# The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIV.--NUMBER 37. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1862. TERMS.--$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
**M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.**
$1.00 PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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

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***Blanks, and Job Work of all kinds, attended to promptly and faithfully.



## BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN,
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.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attead the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

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.

D. E. OLMSTED,
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,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

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.

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

E. J. OLMSTED. S. D. KELLY.
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.

**Ulysses Academy**
Still retains as Principal, Mr. E. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GRIDLEY; Assistant, Miss A. E. CAMPBELL. The expenses per Term are: Tuition, from $5 to $6; Board, from $1.50 to $1.75, per week; Rooms for self-boarding from $2 to $4. Each term commences upon Wednesday and continues Fourteen weeks. Fall term, Aug. 27th, 1862; Winter term, Dec. 10th, 1862; and Spring term, March 25th, 1863.
O. R. BASSETT, President.
W. W. GRIDLEY, Sect'y.
Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

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.


## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stich and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion;
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermons preaches.
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun a work,
Resolve to persevere.

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA SEVEN.

During the struggle for independence the American patriots were as much harassed by the Tories as by the hired mercenaries sent by despotic royalty to conquer and force them into submission to a power which they hated.

Soon after the Southern forces were placed under the command of General Greene, the latter sent out General Morgan with one thousand men to cut off those Tories infesting the Western portion of South Carolina.

Scarcely had Morgan and his brave band taken their march, ere Cornwallis, the British commander became aware of the movement, and instantly dispatched the blood-thirsty Colonel Tarleton in pursuit. The indefatigable Morgan soon learned of this, and he accordingly halted and prepared for battle. The enemy appeared in such force, however, that Morgan retreated as far as Cowpens, a little town in the northern part of what was then *Union* County, where he determined to meet the foe at all hazards.

The sun of January 16th, was going down as he entered the town, and so close was the pursuit that the dim shadows of evening had not yet deepened into the darker shades of night, before Tarleton came up. Of course it was too late to commence battle; but each commander spent most of the night in issuing orders to, and arranging his troops for the contest of the morrow. The greater portion of Morgan's band consisted of the militia, who though brave, were comparatively undisciplined, and of course, not likely to long withstand the shock of a charge of thoroughly trained troops.

To the disposition of this part of his command, therefore, General Morgan directed his particular attention, and endeavored, by appropriate addresses to infuse within their breasts the same indomitable courage that possessed his own heart.

Among the militia were seven persons—a father and his six sons—whom General Morgan especially complimented. These seven patriot soldiers were nicknamed, by their comrades, "THE LITTLE REGIMENT," for a reason which the reader will easily comprehend from the following description:

John Hillier, Sr., then some fifty years of age, stood six feet five and a half inches, was of fine proportion, and weighed over three hundred pounds; while the youngest, John Hillier, Jr., aged twenty-two, measured six feet three inches, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The other five brothers varied in size and weight between these two. In addition to those gigantic proportions, the Hilliers were possessed of enormous courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time they were to take part in a regular pitched battle, and of course, the rest of the army were somewhat anxious to know how they would behave.

"John," said General Morgan to the elder Hillier, who, with his sons, was eating a hasty and frugal meal from off a fallen tree, "I suppose that you and your brave boys would rather fight together than be separated?"

"Yes, General," replied the patriot, touching his rough cap respectfully, and rising to his feet, "I think we would be of much more service to you and our noble cause, when united than when separated. You know General, that's what Washington's all the time telling us Americans—to *stick together else we will get beat.* And I tell that General, *Washington knows what's what.*"

"Well, John," rejoined General Morgan, smiling at the hero's quaint expression of his opinion of Washington's judgment, "we'll have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your lads here the most dangerous position in the battle. To-morrow you shall bear the first standard into the fight, and I know that the glorious banner of our country cannot be placed in better hands."

"Thank you, General, thank you, for the compliment, and I and my lads will promise you this, that while we stand and fight, or kneel and fight, or lay down and fight, you'll see them stars and stripes floating."

"Then, as time is pressing, move up to the front," answered General Morgan, gathering up his reins and riding slowly away. "And remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along, impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eyes upon "THE LITTLE REGIMENT!" Good night."

"Good night, General," was the reply, accompanied by the usual military salute; and thus they parted.

The still hours of the night passed slowly, solemnly on, and each patriot soldier, as he watched the twinklings of the far away stars, and listened to the frosty wind as it moaned past, thought, that perhaps those self same shining worlds would, the next night, send down just such twinklings on his own bloody corpse; or roughly made grave. The stars, however, gradually paled away, and then, faint grey gleams in the eastern sky told that day was coming to light the war demon and death angel to their work. Presently, as the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his glowing beams over the icy hillocks and along the snowy fields, the trumpet's shrill note sounded the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front, and a little from the van of Morgan's force were John Hillier and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves three on each side of him as a guard.

"Well done, Little Regiment!" exclaimed the General, as he rode down the line encouraging his men to stand firm before the foe, who were now approaching.

On came Tarleton and his merciless butchers with that steady coolness and veteran determination, which always have such a fatal effect upon militia. Anxiously Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to sway from side to side, and back and forth. But even at the critical moment, he was unable to repress the thrill of joy which passed through him, as he beheld the Hilliers, at a word from their father coolly and deliberately drawing their long, heavy swords.

"Would to God I had a hundred such Little Regiments," he said between his closed teeth, "I would ——"

The sentence was unfinished, for, at this instant, at a given signal, Tarleton's troops clapping spurs to their steeds charged with fearful fury.

For a moment or so the militia tottered, and surged, and struggled, and then breaking, fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilliers wholly unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to earth and ridden down like reeds before the tempest; but even he did not know the Little Regiment. Quailing before the formidable giants, Tarleton's men swerved either to right or left of them, and thus threw away their own advantage, which the Spartan Americans turned to their account. In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle, the elder Hillier, as he raised himself to his height, shouted:

"Close up lads, close up! Our flag! Our flag forever!"

Instantly he was encircled by his sons, whose herculean exertions actually kept the whole force of the enemy at bay. Determined, however, to take the rebel standard, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims, but as uselessly as the storm tossed ocean lashes the beating cliff. Men and horses sank to earth, till at last their bodies formed a rampart, within which "The Little Regiment," wounded and bleeding, fought like lions. Seeing, at last, that sabres were useless, a British dragoon now drew a pistol, and leveling it at young John Hillier, shot him through the breast.

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag forever!" again thundered the father, and the fearless circle was once more serried and broken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilliers. But, alas! too late! A second of the "Little Regiment" fell—then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth!

"Back to back, Ned! Our flag forever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hillier, as he saw his fifth son sink at his feet.

For a while Morgan's fierce assault attracted the attention of Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriot commander and his handful of men strive to cut their way to the two environed heroes, and save them; but fate had ordered it otherwise, and the last son falling, the father was left alone in the midst of his relentless assailants.

Still, however, the flag floated proudly above the doomed hero, and still that gory sword swept below its folds in many a horrid circle, and still, as frenzy took the place of reason, Hillier shouted in wild, hoarse tones:

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

For a moment the giant patriot raised himself up to his full height, whirled his sword aloft, and delivered his last vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow that the blade snapped asunder, leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this from him, sprang up and seized the starry banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and convulsively wrapping it about him, sunk beneath a shower of blows, exclaimed with his dying voice:

"Close up, lads! Close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their full attention upon General Morgan, who, after a desperate resistance was forced to fly. In the course of the pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder, and, ever on the alert, Morgan, taking advantage of this, rallied his broken force, and charging the foe totally routed them, thus re-winning the victory which he had so signally lost.

His first thoughts, after the defeat of the enemy, turned, upon the brave but fated Hilliers, and, together with his aids, he rode back to the spot where the spartan band had fought and fallen. Surrounded by their victims lay the seven gigantic Hilliers, about the eldest of whom was still closely wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning now riddled with bullets, torn and soaked with the blood of its champions.

As Morgan gazed down upon the silent forms at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, and, with the words: "Bury them side by side: and above all don't remove the flag from old John; it is a hero's shroud, and a hero is in it"—he was about to turn away, when one of his aids exclaimed:

"*He lives! he lives!*"

A groan and a slight movement of the body proved this to be correct. A surgeon was quickly in attendance, who after an examination, gave it as his opinion that in less than twenty minutes the life which was still lingering in the old hero would be gone.

The group, therefore, continued around the dying man, who at the end of about ten minutes, revived so far as to raise himself on his elbow, and exclaimed:

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

This was his last effort, and spasmodically drawing his spangled and blood-stained shroud closely about him, he fell back to earth a corpse.

With the thoughts of such sires and such deeds as these living in our memories, is there to-day, within the boundaries of the land which our fathers have bequeathed to us, is there *one* American, who *in his heart* does not love and venerate the starry banner under which the heroes of '76 fought and died. Is there to-day, in the wide expanse of the republic, one American, who will not exclaim with the dying hero of Cowpens:

"OUR FLAG! OUR FLAG FOREVER!"

JOKE ON GENERAL KELLEY.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* is responsible for the following:—A pretty good joke is told on General Kelley, or rather, on the officers of his staff. When the General was after the guerrillas some time ago, down in Wirt and Calhoun counties, he captured a very rebellious young woman, by the name of Sallie Dusky, daughter of Daniel Dusky, who was sent to the penitentiary from this city for robbing the mail at Ripley, and a sister of Captain Andy and George Dusky. The General, feeling confident that the girl knew the hiding places of the guerrillas, had a private conversation with her, and during the interview, having failed to get much satisfaction, he told her if she would make a clean breast of it he would give her the chance for a husband of all the young officers in his staff. This failed to bring the information, and Sallie was taken away in charge of Captain Baggs. As she moved away from the General's presence, she asked the Captain if the General was really in earnest in making the last proposition. Baggs assured her that the General was sincere, and that he would have lived up to his promise. The girl assumed a kind of thoughtful manner, and after a short time replied:—"Well, I believe I'd about as leave have the old man (meaning himself) as any of 'em."

On the 30th ult., the entire stock of bells captured by General Butler at New Orleans, were sold at auction in East Boston. They numbered about four hundred, and sold for good prices. The largest weighed 1407 pounds, and brought 28 cents per pound—or $343.

I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family who had taken an orphan boy to raise, who, by the way was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly before going to church the next Sunday he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled and took the astonished sleeper with an apple square on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

"Where are the 'Wide Awakes' now, when men are wanted to fight for their country?"—*Democratic Paper.*

Without aspiring to the position of defender of Wide Awakes, we take the privilege of answering where some of those torch-light bearers may be found, having a knowledge of their whereabouts. We have heard the question asked by politicians on the streets, as well as propounded in Democratic papers, and it may answer a purpose to say that not one of these street talkers, to our knowledge, has contributed a cent or one atom of their small soul's sympathy to the support of the national arms. We know of Wide Awakes, plenty of them, who are in the ranks, carrying a musket. We know of Wide Awakes, who are lingering in hospitals under scorching fevers and the racking pains of severe wounds. And we know of Wide Awakes who have fallen on the field of battle—giving up their lives to their country's good.—*Erie Gazette.*

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—Several years ago, and soon after the "anti-license law" came into force in the Green Mountain State, a traveler stopped at a hotel and asked for a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," said the landlord; "forbidden by the law to sell liquor of any kind." "The deuce you are," retorted the stranger, incredulously. "Such is the fact," replied the host, "the house don't keep it." "Then bring your own bottle," said the traveler, with decision; "you needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water." The landlord laughed heartily, and brought out his private bottle.

Dr. Garth, of Edenburg, stayed one night at his club long after he said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off. "It's no great matter," replied Garth, "whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

A good joke is told of a famous Botts barbacue in Powhattan, some years ago. When the guest of the occasion had announced, in his usual emphatic manner, with a knowing look at the fair portion of the audience, that he was a candidate for nothing *except matrimony*, an old gentleman in the crowd exclaimed, so that all the ladies might hear, "Ah, well, I reckon you can be elected to that—*it takes only one vote.*"

An Englishman and a Yankee being in promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sung by the former, that he asked the name of it. "Oh the tune the old cow died on," was the response. The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle. "What tune is that?" asked his companion. "This is the tune old bull died on!" was the prompt reply.

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Yen you see one coming, dodge. Just such a young critter as that young 'un clearing the door step on 'tother side of the street, fooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California hunting dimes, my son."

At a debating society the subject was "Which is the sweetest production, a girl or a strawberry?" After continuing the argument for two nights the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the older ones going for the strawberries and the young ones for the girls.

An old maid, who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

HIS LAST WORDS.—It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is frequently preceeded by insanity.—This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relations grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct.—It may be well to promise that the presiding Judge was not only convivial, but also gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down, replied—

"I'd rather not tell."

"But, indeed, you must, ma'am. Your claim must be decided by it."

Still the widow declined to tell.

At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

"He said, kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne."

We do not know whether it was admiration for the deceased husband of the living wife that inspired the Judge at that instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction—"Sensible to the last!" and gave a verdict in her favor at once.

MORE LUXURIES TO BE TAXED.—The Knickerbocker Magazine recommends that the following additions be made to the schedule of articles to be taxed by the Government:

For carrying a cane, $1.

For lorgnons or quizzing glasses, $1.

For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time. [N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for $10 a month.]

For ringing door bells or using knockers, one cent.

For using scraper or mat before a door, one cent.

For *not* using a scraper or door mat, $1.

For looking at a lady anywhere, $10.

For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.

For squeezing said hands, $1.

For not squeezing said hands when "circumstances favor," $10.

For quoting French, 25 cents.

For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie or Judie, $1.

For joining the Curbstone Christian Association and waiting at the church door to "see the ladies come out," $10.

For keeping the register of "who's engaged," $1 per name.

For noticing with whom any or everybody walks, where they go, etc., for each indulgence, $50.

For recording anything not strictly your own business, $50.

For reading your own literary compositions to any one, $1.

For doing the same to an editor, or offering to do it, $1000.

For borrowing anything, $1.

For staying later than 11 P. M., when calling, $5 per hour.

For using any hackneyed quotation, 25 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name that he or she is "very rich" or "poor as Job," $1.

For pointing out a millionare, 25 cents.

For talking of your appetite, or diseases, or describing what you like to eat and drink, or when you change your flannels, $1.

A wag was passing a livery stable one day, in front of which several lean horses were tied, stopped suddenly, and gazed at them for some time with a phiz indicating the utmost astonishment, and then asked the owner who was standing near, "if he made horses." "Make horses!" said the knight of the bar-room and curry-comb; "no: why do you ask such a question?" "Only," replied he, "because I observed you had several *frames* set up."

BENT OFF.—A portly young friend of ours the other day contemplated for some minutes the pouderous dimensions of a bystander's feet, and then in a tone of utter wonder, said, as he surveyed the man's upper works: "You'd have been a devilish tall man, if they hadn't bent you off so far up."

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the tract which they have passed, and some of them, like the stars, shall shine forever and ever.

"Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned, with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes placing a line of women thirty steps apart, and communicate the news to the first of them as a secret.