

The Potter Journal

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

VOLUME XV. NUMBER 24.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1863.

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

POTTER JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

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O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTISING 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 C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES,
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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles.—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call.
13-41

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.

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Still retains as Principal, Mr. R. CAMPBELL, Preceptress, Mrs. NETTIE JONES GARDNER; Assistant, Miss ADA WALKER. 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. BANSETT, President.
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Lewisville, July 9, 1862.

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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.
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The Rochester Straw-Cutter,
OLMSTED & KELLY, Coudersport, have the exclusive agency for this celebrated machine, in this county. It is convenient, durable, and CHEAP.
Dec. 1, 1860.—13

Now is the time to subscribe for your copy of THE JOURNAL.

From the 17th Pa. Regiment.

WASHINGTON, N. C., April 18, '63.

I propose giving you a brief account of our proceedings since the 31st of March, if published, it will be of some interest to friends at home.

Washington, N. C., is at the head of the Pamlico River, in the centre of a fine, productive region, and is, or was, the place of residence of some of the most influential Rebels of N. C. The possession of it, was therefore, a matter of great desire by them, to get which, they commenced, the last of March, to seize and fortify the most important points of approach, and to throw forward an army of several thousand troops, investing the city in a close siege. Maj-Gen. Foster was here with some 900 troops, assisted by Union citizens and blacks of about the same number, whom the Rebels call Buffaloes. General Prince was ordered from Newberne with his Division to reinforce him. On the morning of the 31st of March we started in steam transports, by way of Pamlico Sound and River, to do so. The weather was very cold, winds high and waters rough. On entering the Sound we found the splendid steamer, John Collier, loaded with the 158th Pa. Militia, aground, several miles out in her course, where she had been since Sunday evening, unable to get off, though having thrown all her loading over except the men and horses. We took about 250 of them off. (other boats doing likewise.) Just after dark the sail of a small schooner was seen standing in shore, and several shells were fired at her from a rifled gun on our bow, but she "dove" her "sail," veered in under the shore, and was lost to our view.

April 1st.—At dusk last evening some gun boats in our company passed us, and this morning they went on shelling the woods at several suspicious-looking points. Before noon we reached the Hills Point, seven miles below Washington, where the enemy had erected a strong battery, completely commanding the channel which runs within a quarter of a mile from us. We anchored while the gun boats ran up feeling of them with shell, but without eliciting any reply. They were evidently waiting for bigger game, as some of our ships had 1000 troops and tons of ammunition on board. Towards night we fell back to our old anchorage while some more small gun boats came up in the evening. The prevalence of strong winds for some time past, and which continued several days after this, had so blown the water from the rivers and anchorage, as to leave all the big boats aground, or unable to get out.

The next morning we ran up to our old ground again, while the gun boats advanced and commenced shelling the Battery, which now condescended to reply, firing three times, one shot passing through the smoke sack and striking the steam chest of the boat, but doing no particular damage. This admonished us of the danger of the passage. A boat was sent to try to hunt up a landing, but on returning reported troops on shore who fired on them, and no possible chance to land an army among the reed swamps. Our Colonel, with a small party, undertook to reconnoiter at a point considerably farther down, and narrowly escaped being gobbled up by a squad of Rebels at a house near by.

On the 3d, three more gun boats came up and went at the battery in good earnest. The scene was grand; the huge shells, screaming on their errand, were seen to strike the breastworks, throwing the sand in clouds as high as the trees, or bursting in the air above them, sent their rain showers on the devoted heads below. As no shots were returned for a long time, it was thought the enemy were silenced. We have since learned that many were killed and wounded, but the works sustained no material injury. Our regiment was now transferred to a schooner loaded with artillery and ammunition, while our steamer returned to Newberne for supplies and more troops. To-day several small schooners were brought and added to our fleet, which were passing us for Washington, having been below for some days, and not knowing the state of things at home. They all proved to be owned or run by Union men, with passes from head-quarters. One of them did not obey the blank shot first fired at her, but when a shell went hurtling over her and burst, it was funny to see her alter her course and haul up to us. The communications of the skippers were very interesting, but I cannot more than mention it now. The privations and hardships to which persons in their condition are exposed are intense, and it would touch a heart of stone to hear them recited.

The 4th the winds were higher and colder than ever. Our boats only fired occasional shots, the roughness of the water giving them no chance for a range. Some vessels were fitted up and loaded with troops to run the blockade in the evening, but on reflection it was not deemed possible, as the ammunition was

most wanted by Gen. Foster; so the scheme was abandoned.

On the morning of the 5th some small boats were seen coming from Washington to communicate with our fleet, and we saw the practice of the Rebel gunnery on them with intense interest. They were about two miles from the battery, merely "skiff." Direct shots failing to hit them, they tried rickitating them, then shells bursting over head; but all to no purpose; they came through safe. There were now 68 vessels on our anchorage, and towards night the gun boat Hunch Back came up from Newberne. She is a powerful wooden vessel, carrying a number of monster guns. She took a position a little in advance, and to the left of us, and opened on the battery at a range of nearly four miles, with her 100 pounders. The water was calm and the evening warm, and we all looked upon this scene with silent and breathless attention. The yelting messengers went on their way. Other boats joined in the contest, shelling camps in the vicinity, and it is reported that the execution in some places was terrible; but the real extent of it we shall never know. But three ships were returned to the battery, but their terrible precision at the great distance, told us of the impossibility of approaching Washington by water until the battery was carried. A flash from the battery indicated that they were alive there yet and only biding their time. After what seemed a long time, as we held our breath in intense curiosity, the huge shot plunged about 200 yards square in front of the Hunch Back, and then came the report of the gun and the scrambling of the ball, like a note of a Fairy's magic. In a few minutes another shot came from the shore which plunged on a line with the first, but 100 yards nearer the boat, and another quickly followed, but luckily, a trifle too high, passing just over the boat, and striking the water a few yards beyond. We looked with breathless anxiety for the next, but it did not come. Early the next morning we were put on board the steamer Kismet, in pursuance of orders from Gen. Foster, and returned to Newberne, to try it by land; the gunboats remaining to see to things by water.

The next day, the 8th, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness at a moment's warning, with three days' rations. At midnight we were waded up and crossed the river to Fort Anderson, a mile above the city. This was the scene of the late Rebel attack on Newberne. The tents around the Fort were riddled like sieves, and ear holes cut through the buildings in all directions, but nobody was hurt on our side thereabouts. The effect of the huge shells from the Hunch Back, as seen in the earth and timber, was tremendous.

Our force consisted of some 8000 men, with appropriate cavalry and artillery. After noon we commenced a shelling, and at night camped in a field of grain, at a place called New Hope, which consists of a very pretty plantation with a shabby mansion house, a run down saw mill and still house, and a dilapidated grist mill. I believe I saw here the original mill spoken of in which, "two women should be grinding, and one should be taking the other left," but I did not examine it very closely, owing to the guards stationed around by order of Gen. —. The place is owned by a rebel scoundrel named Whitworth, of whom I shall have occasion to speak further. The yards and gardens were blooming over with the yellow Carolina rose, flowering almonds, pinks, violets and daffodils; while the fruit trees were filled with blossoms of their kind. To-day I saw corn up for the first. The enemy's pickets were stationed at this place, one of whom was shot by our advance cavalry. We expected to encounter the enemy a few miles farther on, at Bennett's Creek, and started for there early the next morning, the 9th. Our forces encountered them in a battery on the farther side of the stream, where a brisk cannonading ensued. Several of our horses were killed and about a dozen of our men wounded, among whom was Capt. Belger, commanding battery. The enemy was silenced in an hour and a half, but having destroyed the bridge, and for some reason unknown, but guessed at by us, we were ordered to about face, and were taken back to New Hope about mid night. Our fire had dismounted their guns and killed and wounded a good many of them, and so lumbered their legs that they never stopped until they reached their general camp, 18 miles distant. But their pickets followed us back and staid at New Hope the next night after we left. A sergeant of the 17th Pa. Militia, while relieving the pickets in the night, was shot by one of his own men and instantly killed. A number of prisoners were taken, one a "nigger" in an orderly sergeant's coat. His master, a sergeant of the Rebels, had chugged coats with cuffs, and tried to escape, but was captured and both taken.

Between New Hope and Bennett's Creek is a large plantation and fine man-

sion. An old gentleman and lady and three or four young ladies were sitting in the porch as we passed. A strong guard was thrown around the premises to keep off all intrusion by the soldiers. Militarily we were bound to consider this all right, and to believe that the old gent was true blue for the Union, so of course we could not covet his chickens, or geese, or ham and eggs. When we came back Lieut. Jennings remarked to him: "You are a Union, I suppose?" "No sir! I am a seer to the back bone." Now the old gent was right; his house, it subsequently appeared, was a place of rendezvous for guerrillas, and no less than four of our men were taken prisoners there and near there on this expedition. If such places are protected as we pass through them, I greatly fear "the end is not yet."

This part of North Carolina is very rich in turpentine forests, and is the best I have yet seen in this part. Most of the trees are tapped, sometimes thirty feet high, and they are coated over with thick with dried pitch, which when scraped from the trees is valuable. The weather was dry and the nights dark, for we marched nights as well as days, and those pines made splendid lights. On our next march up there, there was scarce a living tree to be seen on the whole route except in the swamps. Another noticeable feature is the seerch logs, or "ray hucks," as the soldiers call them. There are multitudes of them, but so poor they cannot be eaten. They must subsist on pine roots, for there is nothing else for them.

After dark on the 10th, we once more threw ourselves on our bunks in camp, tired out, and glad as the prodigal to get home once more. For eleven days and nights we had been on the move, or pitched and tossed about in such a manner as to get no rest; and if ever men stuck to the soft side of a Carolina pine board with a relish for rest, it was us. We all have a dim recollection of soft beds and pleasant bed-fellows, but now our hips and shoulders are that calloused that a pavement, with *lim-tis ligonitis*, would be a "flowery bed of ease." Our rest was of short duration, however. I account of our further movements I must defer until I go back to my quarters; I see there is such a fellow wanted as

E. O. A.

April 29, 1863.—I yesterday wrote you, sitting in the parlor of a black family in the city of Washington, N. C., close by our quarters, whither I had gone to get the benefit of a table and chair while writing. While speaking of these blacks allow me to say, that in intellect and form they of Washington are far superior to any I have seen. They are as much superior to those of Newberne, as a North educated black is to a slave. I asked a young woman at this house, what I should tell the folks up North of her? "O, sir, you can tell them nothing of such folks as we." On assuming her that I could, and should mention where I was writing this letter she said: "You may tell them then, that we are poor people, but mean well."

We staid in our camp at Newberne the 11th and 12th, and on the 13th again set out with three days' rations. We crossed the Neuse to Fort Anderson at 9 o'clock at night, and two miles farther on bivouacked behind an old Rebel breastwork, commanding a road through a swamp, and threw out pickets. The next day we went to New Hope, our previous stopping place when up in that country. The cavalry drove in the enemy's outposts, taking a few prisoners. During the night it rained hard, and the morning found many of us lying in water. Long and tedious marches so engender a sort of apathy and blunts the senses, that it is not surprising to us that we lie in our blankets asleep through a hard rain, and awake to find ourselves lying in a pool of water. The 15th we started for Swift Creek to see about some Rebel forces there. It rained violently until past noon, which so flooded the swamps on our course that we were obliged to turn back and retrace our steps to the old Rebel ford. What with the rain and state of the roads, this two days' trip used us up worse than anything we had gone through before. We found orders when we got back, to start for Washington the next morning. Our company was thrown out as pickets, and your humble servant had the pleasure of standing six hours that night as a mark for any prowling seerch that might be about. In the morning the whole Brigade found itself unable to move from softness and stiffness. The surgeon excused the men, almost by companies, and the consequence was, we had two days' respite, and re-enforcements to the amount of an entire Division, under command of Gen. Nagle.

The 16th proved a happy day for us, in the advent of the Pay master, who put us in the woods, at what had been christened Camp Misery, and paid us four months wages. The post boy also, did his part, bringing us the largest mail we had had for a good while. So here we

lay on the sand, in a broiling sun for two days, reading our letters and papers, and dreaming of home, while the ants and wood ticks were crawling over us as thick as gnats in June. The men received about \$5 each, and most of them sent \$50 of it home.

On the 18th we again set out for Swift Creek. Where the Rebels were reported as established in some force. All day the 17th and the morning of the 18th, the regiment after regiment had passed us on their way to Little Washington, as it is called. The forces were thus divided, the main body moving directly for Washington, under Gen. Nagle, while our brigade, under Gen. Spinola, went by Swift Creek to open blockades in the roads, and threaten the enemy on his flank. But they gave us no trouble, "running like mad," as some refugees expressed it. The sun smiled down most graciously upon us, giving us a vivid idea of the torrid country is generally poor, and so are the "ray-shacks." As usual, there were scarcely any men at home. One very old lady tottered out to the fence as we passed, muttering and mumbling to herself, but all I could understand was, "too bad, too bad!" Towards night, as the General and staff were riding considerably in advance, he was fired upon by some Rebel pickets, from a school house, who immediately ran. No body was hurt.

Early the next morning the troops were ordered forward, the pioneers ahead, to cut out blockade. They had proceeded but a short distance when they found themselves in the midst of the Rebel entrenchments, now silent and abandoned. After awhile troops began to arrive, followed by the General and his staff. Two very intelligent negroes came in to us at this place, direct from the Rebel army, and in their uniform. They had been servants to officers. They gave us much information of the country and folks, the condition of the Rebel soldiers, etc., the whole anything but flattering for the Rebels. One of them, a servant of Capt. Whitfort, gave me the pass, of which the following is a copy, and was used to pass through the old mill at New Hope, I spoke of, on the 11th of April, the day after I left there:

"APRIL 11, 1863.
"Pickets: Pass boy Stanley across the mill and return. J. M. WHITFORT,
"Capt. Com. Outpost."

Now this Capt. Whitfort owns a plantation near New Hope, which we frequently passed, and which was always guarded by our troops, that we might not "govern" his poultry, ham or eggs. His brother, the owner of the New Hope property, is an out and out Rebel, always away from home when we go there; his house a rendezvous for Rebel pickets as soon as our backs are turned, and yet when we are around every thing of his is strictly guarded; not a chicken, or a pig, and scarcely a drink of water must be taken on pain of a ball and chain at Fort Mason.

On the 21st we started on our return to Newberne, the object for which we started being accomplished, and the other wing of the army having arrived at Washington. There was nothing of particular interest returned on our return, so I may as well speak here of the method of raising corn, as practiced here, it being the principal equal raised. A Carolina farmer thinks it a waste of labor and time to plow his ground for corn. There may be corn rows in his fields fifty years old, for aught I know. He uses a plow smaller than our corn plows, and with a single horse or mule turns a furrow from each side of the hollow between the rows into the middle, and single furrow rows crossing these at right angles about four feet apart, marks the place for the hill, and the ground is sifted for planting. In each corner a single kernel of corn is now put, while the interstices are thick with last year's weed-stalks as high as one's breast. When the corn is high enough to work, the mule and plow turns another furrow or two towards the corn row, and the hoe-dress it up a little with their hoes, another plowing and hoeing spins the whole surface of the ground over, and then it is left until another year. In no case is the ground stirred deeper than three inches. Gardens are worked in the same way but I will venture that one acre cultivated as we cultivate land at the North would yield as much as five does here with their till. For cotton manure is taken and required, yet the ground is far from being plowed good.

We arrived in our camp at Newberne after night of the 21st, and found marching orders again awaiting us, which resulted in our pulling up stakes and leaving for this place the 23d. This was the fourth time we had crossed the Sound in our excursions, and except in the crowded state of the good ship Kismet, the pleasantest. About noon of the 24th we bivouacked in the rear of Fort Washington, directly behind which our present quarters are. For Washington is a strong earth work, one of the principal northern defenses of the city, nearly in

the centre of a line of fortifications, the end of which I have not yet seen. On a slight ridge of land, from three-fourths to a mile off, the enemy planted their batteries and commenced the siege of this place the 30th of March, and were compelled to abandon it by our flank movements from Newberne, which I have mentioned. After it was over some 200 shot were picked up within Fort Washington alone, while cart loads of them lie out in the vicinity of the Rebel breastworks. The Rebels also had strong batteries on the south side of the Tar River, besides the one at Hill Point. The gun boat Commodore Hull, engaged one of them, and received some 70 solid shot in her hull, without, it is strange to say, doing her any material injury. She is lying off the tower looking like a riddle, yet able to do duty on these smooth waters. Notwithstanding their greatly superior force they were compelled to raise the siege with a wholesome dread of gunboats.

Contrasted with other parts of Carolina which I have seen, Washington is a paradise. Every street is thickly shaded with Elms, whose shade is ever grateful to the soldier these hot days. Her gardens are luxuriant, and every house has its garden. The corn is already forward; potatoes half knee high, pease in blossom; and other things after the same order; though they call this a very backward spring. The yards are full of shrubbery. The fig, which produces three crops in a year, already far out with its first; a wildness of roses, yellow, crimson and white; vines of a hundred varieties; climbing and creeping; the dense, shady arbor of the grapes; the light and airy ones of the honey-suckle. The house and grounds, owned and occupied until lately by the arch-Rebel of them all here, James Grace, was a thing of beauty until desolated by war. He was the owner of three large plantations and 400 "niggers," but now it would bother him to tell where they are. The red hospital flag floats from the top of his mansion house; his pleasant parks are now parks of artillery and baggage wagons; the listless soldier now lounges in his colonades and arbors; where lately the proud madman schemed for, and the proud muses wooed their lovers; the stubborn mule crops the grass on his shady lawns. Within sight of our quarters, several plantations are to be seen, the buildings on which are burned down by brand or shell, some of which a saint might be pardoned for desiring a longer life to enjoy. On the wassy slope of Fort Washington a small flock of sheep now feeding; the emblem of innocence; grazing beside the horrid engines of War. We are counting the time when the Olive shall be seen there too.
Yours truly,
E. O. A.

The Price of Battle.
At the battle of Arcole, the Austrians lost in killed and wounded, 18,000 men; French, 15,000.
At Hohenlinden, the Austrian loss was 14,000; the French 9,000.
At Austerlitz, the Allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed, wounded, or prisoners; the French lost only 12,000.
At Jena and Auerstaedt, the Prussians lost 30,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, making nearly 60,000 in all; and the French 14,000 killed and wounded.
At the terrific battle of Eylau, the Russians lost 25,000 in his fields fifty years old, for aught I know. He uses a plow smaller than our corn plows, and with a single horse or mule turns a furrow from each side of the hollow between the rows into the middle, and single furrow rows crossing these at right angles about four feet apart, marks the place for the hill, and the ground is sifted for planting. In each corner a single kernel of corn is now put, while the interstices are thick with last year's weed-stalks as high as one's breast. When the corn is high enough to work, the mule and plow turns another furrow or two towards the corn row, and the hoe-dress it up a little with their hoes, another plowing and hoeing spins the whole surface of the ground over, and then it is left until another year. In no case is the ground stirred deeper than three inches. Gardens are worked in the same way but I will venture that one acre cultivated as we cultivate land at the North would yield as much as five does here with their till. For cotton manure is taken and required, yet the ground is far from being plowed good.
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