The Potter Journal.

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

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THE POTTER JOURNAL
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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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***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 attend 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

H. 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.

Dissolution.
Notice is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing under the name of Bouton and Burtis, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by J. W. Bouton.
J. W. BOUTON,
WOOLSEY BURTIS.
White's Corners, Sept. 30.

SHOULDER ARMS.

There's a cry sweeps o'er the land—
Shoulder arms!
Who will now a coward stand,
While his country needs his aid!
Cowardice for fools was made.
Shoulder arms!

Who's afraid to meet the foe?
Shoulder arms!
Who would see the flag laid low
In the dust by traitors base,
Let him ever hide his face.
Shoulder arms!

Who would win the soldier's fame?
Shoulder arms!
Who would bear a hero's name—
Let him raise his strong arm high
Now to strike or now to die—
Shoulder arms!

See the rebel ranks advance;
Shoulder arms!
Wake, man, from your guilty trance;
This is the time for action deep,
Not the hour for sloth or sleep.
Shoulder arms!

Voices call you from the grave—
Shoulder arms!
Voices of the martyrs brave,
Who, amid the shocks of wars,
Battled for the Stars and Stripes.
Shoulder arms!

By the name of heroes dead—
Shoulder arms!
Precious hearts as yours have bled
To maintain the Union's night;
Now it is your turn to smite—
Shoulder arms!

Onward! onward to the van—
Shoulder arms!
Onward like a fearless man!
Stand not like one deaf and dumb
While you hear the appealing drum
Shoulder arms!

God will bless the work you do—
Shoulder arms!
He will lead you safely through
Every peril, while you fight
'Gainst the wrong t' uphold the right.
Shoulder arms!

Who Sent Them.

Old mother Bennet was pious, but poor. In the midst of her extreme want, her trust and confidence was put in God.

It was late one chilly night in the autumn of the year, when two rather wild young men were passing her cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread which he had purchased at the village store. A faint light glimmered from Mother Bennet's casement. Said the one, who had the loaves to his companion:

"Let us have some fun with the old woman!"

"Agreed," said the other.

They approached the house, and peeping into the window, saw the old woman upon her knees by the hearth, where a few embers were mouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened and heard her offering an honest petition for bread. She was utterly destitute of bread.

In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves climbed softly up the roof of the cottage and dropped one loaf after the other down the chimney. As the bread rolled down on the hearth, they caught the lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart she exclaimed:

"Thank the Lord; bless the Lord for his bounty."

"But the Lord did n't send them!" shouted a voice from the chimney.

"Yes he did," said she, undauntedly, "the Lord sent them, and the Devil brought them."

☞"Lord, help us to make others happy," was a brilliant sentence uttered in fervent prayer by one of the most eminent pastors of this city. No other words in as short a sentence could possibly contain more of the spirit of real Christian feeling. Help us to make others happy! The people who heard that prayer, knew as well as the Lord to whom it was addressed, that *they had* abundant means to make others happy, for all through the congregation who heard the earnest pleading of that warm hearted clergyman, the evidence of wealth and affluence was unmistakable. As the storm howled without, that noble minded pastor thought of the poor, and his heart overflowed with sympathy and solicitude for their suffering and wants. He thought, too, of the ability beyond this wealth (for money is not always potent in creating happiness in its truest sense,) to make others happy. The happiness which flows from affection, forbearance, generous confidence, and the noble aid of patience and encouragement. This is what makes happiness. We hope it was for these qualities that the prayer was made, for with these, and the assistance of the "Lord [to] help us to make others happy," there would be no excuse for a single man or woman to feel the slightest sting of unhappiness. The sentence, "Lord help us to make others happy," should be inscribed where it could be read daily by every man, woman and child in the community.—*Har. Tel.*

☞If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

A Letter from the Militia.

CAMP SUFFOLK, Va. Dec. 6, 1862.

Absence from camp and sickness has prevented me from writting you sooner. Since my last we have seen some "strange manifestations," and it will be my business now to chronicle them as well as I can. On Sunday the 2d of Nov. we were mustered into the U. S. service in connection with part of the Tioga men, under Capt. W. B. Hall of Tioga. Franklin Steadman of Harrison was very sick, unable to help himself; he was discharged and I was detailed to take him home. Arriving in Harrison I was taken sick and detained two weeks after my furlough expired. On getting back to Camp Curtin I found all the Potter County men that were left in another company, under Captain U. E. Horton Co. B. There are but few left, a list of whom I append to this. We had been formed into a regiment under Colonel E. Bierer, an old volunteer Captain, the commandant of the camp for drafted men. I was still left in Co. C, under Capt. Hall. I have kept along with the regiment, although unable to do any duty; and it is more than probable that I never shall be. But it is useless to complain; for they will let no one go home now unless he is full half dead, with a surety that he will never be good for anything.

I found, on my return to camp, a good deal of complaint in regard to the quantity and quality of the rations furnished. The bread was good, but often it was found a saving of human muscles to *drive* the meat to our quarters instead of carrying it. The hams and bacon was spoiled, magaty.

The attempt had been made to put the militia into the old regiments. They mutinied and the result was the formation of militia regiments entire. A great many of the militia, especially the substitutes, deserted at every opportunity and the provost guard from Harrisburg were brought up to guard the camp. This came near bringing on a fight between the militia and volunteers on the 28th of Nov., the day we left. Almost every day the guard lines were changed and it was hardly possible to keep track of them.—That day a private in Co. D, Capt. Hinman, named Miren Killner, had been sent to the Commissary on an errand, and on his return had been attracted by an arrival of cavalry horses, and on attempting to get a better view of them accidentally crossed one of those new, cross guard lines. He was ordered to halt, and on turning around to see what was wanted, the guard deliberately drew on him and shot him through the leg, inflicting a severe wound. This was more than the militia could stand, the old grudge was revived, and several companies armed themselves, marched to the headquarters, where the guard had fled and demanded him, he had however fled to Harrisburg At this moment the order was given to strike tents and prepare to march, which probably saved quite a fuss in Harrisburg. We packed up marched to the railroad, and just at dark started for Washington by way of Baltimore. The really bad feature of this ride was there was not cars enough furnished; we were packed to close; some, myself among the rest, and sick at that, being obliged to stand up most of the night. Arrived at Baltimore before daylight, marched through to near the Washington Depot, and took a little rest on the side walk. All through the city, Union flags were hung out and waved to us, and cheer upon cheer welcomed us to her once inhospitable streets. Soon after daylight we were marched to the Union Relief buildings and a good breakfast served to the whole regiment at once. Some of us then took a look at the city until noon. Every where I was saluted respectfully, and spoken to kindly by all classes of citizens; all seemed anxious to communicate any information desired, and I could not help contrasting our treatment with that of the first Massachusetts troops who marched through there.

Soon after noon we took a slow train of freight cars and started for Washington. Here, for the first, we began to see the country and the *Institution*. The land looked exceedingly poor, and the people generally poorer. The soil is a yellow or red clay, in many cases cropping out over whole fields, giving the whole country a desolate appearance.—The country is much of it wooded although it has once been under cultivation. Extensive fields are thrown out to common and grown up to weeds and oak shrubs, after the slave has drained the upper three inches of the soil with corn and tobacco. There were two or three very good looking plantations, but generally they were *nix*. On the best ones were a few acres of wheat and some quite extensive cornfields, but I saw more wheat and corn in five miles in Pennsylvania than all through Maryland. School houses there were none; no barns; I saw perhaps a dozen head of cattle and a small flock of sheep in the whole distance.—Black faces and curly heads appeared all along the road and at every cabin; and the inevitable shabby mansion and white washed slave cabins met our eyes at every turn. Slaves are getting this in "My Maryland." A Maryland contraband, just from home, now with us, says many of the places have not a hand left, and "Massar made more terbacker dis year dan eber 'fore, kase he say he know he shan make no more nex' yer."

Arriving in Washington just at dark, Saturday, the 29th, we were marched into an extensive barrack were the whole regiment found very good accommodations; but the living was detestable. We were fed by contract, and marched regularly to the building to receive and eat our rations. This consisted of about one half as much good bread as the most of us craved; a piece of generally rotten meat, pork or ham, and pails of swill, called coffee, dregs and all, unsettled and frequently as bitter as gall. But I suppose we must not complain; for the old psalm says we "must take the bitter with the sweet." In the morning we had the privilege of looking around the Capital and its grounds. This was new to the most of us, and was a source of pleasure we had lately been unused to. Here too we met many Potter county soldiers, doing duty in the city. The Bucktails, under Capt. Johnson are stationad here and hereabouts. I met your old townsman Lewis Mann, and was right glad to see him. Monday morning we marched to the wharf and took passage on the transport steamer John Warner for Fortress Monroe. The emotions of many of us as we sailed down the noble Potomac, once the pride of our Washington, and the scene, in this strife, of so many conflicts; and the thought that we might be called upon to participate in others, were such as to cause most of us to think of the hearthstone at home, and the household gods that might be shivered before our return. We sailed about 60 miles Monday and anchored in midriver for the night. The station of our company was on deck, the wind blew hard and cold, and we passed the night any way but pleasantly. But this was nothing to what we endured afterwards. The rations we took from Camp Curtin were now all consumed to piece out our scant rations at Washington. The amount we drew on board the steamer were barely sufficient to excite hunger, and the taste of warm drink we knew no more. Confined to our quarters on deck or in the cabins; packed like so many hogs on a train with scarce room enough to turn around, this was our pleasure and holiday going to Fort Monroe.

The river is very wide, from three to six miles, and occasionally widening out for a long distance to double or treble that distance; the atmosphere smoky, and the shores low, so that but little was to be seen except the forts, batteries and camps on the elevations; all the rest from the lowness and evenness of the banks appeared wooded. Occasionally we would run in nearer the shore, when we would catch a glimpse of a noble mansion and a row of whitewashed negro cabins would suddenly burst upon our view, revealing it a scene of enchanting beauty.

Our attention was called to the ruins of Hampton and the blackened remains of the rebel camp on the shore. Soon here, for the first time, most of us were out of sight of land, and as the immensity of the unfathomble deep burst upon us, a sense of awe and our littleness took hold of us. Night approached and so did we to Fort Monroe. Here we expected to end our pilgrimage for the present, but we were doomed to be disappointed. Our visions of comfortable quarters and hot coffee were but idle fancies of the brain. We stopped at the wharf for a few minutes, the Colonel reported to his superior, and we were ordered out into the harbor for the night. I, with scores of others, with only a scant ration of hard crackers—Uncle Sam's tomb-stones we call them—wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down on the deck, the pittless, cold wind searching every thread of our clothes. About midnight it commenced raining, and many of us were wet to the skin. To men in good health it was hard, but to the sick it was terrible. The light of day was hailed with joy. Shivering wretches, crouching under the eaves of the Pilot House, or shuddering around the boiler curb, excited the envy of less fortunate ones, who could gain no corner for shelter or comfort. After a good while it was announced that we were to sail up the Elizabeth river under sealed orders. We got up steam and away for Dixie. The gambols of the Purpous and the Oyster rakers attracted a good deal of attention. We had passed the scene of the fight of the Merrimac with the Congress and Cumberland, and of the Monitor and Merrimac, and should soon see where the latter lies sunk opposite Norfolk at Portsmouth. We have arrived. The ancient, but now deserted city of Norfolk is at our side. A few Government officials, a few guards, and any number of negroes met us at the wharf. The city looks as though it was finished a hundred years ago. Scarcely a white man appeared except soldiers, and I had passed nearly through the city before I saw a white woman. Immense numbers of blacks came out on every corner to see us and offer various commodities to sell, but like the yankees they knew well enough how to charge the highest price for everything. The government finds them, and for ought I know finds enough for them to do, but it seems to me as though they had better be in our places, carrying the knapsack and musket, than be living at government charge and doing nothing, while thousands of us have left dependent families at home and been forced to come out here and fight (it may be only incidentally) for the advantage of these blacks. This is the opinion of every soldier of the militia, and of the volunteers here, so far as I have heard it expressed, I have spoken to a great many; and the blacks too, are willing to fight. I have talked with a good many of them and they all say, "Give us guns and train us and we will do our best to vindicate our freedom and free you from the hazzards and privations of a war for us and the Union."—We expected to stay in Norfolk, but here again we were disappointed, and we came to the conclusion that in war especially, "all that we know is nothing can be known." It had rained all the forenoon and still rained hard when we were ordered to disembark and march to the cars for Suffolk. These were platform lumber cars; no protection against the storm which had become very cold. We unslung our knapsacks, and seating ourselves upon them were whirled rapidly away through the great Dismal Swamp to camp Suffolk. There was but little thrift shown upon the farms around that must have appeared when Norfolk was the garden of the northern cities. A few acres of cabbage, beets and turnips was all that the season had left, or the hand of war spared. The country all along the road looks rich but rather low and marshy, and we now and then catch a glimpse of the great swamp, and of the ditches and furrows on what had been once cultivated fields, but now was extensive forests, with trees from ten to twenty inches in diameter. The tide water sets back across the roads for miles in some places forming quite extensive bays, creeks and lagoons, all full of oysters. The margin of every pool showed where they had been raked from the mud and sand, and often great quantities of them lay strewn upon the shores. We now crossed the Dismal Swamp Canal, whose waters, as black as ink, are, in hot weather loaded with pestilence and death. The ground now became higher and dryer, old, level, forest grown plantations appeared on either hand, and the railroad, as stsaight as the road to the celestial city, "as straight as a line could make it," runs on for miles without other sign that man had ever been there. We were just thinking that the forest was interminable when the screech of the engine announced that we were coming out somewhere; we looked forward and a strong fort with thousands of soldiers,—"horse, foot und dragoon" burst on our sight. Ten thousand hats were waved, ten thousand throats were split with hurrah's for the 171st. The train stoped for a few minutes, and "who are you? where are you from? how many of you are there? are there any more coming? hurrah for the old Keystone?" echoed on every side. We proceeded on a mile or two through one continous camp, and then set our feet in the mud of the ancient and straggling town of Suffolk. "Fall in there, fall in,—right face—forward march,—by the file right—march—arms at ease and march at will,"—and about a mile took us to our camping ground, where we were complacently told to make ourselves as comfortable as possible; which we did, wet and shivering as we were, by stacking our guns, stringing the bayonets with haversack and canteens, building fires with the interminable pitch pine, laying poles across our gun stacks, and stacking pine brush on them for wind breakers. Then picking some brush for our beds, we lunched on three or four of Uncle Sams tombstones, alias crackers, laid down and slept soundly for the night. Thursday morning, the 4th of Dec. broke bright and clear, and we awoke to find ourselves established U. S. soldiers in the land of Dixie. I rubbed my eyes and mentally exclaimed, What a beautiful land and how cursed? The robins were singing as sweetly as in a May morning in Potter, the fresh morning steamed up to our grateful senses as reviving as when on some sunny morning, with our wives and children, we went out into the pastures to count the lambs. I felt homesick and would have given more than the price of a substitute to have been at home. During the day we pitched our tents and went to housekeeping again. This is quite an extensive camp, embracing some 40,000 men, several forts, extensive breastworks and long lines of rifle pits. Every day scouting parties are sent out harrassing the enemy and bringing in prisoners, and one day since we have been here a battery of cannon and 20 prisoners were captured on the Black Water. Yesterday morning, the 7th, 2800 men went out on a scouting party to be gone several days, and this morning heavy cannon firing is going on a good way off. Yesterday we drew 40 rounds of ammunition, which looks something like being ready. Our arms are the old Harpers Ferry musket rifled. The most of our men are riflemen, and would be better pleased with a better weapon. This Regt. is composed of unusually large men. At Baltimore their size and good bearing was remarked, and they gave us credit of being the greatest troops that had marched through there. Here again the same thing is noticed, and I have frequently been asked if Pennsylvanians are all such large men. I have replied that we were mere babes, but if it was required that the old folks should come down here they would see *men*,—MEN sir, that would take us boys and the Southern Confederacy too, across their knees. Among the timber here is the evergreen and beautiful holly, which, with its dark green leaves and crimson berries, looks in the leafless forest like a ministering angel at the couch of death. I cannot see why this country should not be made a perfect garden; the soil is rich, the land level. A few hundred yankees would soon put a different face on the matter.

December 9th. For three days past the weather has been extremely cold, and two nights I have been obliged with several others to leave the tents and stand or sit around the fire all night. It has cost a good deal to equip the men and get them "thus far into the bowels of the land," and it seems to me as though it would be good economy to furnish them a little more comfortable quarters and preserve their health, which many must loose exposed as they are. But I must bring this long rambling letter to a close. Much of it will be commonplace to those who have been in the army, or have visited it. For such it is not intended, but for our friends and neighbors who are more confined at home. I herewith append a list of all the Potter men who are still with us:

Company B, Capt. U. E. Horton, Benj. Booth and M. B. Carson, Corporals; J. B. Logue, George Clinton, W. W. Reese, Lyman Clinton, Wm. Stratham, Sylvester Clark, Manassa Courtright, Thos. J. Kibbee, Lieut. Wm. Brown, Seymour Norton Corporal; Roscoe Nichols, T. B. Mason, A. O. Burt, Rinaldo Eastwood, Uriah Robinson, Benj Close, W W. Dwight, David Evarts, Thos. Fisher and E. Morley.

Company C, Capt. Wm. B Hall, E. M. Carpenter and E. O. Austin. We are in the 7th Army Corps, General Dix; Pecks Division, 171 Regiment, Pa. Militia, Col. E Bierer.

It will be seen that a good many of the men left are substitutes. There was a good deal of indignation manifested against the brokers who brought in and sold substitutes, some of whom were rode on rails, or dumped in the privies, and more would have been had they not took the hint and left. The rest must be left for their neighbors at home, I will try and write you again "as we go marching on."

E. O. A.

A hunchback met a man who had but one eye, very early in the morning.

"Good morrow, sir," said the one eyed man; "you have got your load upon your shoulders very early."

"It is so early," replied the hunchback, "that I see you have only one window open."

"I couldn't get a wink of sleep," said a newly blessed Benedict, "on account of a discordeon that kept playing all night." "Discordeon!" inquired the confidant of his troubles. "What new instrument is that?" "Only the baby," was the warning reply—*Punch!*

"Women," replied the contemplative man, at Cape Island, last season, are as deep as the blue waters of that bay."—"Aye, sir," rejoined the disappointed man, and as full of *craft!*"

The tongue discovers the state of the mind no less than that of the body; in either case before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient *must open his mouth.*

A man who has addressed a stranger by mistake, apologises by saying, "I was mistaken in the person." Many a married couple might make the same apology to each other.

Mark what you remember upon your finger nails; they make convenient horn-books, and you will have your lesson at your fingers' ends.

Jeff. Davis doesn't seem able to work upon the sympathies of his people. But when he is hung he will touch the right cord.