The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
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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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F. W. KNOX,
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O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

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

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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,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner o-Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

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OLMSTED & KELLY,
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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MANHATTAN HOTEL.
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THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms $1.50 per day.
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Feb. 18th, 1863.

The Rochester Straw-Cutter.
OLMSTED & KELLY, Coudersport, have the exclusive agency for this celebrated machine, in this county. It is covenient, durable, and CHEAP. Dec. 1, 1860.-12

The Bonnie Eye of Blue.

There is an eye whose flashes speak,
As proudly from the rosy cheek
It turns its lashes back—
Of wit, of worth, of ardent fire,
Of energetic joy—desire,
The sparkling eye of black!

There is an eye whose glances tell
Of duties done, and done full well,
Performed from day to day;
Of calm contentment and repose,
Of rest that virtue only knows,
The sober eye of gray!

But, dearer far to me than these,
Than wit, than worth, than quiet ease,
In joy as sorrow true—
The gentle, melting, loving eye,
Pure in its tender constancy,
The bonnie eye of blue!

The eye whose language needs no voice
To soothe, to soften to rejoice,
With every winning art—
Whose least, whose slightest glance can bring
Fresh comfort to the wavering,
Fresh sunshine to the heart.

Yes! dimned in sorrow, sunned in joy,
Should griefs, should hopes our thoughts employ,
To death remaining true,
There shines one star through all our tears,
Thro' youth's sweet hours, thro' manhood's years,
THE BONNIE EYE OF BLUE!

A GHOST STORY.

In 1839, I had hired at Verrieres, a charming village coquettishly situated midway on one of the wooded slopes of the forest which bears its name, a simple cottage where I designed to spend the summer with my wife and presumptive heir, a pretty and plump boy of a year old, raised in the country, and who, thanks to the fresh air, exercise, and healthy life of the fields, did, I assure you, credit to his nurse. My cottage consisted of a square pavillion covered with tiles, composed of a basement and one story, and situated at the extremity of the village in a retired lane leading to the country, as its name indicated: "*Road to the vineyards.*"

An oblong garden, of about an acre, inclosed by walls garnished with trellises, and whose principal entrance was adorned by an iron gate with pillars, the only ambitious decoration of this modest retreat, lay before the cottage, which was built at the extremity of the inclosure, and reached by a gravelled walk, bordered on each side with fruit trees in full bearing. Before the house stood a group of Bengal roses, and on the right and left, fronting side porches, each lighted by two windows only, were grassy lawns of nearly four yards square, which had first attracted me, because I saw there a natural carpet very well calculated for the sports of my newly weaned baby, just beginning to learn to use his teeth and limbs.

The whole, furnished comfortably, not luxuriously, but with everything necessary in country life, had been let to me for five hundred francs, by the proprietor, M. Roux, ex-apothecary, Rue Montmartre, the inventor of a celebrated dentrifice. The young are not difficult; I was young, then, and had one conclusive reason for seeing life through my colored spectacles. United to a charming woman whom I idolized and who rendered me happy, I dreamed of perfect love, like an Arcadian shepherd, and these five words, *a cottage and her heart*, the eternal romance of youth, would have led me to the end of the world.

When spring came, and the lilacs, of which there were whole thickets in our inclosure, blossomed, arrived a fortunate couple to take possession of our little domain, my wife having never yet seen the house or garden; they pleased her, perhaps for reasons similar to my own. She was kind enough to find everything to her taste, and even the gardiner, expressly included in the inventory of fixtures, and who was not, to tell the truth, the least useful article of furniture.

Paid by the proprietor, all his duties were comprised in taking care of the garden, showing the cottage to visitors, and airing the apartments by occasionally opening the windows. If the situation was not very lucrative, it was not difficult to fill. So M. Roux had confided it to the first one who came to hand, that is to say, a simple peasant of the neighborhood, the inhabitant of one of the only two houses which now stood on the road to the vineyards.

Blondas St. Foy, with an air as clownish as that witty singer, Gilkin, with his long, straight locks, his pug nose, his porcelain blue eyes, and fat, projecting cheeks, slightly ruddy, would have figured admirably on the rustic stage. A genuine peasant of the opera, he had both the physique and the character of the situation. So when, in the intervals of liberty allowed him by the culture of his fields, the produce of which he regularly sent to market, according to the invariable custom of farmers in the neighborhood of Paris, he had time to come and put sticks to our peas, water our strawberry plants, hoe our potatoes, and weed our carrots, which happened two or three times a week, and took about half a day each time; on those days, whoever had come to pay a visit to my wife or myself and looked for us in the house, would certainly have lost his trouble.

Arm in arm, and braving the hottest sun, madame, with her parasol and her pretty scarlet sun-bonnet, so becoming to her twenty years, and I, with an immense straw hat, worthy of a pure blooded American planter, closely followed Gilbert. The honest youth had scarcely arrived, when, proud of having a gardener, we went, like genuine Bœtians that we were, to sit beside him while he worked, with spade or watering-pot in hand, and you should see what a mischievous pleasure we then took in overwhelming him with a multitude of questions as absurd as his replies; in hearing him reason gravely on the rain and fine weather; discuss the influence of heat and cold; describe his hopes and fears relative to the approaching harvest; curse the race of foxes and weasels, nocturnal marauders, not waiting for license from the vintagers to ravage their best vines; in fine, to study in all his phases this honest villager, who, having arrived at the age of thirty, had a wife and child, paid his taxes, figured on festival days in a Gaulish blouse in the ranks of the citizen militia, and had never in his life, except in one excursion to Versailles, when he saw the great fountains play, lost sight of the steeple of his commune. What a curious type! what an excellent and kind nature! how many amusing simplicities, how many charming stories he had to tell! the foolish laughter which suddenly seized us in the midst of these stories, to the great astonishment of our countryman, always retaining his impurturbable *sang froid*, and looking at us with open mouth, unable to comprehend our explosions of gayety!

We had hardly been enstalled in our rustic villa a week, when, one fine morning, as we were making a bouquet in a magnificent border of violets framing one of the green lawns beneath our windows, and in the corner of which figured a well half hidden by a thicket of laburnums, my wife said to me:—

"Do you know, my love, what displeases me here, and what I certainly would have removed this very moment if it depended only upon me?"

Without being a fine lady, my wife is very impressible in her nature, and has her little superstitions She believes in the influence of Friday and of the number thirteen; an overturned salt-cellar, two knives crossed affect her; a broken mirror would make her sick; at evening, the murmur of running water, the mysterious whispering of the poplars, vivid lightning, and the noise of the thunder produce an effect which she cannot avoid; adorable weakness, of which, in my opinion, I should do very wrong to complain.

"What is it?" asked I of my wife.

"That disagreeable weeping willow, which stands in the corner of the lawn on the right of the well," replied she.

"And why so?" returned I.

"You know very well," said she to me, "that I cannot endure those trees, even in painting; an ordinary willow can be passed by in spite of the romance of Othello, but these weeping willows—oh, no! I cannot bear them."

"I understand you, dear friend; but we have no occasion for grief, the child is well, and we are both cheerful enough."

"Come, you jest when the gravest subjects are concerned. You undoubtedly have not forgotten the origin of my antipathy for that hateful tree, which should never be admitted into pleasure-grounds! On passing the shop of Lemonnier, that famous artist in hair, and examining the frames exposed in his window, have you not seen that melancholy shrub figure, beside yews and cypresses, and shading with its tearful tresses these mournful words: *He was a good husband and father. To our angel!* It is a tree suited only to a cemetery, and standing here on this turf, it annoys, it worries me."

"What a foolish idea," said I; "meanwhile I will promise to say a word on the subject to Gilbert the gardiner; we will see when he comes whether we may not be able to remove it."

At evening, when Madame Gilbert returned from the fields, kringing on her shoulder her cow's supper, I invited her to rest a moment as she was passing the garden gate, and informed her, that she might mention it to her husband, of the desire expressed by my wife.

"Madame is in the right," said she to me, "and she is not mistaken in her suppositions. They took very good care not to tell you when you hired the house; the proprietor, M. Roux, forbade us to do so, but there is indeed some one buried there, and, with her apprehensions, your wife is nearer the truth than you thought for. That turf and weeping willow conceal a tomb!"

You will easily imagine how astonished I was at this unexpected revelation.

We had come into the country to avoid the gloomy sights of the city, especially to flee from the spectacle of all those human miseries so little calculated to divert even the most philosophical, in that vast and-bill of which the great Parisian society is composed.

And we had encountered precisely what we wished to avoid; we were, without having suspected it, the guests of Death; our garden was but a cemetery, our villa a funeral lodge standing in the midst of it, like those inhabited by the hired guardians of our burying-grounds. When our child, trying his new-born powers, was rolling about this thick turf, so green, so studded with white daisies, O horror! O sacreligious profanation! it was over a sepulchre, over a cold corpse that, with his rattle in his hand, this dear little creature was playing! You will imagine that nothing more was necessary, not to speak of the water of the well from which we drank, and for the suspicious taste of which I thoguht I could now account, to induce us to remove immediately.

"But this is an act of bad faith on the part of the proprietor," said I to Madame Gilbert. "It is sufficient to cancel the bargain, for people will not endure such impositions. Who is buried there?" added I; "a criminal, a suicide! a miscreant who died without confession and could not be buried in consecrated ground?"

"Not exactly," replied my interlocutor, "it is the former proprietress of the pavillion, Madame V——, the aunt of the famous painter, I have been told, whose fine battle pieces Gilbert saw at the museum at Versailles one day when the grand fountains were playing."

"Has this person been dead long?"

"About five years, I think. Yes, five years at the approaching plum season."

"And why was she not buried, like other people, in the village cemetery?"

Madame Gilbert turned, and casting a sly glance to the right and left as if to see whether any one could hear what she was about to say, replied:—

"Madame V—— was a strong-minded woman, a philosopher, I have been told. You know there are often such in artists' families. She died at the age of eighty-six. In her youth, before the first revolution, she had been acquainted with many celebrated writers whom she often quoted and whose works she knew by heart; one M. Voltaire, who was a native of the village of Chatenay, near here; a certain Rosseau, Messieurs Dident, d'Alembert, and many others whose names I do not remember, although they were incessently in her mouth. An amiable little woman she was, too, lively, witty, agreeable; charitable to the poor, and much beloved by our peasants, whom she never hesitated to assist by her counsels or her purse. But when she died, scarcely bent by age, still coquettish, reading the newspaper daily without spectacles, it was yonder, there, beneath that arbor of honey-suckles, that she seated herself every morning; and I see her still, with her white sun-bonnet and farthingale of puce-colored silk, she wished to remain faithful to her principles, and as she did not believe in much of anything, never went to mass, entertained the curate only, as she laughingly said, in hopes to convert him, left a will in which, by a formal clause, she requested to be buried in her own garden, beside these eglantines which she had herself set out and whose roses she loved to cultivate. Her heirs fulfilled her last wishes, and when M. Roux bought the property the obligation was imposed on him that he should respect this little nook of land."

"Well, it is a disagreeable condition, and if the house and garden were to be sold again I would not buy them at any price. Meanwhile I enjoin it upon you not to say a word of all this to my wife. I know her; if she should ever learn the least thing which could confirm her in her suspicions, she would not remain at Verrieres one hour As for me, I am going to Paris to have a talk with the proprietor."

As I was going without even returning to the house to engage a place in the carrige of Barbu, a stage with ten seats which then made regular trips to the city, chance willed it that I should encounter on the way Father Michel, our baker, the deputy-mayor of the commune. I naturally related to him my dissatisfaction and the step I was about to take.

Father Michel was an excellent man; he held me in great esteem, because that before having established myself at Verrieres, I had often made him a present of the game I had killed in that vicinity.

"It is useless for you to go to Paris," said he to me; "on Saturday last, at the request of M. Roux himself, the municipal council decided to exhume Madame V——, and transfer her remains to the neighboring cemetery. You will imagine that the interests of a proprietor would prevail over the posthumous request of an old woman. The ceremony will take place at noon to-morrow. You will therefore do well to take your wife to Paris that very evening, and not return till the day after."

I immediately returned to Gilbert and gave him my instructions. Calculating that an absence of twenty-four hours would be very short, I resolved (this was Monday) not to return till the following Saturday. It was agreed between the gardener and myself that he should remove, with the greatest care, all the turf covering the grave, replace it as carefully, levelling it so that his labor should not appear.

Five minutes afterwards, I had invented a plausible excuse for the necessity of an immediate departure, which was nothing less than a serious indisposition of my mother, and at four o'clock we left the house, taking with us our entire family.

After passing a few days in the capital, we returned to our little villa. In the mean time I had been officially informed that the removal of the body had taken place, and the turf so ingenuously replaced as to leave no trace of the operation. The letter, which came from Father Michel, announced to me at the same time, by way of postscript, that my presence on the following Saturday was indispensable at Verrieres, as the moon would then be at the full, and a whole family of weasels had been discovered, whose urgent destruction imperiously called for my devotions, that is to say, some hours of watching passed in the forest at night.

At nine o'clock, therefore, on the evening of my return, I set out in search of my weasels. The weather was magnificent and the moon at the full. No night could have been more propitious, nevertheless my vigils were vain, for no sign of a weasel appeared, and after waiting till midnight I returned home.

I was but twenty paces from the house, whose white walls, illuminated by the rays of the moon, stood out from the dark ground of the thickets behind it, and was about to turn around the group of Bengal roses decorating its *facade*, when, casting my eyes mechanically towards the six feet of turf which, three days before, still covered the sepulchre of Madame V——, I remained petrified, immovable, dumb with fear and horror.

Beneath the weeping willow which formerly shaded the tomb, stood, wrapped in its shroud, the spectre of the departed. It was not an optical illusion, nor a hallucination of my disturbed mind. The phantom seemed to be awaiting me, waving its arms as if trying to disengage them from its white shroud; and while its head reached to the uppermost branches of the tree, its feet, nimbly agitating, hovered over, rather than touched the ground. They seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to detach themselves entirely and advance to meet me.

A shudder of indescribable terror ran over me, and though not cowardly by nature, a cold sweat stood on my forehead. I tried to speak, but could not utter a word; I tried to walk, but my limbs refused to obey my will. At last, imagining myself to be the object of some trick, I adjured the spirit to speak, threatening to fire upon it unless it answered my challenge.

I had scarcely uttered this threat when a flash of lightning, the first indication of an approaching storm, illuminated the whole garden, and amid a gust of wind, which enveloped me in a cloud of dust, the phantom disappeared. This time I could not doubt that it was the shade of Madame V——, suddenly vanishing before my eyes, in order to save me a second profanation more sacrilegious than the first.

Shall I confess it? I crossed myself, and clearing in a few leaps without daring to turn my eyes in the direction of the well, the distance which still separated me from the pavillion, I rushed, more dead than alive, into the bedchamber where my wife was quietly reposing.

I was very careful not to awaken her, and especially not to tell her of my nocturnal adventure; but a violent clap of thunder rendered useless the precautions which I had taken to make as little noise as possible on entering.

"Ah! it is you, my love," said she to me. "You did well to return; I have been oppressed by a bad dream; light the candle, I beg, and see if all is right about the house."

The night was terrible, and I never knew a more frightful storm. The disorder of the elements impressed me the more vividly that, in my state of mind, it seemed to be in consequence of my vision; and when day appeared and the tempest abated, I had not succeeded in closing my eyes.

I arose and dressed to take a turn in the garden; but at the moment of crossing the threshold of the door, I was so overcome that I retraced my steps, resolved not to visit the theatre of action until, after breakfast, my wife and myself could go together and see the ravages of the storm.

As the cook came to pour out tea for us in the dining-room, Rosalie, the child's nurse, whose first duty every morning was to fill the fountain, entered. She held in her hand a bundle of wet linen.

"Ah, madame, I have been fortunate," said she to my wife. "Look, I brought these from the well in drawing my first bucket of water."

"What are they?" asked my wife.

"The clothes of the little one which I had hung out to dry last night on the weeping willow at the edge of the well; the wind blew so in the night that they fell in; fortunately they caught on the handle of the lower bucket."

In spite of myself I burst into a fit of mad laughter, to the great amazement of my wife, who vainly questioned me on the subject of my unaccountable hilarity.

I had the secret of the enigma. But I will confess, and more than one strong mind would doubtless have shared my weakness, I believed for an instant in ghosts.

THE CLERICAL KISS.—Dominie Brown had reached the mature age of forty-five without ever having taken part in this pleasant labial exercise One of the Deacons had a very charmimg daughter, and for a year or two the Dominie found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact the neighbors said he was courting her, and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself. One Monday evening he was sitting as usual by her, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Miss Mary," said he, "I've known you for a long time, and I never thought of it before; but now I would like you to give me a kiss. Will you?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips, "if you think it would not be wrong, I have no objection."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man closing his eyes and folding his hands, "For what we are about to receive the Lord make us thankful."

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

"Oh, Mary, that was good!" cried the Dominie, electrified by a new sensation, "Let us have another and then return thanks."

Mary did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy: "For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good."

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominie was soon duly answered; for in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown

☞The American Agriculturist is responsible for the following:

TWO ROGUES INSTEAD OF ONE.—An amusing incident is related of a woman in England whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made, Accordingly he was muffled up in bed as if very sick, and a lawyer was called to write the will The shoemaker in a feeble voice bequeathed *half* of all the property to the widow. "What shall we do with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man;" thus securing a rich bequest for himself? The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud; and so the *two* rogues shared the estate.

WHAT "COPPERHEAD" MEANS.—For the benefit of those who do not find Copperhead in the Dictionary, we give the following analysis:

C onspiracy.
O pposition to the war.
P eace on any terms.
P iracy.
E nmity to the Union.
R ecognition of the "C. S. A."
H atred of the Government.
E arnest sympathy with traitors.
A narchy.
D isloyalty.

☞"Annette, my dear what country is opposite to us on the globe?" asked a teacher.

"Don't know, sir."

"Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of the hole, sir."

☞The following peculiar "notis" was found posted up in a little town in Delaware:

"Reward.—Lost or strade frome the Premuse of the subScriberr, a sheepe all over white, and one leg was blakk and half his body. All persons shall receive five dols to bring him back. He was a she goat.

☞We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.