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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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

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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.

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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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

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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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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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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.

"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

Siegel.

BY JAMES AIKEN, LEWISBURG, PA.

Warrior from old fatherland—
Champion of the true and right!
See him with his noble band,
In the van of Freedom's fight!

Lion-like his German heart,
Calm and clear his German brain;
O, well done the Hero's part,
Fighting on the Western plain!

Born on Europe's peopled strand,
In the shade of kingly power;
Yet his faith, sublime and grand,
Waits for Freedom's dawning hour.

He would break th' Oppressor's yoke—
He would every chain unbind—
That brave Dutchman's sabre-stroke
Means the Freedom of mankind.

Lofty and enlightened soul?
Seeking neither power nor pelf:
Truth and Right his guide his goal,
He loves Freedom for herself!

O my countrymen, behold
A La Fayette of German birth!
Upholding, like our sires of old,
Freedom for the groaning earth!

The Closest Shave of My Life.

The prison at D—— is every way considered under a better organized and surer system of administration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have often seen much to approve; but the prison at D—— surpasses all the rest. Visitors, of whom very properly, but few are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all, the air of security and order and quiet that prevails.

As we wandered through the chambers in the freer part of the prison, we came to one, from the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned round, his eyes were glistened with tears. The warden said that he did nothing but stand at that window at all times when unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offence was that he had beaten almost to death a comrade for speaking slightingly about his wife. He was in for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the best men in the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber anywhere; so he was elevated above his fellows, to the extent of a dignified position and the responsibility of razors.

"He has shaved me many a time better than I could have done myself.—Would you like a prison shave, gentlemen?" said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorably with the proposition.

"Johnson, will you shave this gentleman?" said the warden.

I threw off my coat, and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It was a villainous necessity. I wonder if anybody thinks it delightful, that hissing of the sharp steel over the cheek, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum tight.

When my face was shining with the soap, the warden said—

"We will leave you for five minutes, Mr.— Is that time enough Johnson?"

"Quite time enough, sir," answered Johnson.

The prisoner and I were left alone.—My companions went away in another direction from that we had been pursuing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, until they came to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well armed, to watch that no attempts at escape are made. The moment this one disappeared, I felt a sort of a faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after, my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, paused an instant at the window where we had found him when we had entered. Then he came back to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed.

Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was very low, quite a whisper, indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

"Do you hear me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"It's a ticklish thing this shaving, isn't it?" said he. "But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with a razor—just what I please. Be good enough to keep still, very still just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still and don't stir. I know what would happen, and *so do you*, if you stirred or spoke a word."

Good God! These were hideous words; but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round front of me, was appalling. I could not have uttered a sylable if I had died otherwise.

"Now," said he, "listen, but don't move," he pressed the flat blade against my throat, as it by way of warning. "I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm *going!* And so help me God, if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you; but—remember!"

He sprang away and caught up my hat and coat, which lay near, still keeping the razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was removed, my inertness vanished. I leaped up, seized the chair in which I had been sitting, and shouted lustily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

"Ah, you will have it, then!" he cried, and rushed toward me.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down crashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suppose. Persons who have thus been in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I forgot, after my first cry, to call out at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen successfully employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing at the same time behind him, and in the same direction with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window flung his hands over his head, gaped as if he were choking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling upon his knees. As I stepped quickly across the floor, he called out to me:

"Don't go, don't go!" he said. "Stand at the door if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now; and perhaps if you hear me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad."

I hardly knew how to act; but as I involuntarily checked my steps, he continued:

"Look out that window, sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a woman with a child in her arms, standing in a doorway. That's my wife and baby—my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know I'm here—thank God for that. I came here under a wrong name, and supposes I'm far away at sea. I'm sure it would break her heart to know the truth.—Well, sir, that's my home. I've seen it, and I've seen her, every day now, these three months It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now; but this chance—this great chance—was too much for me. And to think that I came near losing all hope of seeing her again!"

Could I doubt those struggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he told me, a woman standing on a threshold opposite, with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly once or twice and then disappeared.

"You won't trust me, I know," said the prisoner; "but I want to beg you not to let the warden know of this. It's no use, I know. Well I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years' solitary confinement now, and who can live through that? No, no; you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may indeed."

Feet shuffling along the passages announced the return of my companions.—The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of unconcern which I think was very successful under the circumstances.

"Not shaved yet?" said the warden, astonished. If he had known how close a shave I had been through!

"I have broken my razor," said Johnson, looking appealingly at me. "See, sir! I must have another."

"Very well," said the warden, "will you wait?" he asked me.

"I think not," said I. "Another time will do for me."

So I wiped off my face and we went on our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that great excitement which naturally followed so narrow an escape, I think that I set forward all that I could in the poor fellow's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me that he would act in such a manner as he thought the occasion needed. He condemned his own heedlessness in opening so evident an opportunity for guilt, with much more earnestness than he spoke of the event itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name.—She was happy in her ignorance of his real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until she should rejoin her; and then she told me that Mr. ——, the warden of the prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied, and, I suppose, will be readily remembered:

"It is the custom at the prison of D—— to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration to work outside the walls under the supervision of an officer. The privilege is in most cases gladly accepted. A few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man, who, as his time of freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any others. On inquiry, it was found this prisoner had a wife and child living directly in view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband, who was a sailor was at sea on a long voyage. He was unwilling that, at the last moment, the fact should be revealed to her; and at his own request, he continued within the walls untill his liberation, which took place last week. Except on one occasion, his conduct has been without a blemish."

MARCH.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies,
The dark and stubborn Winter dies;
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March!

By dreams still held in icy snare,
On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
O'er fields that motley colors wear,
That summons fills the changeful air:
March!

What though conflicting seasons make
Thy days their field, they woo or shake
The sleeping lids of Life awake,
And Hope is stronger for thy sake.
March!

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with snow,
Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
And East and West, and to and fro,
Proclaim thy coming to the foe:
March!

Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
Say to the camp's impatient hum,
Say to the trumpet and the drum:
Lift up your hearts, I come, I come!
March!

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray,
On sandy sea-sides far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern May:
March!

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor eagles poise
Above the proud, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois:
March!

Then down the long Potomac's line,
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine:
"Advance! the Chieftan's call is mine:
MARCH!"

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else.

Funeral knells are only the door-bells of the other world.

Each day is a new life, let it be regarded as an epitome of the whole.

Despise nothing in nature; all things in her kingdom are God's thoughts.

Beautiful flowers are the sweet fame of departed showers and sunbeams.

Roughs abhor brutes as much as you or I do. Roughs are only nature; brutes are sin.

The practical joker is one who thinks you are a fool because you don't know he is a knave.

Ignorance is a much more quiet, manageable and contented thing than half-knowledge.

Ties of choice are closer than ties of blood, unless the hearts are kindred as well as the bodies.

If fate designs a man to teach, she compels him to learn—bitter lessons too, whether he will or not.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Some years since the Duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who're you?" asked the Duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon."

"What want?"

"I am sent to kill you."

"Kill me?—very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it to-day?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

HUMAN LIFE.—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their own eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lay down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have not a frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multude which fills the world to-day, on the shore.

DIPTHERIA.—The prevalence of diptheria in many places, and its fatal results, induces me to send you the following extract from the report of the Board of Trustees and Officers of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind: "Fully one third of the pupils had one or more attacks of diptheria; but such was the care and watchfulness exercised by the matrons and others in charge, and the skill and promptness of our physicians, that not one proved fatal, only one or two were protracted beyond a few days, and only one was followed by any serious rheumatic or other affection. Our experience with this disease, now including one hundred cases, has shown that, even with those enfeebled as many of our pupils are, a prompt use of the proper remedies at the very first, appearance of the symptoms, if it does not entirely arrest the disease, will at least shorten its continuance, prevent the serious constitutional effects it often produces, and avoid the liability to those other affections which so often follow it in severe cases Chlorate of potash, taken internally, and applied as a gargle, and the use of quinine and other appropriate tonics, have been the main reliance"

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—"The love which survives the tomb," says Irving, "is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaity, or spread a deep sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living."

THE PRAYING COLONEL—Col. Garfield, the Kentucky hero who routed Humphrey Marshall, is quite a young man, and a few years ago, when a student at William's College, was in the habit of coming over to the "Disciples" churches at Poostenkill and Millville, and preaching to those congregations.—On leaving college, he went to Ohio, and became President of an institution of learning—abandoning that position, however, at the call of his country. He is known in the army as the "Praying Colonel," and is a man of rigid piety yet, high courage.

The N. Y. *Evening Post* states that Gen. McClellan concurs with the President on the Slavery question.

Our Camp Letters:

FROM LOGMIS' BATTERY, MITCHELL'S DIVISION
NASHVILLE, TENN., March 5.

UNCK. N: You know how things in general stand better than I do, yet I may write you a few minor items which have not found their way into print. The day we reached Bowling Green we marched 22 miles in 4½ hours, and the last 4 miles in 35 minutes. We threw a few shells at the retreating Rebels and detained six locomotives and cars. The Rebels burned 1500 stand of arms—all they could of their stores and nearly one-third of the town. The day we came to Nashville, I marched 45 miles—the roads are splendid macadamized pike. We ride all the time. This climate agrees with me much better than Virginia.—Limestone soil and hard water, the timber is beach, maple, hickory, walnut, butternut, elm, sycamore, ash, &c.; the grape grows wild South of the Ohio. I saw beach trees nearly three feet in diameter.

The Rebels had a remarkably strong position at Bowling Green by nature, and strengthened by forts and redoubts, in all mounting about 70 guns of all sizes.

At Louisville I visited the tomb of Gen. Taylor. On the march to Bowling Green we were within four miles of the Mammoth Cave but could not see it, now I am within six miles of the Hermitage and if possible will visit it. We are encamped four miles from Nashville—it is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, with very narrow streets and poorly laid out; however, it contains some very fine buildings—the State House being the finest building I ever saw. We are now feasting on Rebel provisions, having captured over $2,000,000 worth of Stores in and around Nashville. The climate and country is delightful, the land is rolling, with numerous springs and creeks. The farmers have commenced their ploughing, soon the trees will be in full bloom; the orange and lemon are used for ornamental trees in the city. I have been told by the citizens that before we came they had to pay $2 per pound for coffee if bought by the sack and $3 by the pound, and gunpowder $1 per once. What do you think of that? We find many Union people in the South, and true blue. I would like to have the war ended and celebrate the 4th of July at home, but shall think myself well-off if I get home to spend Christmas. Yours, VET.

From the 46th at Winchester.

WINCHESTER, March 24.

ED JOURNAL: On Sat'y at 12 M. the last Brigade of Gen. Williams Division left this place for Centreville, the other Brigade having left on the Thursday and Friday preceeding. Gen. Williams commands the Division lately commanded by Gen. Banks, which together with Gen. Shields forms the 5th army corps commanded by Maj-Gen. Banks. Gen. Shields' Division remained here having returned on Friday the 12th inst., from Strasburg, distant 18 miles. He entered Strasburg without opposition, it being almost entirely deserted, advanced six miles beyond, saw nothing save a few Company's of Col Ashby's Cavalry, which were supposed to be covering Gen. Jackson's retreat. This lead them to the belief that they had nothing to fear from this quarter. Following this came the order for Gen. Williams to move to Centreville.—There is a pike road from Hagerstown, Md., crossing the Potomac at Williamsport passing through Martinsburg, Bunkerhill, this place, and on to Strasburg. Gen. Williams occupied the town on the Strasburg side extending out the pike one mile. Gen. Shields occupied the opposite side toward Bunkerhill. Gen. Williams having left there was no force on the Strasburg side but four companies of infantry and one of cavalry. On Saturday our pickets were driven in by Col. Ashby's cavalry and news came that he was advancing upon the town. I went out and saw that the Rebels had 4 pieces of cannon in position on an eminence one mile from town. They commenced firing at our companies who had deployed to keep them in check until Gen. Shields came up. Our cannon were soon in position when they opened upon them driving the Rebels back three miles and playing our cannon where their's had been. It was now dark and hostilities ceased, our boys being ordered to rest on their arms. Our loss was one man killed, and Gen. Shields had his arm broken. The confederates lost in killed and wounded 29.

The rebels having been reinforced resumed the fight in the morning and from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. it was one continual roar of cannon, the pieces on each side were of about the same number and calibre. We had five batteries, 3 in fight, 2 in reserve, all supported by infantry.—They thrice attempted to turn our left flank but without succeeding, they then tried to turn our right flank and here for may say the *fighting* was done. For one and a half hours the fight continued des-

SEE NEXT PAGE.