

# The Potter Journal

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

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## Original. NOW AND THEN.

"O! the violets were blossoming,  
The sweet, May birds sung then—  
The sunshine flooded with glory,  
The little woodland glen.

Now, all the blossoms are blighted,  
The wood-birds have flown away,  
And darkness and desolation  
Broad over the valley grey.

"O! the innocent little child-foot  
That wandered along the dear glen—  
"O! eyes that, unfeared of sorrow,  
Smiled out in the sunshine, then!

Alas! for the sweetness departed!  
Alone in the silence, to-day,  
With the clouds of remembrance o'er me,  
I falter along the old way.

Eva.

## [From the Atlantic Monthly.] THE TRUE HEROINE.

What was she like? I cannot tell.  
I only know God loved her well.  
Two noble sons her gray hairs blest,  
And her, their sire, was now at rest.

And why her children loved her so,  
And called her blessed, all shall know:  
She never had a selfish thought,  
Nor valued what her hand had wrought.

She could be just in spite of love;  
And cherished hates she dwelt above;  
In sick-rooms that had her care  
Said she was wondrous gentle there.

It was a fearful trust, she knew,  
To guide her young immortals through;  
But Love and Truth explained the way,  
And Piety made perfect day.

She taught them to be pure and true,  
And brave, and strong, and courteous, too;  
She made them reverence silver hairs,  
And feel the poor man's biting cares.

She won them ever to her side;  
None was their treasure and their pride:  
Its food, drink, shelter pleased them best,  
And there they found the sweetest rest.

And often, as the shadows fell,  
And twilight had attuned them well,  
She sang of many a noble deed,  
And marked with joy their eager heed.

And most she marked their kindling eyes  
When telling of the victories  
That made the Stars and Stripes a name,  
Their country rich in honest fame.

It was a noble land, she said,  
In poorest children lacked not bread;  
It was so broad, so rich, so free,  
They sang its praise beyond the sea;

And thousands sought its kindly shore,  
And none were poor and friendless more;  
All blessed the name of Washington,  
And loved the Union, every one.

She made them feel that they were part  
Of a great nation's living heart—  
So they grew up true, patriot boys,  
And new not all their mother's joys.

Sid was the hour when murmurs loud  
From a great bluff advancing loud  
Made millions feel the coming breath  
Of maddened whirlwinds, full of death!

She prayed the skies might soon be bright,  
And made her sons prepare for fight.  
Bare youths—their zeal proved clearly then  
In such an hour youths can be men!

By day she went from door to door—  
She caught her soul, unfeared before;  
Bright she prayed, and planned, and dreamed,  
Till morn's red light war's lightning seemed.

The cry went forth: forth stepped her sons  
In martial blaze of gleaming guns:  
Still striding on to perils dire,  
They turned to catch her glance of fire.

No fears, no fond regrets she knew,  
But proudly watched them, fade from view:  
"Lord, keep them so!" she said, and turned  
To where her lovely hearth-fire burned.

## Incident of Col. Baker's Life.

BY WESTLEY BRADSHAW.

The following romantic and touching story of the noble Baker's history, we obtained a day or two since, by accident: When Col. Baker's California Regiment arrived first in Philadelphia, from their camp in New York it was halted, after a short street parade, in front of the Continental Hotel. Arms were stacked, and the hot and wearied heroes allowed several hours to rest, as the day was intensely oppressive. It is a well known fact, that the California Regiment was composed, with but few exceptions, of Philadelphians a number of whom the author was well acquainted with. Seeing so many familiar faces I asked if there were any Californians at all in the regiment, and, in answer, was introduced to a fine, manly looking fellow who was pushing his way past at the moment. With him I had a long and very pleasant conversation, during which I learned that his father had known Col. Baker when a poor, friendless young man, and had it in his power to do him some acts of kindness, for which the grateful hero had subsequently amply repaid him. The son whose name is Stees, or Stetson, or something like that, happening to be in Philadelphia, and almost adoring Baker, was among the foremost to join his father's benefactor when the latter announced his intention of taking the field. Upon the

departure of the regiment a day or two later I bade the Californian good bye, and heard no more from him until yesterday, when happening to have business at the Post Office, we again met. Of course, after the usual salutations, the conversation naturally turned upon the late disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff.

And with tears in his eyes, the noble fellow related to me the particulars of the fight, from the moment the troops were thrown across the Potomac till Baker fell, and the shrill bugle notes ordered a retreat.

"But," said he at this point of his narration, "You talk about romance and fiction, there's a little incident connected with Col. Baker and the battle, that seems beyond belief, but it's true, nevertheless."

"The fight had reached the point where the enemy began to leave cover and come down on us pretty heavily and our lines were shaking, and wavering, and gradually falling back. Just then Colonel Baker, who had been helping to serve a couple of howitzers, saw the critical condition of affairs, and sprang forward bare-headed from the guns, waving his sword and shouting:

"Steady, boys! steady! Charge bayonets! Forward! Follow me!"

"The waver in the lines instantly stopped, and the boys, bringing up their pieces firm and square, did follow him. I tell you, with a most terrific yell. And in spite of everything although the Southerners outnumbered us four to one, if Col. Baker had lived fifteen minutes longer, we would have cleared the field! But, unfortunately, at the very moment we were beginning to drive our foes back—and they fought splendidly—our gallant leader fell in the middle of a squad of rebels that he was trying to break up. A rebel captain yelled out 'at this moment:

"That's Baker, men. Get him away quick!"

"And the Mississippians made a dash for the body. As they did so, a light built, but beautiful shaped soldier, sprang forward out of the ranks and screamed in a shrill feminine voice:

"Save him! Save dear Edward!"

"Our men instantly gave a yell, and the moment following, a dozen of us headed by this private and Captain Beriel, were fighting hand to hand with the foe over the dead body of our beloved Colonel. The Captain at last getting hold of the corpse, bore it back, while the men closing in behind him effectually prevented the rebels from approaching him. Not one of us however, fought with the valor of ferocity of the private who had first sprung to the rescue, and who was now battling devotedly with the enemy.

There was a mysterious attachment and curiosity, that I cannot account for, that drew me towards the noble fellow, and I made my way to him. As I reached his side he fell pierced by a rifle ball—Throwing down my own piece, I quickly caught up his prostrate form, and bounded away for the river, which providentially, I reached unharmed. But upon coming to the bank I found that it was impossible to get across, and so, carrying my charge to a dense thicket, in a piece of popular woods near by—for the pursuing enemy were shooting us down from the bluff above—I concealed him and myself from immediate harm.

"His wound was in the left breast, and, as I perceived, it must soon prove fatal, my efforts were all directed to making him as easy as possible. Stripping off part of my clothing, I made a pillow for his head, and placing my own canteen to his lips, gave him a good drink. This revived him, and, looking thankfully up in my face, he said:

"God bless you for your kindness."

"Then, after a short pause, during which he lay as one asleep, he opened his eyes, and said in an altered tone, in fact, the sweetest voice I ever heard.

"Comrade, I am dying: but before I go, I wish to confide to you my strange story. I am not as I seem. I am a female, and my name is Ellen LeClere. Many years ago, when Col. Baker lived in Illinois, I saw him by chance, and fell in love with him. But for a long time, I dare not make known to him personally my passion for him; for although educated and handsome, I was an outcast from society.

"At last my love passed all bounds, and so, one evening, as he was walking out alone, I accosted him, and made known my feelings, at the same time telling him who I was, and, alas what I was. If I loved him before that night, however, I loved him tenfold more dearly after that first and final interview. After listening to me, and gaining from me my entire history said:

"Alas! my poor child, that you should come to this. Go, and try to do better."

"And, slipping some money in my hand, he turned, and left me standing, bewildered with surprise and admiration of his noble and unusual virtue. Finally, how-

ever, I awoke from my reverie, and dashing the money he had given me, into the street, I hastened to my wretched home and wept until morning. When I arose, I resolved to do as he had advised me, and from that day to the present, I have been pure, though I never deemed myself worthy to address him again. Upon his going to Mexico, I followed him, in the disguise of a soldier, tended on him through the whole campaign, and still followed him on his return. And since then, there has never passed a day let him be where he would, on the Atlantic or Pacific shore, that I have not looked upon him with my eyes, although he had doubtless forgotten all about this outcast Magdalene, who has for many a year loved him dearly, but secretly; for since our first meeting I always avoided recognition by him.

"This afternoon I saw him sink to his glorious, gory bed, and I could not survive. Thank God, his dear body is safe among friends and now I can die in peace. Oh, I loved him better than I loved my own poor sinful soul. Oh, Edward! would to God I had known you 'ere the blight of vice had fallen upon me, then I would have always been good and pure. But Christ has washed me of my impurity, and I shall meet you soon now, Edward, dear Edward!"

"The dying speaker, as a bright gleam shot from her beautiful eyes, stretched out her arms, as though she saw the shadowy spirit of the departed man. The effort, however, was her last; for, with a gurgling groan, a crimson tide burst from her mouth bearing with it into eternity her redeemed, loving soul.

"For some time, despite the danger of being discovered and made a prisoner, I sat and gazed upon the romantic but ill-fated being, and pondered mournfully upon her strange history. But at last, thought I, who could help loving Col. Baker, for he was the noblest man I ever knew.

"About midnight I procured, with much peril a spade and dark lantern, and went to the thicket where the fair heroine lay. I dug for her a comfortable grave. About her neck was a peculiarly woven guard, to the end of which was attached something that was concealed in her bosom. Curiosity led me to draw this forth, and I found it to be a little, plain gold medalion, containing a likeness of Col. Baker. Reverently I returned the valued trinket to the cold, quiet breast of the owner, and then wrapping the light form of Ellen LeClere in my own blue overcoat, I pressed a kiss upon the marble forehead, laid the hallowed body gently into the grave, and covered it nicely with the damp clouds.

"If ever you go down the Potomac," continued the narrator, with much feeling, "stop on the right hand bank, opposite Harrison's Island, and, a little ways from the north end of a popular woods, you will, no doubt, see the grave mound. Just as I had completed my mournful task," continued Stetson, after a pause, "several balls, whistling close above me warned me that the enemy were suddenly keeping up their murderous fire. Extinguishing my lantern, I hastened to the river, swam to the other side, and thus escaped to relate the narrative I have just told you."

The following is a speech delivered by Hon. JAMES T. HALE, in the Senate of the United States, relative to the surrender of Slidell and Mason:

I learn from the public press, and we hear from those who are supposed to stand in more confidential relations with this Administration than I do, (the reason why I do not stand in more confidential relations with the Administration cannot, I am sure, be laid at my door. I have been as willing to be in confidential relations as anybody, but they have chosen to confide in somebody else, [laughter.] and I am sure, sir, I do not complain.) [renewed laughter.] that a subject is engaging the attention of the Administration which demands the attention of every member of this body. I believe that the Cabinet to-day and yesterday and for some days past, have had under consideration a measure which involves more of good or evil to this country than anything that has ever occurred before—I mean the surrender, on the demand of Great Britain, of the persons of Messrs. Slidell and Mason. To my mind, a more fatal act could not mark the history of this country—an act that would surrender at once to the arbitrary demand of Great Britain all that was won in the Revolution, reduce us to the position of a second rate power, and make us the vassal of Great Britain. I would go as far as any reasonable man would go for peace, but no further; I would not be unwilling to submit this subject to the arbitration of any of the great powers of Europe; but I would not submit to the arbitrary, the absolute demand of Great Britain, to surrender these men, and humble our flag even to escape from a war with Great Britain. No man would make more hon-

orable concessions than I would to preserve the peace; but sometimes peace is less honorable and more calamitous than war. The Administration which is now in power ought to know what the feeling of the country is. If my friend from Indiana [Mr. Lane] will permit me, I will repeat what he said to me this morning at the breakfast table. [Mr. Lane assented.] The honorable Senator said, 'the State of Indiana has now sixty thousand men in the field, and she would double that number in sixty days if a war with Great Britain should be brought about. I have seen many gentlemen, and I have seen none not a man can be found, who is in favor of this surrender; for it would humiliate us in the eyes of the world; irritate our own people, and subject us to their indignant scorn. If we are to have war with Great Britain, it will not be because we refuse to surrender Messrs. Mason and Slidell; that is a mere pretense. If war shall come it will be because Great Britain, has determined to force war upon us. They would humiliate us first and fight us afterwards. If we are to be humiliated, I prefer to take it after a war, and not before. It is true, war would be a sacrifice to the people. I think I see its horrors, its disasters, its carnage, its blood, and its desolation; but, sir, let war come; let your cities be battered down, your armies be scattered, your fields barren, to preserve unharmed the national honor; a regenerating spirit among your people will restore your armies, and rebuild your cities, and make fruitful your fields. Francis the First of France, at the battle of Pavia, his army overthrown and scattered and himself a prisoner, exclaimed: "All is lost but honor!" That honor preserved then was the germ of the greatness and the glory of France to-day. I pray that this Administration will not surrender our national honor. I tell them that hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands will rush to the battlefield, and bare their breasts to its perils rather than submit to degradation.

If this Administration will not listen to the voice of the people, they will find themselves engulfed in a fire that will consume them like stubble; they will be helpless before a power that will hurl them from their places. If war comes we shall not, Mr. President, be entirely without consolation and encouragement. If war shall be forced upon us, as some gentlemen suppose, we shall be fighting in a great cause—the cause of constitutional liberty, whose baptism centuries ago was in the blood which flowed in England from the scaffold, and which animates millions to-day on the face of the earth, even of Englishmen, whatever may be the policy of their Administration. If this war is determined upon in England, it will be, because it is out of the hands of statesmen and in those of pettifoggers, who are called the law officers of the Crown, who, it seems, can rush us into war. If we are, sir, to preserve peace, it must be with honor. But if we are to have war—I do not say that we shall—it will not be without its advantages. It will be a war that cannot be carried on without fighting; and if we only understand our true position, we can proclaim to every man who speaks the English language on God's footstool, the cause for which we are fighting; and this appeal will reach the hearts of millions of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen.

We have heard, Mr. President, some fears expressed that Louis Napoleon is taking sides with England, and that we are to contend with the combined energies of both France and England. I do not believe it. I believe if Louis Napoleon harbors one single sentiment, if his action is guided by one single principle, if he has one single feeling that is predominant over all others, it is to have a fair field to retrieve the disastrous issue of Waterloo. And besides, sir, all over this country, throughout Canada, and in Ireland, there are hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of true-hearted Irishmen who have long prayed for an opportunity to retaliate upon England for the wrongs which for centuries that Government has inflicted upon their Fatherland. If we know our own position and our own strength—I refer to the strength of principle—there will be nothing to be afraid of in this contest. If war must come, let it come; but I tell you, and I do not pretend to be a prophet, I think the slightest sagacity in public councils will sustain me in the position that if England enters upon this war, she will enter upon one of more than doubtful contingency. She will be at war with the spirit of the age, with the irresistible genius of liberty, and with the sympathies of her own best people; she will war with a cause upon which we may invoke with confidence the blessings of the God of Liberty, who will not fail in His own good time and in His own way to vindicate His own cause. I again say, if this war must come, let it come; and let us thank God that He has made us the chosen instrument in His hand to vindicate His own cause.

## A Contraband Incident.

Down in Kentucky, in the region of Muldraugh's Hill, lived an ardent Unionist named M'Kinley, formerly a resident of this county, and now staying, for the time being, among his relatives' north east of Bucyrus.

When General Buckner with his horde of outlaws invaded that part of Kentucky, M'Kinley was a doomed man. He had been plain and outspoken in his Unionism, and had made efforts to rally the Union men of his neighborhood, and aid the Government in beating back the invaders. No sooner had Buckner's forces taken possession of the country than the burning, hanging, waste and desolation that have followed secession commenced. M'Kinley was among the first victims. His house and barns were burned, his crops destroyed, his valuables seized, and his negroes impressed into the rebel service, he escaping barely with his life.

Among his negroes was one for whom he felt a particular interest—a stalwart, full-blooded negro, enumerated in his schedule of property as "John." John had been raised on the plantation, was extremely intelligent, and was faithful and honest. Three years ago he married a quadroon belonging to a neighboring planter, and his master, to show his respect for his faithful property, purchased her. Two children were born to them, and they had lived as happily as is possible for intelligent beings in a state of servitude. When his master fled, he urged John to accompany him, but the faithful fellow refused. He would stay, and endeavor to save something from the wreck, and so far as in his power, to keep matters in some sort of shape. For security he occupied a cabin in a forest some distance from the former quarters.

One day about six weeks ago, he was returning from a tour over the plantation; while yet some distance from his cabin, he was startled by loud screams in the direction of his cabin. Approaching, he sprang forward with lightning speed, and in a few moments was in his dwelling.

## The Stars and Stripes.

"Sir, I must detain you no longer. I have said enough, and more than enough to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple; dearer to all our hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud, which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is reflected from its own radiant hues; dearer, a thousand-fold dearer to us all than it ever was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity, and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I speak for it. Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard. There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom and despondency.

"Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living—among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest among them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has so long been raging—the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. But before all and above all other associations and memories—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places—its voice is ever of union and liberty, of the Constitution and the laws.

"Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to those gallant volunteers as they march beneath its folds by day or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night. Let it recall to them the strange eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wondrous tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and whatever else may happen to it or them, it will never be surrendered to rebels; never be ignominiously struck to treason, nor never be prostituted to any unworthy and unchristian purpose of revenge, deprecation or rapine.

"And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!"—Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

## MODERN DEFINITIONS.—Oversight.

To leave your old umbrella in a new room and carry away a new one.

Unfortunate Man—One born with a conscience.

Progress of Time—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clogs.

Rigid Justice—A juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Independence—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Honesty—Almost obsolete; a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his paper.

Credit—A wise provision by which coastables and sheriffs get a living.

Love—An ingredient used in romance and poetry.

Religion—Darning your neighbor for not thinking exactly as you do.