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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JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

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F. W. KNOX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

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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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COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.

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

12 jy 1864.

TIMELY VERSES.

Strike hard the foe! with blow for blow—
More stoutly as he meets you so—
'Till low your valor lays him;
Then rise! be great as well as just,
Nor crush a brave man in the dust,
But lend a hand to raise him!

Strike in a way to keep at bay
The foreign meddler in our fray,
Whose envy would divide us!
But hold when he would make amends,
Content with all men to be friends,
Who wisely stand beside us.

Strike for the right! though kindred fight,
Arrayed in arms, in nature's spite
One foe is like another;
Once victor, act the hero's part,
And nobly spare the valient heart
Whom nature gave for brother!

Strike him whose hand would lift the brand
Against the life of law or land,
Though born of common mother!
But yours the 'vantage stay the blow!
Enough to know that he lies low,
And that he is a brother.

Strike with a will! though pity thrill,
Keep striking! 'tis his faltering skill
Betrays the hurt he smothers;
Great nature pleads as there he bleeds—
"His flesh is yours! forge his deeds!
'Tis God that made you brothers!"

Strike then, but hear! with broken spear
The truant, long in arms your peer,
Drags home with limbs that fail him:
Shout victory all! nor stint your cheers—
Shout!—but respect his manly tears,
And with a welcome hail him!

Let blows increase that strife may cease!
The shafts of war are winged for peace,
And with dove-plumage solely;
A blessing falls on clasped hands,
And unity the Lord commands,
And that should makh it holy.

THE PATRIOT AND TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister living in the suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window he beheld a rude man clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public streets. In a few moments when the rain came down in torrents, and the storm howled above, the preacher, leaning his arm on the seavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had fallen speechless, in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good-hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed—he had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man.

And now through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seemed to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they passed—that white haired minister and his guide. At last, in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was, in truth, a miserable place.

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There were the rude walls, there the solitary garret window, with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes—and there amid a heap of cold ashes, the same valise which it seems the stranger had brought with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And as he looked—throb—throb—you might hear the death watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age.

There was a face you might look upon once, and yet wear in your memory forever. Let us bend over that bed, and look on that face.

A bold forehead, seamed by one deep wrinkle between the brows; long locks of dark hair, sprinkled over with gray—lips firmly set, and quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man—and then two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air—the death sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying!

Throb! throb! throb! beat the death in the battered, shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man trembled, but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon him, he rose to a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed, in a deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, "will faith give me back my honor?—Come with me—with me, far over the water. Ha! we are there! This is my native home. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood—yonder, the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag than that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man, were I to pass the streets as I passed them when a child, the babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands to curse me. The graves in yonder churchyard would would shrink from my footsteps, and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death bed! The minister had watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He tottered along the floor, with those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the death chill, he threw open the valise.—He showed a military coat trimmed with silver, an old parchment, and a piece of cloth, that looked like the wreck of a battle flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This is the coat that I wore when I planted the stars on Ticonderoga. That bullet hole was pierced at the fight of Quebec,—now I am a—let me whisper in your ear."

"Now help me, priest," he said in a voice growing suddenly tremulous, "help me to put on this coat of blue and silver. For you see," and a ghastly smile came over his face, "there is no one to wipe the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child—I must meet death alone; but I will meet him as I met him in battle, without fear."

While he stood arraying himself in that worm eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith that pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who stood there erect with the death light in his eye, "faith can't give me back my honor! Look ye, priest, there, over the waves sits George Washington, telling his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war—there, in his royal hall, sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And here am I—I, who was first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that king—here am I, dying like a dog!"

The awe stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while—throb—throb—beat the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines, there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! Hark there, Montgomery we will meet there in victory or death! hist! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move up to those steep rocks! now on, my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now, now!" shrieked the death stricken man, towering there in his blue uniform, with his clenched hands moving in the air—"now, now! the blow, and Quebec is ours."

And look. His eyes grow glassy.—With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly. There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at the proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the dark floor. In the glassy eyes there lingers even yet horrible energy, a sublimity of despair.

Who is the strange man dying here alone in this garret, this man who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this thing of terrible remorse—this man, whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at the parchment and that flag.

The old minister unfolded that faded flag—it was the blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls the parchment. It was a Colonel's commission in the continental army, addressed, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

And, there, in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there, to save that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, Saratoga—that arm yonder, beneath the snow white mountain, amid the deep silence of the dead, first raised into sight the banber of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition, through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the river of the dead, near a snow white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all the mountains in the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rock and spires of Quebec. When he came down, Arnold took from his breast, where, for four days in privation and danger he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead river. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

STORY OF A HAT.—There was a startling development, at Mount Holyoke Seminary, not long since. One of the young ladies had just returned from a visit to the outside world, and soon after a vigilant teacher looked into her room and discovered a gentleman's hat there. Another teacher also satisged herself of the existance of the alarming object, and the pupil was forthwith summoned to the hall of judgment. It was a most delicate subject of inquiry, and the point of attack was only reached by gradual and zigzag approaches. The pupil, who manifested her depravity by half concealed merriment, and showed no disposition penitently to unbosom herself, was at last brought up with a plump question as to the hat in the room. There was a moment of painfully anxious suspense, followed by a sudden collapse, when the offender confessed that she had brought in one of her father's old hats to cut up for rolls for her hair. She was pronunced excused, and then there was great fun in the halls, as the story circulated.

LOST HIS WIG.—A gentleman while taking a drive through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously. His principal loss was that of his wig which had been shaken off, and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a most ludicrous condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers and his master's wig in the other hand, which he was surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said the master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt, is it? Ah, master, dear, don't you see the top of me head in me hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable headpiece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as having arrived.

WHAT MAKES A LADY.—When Beau Brummel was asked what made a gentleman, his quick reply was, "Starch, starch, my lord!" This may be true; but it takes a great deal more to make a lady: and though it may to some seem singular, I am ready to maintain that no conceivable quantity of muslin, silk or satin, edging, frilling, hooping, flouncing or furbelowing, can *per se*, or per dressmaker, constitute a real lady.

Was not Mrs. Abbott Lawrence just as much of a lady when attired in twelve-cent calico, in Boston, as when arrayed in full court dress at St. James, London? "As Mrs. Washington was said to be so grand a lady," says a celebrated English visitor, (Mrs. Thorpe,) "we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands, so we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles, and were introduced to her ladyship, and don't you think we found her knitting, and with her check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work and sitting in state, but Gen. Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband." Does not that sweet republican simplicity command your admiration?

"NEVER."—Never speak of your father or mother as the "old man," or "old woman"

Never reply to the epithets of a drunkard or fool.

Never slander a woman.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter an enemy now.

Never sneer at the expense of religion or the Bible.

☞ John Randolph of Roanoke, once exclaimed in Congress, after the duty on wool had been discussed for many weeks: "Mr. Speaker, I am so sick of the word wool that I would consent to walk three miles out of my way to kick a sheep."

A lady whose girls were all misshapen consulted the celebrated anatomist and lecturer, Dr. Hebbard, on a preventation. "Loose dresses and plenty of air, just like the boys," was the excellent reply.

HEARTS.—Little red things that men and women play with for money.

Never Say Die.

Forty hours the "Old Beaver" Indiaman, homeward bound from Canton had been lying there off the Cape of Good Hope—hull to—every yard of canvas close furled and secured in double gaskets.

The ship had been hauled to under bare poles, at noon on Saturday, and it was eight bells in the first forenoon watch, Monday morning. Forty hours of as fair a wind as ever blew wasted! But we could do no better. The oldest sailors in the ship said they had never seen the seas run so high and break so furiously. Kept off on her course, under all the canvas we could show, the ship would have foundered in an hour. Hove to as she was, she lay as comfortable as she would have done in her berth at the foot of Wall street, though not so quietly perhaps.

She was rolling tremendously, but then that was nothing new for the Old Beaver. She always rolled in any weather. Old Charley Latham swore that a man might just as well be the snapper on the end of a coach whip three miles long as a man on the Beaver's royal yards, and she going anywise free.

All our quarter deck people and passengers were still below at breakfast when one bell was struck, and just then I saw Charley Boguet, an active young sailor lounging in the starboard watch, spring up into the larboard forerigging, and began to climb aloft. It was a daring act and a very dificult one too, for the ship so rolled and slat, that sometimes Charley would be pinned to the rigging, unable to move hand or foot. Then watching his chance, he would go up a dozen ratlines like a monkey.

Looking aloft to see what was taking Charley up without orders, I discovered the bort yardarm of the foreroyal adrift, and the sail slatting like mad. That was what Charley was after, to secure that sail.

I was at that time a lad ten years old, and could climb wherever the best sailor in the ship dared to go. But I remember how I trembled and shuddered that morning, as grasping my father's trumpet I screamed with all my might of lungs:

"Charley, ahoy e ee! Come down, sir! I say, you Charley! get down out of that!

I might as well have bawled at the gale to hush and be quiet, for not a word did Charley hear; and if he had, he would not have heeded me an atom.

He gained the royal yard and laid himself out on it just as my father, the chief mate and several of the gentlemen passengers, alarmed by my yells, came hurrying on deck.

Charley secured the sail, and watching the starboard roll, flung himself in along the yard, and caught hold of the royal riging with his hands. But the ship brought up with a sudded jerk, and slat back to port so quiek that the man failed to get a hold with his feet, and when the ship was down, rail to, on that side, he stuck right out straight, at a right angle with the royal mast, clinging to the rigging with his hands onley. The next surge of the ship to the starboard slat him in against the spar with a violence that it seemed must have stunned him and broke his hold entirely.

My father, though for thirty years commanding a ship, had no other oath than "by hemp!" that he ever swore by, and that morning, ten times, when Charley swung out at right angles from the royal rigging hanging on his hands, my father would exclaim:

"There, by hemp! he's gone."

Then as the next roll of, the ship would dash the poor fellow in against the mast my father would clap his hands and cry out:

"No, he sticksyet!"

But Charley, though he had been a monkey, could not have clung there long. His desperate grip was at length broken, just as the ship was on even keel, and endlong, whirled over and over, down he came, checked somewhat, first by some of the fore topsail gear, then striking the bunt of the fore course, and from thence falling upon the port anchor, twisted and doubled up, a quivering mass, having scarcely the semblance of humanity.

"Mr. Montgomery," my father said to the chief mate, after we had all stood for ten minutes I think, gazing upon the sickening spectacle, "there will be a hammock and a slung shot for poor Charley at noon."

There was a convulsive movement of the mangled mass, a nervous clutching of the hands, the gory head twisted itself out from under the shattered thigh, and bubling with blood, the lips cut, and hideous, muttered distinctly:

"Avast there, Capt'n—I'll live to see you launched over the side yet!"

No one had dreamed of there being life in the man, but there was, years of it, horribly as he was crushed.

We had among our passengers a skillful surgeon, who took Charley in hand, and so straightened him out and splintered him up that ten weeks from the day of his fall, when we went into our berth in New york, Charley Boguet was able to walk, and the only evidence exhibited of the general break up he had received was a slight swing of his left leg in walking.

Charley's declaration, as he lay there all in a heap on the forecastle, was a prophecy; for fifteen years later my father was buried at sea from the deck of the Beaver, and Charley Boguet, as chief officer of the ship, directed the ceremonies.

Horace Greeley when a Boy.

The Boston *Mail* refers to Horace Greeley when an apprentice in a country printing office in Vermont.

On a visit connected with political matters to the Hon. C. Mallory, then one of the most distinguished members of Congress, and most able champion of the "American System," we went with him to an obscure printing office in Poultney, his place of residence. Among other things he called our attention to a young compositor, who was ratherawkwarly sticking types, and who though evidently full grown, was the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than a "feet" through his pantaloons—the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached to his elbows—his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together the greenest specimen of humanity we ever looked at—and this is saying a great deal, for we kept a good looking glass.—"That boy," said Mallory, will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. M. was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused us some surprise and we not only "made a note of it," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean) and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mould, and for immortality." It was years afterward that we became aware of the fact that tde boy was Horace Greeley.

PETROLEUM SENT ABROAD IN 1864—The export of petroleum the past year amounted to 21,288,499 gallons. There were sent to Great Britain 6,275,000 gallons; to France, 4,625,000; Antwerp, 5,149,000, Bremen, 971,000; Hamburg, 1,186,000; Rotterdam, 533,000; Cronstadt, 400,000; Genoa and Leghorn, 635,000; Peru, 170,000; Lisbon, 167,000; China and East Indies, 34,000; Brazil, 149,000; Mexico, 113,000; Cuba, 418,000. In fact it was sent in large quantities to nearly every leading port in the world. Four thousand gallons were sent to light up the tombs of Egypt, and even Hayti took 7000 gallons. The *National Intelligencer* remarks that this new product fills the void in our cotton exportations.

Horses often show pride, but how intolerable vain they would be if they only knew how much they are talked about by their lords and masters! Indeed, in his fondness for "horse talk," the man quite frequently make an ass of himself—which the horse never does.

The man who cultivates philosophy and belleslettres at the expense of a jogtrot profession, is like concert clocks, which, though striking their hour in flute melodies, are poorer time keepers than your common steeple clocks.

Woman of genius, like flying fish between the two elements, hover between manhood and womanhood, injured by both and persecuted in both kingdoms.

Tis of little use for a man pinched with poverty for thre score years, to get rich then—to obtain luxurious food when he has lost the teeth to eat it with.

Our young ladies are getting altogether too fond of reading accounts of the lives and execution of great criminals. Like larks in cages, they live upon hemp seed.

With your true swindler, the brain must have played the Aron's Rod to the heart—swallowing it whole; a miracle often performed in the anatomy of great public men.

Strange it is, but reputations like hats and cloaks, will last some people twice as long as others, though the commodity be the same to a thread.

Money is now the equivalent and representative of value in all things, and consequently in understanding; the rather as a *head* is stamped on it.

The fellow that dosen't pay the tailor for his coat should be fitted with a coat of tar turned up with feathers.

There are angelic female voices that would win a bird from the tree or coax a nail out of the heart of oak.

If woman are flowers, we fear that they are as often silk and paper and gum flowers as botanical ones.

Most of us hate sinners worse than sin.