep I saw a ribbon attached to something that he held between his fingers. It was your picture, Georgia—I saw it!"

"Oh, Mrs. Leicester! if he may be spared to us, how happy we shall be!" Georgia said.

"God grant he may. Come, I will show you to the library."

Georgia followed Mrs. Leicester to the library door.

"Go in. God bless you both!" and Mrs. Leicester left her.

Ashley Leicester heard the door open softly, heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and supposed it was his mother.

"Mother, is that you?" he asked, in a low, weak voice, without turning his face to the door.

He was looking, oh! so tired and worn, the shadow of his former self. The years gone by had made sad havoc with his

health and strength, never very good. The first half of the year had been passed in hard work. He had been in bloody battles, where danger was thick, and on every hand. He had borne up nobly, when he was totally unfit for the labor he performed, and should have been at home or in the hospital. But after half of the year was gone he was forced to leave the hard labor of the camp and field for the rude hospital, where for months he had lain beneath the hand of disease.

Often he had been urged to accept the discharge which was offered him; but he would not. At last it was made out, and the kind old surgeon told him that he must take it, if he ever wished to regain his health again, for he never would where he was. So, unwillingly, he had come home.

He closed his eyes, expecting that he should hear his mother's voice.

"Ashley!"
It was not his mother's voice. Some one had spoken to him, some one whose tones were tremulous and full of tears, some one whose voice he thought he knew.

"Ashley!"
Georgia Berrian threw herself upon her knees beside him, her eyes pleading mutely for one kind word.

"Georgia, you here?"
His voice had a tender thrill in it that echoed through and through Georgia's heart.

"Oh, Ashley! I have come for your forgiveness! Forgive me! I have received my punishment! Tell me I am forgiven!"

"Georgia, my darling!"
He bent over and drew her head upon his breast. Never had she, in her most regal moods, seemed so lovely to him as she did then—all humility all tenderness!

"Then you forgive me? You love me after all?" she cried.

"Better than all else," answered he, as he pressed his lips upon her brow in the kiss of reconciliation. She put her arms about his neck and let her head rest upon his breast, as in the days of old.

"I am so happy, Ashley!"
"And I, O Georgia! I have loved you through the long year that has gone, steadfastly and true! And now you are here on my breast, where I never expected you would be again! Oh, Georgia! you are not happier than I!"

"I shall never forgive myself for my unkindness, Ashley, but I am thankful that you do. Oh, if you could only know the hours of bitter repentance I have passed!"

"It is all past, darling. In the bliss of the present let us forget the sorrows of the past," he answered, tenderly.

"And strive to make the future," she added solemnly, "a happy one unmarred by unkind words or deeds."

"God help us both—we'll try," he answered. "The past has been a lesson to us—a bitter lesson. But henceforth naught shall come between us."

I drop the curtain on their life-history. Let no unkind words ever come between us and those we love. If there has, let not the Christmas pass and leave them still a barrier between us; but let us cast all pride aside, as Georgia Berrian did, and in the happiness of reconciliation, our future may run on as pleasantly as does here and Ashley Leicester's.

PICKLED INDIAN.—The Daily Union published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says that the remains of an Indian were found in an immense salt field near Sand Springs, about eighty miles from that city completely embedded in rock salt, four feet below the surface. The body was in a complete state of preservation, and from appearances has laid in that position for many years perhaps for ages. The flesh was perfectly dry, like that of a mummy, and it is evident that it had been saturated with brine, which prevented its decay.—The Indian was about the usual size, and resembled the Pintos that now inhabit that locality. Part of the bear skin and a rude bow were found near by, and a few yards distant a pair of elk horns of enormous size were disinterred. The supposition is that this entire salt bed was once a lake and the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and being unable to extricate himself, perished.

Gilmore who went to Richmond on a peace mission with Col. Jaques, says that Davis told him that every white man who wasn't able to own a black man ought to be a slave himself, and if they (the poor whites) could be enslaved they would become a useful class of society.

"I declare, mother," said a petted little girl, in a pettish little way, "tis too bad; you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

Man is the noblest work of God, and woman the prettiest.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—The noshun that shent houses are cheaper than staitis prisons.

The noshun that men are a better crop to raise than enny thing else.

The noshun that a people who have brains enough can't be governed by any body but themselves.

The noshun that if you kaint make a man think as you do, try to make him do as you think.

The noshun that United States is liable at enny time to be doubled but taint liable at enny time to be divided.

The noshun that Uncle Sam can thrash his own children when they need it.

The noshun that the Yankees are a fore ordained race, and kaint be kept from spreading and striking in enny more than turpentine when it uncs gets lucc.—Josh Billings.

INACTIVITY.—If a steam engine is stopped suddenly and left unused for a long period the piston rusts fast in the cylinder, the packing corrodes the rods, and dust thickly covers every part.

When the human frame is inactive and torpid for a length of time the muscles relax, the nerves loose their tone, the organs refuse to perform their functions—and the whole of the great machine—the human frame—is disorganized.

Day in and day out men sit pouring over ledgers and day-books until they are addle headed, and figures swim before their eyes. When evening comes, and business hours are over, instead of taking a walk so as to send the blood dancing and tingling to the remotest part of their frames, they pop into some car and drowsily roll to their doors. A very great portion of the minor ailments flesh is heir to is caused by laziness.

An afflicted individual goes to a doctor; "Something is wrong inside," but he doesn't know exactly where. Thereupon the physician looks grave, and says, "Ah! Dyspepsia;" and forthwith orders tonics, drastic purges, and what not, when all the lazy man wants is a two mile tramp in the Central Park or a good old fashioned jouncing on a hard trotting horse.

A certain eastern potentate, feeling himself out of sorts on one occasion, sent for his physician and demanded a cure.

"Take this mace," said the physician, "mount a horse and swing the instrument back and forth, riding meanwhile at full gallop. Certain drugs concealed in the handle will then exude; your excellency will absorb them and be cured." And he was, says the legend, the shrewd man of medicine knew full well that all the king required was fresh air and exercise, and he took this method of prescribing them.

It is better to wear out than to rust out, and shoe leather is far less costly than medical advice.

Stretching the legs relieves the tension on the pulse strings, and the cheapest as well as the best medicine for dullness, headaches, blue devils, stupidity, hypochondria, ill temper, and total depravity, is fresh air and sunlight. These are sovereign remedies, but because they are easily obtained do not taste bad, and cost nothing, few use them.—Scientific american.

FUNNY GOVERNMENT.—They have a funny government just now down in Dixie. The chivalry could not tolerate the rule of the Yankees, and seceded. They went in for the privilege of "larruping niggers" and hanging abolitionists without let or hindrance. They have secured the privilege of being slaughtered like dogs, freezing and starving while living, being kicked into an unconfined grave when dead, and taking their chances of getting into a warmer climate on the other side of Jordan. It now takes just a hundred dollars in confederate scrip to buy a dollar in gold, but the difficulty is, even at that price, no man who has the gold will sell it at all, and the Richmond Enquirer, satisfied that money must be had in some way for the defence of Richmond, gravely proposes to "President" Davis to seize what gold remains in the bank for that "laudable purpose." Such is the Liberty for which the south is contending. Was there ever so great a humbug?

PITEOUS.—The clerks of the Richmond departments have made a piteous appeal to the Confederate Senate for more pay. In their address they say:

"The present compensation does not shelter and feed them. Many have families. They live on two meals a day, in garrets, cellars, and in shanties out in the suburbs. With the strictest economy they can barely procure a sufficiency of bread to sustain life. One gentleman, wealthy before the war, a refugee and a pauper since with a family of eleven has not tasted meat in four months. Coffee, tea, sugar and delicacies or luxuries they have neither in health nor in sickness. They cannot buy clothes, nor shoes, nor hats. Even in the event of death the last office of earth would depend upon charity."