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,

PUBLISHED BY

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ 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.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

1 square, 1 insertion	$1 50
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Each subsequent insertion less than 13	40
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THE subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter that he can supply them with all kinds of Marble work, as cheap and as good as it can be had any place in the country. MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES of all kinds furnished on short notice.

Coudersport, Feb1365ly C. BREUNLE.

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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. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

DAN BAKER,

PENSION, BOUNTY and WAR CLAIM AGENCY Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted 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 promptly 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. Refers to Hons. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq

DAN BAKER,

June8 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

1865 1865

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

THIS great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time of passenger trains at EMPORIUM.

LEAVE EASTWARD.

Erie Mail Train	10.12 A. M.
Erie Express Train	9.17 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train	10.12 A. M.
Erie Express Train	8.50 P. M.

Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

NEW YORK CONNECTION.

Leave New York at 6.00 P. M., arrive at Erie 3.37 A. M.

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THE SONG OF THE DYING.*

BY CAPT. DOWLING, EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there!
But stand to your glasses, steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet;
But stand by your glasses, steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink!
So stand to your glasses, steady,
'Tis this that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! Let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.
So stand to your glasses, steady,
The thoughtless are here, and the wise:
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk,
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah to the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing—
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath,
And thus does the warmth of feeling,
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
For a moment the vapor flies,
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
The world is a world of lies!
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind!
Stand! stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we have left to prize!
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

*This "Song of the Dying" was written and sung years ago, at a time when the British East India Company's soldiers were dying by hundreds, during the prevalence of the cholera in that region. "Varied to suit the circumstances" of the case, it was quite a favorite in the Sixth Army Corps, during the late civil war, when its chorus was often sung on the eve of battle.

JOHN BOONE'S HEART.

God be thanked! the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul sides—one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

"He is rough and surly, Rose. What does make you like him?"

"I don't know," said little Rose Frazier, sitting with her chin in her two soft palms, and gazed dreamily into the fire.

"He's more disagreeable than any man I ever knew. He is always saying such uncomfortable things. I dont wonder that everybody shuns him."

"I dont shun him."

"You! No; you are just like a kitten, purring around everybody. Your liking him is proof that you can like anybody."

"No it isn't Josie," said Rose, suddenly looking up into her cousin's face. I don't like everybody but I do like John Boon. He isn't a bad or coarse or vulgar man. There is something wrong about him, I know. He seems to like to say sharp things that make people feel uncomfortable. I am always afraid of getting enthusiastic over anything, before him, for fear he'll make a cut at me. He sneers at everything that's bright and innocent and happy; but Josie, I sometimes wonder how he feels in his heart; he wasn't always such a forbidding, taciturn man. Once he was a little boy you know, and he must have liked to run and play in the sunshine, like other children. I cannot help believing that sometime in his life something has gone wrong with him and made him bitter and cynical—something that he cannot get over. I quite believe it, Josie."

Rose sat in the door of the parlor. Some one going along the entry said "Thank you."

Rose started and turned, but the hall door clanged, and the hall was empty.

"Who was that, Josie?"

"I don't know, I didn't see," said Josie who hadn't heard either.

The latter, seated at the piano, went on with her practising, while Rose, a little disturbed by the last words she had heard turned to the fire again. She was very thoughtful; the glow burned one delicate cheek to a bright damask, but she did not mind. She was wondering how it must seem to live when a person had an inclination to sneer down everything bright and innocently fair. Why there could not be any joy for them anywhere! What if they proved that getting delighted with pretty things or nice people was silly where was the satisfaction in proving it? What was left but to get along in a solid cheerless way, and never feel happy? One couldn't be happy if there wasn't any pretty things, nice people or sunshine, could they?

By and by it grew so dark that Josie couldn't see the notes of her music, so she stopped playing and looked around Rose still sat upon the ottoman, but she had dropped her head upon a velvet chair seat and fallen asleep.

"I dont wonder," sighed Josie, thinking of her three hours' practice; "I wish I could go to sleep when practicing time comes."

It was an early April day. There was a soft rain falling outside; inside, the room seemed warm and close to Josie.—She opened the window a little, and then left the room and shut the door.

Suddenly the red coals cracked sharply and a spark flew out upon the hearth rug. If Rose had been awake, she would instantly have put her foot upon it; but, as she was not, the scent of burning wool arose in the room, and soon a smouldering fire ran along the rich carpet. It swept around a chair, and rushed up against the folding doors, which were of light wood, and soon began to crackle and roar. The smoke puffed and wreathed, and Rose's sleep changed to a heavy stupor. She lay insensible in the burning room, saved from entire suffocation by the sweep of rainy air from the window.

It had grown quite dark. It was strange that people from the outside did not see the fire for the room was full of a lurid light. The red flame and black smoke crept, writhing up the fair walls to the rich pictures, and the light lace window drapery dropped down in burning fragments. The scent and smoke were stifling, and in the midst of this scene lay the unconcious girl as yet unharmed, though the flames darted around her, now and then snatching at her soft drapery and hanging curls.

Suddenly there was a shout of fire, and simultaneously a crash. The folding doors fell in and through them came the inmate of the next room, John Boone.—The flames and smoke met him like a wall but he sprang forward and snatched Rose up with a passionate exclamation.

To his very arms the flames leaped upon her, crisping her curls, sweeping their black lines across her unconscious face, and snatching away her faint breath. He swore, with set teeth, his own flesh burning, both their clothing on fire, as he fought his way back to his room.

The fire pursued him and clung to him. In this emergency he refrained from opening the hall doors; his presence of mind was not in the least impaired. Flinging a heavy shawl around Rose, he wrapped her in it, extinguishing the fire, tore off his own smoking coat, took up Rose again, and went out upon the piazza, shutting the window after him, though the alarm had spread, and engines and accompanying crowds, were flocking about the building.

The outsiders saw and shouted at him. A ladder was put up against the piazza, and he came down, but just as a fireman took Rose a sudden dizziness and prostration overcame him and he fainted.

It was nearly two months before he saw Rose again. Both were considerably burned outwardly, and injured by inhaling the hot, dense atmosphere. But at the end of May, Boon one day rode out to Jamaica Plain, where Rose was to spend the summer. It was a very strange thing for him to do; he was not given to calling upon young ladies.

Rose was in a little garden, which was full of late lilies and early roses, a fresh, sunshiny place, ringing with the songs of birds. She was training the rose vines, her hat hanging from her neck by its strings, her head bare, showing the dark curls, cut short, since crisped by the fire.

She looked so young that John Boone on the road stopped suddenly as if doubtful of his errand. But he went on finally and swung open the gate.

Rose was very glad to see him, though, he could see, by the startled look in her eyes, that he was as associated in mind with thoughts of fear and distress.

He stayed at the cottage several hours. When he started away Rose went into the garden with him, asking him if he would take some flowers if she would cut them.

"Yes," he said.

He watched her earnestly as she cut the pinks and roses and vernal grass and the hand with which he took them trembled.

"You were not quite sure that I liked flowers," he said.

"Not quite," answered Rose, timidly.

"And yet you don't think I am quite a brute," said he; "for I once heard you say so."

Rose trembled a little, realizing that she had once heard and guessed a right.

"I *was* once a happy little child, and ran in the sun shine," he went on. Yet my life has been hard since; much has been cruel and bitter to bear. It has made me morose and cynical, and the habit of revenging myself upon innocent people grew upon me. Rose until you told your cousin that you liked me, that day, I had not heard a tender voice speak my name for five years, and it was my fault. You don't know how it came upon me! I loved you from that hour. You thanked me for saving your life. Child, I only did what I could not help. You were dearer to me than my own heart. I would have been burned to the bone to have saved you a moment's pain. Rose, what do you say to me? All my happiness is centred in you."

She put up her hands, a sudden sweetness and radiance suffusing her face.

"Take it, then," she said, softly.

And, still holding the dewy rose, Boone took the two fragile little hands and kissed them. His kisses were fervent, his love as bright as any man's. Rose Frazier had found his heart.

Was it Ever Paralelled?

The year that we are now passing through this eighteen hundred and sixty-five, stands out in grand, bold relief from all its predecessors, a star of the first magnitude in time's constellation.

It saw the end of the imperious slaveholder's rebellion.

It saw the end of American Slavery.

Its earliest flowers covered the bier of a nation's murdered hero.

The sun and showers of its youth month freshened the green grass over the martyr's grave.

Its springtime witnessed the greatest funeral pageant that ever honered the dead or graced the living.

It saw a nation, thirty millions strong drop scalding tears of sorrow on the tomb of their slain chief.

It saw a procession of grief-struck mourners, two thousand miles in length.

It saw the great dead carried to his home by a nation in whose funeral train cities were pall bearers, military chieftains the corpse watchers, high civic functionaries guardians of his bier, great imperial states chief mourners, millions of uncovered heads bowed in tearful grief, as the mighty cortege wound its solemn march under the sunlight of day and the torchlight of night, from the scene of active duty, to the quiet rest of an honest man's grave.

It saw those millions of a down-trodden race lifted to the dignities and responsibilities of humanity.

It saw those millions bowed down, and their heads bent with grief, sorrowing as children feel at a father's grave.

It saw villages clothed in mourning, towns draped in death's ensignia, great cities suspended their traffic, the busy marts of commerce hushed with awe, while the silence of loving death covered an Empire—fit expressions of grief for a martyr.

It saw the dwellings of the rich covered with costly badges of woe, and the homes of the poor draped in the more simple and eloqent symbols of a people's sorrow.

It heard holy ministers of Christ's Gospel speak words of peace for the murdered dead, and of comforting condolence for the living.

It heard the heart-prayers of sincere millions for the rest of the departed, and that his death might not leave the Nation in the utter darkness of desolation.

It heard a nation of mourners chant solemn dirges in accord with organ peals and the thunder of artilery, of the passing body of the nation's martyr.

If respectful, manifest sorrow for the dead be any proof of civilization, then did Sixty-five witness a greater and more perfect civilization than any other child of Father Time.

As the days of Sixty-five rolled into weeks and the weeks wheeled into months the meridian of the year saw the people of other lands meet in sorrow for the stricken Union, heard their grief utterance, saw their annointed rulers bow their heads in awe of sorrowing sympathy, and for once a child of Time saw

"A world in tears."

Sixty-five saw in the mourned one the incarnation of freedom-loving, liberty-practicing people, the impersonation of the capabilities and possibilities of institutions based on the voice of man, echoing the voice of God in the recognition of human and manly duties, the emancipator of a race, and the guarantor of their liberties.

It saw in the "deep damnation of taking off" their possibilities and capabilities of the babaric system which the great martyr had, with pen mightier than the conquerer's sword, condemneded to utter destruction.

It saw the world-out conflict between liberty and slavrey end in favor of liberty regulated by law, of justice founded on humanity, of civilization based on right.

Was it ever paralelled?

In the game of life we should watch for the "last trump."

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

The *Quiver* enumerates examples under this head, which illustrate the truth of an overruling Providence:

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life, by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly after wards, he requested him to fire it out the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, this young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previously had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive.

Two friends were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them.—One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Agustine, having to preach at a distant town took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with designs of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited amongst the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition.—He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and the man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterwards became the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddrige, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by, fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been, fell in.

Of Philip Henry, a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch Reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of a table, with his back to the window.

On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it he would neither himself sit in the chair, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet wes shot in at the window, purposely to kill him, it grazed the chair in which he usually sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three young subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water, off St. Helena; one of them peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Weliesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late to go; the boat in which his friends had gone war capsized, and all its occupants drowned.

On an other occasion, when tide-surveyor in the Port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up just before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

NOT FRIGHTENED.—In a storm at sea when the sailors were all at prayers, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, a passenger appeared quite unconcerned. The captain asked him how he could be so much at ease in this awful situation? "Sir," said the passenger, "My life is insured!"

OUR REVENUE SYSTEM.

The last Congress authorized a commission to investigate and scrutinize the whole subject of Taxation, with a view to the simplification of our Revenue system, so as to render our taxes less multifarious and less burdensome. That Commission has made its first report, whereof a synopsis appears in our columns this morning. The changes they propose are numerous, important and, we believe, in the main, judicious. Among them are the following:

1. An exemption of all incomes below $1,000 from the Income Tax.

2. A reduction of the Tax on Distilled Liquors from $2 to $1 per gallon.

3. A remission of all Taxes now levied on Wearing Apparel.

4. A repeal of the tax now levied on Pig Iron ($2 40 per tun,) Coal (six cents per tun,) and crude petroleum ($1 per gallon.)

5. A repeal of all taxes now levied on Books, Magazines and Pamphlets; leaving the present taxes on Paper, Leather, &c., untouched.

6. A reduction by one-half of the duties now levied on Home Manufactures generally.

7. A repeal of all taxes now levied on repairs of engines, cars, carriages, ships, &c.

8. A repeal of all taxes embodied in schedule A. of the Internal Revenue Act of last session, except those on Billiard Tables.

9. A reduction of the tax now levied on brokers' sales of Stocks from $5 per $1,000 to $1 per $1,000.

10. An increase of the tax on raw Cotton from 2 to 5 cents per pound.

—These modifications are proposed to take effect on the first of July next, or at the commencement of the next fiscal year; and their general effect will be a reduction of our present burden of Internal Taxes by about one fourth. Yet even with these meliorations, they calculate that our Internal Revenue will amount to no less than $237,000,000, and our Duties on Imports to $130,000,000, making an aggregate revenue of $367,000,000. If, then, the cost of supporting our Government shall be $100,000,000 (and it certainly ought not to be more) and the interest on our Public Debt should reach $167,000,000 (which it will not,) there would be left $100,000,000 to apply to the reduction of the principal of our National Debt, at which rate it would be utterly extinguished within twenty to twenty-five years.

Let Congress but avoid needless aggravations of our public burdens by the assumption of State and local debts, or the "equalization" of bounties, or the creation of a large standing army, or any of the gigantic schemes of public plunder now rife, and we shall very soon be able to reduce the several rates of taxation without diminishing their productiveness, until the weight of our gigantic burdens will scarcely be felt, because our aggregates of population, production and wealth, will have been so largely augmented.

AN IMPUDENT "PROTEST."

A telegraphic despatch from New Orleans relates that the French naval commander on the Rio Grand, before his departure for Vera Crux to report the presence of American troops at Bagdad, "protested in a short note against the invasion of Mexico by the American soldiers."

The impudeno of this French officer would be laughable, if it were not vexatious. What business has he in Mexico? What right has he to protest? What rights of his government were attacked or threatened by the presence of American troops in Mexico? We shall presently hear of a burglar protesting against the invasion of the police, or of an area-sneak protesting against the sharp toes of the boot which kicks him into the street.

A MASONIC FLAG.—On Tuesday evening the famous Artic explorer, Dr Hayes, of Philadelphia, returned to Kane Lodge of New York the Masonic flag which the Lodge had entrusted to him, at the Merchants Exchange in that city, five years ago to carry to the North Pole, if possible. Gen. James F. Hall, one of the officers of the Lodge, introduced Dr. Hayes to the brethren present, and the Doctor, in a brief address, stated that the flag which he then returned had been planted further north than any other, except the flag of our country, and that it had floated within five hundred miles of the Pole.

The story of the endeavor to tamper with the loyalty of the Irish soldier during Smith O'Brien's rebellion, is very characteristic of the Irish soldier in general.

"Surely if you saw Shane, or any of your friends in our ranks, you would not fire at them?"

"Be dad," was the answer, "if the next man was my own mother, I'd shoot him if I got the order."

Speaking of coloring animals, an exchange thinks that *dying* improves nearly all "dogs."