# The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.



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TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
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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, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN,
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COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building.

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

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17, '61

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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.

"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
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This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
Terms $1 50 per day.

UNION HOTEL,
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.,
A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11, 1861


## THE PRAIRIE ROBBER.

On a distant prairie at nightfall, a way worn and weary traveler was overtaken by a snow-storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down, he looked eagerly around, in the hope of discerning a place of shelter, but none was to be seen; only the reckless waste of rolling lands and far-off hills in the direction whither he was going—so far off he feared he never could reach them. With the departure of light the snow began falling, the wind keener, the road over the prairie soon hidden from view, the traveler felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.

"This is terrible," he said aloud. "I fear much I shall never come to my destination. If I had but a compass and a light I should not fear, for I could resist the effects of the cold long enough to reach the hills, where I could find human habitations, or at least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go in a circle until I freeze, and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river side and cross the prairie, just for the sake of a few miles more or less of journey. No matter; I must even battle it out now—heaven helping."

And battle it out he did most manfully He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind came sharper, and through his heavy clothes the traveler began to feel the effects of the cold His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking he suddenly paused."

"And do i know whither I am going?" he exclaimed. Perhaps I have already turned aside from the straight line, and am wandering on the verge of destruction. O, that I could shake off this drowsy feeling that is stealing over me! I know what it is—the precursor of a rest in this cold winding sheet of snow! Great Heaven, I am freezing to death, shrieked he, bounding forward with renewed energy. Action—action—action is life, and life is too sweet to lose yet.

He hurried along with a springing motion, stamping his feet vigorously at every step, and swinging his arms to keep the blood in circulation. Yet with all his efforts, he knew that the angel of death was folding his white wings silently but sure around him.

"Despair—no!" he cried, not while the memory of my loved wife and dear children is left me. I will struggle on for their sakes, and fight the storm fiend to the last extremity. O, just Heaven, for the sake of the innocent ones whose only stay is my right arm, help me to resist—to triumph"

At this moment he plunged into a hollow, his feet strode over ice, and he heard the voice of a streamlet singing of life and action beneath its crust At the same time the smell of wood smoke saluted his nostrils.

"O. Thou who reignest above," he ejaculated, "I thank Thee that thou hast heard my prayer. Help is indeed near me"

He reeled heavily onward through the blinding snow, and saw just before him a low shed; one more struggle and he fell against it. In an instant he divined its character. With a last desperate effort he found the door, threw it open, and rushed in, flung himself at full length upon the floor, knowing only that he was in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of bacon, and warm with the smoke which rose from a pan of smothered coals in the centre of the place. It was a settler's rude smoke house, left to care for itself during the long winter's night, and the traveler's grateful heart sent up a tribute to heaven for this place of refuge in the desert of snow.

In the large log cabin in the valley of the streamlet, Milly Dean sat alone. Her husband had gone to a distant town, and the young wife was left with her baby. Accustomed to the solitude she felt safe and sat in contentment before the blazing fire; the flames leaped joyfully up the chimney, and the green logs sizzled and cracked in the heat like things of life.—Out doors the wind was howling drearily and the snow falling heavily; but Milly cared not, for it only made the fire more cheerful.

There came a rap at the door.

"How strange! What can that be at our door this wild night?" she said to herself as she arose and went into the entry.

"Who is there?"

"For heaven's sake, let me in; I am freezing to death!"

"Who are you, and how came you in this lonely place on such an evening as this?"

"I am a traveler from below; I lost my way, and am dying with cold For pity's sake let me in or I shall perish!"

Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it was three miles to the nearest neighbor's house.

"O save me—save me! I am dying!" were the thrilling words that met her hearing.

There was a heavy fall against the sill and then low moans. Her woman's nature could stand no more; true to the instinct of her being she unbarred the door and threw it open. A closely muffled figure reeled by her into the room, and shutting the door she followed.

On reaching the fire-place, the stranger threw off his disguise, and stood erect and strong, without a sign of inconvenience from the effects of the weather.

Milly retreated from him in amazement, but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter she tremulously addressed the man:

"I am sorry, sir, you are cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you not sit by the fire?" and she pushed a chair forward.

The man made no response, but, stooping forward, ran his fingers through the blaze. Then he turned and stared at her with a look which made her blood run cold. She would pretend there were others in the house, for she already felt afraid of the man and bitterly regretted having admitted him.

"Would you like to see some of the men folks, sir?" she inquired. "If so, I will call them from their beds."

The man laughed hoarsely and replied:

"Milly Dean, for that I believe is your name, you cannot deceive me. You are alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you can make yourself easy on that score, and do as I bid you."

"Do as you bid me!" exclaimed Milly, in terror; "what do you want of me?"

"I want the twelve hundred dollars in gold your husband received for his produce two days ago. You probably know where it is."

Milly sprang into the entry and would have fled, but the stranger caught her by the wrist and dragged her rudely back.

"You cannot escape me, young woman," he said. You will find it most convenient to make a clear breast of it at once. It will be better for you"

Milly strove to release her arm. The rough treatment she received aroused her temper, and indignation overcame all other feelings.

"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go, or I will call for help, she cried.

"Call, you fool." said the ruffian, "and much good may it do you. Keep yourself still and tell me where the money is."

"I will not!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire.

"You will not," he then replied, "we shall see"

He released her wrist so violently that she reeled half across the room. Then he seized her sleeping infant from its cradle, and held it at arm's length almost into the blazing fire, so that the terrified mother expected to see its light garments catch the flame

"Now then where's the money? Speak out quick or hear your baby shriek with pain. I will burn it to death before your eyes if you do not tell me where the money is."

"Monster, give me my child," shrieked Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one. "Let me have my baby."

But every effort was frustrated, for again and again the strong hand of the robber thrust her back.

"See, its clothes will be on fire in a minute," said the man, putting the helpless infant closer to the flames. The mother looked into his eyes. She saw there the look of heartless determination. She became aware that the cotton garments of the child were already smoking with the heat

"How shall it be?" said the ruffian.—"Hurry or the child dies. I have no time to waste."

"Anything—anything, only give me my child!" she cried.

The next instant it was handed to her, and she sank upon the floor and folded it to her bosom.

"Come," said the man touching her rudely with his foot, "you have not told me where the money is."

"In the box on the upper shelf," she replied pointing to the closet.

The man found the box placed it on the table, and opened it saying."

"So far so well. It is nearly all gold. I will pocket it with your leave, or without your leave, just as you please." He filled his pockets with the golden coin and threw the empty box in the fire.—Then he came and stood beside her.

"Put your baby in the cradle," he said, if you wish to save its life. I have other business for you."

"What do you mean?" cried Milly, eyeing the man with suspicion.

"Let me have him," he said, trying to take it.

"No, no, I will put the baby in the cradle myself. You shall not touch the poor little thing. "Now, sir," she continued, almost choking with excitement. "What is it?" After having laid the pretty infant on its downy place of rest, she stood erect and waited the reply.

"I am going to kill you," said the man.

"Kill me!" she exclaimed, her face growing pale with terror. "Kill me!—What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear, only you know you have seen me, and will know me again." And he advanced upon her

"O, sir, let me live. Have you not done enough to take my husband's money, without depriving him of his wife too? I will never say a word against you if you will spare me—only spare me!"

As she spoke she clasped her hands and looked imploringly at him.

"I'm sorry that I cannot safely grant your request," he responded. "There is no help for it, so come along out doors with me.

"He reached out his hand to grasp Milly. But the instinct of self-preservation was strong upon her. She evaded him flew to the chimney piece, snatched her husband's loaded rifle from the hooks on which it hung, cocked and presented it at the breast of the robber. Her motions were so rapid that before he could prevent it, her finger had pressed the trigger and there was an explosion. But with equal readiness the man had stepped aside, the ball had passed over his head, and the next instant his gripe was on her throat.

"I will teach you how to handle arms," he said. "You would have killed me; would you? I will show you a trick worth two of that."

"Mercy, mercy," cried the terrified woman.

"There's no mercy for you!" he ejaculated. He dragged her into the entry, and flung open the door. Out with you into the snow."

"Hold! what is this?" exclaimed a deep toned voice. "Unhand that woman you scoundrel."

A powerful man stood in the door-way. He dealt the robber a blow between the eyes which struck him back into the entry. His grasp of Milly was relinquished and she fell to the floor.

"O sir," she cried to the new comer, "save me. This man has robbed us, and would murder me that I should not tell of it."

"Fear not, madame, he shall not harm you," responded the stranger. "Fellow, surrender yourself."

"Get out of my way," said the robber, making a rush for the door and striking at the stranger with a bowie-knife. Giving back a few steps the stranger seized the robber by the coat collar, whirled him around and threw him on his face in the snow.

The robber struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on the small of his back, and grasped his hair.

"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I will send a bullet through your brain."

The robber felt the cold barrel of a pistol at his ear and obeyed. Milly bro't ropes at her rescuer's request, and the robber was quickly bound hand and foot.

"It was a strange Providence that overtook me with a snow-storm on the prairie, and forced me an hour ago to take refuge in your smoke-house, nearly dead with the cold."

Milly acknowledged the truth of the remark, and she knelt and thanked her Father in Heaven for her deliverance from death.

The next day Milly's husband came home, and when he had been told all, he remarked:

"This fellow was in the tavern at the village the day I sold my produce. It will learn me a lesson—never to let strangers know when money is plenty with me, lest they should be tempted to crime, and bring ruin on me and mine."

That day some sixty or seventy men gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber was recognized as a notorious horse thief, who had long infested the neighborhood There was a summary trial, and then in dogged silence, the wretch who would have burned a helpless infant, and murdered a faithful and gentle woman, submitted to his inevitable fate. A rudely constructed gallows and a stout rope ended his exestence. So on the thinly settled frontiers of the west do they mete out justice to offenders against property and life.

On that very spot is now a thriving town, and one of the finest residences in the place is that where dwells Milly Dean and her husband.

IRON IS KING.—It turns out, after all the boasting of our Southern brethren, that *Iron* and not *Cotton*, is King, and destined to shape the destiny of this mighty Republic.

When Breckinridge was first accused of treason he asked a suspension of Public Opinion. Now Public Opinion asks a suspension of him.

From two to three million dozens of hooped skirts are made in the United States every year.

## To My Little Friend.

[*Written on the death of Jennie R. Butterworth.*]

"Happy infant, early blest,
Rest in peaceful slumbers rest:
Early rescued from the cares
That increase with growing years.
No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem and gay:
Short and fickle are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall."
Thy Father who in bygone days
Delighted, heard thy infant lays,
Has now descended from above
And caught thee in his arm of love.
We miss thee now: thy agile form,
Thy voice so sweet at eve, at morn;
Thy prattle, and thy gleeful play,
That did beguile sad hours away.
And yet we would not ask thy stay,
Though thou wert lovely, blithe and gay:
Too pure for earth thy spirit shone,
And Christ has kindly called thee home.
Who would not choose thus young to die,
To claim their kindred in the sky?
Who would not leave this earthly dome
With joy, to find the spirit's home?
Oh blessed change! from earth's unrest
To happy sojourn with the blest.
Oh priceless boon! Of God its given,
To bear our spirits up to Heaven.
The scenes of earth are fleeting fast,
Our griefs and pains will soon be past,
In yonder world where sorrows end,
We soon shall meet our little Friend. C.

## Our Camp Letters:

### CAMP OF FIFTY-THIRD REGIM'T AT MANASSAS.

MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., March 14.

MR. EDITOR: Finding some secesh paper, and a "contraband" canteen, on which by a little engineering I can manage to write; and further, thinking there would be much anxiety at home on account of those members of Co. G. who have friends and relatives remaining in "old Potter," I thought to spend a moment in writing you.

Of course you have long ago heard of the advance on the Rebel stronghold, Manassas. But in newspaper correspondence you will scarcely find details which can afford your readers any certain information as to the welfare of our own Potter boys. Well, including commissioned officers, we have fifty-four men in the field; not a man but stands the fatigue well. I notice in the New York papers accounts of our troops being in the intrenchments on Monday. This I think to be an error. We may have had troops inside the line of rebel fortifications on that day, but certainly not very near the stronghold at the Junction. On Monday morning, all through the army of the Potomac, the preparation for the advance commenced. A little after day, the long-talked of, long expected advance commenced. Although it was raining and disagreeable in the extreme, yet the boys had an abundance of good spirits and never for a moment flagged. Owing to the rain which thoroughly mixed up the nasty mud peculiar to the "sacred soil," we had a pretty severe time of it. Making a forced march of about twenty miles we encamped for the night at an open place called Brimstone Hill. This lies to the left of and a little beyond Fairfax Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Lying here until noon of Tuesday we again took up the line of march and went as far as Sangster Station, six miles distant. You must know that to make the distances which are here put down, we had to pursue a very circuitous route Lying here over night we commenced the march again about 8 o'clock of Wednesday morning arriving at Bull Run in the afternoon; we passed inside the outer line of intrenchments and bivouaced for the night in sight of the rebel barracks, which displayed themselves to our delighted view for a distance of miles upon miles. Being somewhat short of rations, a party of one hundred and seventy-five from our Regiment went forward on a foraging expedition. Being very successful in confiscating contraband property, they returned about 11 o'clock at night, having penetrated some three miles farther in the rebel lines. Among the articles confiscated to our use were Beef, Hams, Flour, Rice, Beans, Sugar, Peanuts, &c. Some of the boys captured some nice specimens of clothing, and some of them brought in cards, Port Monies, &c.

Lying here until noon of the following day (Thursday) we marched to our present position; the delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of rations and of the artillery. On our way yesterday a wholesale destruction presented itself to our view. At the junction tents lie in piles, baggage of every description scattered about; here we found gun carriages, but no artillery—some of the wagons had been burned; much baggage too had been destroyed, but the barracks remained, being externally in first-rate order, inside however there seems to have been some little confusion. We here for the first time encamped inside barracks, having bivouaced every night heretofore with only the blue canopy of heaven for a shelter.

The inhabitants hereabout represent that the "secesh" formerly quartered here did little or no work and very little drilling—the poor slave did the former the latter went undone. Judging from the bottles scattered about, and the arrangement in quarters (which are really nice) whisky bibing has been the chief employment. It would amuse you to walk about here and take a view of things: Three of our boys have decked themselves with officers belts, another has a steel scabbard, some of them have pipes, a number I have seen sporting those famous "bowie-knives," I saw one of these a few minutes ago eighteen inches in length and at least four across the blade. In one of the cabins here (they are of split logs, chinked with this most execrable Virginia mud) apparently occupied by an officer there are backed camp chairs, bass candlesticks, crockery, &c.; everything left in good order.

I had the honor of commanding an escort detailed for the purpose of taking some contrabands (captured last night inside our lines) to Gen'l French's head-quarters. One of these was quite intelligent; he represents the secesh as being extremely scared, they represented that they would fall back on the Rappahannock, and if the Yankees dared follow them they would there fix them. They have delighted in telling the slaves that the Yankees would kill them. Those in my charge, however, thought they would quite as soon risk themselves with the Yankees as with their former task-masters.

Little did we expect to arrive here with an unbroken company; we had expected fighting and hard fighting too. I for one am only too happy to have it without bloodshed. I never saw ground so well adapted to defense, a small force determined to do hard fighting would slaughter an immense number before it could be taken.

I know not whether we can send letters home, but I write in the hope that we can. We receive our letters from home, though quite irregularly. Direct as heretofore, Alexandria, Va., specifying Co. and Reg. R.

### FROM THE FORTY-SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA.

BUNKERHILL, VA., March 7.

MR. EDITOR: I have been waiting a favorable opportunity to inform you concerning our recent march into Virginia. On the first of March our Brig.-Gen. Williams received a dispatch from Maj.-Gen. Banks to move his Brigade on toward Winchester, with promptness; for he was occupying Charlestown. Our Brigade marched on Saturday, the first, for Williamsport, the distance being twenty-two miles. They arrived there about 4 P.M., and remained one day, when we crossed the river and resumed our march in the direction of Martinsburg, which is situated eleven miles from Williamsport on the turnpike toward Winchester; we had not advanced far until we saw signs of Doubleday's battery on the trees, as well as the dwellings of the unfortunate people that happened to be in range with his cannon. We also saw the ruinous effects of war as we approached Falling Waters; fences, trees, and dwellings retained the marks of last summer's engagement. There were some dwellings reduced to ashes, one of them the residence of Col Lee. We arrived at Martinsburg about 6 P. M., not being molested by the enemy we soon succeeded in obtaining comfortable quarters. We halted there one day, for the purposes of rest and cooking rations. About 11 A. M., the 5th, we formed the Reg't and started toward Winchester, calculating to march as far as Bunkerhill, eleven miles from Martinsburg. As we approached Bunkerhill we saw signs of Secesh and just as we entered the little settlement the advance guard was fired upon by thirty rebels from the doors and windows of a house, but fortunately no one was hurt. Our men rushed upon them and took eight prisoners, the rest made their escape. We encamped in the edge of the village in an open field, with the artillery in a position to defend the camp. Last night we had orders to load our guns and prepare for an attack which we expected at every moment. We all lay with sleepless eyes awaiting the sound of our Captain's voice. About 5 A. M. the long roll beat (which is the signal to form the line of battle) and we were in line in less than two minutes. We were then ordered to cap our pieces and fix bayonets; as soon as this was accomplished we were marching in the direction of Winchester, but had not gone far until we found the enemy had retreated, when we went back to camp and remained there until 1 P. M., at which time the 46th Pa., 5th Conn., and about 40 of the Cavalry together with two pieces of Artillery started toward Winchester on a reconnoitering expedition. After marching three miles the Cavalry discovered two hundred rebel Cavalry, which they pursued two miles before they would show fight; the two Regiments after them at double quick, each one anxious to take the first prisoner. After going two miles at this speed the rebels came to another grove of small white-oak where they turned to show fight, the contest was quite severe for about fifteen minutes when the rebels that were alive, retreated. The Rebels lost twenty killed and wounded, our loss was three wounded one of whom has since died. We took one prisoner and one horse. We returned within four hours. Col. Ferry of the 5th Conn. has been elected Brig.-Gen of the 3d Brigade in place of Gen. Williams. This Brigade, especially the 46th Regiment, is in good health at present and the "boys" are anxiously waiting for another move.

Respty Yours, J. W. G.