

# The Potter Journal.

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

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## [From The Atlantic Monthly.] THE WOLVES.

Ye who listen to stories told,  
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,  
Of the lone wood-side, and the hungry pack  
That howls on the fainting traveller's track—  
Flame-red eyeballs that waylay,  
By the wintry moon, the belated sleigh,—  
The lost child sought in the dismal wood,  
The little shoes and the stains of blood  
On the trampled snow,—O ye that hear  
With thrills of pity or chills of fear,  
Wishing some angel had been sent  
To shield the hapless and innocent,—  
Know ye the fiend that is crueler far  
Than the gaunt gray herds of the forest are?  
Swiftly vanish the wild fleet tracks  
Before the rifle and woodman's axe:  
Not hark to the coming of unseen feet,  
Pattering by night through the city street!  
Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown  
Lives a spectre and haunts the town.  
By square and market they slink and prowl,  
In lane and alley they leap and howl.  
All night they snuff and snarl before  
The poor patched window and broken door.  
They paw the clapboards and clack the latch,  
At every crevice they whine and scratch.  
Their tongues are subtle and long and thin,  
And they lay the living blood within.  
Ice keen are the teeth that tear,  
Red as ruin the eyes that glare.  
Children crouched in corners cold  
Shiver in tattered garments old,  
And start from sleep with bitter pang,  
At the touch of the phantoms' viewless fangs.  
Weary the mother and worn with strife,  
Still she watches and fights for life.  
But her hand is feeble, and weapon small—  
One little needle against them all!  
In evil hour the daughter fled  
From her poor shelter and wretched bed.  
Through the city's pitiless solitude,  
To the door of sin the wolves pursued.  
Fierce the father and grim with want,  
His heart is gnawed by the spectres gaunt.  
Frenzied stealing forth by night,  
With whetted knife, to the desperate fight,  
He thought to strike the spectres dead,  
But he smites his brother men instead.  
O you that listen to stories told,  
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,  
Weep no more at the tales you hear,  
The danger is close and the wolves are near.  
Shudder not at the murderer's name,  
Marvel not at the maiden's shame.  
Pass not by with averted eye  
The door where the stricken children cry.  
But when the beat of the unseen feet  
Sounds by night through the stormy street,  
Follow thou where the spectres glide;  
Stand like Hope by the mother's side;  
And be thyself the angel sent  
To shield the hapless and innocent.  
He gives but little who gives his tears,  
He gives his best who aids and cheers.  
He does well in the forest wild  
Who slays the monster and saves the child;  
But he does better, and merits more,  
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

**OLD McFARLANE.**—Among the Tennesseans now in camp in Kentucky is a little fellow of about five feet four inches, with gray and grizzled beard, dilapidated nose, and an eye as keen as a fish-hawk's. The manner of his escape was remarkable, and ingenious. He headed a large squad of his neighbors, and eluded the rebel pickets by wearing a big sheep's bell on the head, and bleating away over the mountains, followed by a herd of men who did likewise. By this stratagem he deceived the rebel's scouts, and passed within a few feet of them through one of the most important mountain passes. Old McFarlane (for this is the name of the hero of the bells) thus won the soubriquet of "bell wether," by which name he passes all through the camps. He is a rough and good humored old man, with a full supply of mother wit, and speaks of himself as "under size and over age for a soldier," which he literally is.

**THAT'S SO.**—Somebody says the man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick footed; but he isn't a touch to the women who keep up with the fashions of the present day.

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

**CAMP BROOKE, Nov 23, 1861.**  
**FRIEND McALARNY:** Lying on the table before me is a POTTER JOURNAL of the 13th inst.; the only one which we have been permitted to see since leaving home, and this one was obtained through the politeness of Lewis Mann. It was a most welcome sight, I can assure you, it being the most forcible reminder of home which has yet been vouchsafed us.  
While sitting here in our marquee, everything around us the most quiet we have ever known it in camp, the silence disturbed only by the incessant pattering of the rain (which is coming down in torrents) upon the roof and against the sides of our cotton habitation, together with the shrill whistling of the wind, intermingled now and then with the sound of a stray voice which had pitched upon a higher key than that of its fellows, finds its way from out the owner's tent to our own. Well, then, as I before said, with the JOURNAL lying before me reminding me of the wooded hills and vales of Old Potter, and as well of the many anxious fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters up there who have so many relatives and friends here of whom they would gladly hear, I thought I would spend a few moments in a hasty detail of our present location, occupation, &c. Perhaps I have written you before upon this very subject. I have an indistinct recollection of sending you a hasty, ill-written scrawl since our arrival at the National Capitol, but whether prepared since our arrival in our present quarters, is a question we will not attempt to decide. However it matters not, since this is not intended for publication; yet if you choose, you can take from it any items of interest to your readers, you of course being judge.  
Camp Brooke, as it is called—after our gallant Colonel—is now located on a rising ground something like two miles from the Capitol. We are upon what was formerly "secessh" territory, it being owned by a prominent secessionist now in the rebel army. The property is now confiscated to the use of government—a large brick dwelling, back of, and less than half a mile distant from our quarters, the former owner's residence, being in use by a regiment encamped near us as a hospital. This is a fair illustration of the changes effected by intestine war. Here too, was last Spring enacted a tragic scene. A party of rebels concealed in this very house, firing upon a Massachusetts regiment and killing some forty of their number. Of the final issue of the engagement I am not informed.  
So much for the past—now to the present. Let me give you an idea of the arrangement of our Camp. The hill slopes gradually to the south-east. As you enter the lines, coming from the city, first are the tents of the soldiers, nine deep, arranged by companies in their proper position, two rows for each, facing inward and leaving a street of about one and a-half rods in width. Here in their own street each company is formed as a distinct company, marching thence to the parade ground, where they are arranged in order as in line of battle. At a distance of perhaps three rods in the rear of these tents are pitched the marquees occupied by the commissioned officers, while upon the right flank of all are those occupied by the Regimental Officers. MAC, was you ever a tenant of one of these soldier's homes? Let me give you a sort of bird's eye view of their inner appearance. We will enter the first one to which we come, which will probably afford you a tolerable idea of the rest, although as tastes differ so do these arrangements vary. Well, here we are at the entrance of the first to which we come. Let us enter. The floor—that is mother earth—is well littered with straw, at the left of the entrance we see a small cedar, the limbs of which are cut off about three inches from the body and forming hooks. This is placed in an upright position close against the side of the tent, suspended from the hooks are canteens, &c. Opposite is another cedar rigged in the same manner, and from this are suspended haversacks, belts, cartridge-boxes, bayonets, scabbards, &c., while in a promiscuous heap at one side of the tent are piled knapsacks, overcoats and blankets. Then come the muskets in a corner, and you have a pretty general idea of the furniture found in a soldier's tent. Entering a marquee you will find one or two camp stools, chairs, table, haversacks, uniforms, swords, revolvers, belts, and sashes, while scattered about in complete confusion are company books, reports, pens, ink and paper, with many other articles—as the Yankee notion dealer would say—too numerous to mention. Our occupation is chiefly Drilling. By squad for an hour before breakfast, by squad or company again from nine o'clock thirty till eleven thirty, by battalion from one thirty till four, and then "Dress Parade" at four thirty lasting about an hour. The intermediate time is occupied in cleaning quarters, polishing and getting arms and

accoutrements in proper order, and various other little duties, which all in all keeps one pretty much "out of mischief."  
With the exception of colds, which are quite prevalent, the general health of the company is good. There are only two in Hospital, and they are not considered seriously ill, but will without doubt be on duty again before this will have reached you. Especially are the "Butties" doing finely and feeling finely too. The spirits of the boys are equally as elastic as when on that October morning—so long to be remembered—they left the beautiful village of C. Our hope and prayer is that they never may have occasion to feel otherwise. As a company, notwithstanding that our advantages have been far behind those enjoyed by most of the others in possessing officers many whom have seen service and nearly if not all of them been occupied for some months in drilling, we are making rapid progress in the art of war. The Colonel has complemented us more than once in highly gratifying terms. Our progress is owing mainly to the efforts of Capt. Jones and Orderly Sergeant Baker, both of them making efficient officers and sparing no pains to make efficient soldiers of the men. They have been indefatigable in their exertions which are having the desired effect, that of making us look, act, and feel more and more like soldiers every day. Nor should I forget to mention Judge (now Sergeant) Lewis. He too makes a fine officer, and one well liked by all the men. He has not been backward in the discharge of the duties pertaining to his position. Soldiering is not such a terrible thing after all. We are apt to get the idea, away up among the peaceful hills and valleys of Old Potter, that when one gets in Camp he is done for. This is not the case. True we have rules and regulations which to the citizen at first take the form of unnecessary rigor and restraint. But to the observing mind there is nothing of the kind. We are soldiers, we must conform to the duties of a soldier. "Uncle Sam," says he liberally, and provides the necessities if not the elegancies of life. All that is asked in return is that we conform to the army regulations which are not one whit too strong, easily learned and as easily conformed to. In addition, we have the consciousness of being engaged in a holy cause—and when it comes to fighting, or fighting for the preservation and perpetuation of the best Government the sun ever shone upon—if we fall, of a glorious death. Would that I could add, that our swords are soon to be unsheathed, never to be returned to the scabbard until the accursed institution which has brought our beloved country to the brink of the frightful chasm "disunion" should be wiped from off the face of the earth. I am not, strictly speaking, an abolitionist, but when I see the fearful fruits of the slave-holder's rebellion, it causes me to desire the total rooting out of its cause. The other day I overheard one of the "human chattels" in conversation with some of the boys, saying that if the people of the free North would only say, "you, like us are men, you are free, come on, we will place in your hands arms," we would soon, very soon meet with such a response, as echoing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would settle rebellion at once and forever, and it ought to be done. This policy of fighting a thing and at the same time nursing it, is in my opinion, to be lamented; for disguise it as best we may, it is Slavery against which we struggle; and though laying no claim to a spirit of prophecy, yet we do venture the prediction, that just so long as our soldiers are compelled to return fugitive slaves, just so long will this war endure. The rebels handle us out so gingerly they stop not to ask whether or no we will be suited. What care they? It is the Union which they are trying to sunder, and they stop not to make faces at anything likely to forward their wicked designs. Why, then, sir, should we be more tender of their pet notions than they of ours? In the name of outraged humanity, why not forward, why not proclaim thro' Congressional intervention that the slaves of rebels are slaves no longer; that they are free; that should they choose to bring their good right arms to bear against their oppressors, they will be furnished with arms and equipments for the encounter; my word for it, the idea of Southern Confederacy based upon human bondage would be but a myth existing only in the brains of madmen; it would take but a few short months to return our country to peace, and with its sturdy yeomanry initiated into the mysteries of warfare, checking the haughty assumptions of foreign powers, the foundation of a prosperity boundless as the universe and inexhaustible as the sunshine of Heaven will have been laid. The experiment of a free Government will have been established, and that too beyond cavil. We shall proudly stand preeminent at the head of nations, an example worthy of imitation by all.  
R.

The pure in mind are not suspicious.

## IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

We are now upon the threshold of 1862, and what are the prospects of our farmers? Our Wheat crop, taking the whole country through, is good; perhaps quite up to the average; the Oat harvest has been fine; and the Indian-Corn crop wonderfully so. Supposing that our usual aggregate crop of Indian-Corn is 900,000,000 bushels, we could not have harvested less than 1,100,000,000 bushels in 1860, and must have at least 1,000,000,000 in 1861. That a considerable portion of this is in the Rebelious States and hence cut off from the great markets of Europe, is true; but the South was never an exporter to a tithe of the extent of the North, and all that she has raised will be wanted to feed the vast armies she has levied for her traitorous war upon the General Government. To the loyal farmers of the North, then, the profit of foreign orders will accrue, and it is well worth our while to estimate how large they are likely to be.  
The latest accounts from abroad, through the most excellent journal the *Mark Lane Express*, show a probable deficiency in Great Britain of at least 64,000,000 bushels of grain; and English grain-buyers are exhorted to put their orders into the markets of the world at the earliest opportunity, else it will be too late, and the British working classes will be subjected to the terrible possibility of a famine. In France, now that concealment is rendered impossible from the receipt of immense orders for breadstuffs in this market, the most deplorable condition of things is manifested. The crops have been so very short that there are grave apprehensions of famine, and the peasants always half starved, are now in far worse than their usual plight. With a prescience and good sense that the English Government would have done well to imitate, the French authorities have taken the matter into their own hands, and through special agents and the usual official channels, ordered immense quantities of food at such prices to shut English buyers out of the European grain markets, at least for the present. France, it is said, will require an importation of 80,000,000 bushels; a quantity which the *Mark Lane Express* truly observes, is "enormous for a country which has, for the last two or three years, been an exporter of wheat and flour." This, with the prospective requirements of the English market, will amount to NINE THOUSAND CARGOES of 16,000 bushels each, "an unheard-of and impossible quantity, if we are to judge of the present exporting power of the neighboring nations by the past. Such however, is the present state of the two countries, without taking into account Spain, Belgium, and Holland, which will all be buyers, as well as France and England."  
Under this wonderful state of circumstances, why should not the farmers of the loyal North be of good cheer, and use every exertion to save their crops in good condition, and get to market? With all this foreign demand, however, there is no chance, it seems to us, for wheat to rise to a very unusual and exorbitant price, but on the other hand, there is no likelihood of its abating any from its present value.  
Politically considered, the dependence of France and England on foreign nations, especially for us, for the actual food of their people, is our greatest safeguard against any violation of their neutrality. The greed of gain might make Manchester politicians disposed to have the British Government to break our blockade, and grasping our ambition urge the French Emperor to take our Rebelious States under the wing of his eagle; but so long as the two countries are in actual want of our corn, mu wheat, there is small chance of their rising in arms against us. The mutual dependence of America and England, always apparent, was never so easy of demonstration as at present; and it is impossible but that the people of the two nations should have good-fellowship with and respect for each other, whatever designing English politicians and aristocrats may assert. Let us rejoice that there is something to prevent a calamity so direful to both as a conflict would be.  
**SETTLING A DUEL.**—In these days of duelling, the following may not be amiss: "Two officers having asked King Gustavus for his permission to fight a duel, he consented, and having intimated to them his intention of witnessing the combat, at the appointed hour appeared upon the ground. Then turning to the officers who were about to engage, he said: "Now gentlemen, fight—fight till one of you fall. And I have brought the provost-marshal with me to attend the survivor." It is remarkable how suddenly the gentlemen discovered they could reconcile their difference without fighting."  
To do away with spectacles—"go blind."

## [From the Lancaster Express.] Impromptu To Gen. Fremont.

On reading the description of the scene in the camp at Springfield, when the order came for his removal. "The General spent much of the afternoon expostulating with the officers, and urging them by their patriotism and their personal regard for him not to abandon their posts."  
Fremont, Fremont, thy native land  
Has wronged herself in striking thee,  
Thou patriot strong, thou leader bold,  
Whose name was pledge of victory.  
A million hearts now bowed with grief,  
Yet in their sorrow proudly thrill,  
To see thee, in this ordeal, prove  
All they believed thee—noble still.  
Serene thou art, for truth is strong;  
And clear will shine thy loyal name,  
When they whose hate has sown thick dust  
Are lost to sight, or linked with shame.  
And when upon our waiting ears,  
The joyful song of peace shall fall,  
And freedom, in this second birth,  
Become the glorious boon of all;  
In lowly homes with tender pride,  
Shall grateful lips repeat thy name,  
While thy enfranchised country twines,  
For thee her greatest wealth of fame.  
WEST GROVE, PA.

## THE FRONT TEETH AND THE GRINDERS.

Once on a time a mutiny arose among the teeth of a worthy man, in good health and blessed with a sound constitution, commonly known as Uncle Samuel. The cutting-teeth, or incisors, and the eye-teeth, or canines, though not nearly so many, all counted, nor so large, nor so strong as the grinders, and by no means so white, but, on the contrary, very much discolored, began to find fault with the grinders as not good enough company for them. The eye-teeth, being very sharp and fitted for seizing and tearing, and standing out taller than the rest, claimed to lead them. Presently, one of them complained that it ached very badly, and then another and another. Very soon the cutting-teeth, which pretended they were supplied by the same nerve, and were proud of it, began to ache also.—They all agreed that it was the fault of the grinders.  
About this time, Uncle Samuel, having used his old tooth-brush (which was never a good one, having no stiffness in the bristles) for four years, took a new one, recommended to him by a great number of people as a homely, but useful article. Thereupon all the front-teeth one after another, declared that Uncle Samuel meant to scour them white, which was a thing they would never submit to, though the whole civilized world was calling on them to do so. So they all insisted on getting out of the sockets in which they had grown and stood for many years.—But the wisdom-teeth spoke up for the others and said,—  
"Nay, there are but twelve of you front-teeth, and there be twenty of us grinders. We are the strongest, and a good deal nearest the muscles and the joint, but we cannot spare you. We have put up with your black stains, your jumping aches, and your snappish looks, and now we are not going to let you go, under the pretence that you are to be scrubbed white, if you stay. You don't work half so hard as we do, but you can bite the food well enough, which we can grind so much better than you. We belong to each other. You must stay."  
Thereupon the front-teeth, first the canines or dog-teeth, next the incisors or cutting-teeth, proceeded to declare themselves out of their sockets, and no longer belonging to the jaws of Uncle Samuel.  
Then Uncle Samuel arose in his wrath and shut his jaws tightly together, and swore that he would keep them shut till those aching and discolored teeth of his went to pieces in their sockets, if need were, rather than have them drawn, standing, as some of them did, at the very opening of his throat and stomach.  
And now, if you will please to observe, all those teeth are beginning to ache worse than ever, and to decay very fast, so that it will take a great deal of gold to stop the holes that are forming in them. But the great white grinders are as sound as ever, and will remain so until Uncle Samuel thinks the time has come for opening his mouth. In the mean time they keep on grinding in a quiet way, though the others have had to stop biting for a long time. When Uncle Samuel opens his mouth, they will be as ready for work as ever; but those poor discolored teeth will be tender for a great while, and never be so strong as they were before they foolishly declared themselves out of their sockets.  
The foregoing fable is respectfully dedicated to the Southern Plebs, who, under the lead of their "Patrician" masters, have "succeeded" like their predecessors in the days of Menenius Agrippa.—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

## Ashes from the Pipe of an old Smoker.

With the calm blue smoke curling silently up from my nut-brown meershaun, lounging carelessly before the glowing coals of my own grate, contented and drowsy under the benign influence of this aromatic Latakia, I am absolutely indifferent to all my surroundings: It is a lazy, but enticingly delightful habit; quiet communion with my inmost thoughts, cogitating and moralizing.  
There is a winter hurricane out of doors, and the merry wind is piping shrill roundelay in the chimney, whistling cheerily through the keyhole, and dying away anon in low means that come quivering in from the starlit night almost with a visible shudder. It has been blowing boisterously all day, this same wind, and little fleeces of ragged cloud have fretted the cold gray blue of the winter sky, as the fickle squalls fret a summer sea.  
"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," they say; and I'm inclined to believe it equally true that blows nobody any harm. Take, for instance, this jolly, whistling wind, that rushes harmlessly through the city streets, whirling along on its wings a cloud of sleety snow; sitting here before my fire, I don't care for it; I defy it to touch me. But hark! yonder, miles away, where a long line of white foam marks the dreary coast, do you hear the great waves come booming against the black rocks with a sullen roar? Do you see the white-capped waves, far out at sea, rocking up into the night like tottering mountains?—This same jolly wind is the driver that lashes them to such dangerous and unmanageable fury, and perhaps the shrill whistle is not so charmingly poetical to the little sailor boy out there among those waves as it is to you and me, sitting by our own home fireside. Poor little fellow! it is his first voyage, his first storm. Clinging to the mast, drenched and shivering, with wild eyes he watches the laboring vessel as she climbs up to the summit of each gigantic wave, only to fall creaking and helpless into yawning gulf beneath. Poor little sailor boy! with his well-thumbed Bible pressed close to his heart, how his whole fearful, trembling soul goes out over the wide waste of water and land that separates them in one agonized cry—"Home! mother!" If you listen, you will hear that cry, as I do now, on the next blast that sweeps down the street.  
Tell, dark, weather-stained buildings that hang like giant ghosts over the suburbs of our large cities, are rocking and trembling in this night wind, which is just courteous enough to push open the doors, and rush with a plaintive, mocking cry up the rickety stairs into dark, gloomy apartments where the fire is long since gone out. A pile of musty straw would be an unwelcome bed for you or me to night, my friend; a brother or sister of ours will freeze on such a couch to-night. The wind is bitter cold, but the freed soul will go up on its wings to a land we have not seen in our dreams sometimes, a radiant land, where no ruder wind comes than the heavy breath of fragrant flowers and the aroma of ripe, luscious fruits. And is that all? Will no one hear the solemn voice of the Recording Angel?—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."  
"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!"  
Never so idly I lounge before my cheerful fire, replenish my pipe, and puffing out great columns of smoke, shut my ears to the cry of want and woe that comes on every fitful gust of this winter wind; and yet it may not have been wholly in vain for me to sit here and moralize; to-morrow some withered, wrinkled, ragged, thaggy, sad-eyed old man will come tottering into my office—one came to-day, and went away unaided—and crouch out a petition for money to buy bread. I shall shake my head, point to the door, think of this sista, thrust my hand into my pocket, call him back, and send the frosty-haired old fellow off with a quicker step than he has known for many a day.  
If we are not philanthropic enough to leave our own ruddy firelight to night, and go out into the bitter cold on our errand of mercy, in the dark old tenement-houses, let us at least send up a silent, sincere petition to God for the famishing, the homeless, the freezing and those "who go down to the sea in ships," remembering that He who had not "where to lay his head," left this legacy behind him—"For the poor ye have always with you."—*Godley's Lady Book.*  
"Boys," said uncle Peter as he examined the points of the animal, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes."  
They gathered around to hear this peculiar opinion, and one inquired,  
"What is it?"  
"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."