The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XV.--NUMBER 12. COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1863. TERMS,--$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE
POTTER JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
$1.50 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 endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made.

1 Square [16 lines] 1 insertion,	50
1 " " 3 "	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than 13,	25
1 Square three months,	2 50
1 " six "	4 00
1 " nine "	5 50
1 " one year,	6 00
1 Column six months,	20 00
1 " " "	10 00
1 " " "	7 00
1 " per year.	40 00
1 " " "	20 00
Administrator's or Executor's Notice,	2 00
Business Cards, 8 lines or less, per year	5 00
Special and Editorial Notices, per line,	10

***All transient advertisements must be paid in advance, and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.

***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 to 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 promptness and fidelity. Office on South-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all [illegible] entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegany bridge.

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

O. T. PEARSON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st. in building formerly occupied by E. W. Ellis, Esq.

CLARKE 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.

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

MANHATTAN HOTEL,
NEW YORK.
THIS Popular Hotel is situated near the corner of Murray Street and Broadway opposite the Park within one block of the Hudson River Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms $1.50 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 18th, 1863.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe for your County Paper—THE JOURNAL.

RECAPTURED.

A summer twilight under the green awning of low-branched linden trees—clove pinks blossoming in the garden borders, like chalices of spice—and stars just trembling into the warm violet sky—if Clinton Audley had lived to be a hundred years old, he never would have forgotten the dim, indistinct beauty of the dusky landscape. No; for all that happened on that summer night was branded upon his heart in lines that death itself had no power to efface!

"Not yet, Clara; do not speak so firmly!—Remember that it is my life's doom you are pronouncing. Oh, Clara! think again."

He had led his men up to the very cannon's mouth without a thought of fear, yet now he was a coward in the presence of that tender blue-eyed girl!

"It is useless," said Clara Mervyn, with cheek whose color never varied, and firm, pitying eyes; "my answer would be the same did I take a whole year for deliberation. I am very sorry Clinton; but"

"Nay," interposed Audley, with a cold, constrained voice that scarce hid the angry emotions in his heart, "do not waste your pity on me. The matter is unfortunate as far as I am concerned; but I can not see why you should grieve. I have been a mad fool, that is all —

He lifted his light military cap and was gone; and Clara Mervyn sat down on the rustic garden seat and had a good cry! Surely it was not her fault that Clinton Audley was so foolish—he might have known that she didn't care for him.

While the young officer, restlessly pacing to and fro, thought of the dark-eyed soldier whose head he had supported at Manassas while the life bubbled from his breast in red surging drops—thought of his last words, "It isn't for myself; but Mary's heart will break when she hears of it!"—oh why could he not have died in that boy's stead? There was no heart to break for *him!*

"The idle dream is ended!" he said, aloud; "and now for the realities of life. We shall never meet again."

Could he but have looked forward to the time when they two *should* meet again!

"Only my right hand, doctor? Pooh! never mind; there's many a poor fellow worse off than I am!"

"A very philosophical view to take of matters," said the surgeon, half smiling, "but at the same time an unusual one. Hold still half a minute, can't you."

"Well, what does it matter after all? I've neither wife nor sweet-heart to fret about my disfigurements."

"But I suppose you expect to come into possession of one or both of those articles some day?"

"Can't say that I do. There, I'm comfortable enough now. I say, though, doctor!"

"Well?"

"Could you persuade that fat old nurse to get a pair of shoes that squeak in a minor key? Every sick man has his trials, and mine are those calf-skin shoes. Possibly I'm nervous, but I can't help it!"

The surgeon laughed good-humoredly.

"Don't annoy yourself on that score; there will be a change of nurses to-night, and I do not think the shoe question will trouble you further. Try to sleep a while now!"

Clinton Audley closed his eyes, and strove to forget the sharp spasms of pain that racked his poor wounded frame, while the fire shone ruddily on the walls, faintly illumining the long rows of narrow white beds on either side, and the gray dusk blackened into night, and—

"I must have been asleep?" he thought, with a sudden start, as the little clock chimed eleven. "Yes, I must; but who on earth is that? Oh, the new nurse, I suppose. *She* don't wear calf-skin shoes, at all events—moves like a shadow!"

For like a shadow she had glided to his bedside.

"I think your draught was to be taken at eleven, Sir!" and she glanced at her written directions.

And as Clinton Audley silently extended his left hand for the slender vial, he knew that the "new nurse" was Clara Mervyn. She recognized him at the same instant—there was a slight start, but neither spoke.

Fate had brought them together once again!

The January snows melted away from the purple Maryland hills, and February's blue heaven smiled overhead. Spring was nigh at hand, yet the lost roses had not blossomed again on Clara Mervyn's cheek.

"Don't overwork yourself, Miss Mervyn," said the kindly surgeon; "there's no earthly occasion for it. They are all doing well, except that young Audley!"

The color rushed in scarlet to Clara's cheek, then receded, leaving it cold as marble.

"Will he die, sir?"

"Die? oh no! not the least danger of his dying. What I mean to say was, that his recovery is slow. Never knew such a lagging convalescence. A fine young fellow that—very. We surgeons are commonly supposed to have no feelings, Miss Clara; but I can tell you it went to my heart to take that boy's hand off. However—but bless me it's nearly noon. Be sure you take care of yourself, Miss Mervyn?" and away hurried Dr. Wilde, who never knew what it was to have a moment's leisure!

Clara was left alone, her head drooping on her breast. The next instant she rose up and looked at her own slender right hand with a shuddering, sobbing sigh.

"Oh, if I could have given *my* useless hand to save his!" she moaned. "If I had but the right to cheer and comfort him! Ah me! what can a woman do but endure!"

Clara was learning a hard lesson in life's saddest school—to suffer and be silent.

"Miss Mervyn!"

She started at the words. He had never called her "Clara" since their parting under the linden-trees.

"Are you very busy to-night?"

"Not particularly so; why do you ask?"

"Then come and sit beside my pillow for a little while. I feel conversational just now."

She obeyed silently.

"Are you better this evening, Lieut. Audley?"

"I think so. The red, glorious sunset has done me good. Did you know that this was St. Valentine's Eve?"

"The 13th of February—so it is!"

"Do you believe in the goodly offices of St. Valentine, Miss Mervyn? I assure you *my* faith is limitless in the patron saint of lovers!"

Clara smiled as she remembered all the timeworn "valentines" she kept under lock and key at home.

"I confess to a little superstition in the subject," she said, coloring, for she felt that Clinton's eyes were fixed on her downcast lashes.

"Very well, then; you won't consider me mawkishly sentimental if I ask you to be so kind as to act as my right hand for once."

"I should be so glad. But how—"

"Will you write a St. Valentine's love letter for me?"

"Certainly."

"Stop, though! Answer me one question first, frankly and fully. Do you think it would be a piece of presumptuous folly in me to ask a woman's love to bless a maimed, useless wretch like me! Nay do not spare my feelings. I wish to hear the *truth*."

Clara Mervyn was silent for a moment; and when she spoke it was in a distinct, though very low tone.

"If the woman you love be worthy of the name, you will be far dearer to her now than ever you were in the prime of health and strength."

"You have taken a great weight from my heart, Miss Mervyn; and now will you assume the *role* of amenuensis?"

Writing a love-letter for Clinton Audley to another woman—it was a strange duty—yet Clara Mervyn went through with it with a sort of mechanical calmness, heedless of the sore heart that ached so bitterly in her breast, while every word seemed the knell of a death-warrant. It was the bitterest cup she had drunk yet—a cup that must be swallowed to the dregs!

"Thank you, Miss Mervyn. I won't trouble you to direct it. Ah, if I were but certain that St. Valentine would speed my suit!"

He smiled; but it would have been difficult to tell which was the paler—the cheek that lay against the pillows of the hospital pallet, or that shadowed by Clara Mervyn's brown tresses.

She gave him the folded letter, with its earnest words of pleading, and then went away to her own room; for, fortunately, the "night watch," as it was called, had been confided to another. And only the quiet stars saw the convulsive bursts of grief that shook her frame ere at last she sobbed herself to sleep, her flushed cheek lying on her drenched hair, and the lips quivering in her dreams!

How gloriously the crimson banners of Valentine's dawn were draped along the sky when at length she opened her eyes—how radiantly the morning lighted up those blue, far-off hills! Unconsciously her lips formed themselves into a smile, and then—ah, *then* the old pangs of heart-ache came back to her!

She was nearly dressed before her eyes fell upon a tiny bunch of violets, dew besprinkled and fragrant, that lay on her toilet-table—she caught it up with an exclamation of delight, and a note fell from its blue heart—a note directed in a strange, straggling hand.

"Some hospital directions," she murmured, and, smiling at Dr. Wilde's eccentricities, she unfolded the paper.

"Great Heaven! can it be possible?" she faltered, as she recognized her own handwriting. "Did he mean to ask *me* to become his wife? Oh, it is too much, too much happiness!"

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, then sank to her knees beside the little white bed, half uncertain whether it were not all a dream.

Five minutes later Clinton Audley held out his left hand to the blushing little nurse who had stolen softly to his bedside.

"Well?" he asked, scanning her face smilingly.

"Oh, Clinton, I am so happy!"

And then she burst into tears: it was well that there were not many patients in the convalescent ward!

"Are you really captured, my little, shy, tremulous bird?" he whispered.

"Nay" said Clara, shaking back her curls with a spice of the old mischief, "it is you who are recaptured, brave soldier though you deem yourself!"

"And had you no suspicion of the destination of that valentine?"

"If I had known it would have spared me a great many tears. But oh, Clinton, I think I shall never shed any but happy tears again!"

With the radiant dawn of St. Valentine's Day, had risen the morning-star of Clara Mervyn's life and love!

From the 171st Regiment.

NEWBERN, N. C., Feb. 5, 1863.

I hear that the editor of the *Journal* thinks I grumbled too much in my last. It was written in no grumbling spirit, nor with a thought of fault-finding. Many of my friends desired I should write to them the minutia of a soldier's life, exactly as it appeared to me, and if I inserted too much of my own thought, while still sore from one of the hardest marches on record, I must still assert its truth and the belief that time will, at last, set all things even.

The health of the Reg't is first-rate.—But very few attend to the Doctor's morning call, and there is but one of the Potter County men in the Hospital—Manassa Courtwright of Harrison. He has been and is very sick with a fever, but is getting better. The care of the sick in hospital is first-rate; the Sisters of Mercy, like angels of merey, flitting around their bedsides. Just as we had fitted up our quarters and camp comfortably we were ordered to pack up and march. We moved two miles and pitched our tents on the bank of the Neuse River, one mile South of the city of Newbern. We moved Jan. 23d, and immediately commenced fortifying. We are surrounded by many other camps, ours is flanked on the left by the River Neuse—here some two miles wide, float large vessels—and on the right by a deep creek and swamp. The Morehead and Goldsborough R. R. runs through our camp. We worked digging on the breast works, three days and part of the nights, without relief, until they were done. The men worked with a will, and the General remarked, (although he believed in using the blacks where they can be useful,) that we moved more sand in three days, than so many negroes would in a month. There are other extensive fortifications around here, and more continually building, all of which seems to indicate our staying here for some time.

The expedition which left here some time since, took off all the troops which could be spared, and these later movements here seem to point to a smaller force holding the place than formerly.—We have no word from the expedition yet. There are, besides large numbers of negroes gathering in here, who must have the protection of a considerable body of men or their liberty might be cut short. There are several extensive quarters for blacks here, all well filled up and continually enlarging. One is on the bank of the river to the left of our camp, in which are several hundred families: all regularly rationed by the Government. To go amongst them of a warm, pleasant Sunday, when taking their holiday, visiting, talking and showing in their rude way, those courtesies to one another which all people do in some way or other, is both laughable and pitiable. The men are smoking, and conversing with a look of wisdom which would do credit to a knot of Congressmen; the women chatting their gossip and eating snuff; the children, barefooted and in rags, playing the usual games of childhood. I have seen many of the men with spelling books learning their letters and reading short words, but never a woman; nor have I yet seen a man who was a slave who could read. I have seen a few bibles among them, and have sometimes, at their request, read a chapter or two to them, at the recital of the sublime and simple language at which they appeared enraptured.—Standing on the long wharf in the twilight where you have a fine view of river and shores; the cabins peeping from among the trees, the watermen in their boats, the sound of singing voices from the shore and the blaze of the light wood fires, present a scene romantic and enchanting. Many of them are incorrigibly lazy. I went over one morning to hear their roll call and see them set to work. A few came out readily, but the most reluctantly, and some not until they were fairly pulled out of their shanties. "Joe Pickens!" calls the overseer. But no Joe comes forth. "Where is Joe?" "He's hid under de bed," cries a little black urchin of ten years. "Come out here Joe, you, or you'll get no crackers to-morrow;" and out crawls a dumpy twenty year old, in soldiers blouse and cap and brown cotton breeches. "Pomp Cotton! Pomp, you lazy scamp, where are you? Come out here sirrah!" making for an old sibly tent, Pomp's quarters. Pomp hearing the decided step of the boss crawls out, dodges under his arm and takes his place in the ranks of choppers; the tallest slimest, blackest and ugliest specimen of Young Africa I have seen. "Pomp! If you serve me so again I will put you with old Pete to saw, on half rations for three days." "Frows step out in front." Six of the most intelligent step out with each a frow in his hand. "Go to your work," and they march off. "Now mauls in front," and they step off in like manner. Then the cross cut saws, the axes and the carriers, each in turn come out, and under an overseer go about their daily labor. But most of the time they have nothing to do unless they can get an odd job now and then. While throwing up our entrenchments and digging our ditches, many of the strollers found unexpected employment. We had worked two days and a half, when on Sunday afternoon a great many blacks were strolling through our camp and looking at the men digging.—We bore this for some time when each seizing a darkey by the arm, put shovels in their hands and bade them try it for an hour. They resisted, "What is that?" said General, who was just passing, "Are you boys to good to work, while my men must work day and night, Sundays and all to keep your old masters from carrying you off?" "Jump in there for an hour or two and rest the boys or —— —— I'll have you in to do the whole it." The next day, the fourth day's steady shoveling, we were ditching our streets. I got tired, drafted a darkey who came strolling by and bade him spell me for an hour, he protested against my right to make him work for me without paying him, and said he would report me to the Colonel. "What's that?" says Col. Bierer, who was standing nearer than darkey himself, "what's the reason you can't take hold and work a little?" "Indeed Kunnel, I's gwine to de woods to tote some shingles, and must go right along." "Are you to work for the Government?" "Yes! indeed I is, Kunnel." "Then you have got a pass I suppose?" "Yes I has," and he took out a greasy paper and handed it to the Col. "Why, man! that is good for nothing in this camp, you have no business in here, you had better take hold and do as this man tells you, and you will get off a good deal quicker. He is not a hard man at all, but if he wants you to work an hour or two for him I think the best thing you can do is to do it." Blackey took hold and worked with a will for half an hour when I let him off and took another is his place. A hundred were at work, but then were idle, strolling blacks enough to use all the tools. The blacks, according to the proclamation, are being enlisted in considerable numbers for some purpose or other, I know not what, it is high time. There is among them good material for an army to a certain extent, but in my opinion they have a very different field to fight upon than we. They must go through the swamps to the black doors of their old masters, and carry terror and desolation to the households. Last Sunday, the 1st of Feb., by invitation of Lieut. Wood I visited the "Battle Ground" of the 14th last March, with a guide who fought through the battle, and was an eye witness to many incidents connected with it. The ground may be said to end just where our breastworks are raised, for there the last artillery salute was given the Rebels as they broke over the knoll. The entrenchments are four miles below here.

[Here our correspondent gives a diagram of the field which we have no means of publishing.]

The Rebels had built strong breastworks and forts and awaited Burnside's attack with a great deal of confidence.—Their long line of works was mounted with a cannon once in eight rods, quadruple files of infantry behind them to support them, and forty pieces of artillery in the rear; to support the whole a strong fort on the river mounting 16 pieces, with the timber for three-fourths of a mile in front, felled to make it impassible for cavalry or artillery to advance. Burnside had landed his men some miles below, soon after landing a farmer looking man came to him, professing to be Union and offering to guide him through. On the evening of the 13th March he had arrived near the breastworks which the guide assured him were abandoned, it was dark and rained hard. The General trusting his guide still advanced, when a negro, waiting on an officer, apprised them that the works were manned in great strength and that if it was light they were then in sight of them. The General commanded a halt. The men threw themselves by the roadside for the night; the white guide was taken to a farmhouse in the rear and guarded. In the morning he was brought to the head of the column, where the General and Staff stood.—Morning broke and with it came a heavy shell from the enemies breastworks right over their heads, as the black had said they were in sight of them. "I thought you told me those works were abandoned?" said the General turning to the *spy*, at the same time drawing a revolver and shooting him dead. The army then moved up the road, filed right and left by regiments, and having left the road, a left flank movement brought them up in line of battle at the edge of the woods with the large slashing between them and the enemy. Our artillery on the land was by the road side with the gunboats on the river, playing on the forts and breastworks. The fort was knocked to pieces and blown up, some of the cannon on the breastworks dismounted when a charge was made and at the third trial the works were carried and the enemy commenced retreating. The remains of the battle show the violence of the contest; broken and shattered accoutrements of cavalry, artillery and infantry thickly strew the ground, cannon balls, grape and cannister shot, bullets, &c, may be anywhere picked up. The timber, girdled, shattered, broken and torn; large trees shot clear off, others with great holes through them mark the effects of the enemies fire. Our party sat down on a fallen gum tree near the graves of the fallen which were filled with grape shot. We dug out a few as mementoes of the battle-field. I visited the graves of the Massachusetts soldiers, (our guide was one of them,) a Union farmer has fenced them all in with rails at his own expense. It was no small task, for they lay singly and in groups all over the woods. I am inclined to think the story of Burnside's shooting the spy apocryphal, yet it is told here as an incident of the war, and I made a note of it accordingly. The fort, in its present condition, looks like a series of large potatoes heaps, holes having been plowed through sand-bags and timber by shot and shell; one of the latter fell into the magazine and must, from the looks of things, created a small earthquake.—Part of the chamber is still remaining in which is a clear spring of water, our party drank with relish from it. To the West of the Railroad the hardest infantry fighting was had. The ground is full of ravines and swamps, strongly entrenched, and must, from the appearance of things, have been hotly contested. The Rebels retreated to and through Newbern burning the splendid new bridge across the Trent River, by running down a scow against it loaded with turpentined cotton. The loss of this point has been severely felt by the enemy, besides its being the means of their loosing great numbers of their slaves.

If there is any Union feeling in the South I have failed to see it. There is now and then a Union man, and a good many professing to be such, who would cut your throat if they had an opportunity. The men will say nothing, but the women, taking the license of the sex, curse the Yankees, as we are always called, to our faces, and breathe their anathemas upon the North without stint.

The weather has been mild and dry most of the time, some of the time warm like summer. There has been but few mornings this winter that I have not heard the robins and blue birds singing, and often, as this morning, the peepers in the swamps are vocal, February 6th. The evening of the 4th set in windy and rainy. In the morning the ground was covered with snow, while the cold would have done credit to a morning in Potter. Last evening it commenced raining and has kept it up until noon to-day. It is now as warm as any of our April weather. The men are occasionally fishing in the river, catching eels and cat-fish. What it will be here in warm weather can be imagined, when the malaria of the swamps creeps into our blood and the ague plagues get hold of us.

E. O. AUSTIN.

A "DEMORALIZED" SOLDIER.—The New York *Tribune* tells a story of a stout, athletic Zouave, who, running away from the battle at Fredericksburg, was checked by a Lieutenant with a drawn sword.—Said the latter "Stop sir! Go back to your regiment, you infernal coward, you are not wounded." "For Heaven's sake let me pass," implored the fugitive, "I know I'm not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized.

An Irish attorney says no printer should publish a death unless apprised of the fact by the deceased.