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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C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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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.

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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,
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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. I. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
13 y 1854.

"GOOD NIGHT."

I see the new moon in the east,
Float, like a slender, broken ring,
Above the forest dark and drear,
Among the white clouds glittering.
I hear, below, the little brook
Strive with its winter-fetters strong
And, beating 'gainst the cruel chain,
Send through the dark its restless song:
My heart throbs so, against its woe,—
My heart is tired of waiting long,
And far across the star-lit snow
It sends its restless song!

The stars shone calmer, clearer, once,
With sweeter sound the night-winds blew,
The new moon's signet, in the sky
Gleamed brighter, when I stood with you!
But not for me, that silver ring
Flashed thro' the clouds that drifted white,
And not to me the wandering winds
Called softly through the glooms of night!
For tenderly you looked on me
Till my dark life grew bright!—
You clasped my tired hands lovingly,
And whispered low, "Good-night!"

O, love, once more to hear the voice
That thrilled the keys of silence then!—
To hold you close with eager hands
And yearning eyes, but once again!
How still and cold the shadows lie
In valley and on wooded hight;
How wearily the lonesome winds
Go crying through the long, sad night!
My life lies so, all dark with woe,—
My heart cries for the light!
No sweet eyes thrill me with their glow,
No dear voice calls, "Good-night!"

March, 1865. EVA.

ARLINGTON PLACE.

ARLINGTON PLACE, Va., Feb. 21, '65.

Arlington Place—the home of Robert E. Lee! What a flood of memories crowd upon the visitor to this beautiful spot! Alas! how pride and ambition have chequered and crimsoned their handiwork in these venerable halls. Here it would seem that there was every incentive to fidelity, to honor, to peace. The Old Mansion was sanctified to its occupants by the beneficence of Washington. Here his adopted child, George Washington Parke Custis, made his home nearly three-quarters of a century ago. The same deep, blue Potomac flowed serenely by its portals, and the same native forest surrounded it that now breaks the storm as it sings its plaintive dirges in the deserted halls of Arlington Place. But as we stand amidst the collossial Grecian pillars which grace the immense portico, the sullen booming of artillery breaks the painful silence that reigns here. The signal gun had hardly ceased to reverberate along the bluffs of the Potomac, until it seemed as if Heaven itself had responded with its fiercest thunders. The very earth trembled, and the webs which had gathered on the corners and niches of Arlington waived response to the deafening roar of a thousand guns as they shook the ancient mansion to its very foundation. Hard by on every side; farther still on right and left, and rear, the hoarse answer came, and from the opposite shore rose the flitting smoke that told how loyal hearts were there to defend a common capital and rejoice over the triumphs of a common country.

Charleston has fallen. The home of treason—where it was nursed in its swaddling cloths and nourished by perfidy and treason until it became mighty, had but a few days before yielded to the triumphant tread of Sherman, and its Sumter again flaunted the old flag that traitors had first stricken down in the mad triumph of crime over peace and government; and the various batteries and forts of the defences of Washington saluted the victory at twelve o'clock today. I would that Gen. Lee could have stood with me here in front of his idolized home, and heard the loyal artillery play their "wild melody" in honor of the restoration of Charleston to the Union. It was in Charleston that the first overt act of rebellion was committed. Judge M'Gaath, the presiding Judge of the United States Court in Charleston, adjourned the court *sine die* the day after the election of President Lincoln, and displaced the National flag from the building to fling the Palmetto banner to the breeze. Four years later he is chosen Governor of South Carolina, and before he held his office one month, Sherman made him a fugitive, and hoisted the stars and stripes over his capital. It was there, too, that the first appeal was made to the terrible arbitrament of the sword, and it was made most causelessly. In the face of the profer of the loyal commander to evacuate Sumter in three days, because of his exhausted provisions, the merciless spirit of treason flung grim visaged war upon a people whose whole thoughts, hopes and efforts were for peace. When the thunders of Forts Moultrie, Pinckney, and Sullivan's Island, proclaimed fraternal war, Gen. Lee was here in a home consecrated to Union by the name, the fame and the hallowed patriotism of Washington. He had been the child of favor. A generous nation had educated and honored him; an accomplished wife had brought him fortune; from his own green lawn the National Capital, founded by Washington to be for all time the fountain of political power of a united people, loomed up in view, and the many monuments of National greatness with which it has been adorned, must have struggled with the mad pride and ambition that made Robert E. Lee a fugitive from his home, a stranger to his noblest inheritance, and a foe to liberty and free government Long did he hesitate, and earnestly did his faithful wife—true to her patriotic ancestry—plead for fidelity to the best of civil governments. But Virginia faltered and was swept into the vortex of treason, and with it was swept Gen. Lee.

I would, that he were here to-day to take a retrospect of his murderous, desolating work, amidst the deafening thunders coming up from his own once blooming fields, to tell a faithful people that another link is broken in the chain that would have been woven in the chaplets of the relentless despot upon thirty millions of freemen, but for the unexampled heroism of the sons of the North. Sadly indeed would these salutes fall upon the heart of the once happy master of Arlington Place. They would come as the terrible proclamation of vindicated justice—

"And make the key-note of the saddest dirge
That fancy ever played to melancholy."

But although far off at the head of his shattered and despairing army of crime, he is there greeted with the same salutes coming from the shotted guns of Grant. Nor there alone, for from the green Savannah of the South to the farthest gun on the North East coast; from the Atlantic shore to the sunset side of the Father of Waters; from the Northern Lakes to the very heart of the land once enveloped in the deadly grasp of treason, there are salutes this hour proclaiming that the day of our National Deliverance is nigh at hand. Fitly, indeed, might he look out from his deserted home to the thousand graves which are hard by his old time walks, each of which is an eternal monument to his perfidy. Should he enter the beautiful grounds of Arlington now, he must pass beneath a graceful arch, on which is woven in evergreen—"HERE SLEEP OUR PATRIOTIC DEAD," and turn whence he might, the mournful track of war would confront him.—Thousands of the brave defenders of the Republic rest in the very shades of Arlington, and now the warblings of Heaven's sweet choristers who people this lovely forest in spring time, must be alone for the heroic dead, or the sad visitor who here learns his country's woes.

When he turned at once upon his home and his country, treason held supreme sway in all the Southern and Border States, and the cowardly treachery that was smouldering in the North, promised an easy victory to those who would have dismembered the Republic. Since then four years of terrible, exhausting, devastating and bloody war have been crowded into history, and the fair land of the South is one vast cemetery; mourning and want shadow every household; despair reigns in the councils of crime, and soon I pray and trust an all wise and ever just God will crown the Right with a decisive victory. Around me on every side may now be heard the voices of the oppressed who have been freed in the throes of civil war, and those who confessed the lord of Arlington as master, now return thanks to Him who accepts alike the praise of the honored and the lowly, as the guns of Eort Whipple shook the neglected halls where they lived in servitude.

—But a truce to painful memories.—George Washington Parke Custis was a grandson of Mrs. Martha Washington. She was the widow of Mr. Custis when she was married to Gen. Washington, and G. W. Parke Custis was the son of her only son by her first husband. He was adopted by Gen. Washington and raised and educated by the Hero Statesman of the Revolution. He became proprietor of Arlington Place, whether by purchase or by devise from Wyshington, I am not informed, and here he lived until he more than attained the age allotted to mortals. He had but one child, who married Robert E. Lee, and thus Captain Lee (as he was then) became the possessor of the finest estate on the Potomac, and also of a large estate known as the White House on the James River—a place that has figured largely in military operations on the Peninsula. I am not familiar with the history of this estate but the old mansion looks as if it had braved the storms of a century.—Everything seems to have been in harmony in and about it. The sanctity of venerable age is stamped upon every feature of the house and grounds. The collossal pillars on the large portico are nearly six feet in diameter; the spider has woven his silken net in the crevices and on the high cornices apparently undisturbed by the tidy servant for a decade, and the bat may have reposed here as generations have departed without resistance to his daily repose. The tall columns support a plain roof covering the portico, and rude elaborate carving finishes both the external and internal ranges of this massive structure. The house is entered by a wide hall, on the walls of which are are a series of very old paintings, mostly representing revolutionary battles. They are but indifferently executed, displaying very moderate artistic skill, and the frames are heavy, stained pine, and have been innocent of varnish for a quarter of a century. The doors inside of the hall, and the angles toward the stairway, are graced with huge deer antlers, probably trophies of some gay sporting days in the early history of Arlington Place. Over the windows, and irregularly in various places in the hall, are indentations in the plastering, on which the art of frescoeing seems to have been invented. Here a pack of hounds are in full chase of a hare, and a troop of deer, and various other chronicles of sporting life are daubed in the rudest style. In the large rooms are but few evidences remaining of the once liberally furnished home of Gen. Lee. The paintings are still on the walls, and a few sofas and chairs, all the worse of use and age, are here; but nearly everything that could be carried off has gone as a memento of the rebel General in chief. This curiosity seems to be irrepressible with the American people. An intelligent contraband, formerly one of Lee's slaves, informed me that when Lee left he took only the furniture that belonged to Gen. Washington, and "My Lady Lee's" silver ware. A portion of the furniture and articles he left behind are now in the Patent Office, but vandalism has done much to make vacant places in Arlington.

Hard by the mansion are the negro houses, and a little to the rear are the stables—all bearing the same evidences of effort at display in architecture. The negro houses have frescoed pictures over the windows—one of which represents an eagle with a serpent in its claws, and the stable has the massive pillars of the mansion in miniature, and all bear the same marks of age and ravages of time. It would seem as if no repairs had ever been made.

The large estate of some hundreds of acres seems to have been wholly devoted to pleasure. "Master Lee," said one of his old slaves, "didn't raise nothing here, and he kept *only* sixty slaves on this place. He raised all he used at the White House—dere he kept over three hundred slaves." This was the whole story in a few words. Arlington Place was peopled with consumers—with sixty menials to minister to the wants of half a score of whites, and indolence has left its tracks in wide spread decay. Now, however, a village of freedmen are quartered on the place. Much of the native forest has been felled to clear the sweep for the guns of the forts, and the long worn out and neglected fields are now made to bloom and give golden fruits by the labor of the same slaves who hastened its decay. A portion of the estate, encircling the mansion on the left and in the rear, is devoted to a soldiers' cemetery, and there are thousands of graves in regular rows to tell the sad story of this wicked rebellion.

Terrible indeed has been the retribution that has followed the efforts to establish Slavery by an appeal to war. Lee yielded to the mad current of perfidy that swept the South in 1861, and drew his sword against the most beneficent government of the earth to make human bondage eternal. Since then four long years of bloody, apaling war have crimsoned our history. At times the tide of victory has seemed to swell toward the deadly fees of the Republic, and again it has trembled in the balance as if ready to sweep resistlessly upon either side of the unnatural conflict; but at last, after years of agonizing doubt, of fearful sacrifice, of sublimest heroism alike in behalf of right and wrong, the fulness of His time seems to be reached and the life of government to be fully assured. The slaves who once exhausted the fields of Arlington as menials, now make them rich with the fruits of industry inspired by freedom; and their once proud master is driven to the sorest extremity to defend the capital of treason, and appeals in vain to those who plunged him into war, to emancipate their slaves and send them to his side to save the remnant of his shattered army. Truly—

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine!"

—But enough of Arlington, and I must hasten from this grand theatre of retribution and death to deal with the future and the living.—A. K. M., in the *Chambersburg Repository.*

We returned home on Thursday, says an editor, after a trip of six hundred miles, in about three and a half days, having in that time passed over four States, nine railroads, four oxen and a barouche. Any person who has done more in that time, will please forward his address, and the small balance he owes us.

A DILAPIDATED REGIMENT.—I yesterday met a rebel deserter from the 8th Tennessee (rebel) infantry, who had just been released, and, knowing him very well, I inquired after a number of the men and found that not one of them remained in the ranks. I at length asked him "when did you leave?" "Just after Hood crossed the river." "How many men did the regiment number then?"—"Why the fact is," said he, "there is only the colonel and one man left; there were two of us before I deserted, and the other man will leave at the first oppertunity."—*Nashville Correspondence Chicago Journal.*

SUNDRY USEFUL RECEIPTS.—A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.

Ribbons of any kink should be washed in cold soap suds and not rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Oat straw is the best for filling beds. It should be changed once a year.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, chose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

A gallon of strong lye put in a barrel of water, will make it as soft as rain water.

Half a cranbery bound on a corn will kill it.

In the winter, set the handle of your pump as high as possible at night, or throw a blanket over it.

AN APOLOGY—Senator Chandler, of Michigan, made the other day in the Senate, the following apology. He said:

"The Senator from Indiana objects to another statement that I made, which was that the rebels were "hellish," or something to that effect. On reflection I think I have done an injustice, and no man is more ready to apologise for an injustice done than I am; but when I apologise for that remark it will not be to the rebels, but the inhabitants of hell."

AN amusing incident took place at a music store in a neighboring town, the other day, which is worth reading. A fast young woman, who was dressed more like one of our young Mississippi country lasses than a city belle, entered the store in question, and asked the salesman to show her the latest musical publications. The young clerk, mistaking her for a "green 'un," handed down for inspection "Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer" and the "Old Arm Chair."

"Are these the latest publications you have?" inquired the female.

"Yes, madam, these are the latest publications issued," responded the salesman.

"Do you know what I wish you would do with them?" replied the woman

"Wrap them up for you,?" madam answered the clerk.

"No," said she, "I haven't time to take them now."

"I will do what you wish with them, madam," politely replied the young man.

"Well then," she responded, you may place this "Old Arm Chair" aside, set "Annie Laurie" in it, give her "The Last Rose of Summer" to use as she pleases, and put "Ben Bolt to kissing her, and let them kiss away until I return.

A SAVANNAH belle stepped off the sidewalk the other day with a pouting expression to avoid walking under an American flag which hung in front of on officer's head quarters. Gen. Geary, military commandant of the city, immediately gave orders to have her promenade back and forth under the hateful symbol for an hour, as a warning for similar offenders.

"I THINK," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with a request for immediate payment. The one I ordered to be laid on the table, the other to be read that day six months."

ILLINOIS is getting to be a Cosmopolitan State. The Governor's message is to be printed for distribution as follows; English, 50,000 coppies; German, 20,000; Sweedish, 1,000; Norwegian, 1,000; Danish, 500; Freneh, 500.

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—An old man on being asked how he had lived to attain so great an age, replied, "When I could sit I never stood: I married late and was soon a widower, and never married again."

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl give her the benefit of the doubt and go in.

SURRENDER TO A NIGGER.—The siege of Nashville was the occasion of some laughable incidents as the following paragraph from a letter written in that city shows:

During the skirmish in the little reconnoisance made by Steadman on our left, a couple of soldiers of the colored brigade came upon three rebels whose guns were unloaded, and demanded their surrender. One of the Johnnies indignantly refused to surrender to a "d—d nigger." "Berry sorry, massa," said Sambo, bringing his piece to a "ready," "but we's in a hurry, and hain't got no time to send for a white man." The ominous click that accompanied the remark brought the scion of chivalry to time, and he was brought in crying and swearing all the way that his father would kill him if he heard that he had surrendered to a nigger.

A KIND WORD FOR "MOTHER."—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish.—It may be autumn, yea, winter with a women, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are in all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

A BOY'S PRAYER.—Presbyterian clergyman in Northern New York had two smart boys, just old enough to have enquiring minds but not to discern the reason of things They were taught to pray and the efficiency and need of prayr were daily impressed upon them. Both boys had a patch of "tucket" or "pop" corn in the garden, and the growing blades were watched with intense interest, a small reward being held out to stimulate their industry. One day, the father walking near the "path" heard the voice of the youngest solemnly engaged in prayr, and drawing near listened to the following petition: "Oh Lord, make my corn grow great big corn, but make brother Sam's grew all little nubbins!"

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE LAND.—A writer for a Boston paper, who has visited the great falls on the Snake river the southern fork of the Oregon, says:—"The distance the whole volume of water falls in one sheet, is 200 feet. Above there is 25 or 30 feet fall before it reaches the grand fall. The width of the grand fall I should judge to be about 2,500 feet. I have visited Niagara many times but this fall eclipses far. Four miles further above we found another one of less note, where the water divides into two parts and falls a distance of 167 feet."—When the Pacific railroad is completed, this will become a fashionable visiting place, as Niagara is now, with however a wider range of curiosities to attract the attention of visitors.

"Will you help me out of this mudhole?" said a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mudhole, because they couldn't pull it out.

"No, I can't stop," said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and fearful he would be late for the cars.

"I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the druggist.

"what are you loaded with? asked the Yankee.

"Drugs and medicines," said he.

"I guess I'll try and get you out, then for I am loaded with tombstones."

They were seen traveling together after that.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN attended Bishop Simpson's lecture of our "National Conflict," the other night. The Bishop's lecture marks down the discovery of California gold, the invention of the telegraph improvements in ordinance and many other solid things: as special providences designed by Deity to help us through with the "National Conflict," foreseen and prepared for by him. After the Bishop was through Mr. Lincoln walked up, shook hands and addressed him thus: "Bishop, that was a good lecture, a very good lecture; but one thing you omitted. Among all your special providences, you never once *struck ile.*"

DR. FRANKLIN'S celebrated recipe for cheap sleigh riding runs as follows:—Sit in the hall in your night clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; your feet in a pail of ice water; drop the front door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea bell with the other. He says you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper.