The Potter Journal

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

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

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Feb. 18th, 1863.

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.-12

ESCAPE FROM GUERRILLAS

During the advance of the Army of the Potomac to meet the enemy at Gettysburg the troops at Harper's Ferry were ordered to join the main army, in order that every available man should add to its strength. The hurried movement made it necessary to leave a large amount of government property to be subsequently disposed of according to circumstances. A small guard was detailed to protect it, the men being selected from those least able to march.—Being one of this number, on account of a recent fever, I was placed in charge of a large amount of ammunition, together with several others from my regiment. The boxes of cartridges were piled close together, at Fort Duncan, and our shelter tent pitched in the immediate vicinity.

We waited for a day after the troops had left, expecting the train that was to take the boxes away and which we were to accompany as a guard; but they did not arrive. The next day arrived, and no indications of any wagons. It was but natural that we should feel uneasy, for rumors reached us of many guerrillas hovering in our vicinity and waiting for a chance to steal and destroy. While we were discussing the best means of making our escape in case the outlaws came in numbers, Jones came rushing into our small camp, out of breath, and informed us that the "cut throats" were close upon us, and that we had not a moment to lose if we wished to make our escape. Remembering our instructions to burn the pile in case of necessity, we hastily gathered the brush and fence rails from the vicinity and set it on fire. Observing that the flames spread but slowly, I was ordered to return and light the trash on the opposite side. While so engaged I heard the feet of galloping horses and saw the butternuts dashing round the turn of the road. The thought of self preservation was instantly uppermost. My companions were gone and I would have a cleared space to cross before I could reach the woods. Terrible as was the alternative I resolved to hide myself among the boxes of ammunition. Finding an opening, I worked myself into the middle of the pile, and stationed my ears near the openings of the enemy to the horses' feet. Never shall I forget my emotions while there, almost suffocated by the smoke, and expecting momentarily the explosion of the ammunition.

I heard the voices of the guerrillas as they looked at the burning brush.

"Which way did they run?" exclaimed a tough voice.

"They took to the woods."

"Hank, you take a squad and hunt them up. Hang the d—d Yankees."

They then began to drag away the brush, and my heart beat with dread, for I knew that if they extinguished the fire I should be discovered.

"What is it, anyhow?" exclaimed the first voice, which seemed to be that of their leader.

"Ammunition," was the reply.

"Well, 'taint no use botherin; we will look after the stores. Keep guard while we search."

I could hear the clanking of the sabres, as the sentinels moved, also the crackling of some dry twigs which had just caught fire. Merciful heavens! I must perish! My wife! My children! I fainted.

It was dark when I regained consciousness. I could not for a time remember where I was; but, by degrees, I recalled the circumstances which surrounded me, and began to think of some way to escape. With great caution I moved to the edge of the pile. The night was still, and the moon an hour high. I could detect horses tied to the trees, and judged that the guerrillas were *bivouacing* in the woods. This belief being confirmed by the expiring embers of fires, and an occasional groan, like that of a restless sleeper, I determined, when the moon sank, I would steal away, and trust to fortune for escape.

At last the moment came for my attempt. I crawled from my place of concealment, and rolled myself cautiously toward some high grass. Here I lay for a few moments to listen. I could observe that the fire we had kindled had gone out on account of the greenness of the wood; but the boxes were blackened and scorched. The boxes of hard bread had been broken and removed, and the industry with which the ransacking had been done, showed the perpetrators' skill in devastation.

"Who goes there?" growled a husky voice.

I was motionless. Presently a horseman approached and answered, as I tho't, "Street." I could not exactly distinguish the word which was evidently their countersign. His horse turned his head toward me and shied.

"What is the matter with you, Jack?" exclaimed the horseman; and kicking his horse, he passed on a short distance, and dismounted, tied his horse to a stump, and joined the rest. I could perceive that he was quite tipsy.

After some conversation, which I could partially overhear, their voices ceased, and every one seemed to be asleep.

"If I could only get that horse," I muttered to myself, "I could escape, knowing the woods and roads well."

With the caution of an Indian I rolled myself towards the horse. He watched me, and seemed alarmed, but did not attempt to break his bridle. On nearing him, I found a twig, and raising it carefully, gradually slipped the rein off the stump. Rolling over gently, I drew the horse after me. Every few yards I paused to let the horse graze.

"Jim," exclaimed the sentry, "your horse is loose."

A groan was the only response:

"Jim, you lazy fool!"

"D—n th beast. He won't go far."

I continued to let the horse graze for some time, and then resumed his gradual abstraction. Finally, I drew him to the turn in the road, and at once mounted. Riding over the grass, I kept him on a fast walk, until I thought his feet would not be heard, when I increased his speed to a canter.

I had nearly reached Solomon's Gap when I came suddenly on a rebel picket.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentinel.

"Friend," answered I, as gruffly as I could.

"Halt! *halt!* or you are a dead man. Have you got the countersign?"

"Yes."

"Give it."

The perspiration beaded on my forehead. Suddenly it occurred to me that it must be the name of one of their leaders, and as my case was desperate, I exclaimed:

"Longstreet."

"Right. Advance."

That I did so, it is almost unnecessary to say. I continued on up the hill until out of sight, when I took a wood road, quite indistinct, and seldom traveled. I had not gone far before I heard the sound of horsemen riding with haste. After the challenge I could hear, "Which road did he take?" "The d—d Yankee!" "Stole a horse." "Hang him!" and other exclamations of a similar character, shouted with wrath and too plainly indicating my fate, should I fall into the hands of the lawless men.

I dismounted and taking some salt from my haversack, I gave some to my horse, to keep him amused and prevent him from neighing.

They dashed on. I again pursued my way. By morning I had reached the edge of the woods, and was near Pleasant Valley. All day I remained concealed, and at night crossed fields and woods until I approached the Catoctin range, which I knew was held by our troops.—I finally rejoined my regiment in safety, and was a hero for an hour. The "boys" admired my horse which was really a good one. If I had been a rebel he might have become mine; but as it is our rule, I next day received an order to "turn him into the quartermaster's department," and I now occasionally see my "friend in need" ridden by an "wagon master."

A HARD HIT.—The scene of the following incident was in Western N. Y. in the town of D——, and the parties who were the heroes of it are two farmers named Jones and Atwood:

Their farms join, and, as is often the case a quarrel arose about a certain side hill line fence. The quarrel resulted in a law-suit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn to the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse—from the text, what shall a man give in exchange for his his soul?" invited any of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text.—Brother Jones arose, and commenced his remarks by saying:

"What shall a man give for his soul? How much is it worth? Can any one here tell how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further, neighbor Atwood jumped up, and with finger pointing to brother Jones said, in a shrill piping voice which penetrated every corner of the room:

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just *one rod of side hill!*"

HIS FIRST PRIZE.—Some time since a superannuated old Commodore was placed in charge of one of our navy yards. One day a poor little fellow had just filled his basket with chips as the gouty old Commodore "hove in sight" and growled out: "Drop that wood you young rascal! Drop it, I say."

A chase ensued. The boy was small, and his load was heavy, and presently the old Commodore puffing and blowing, seized the boy by the collar. Jumping away and dumping the chips at his feet, the boy exclaimed:—"Take it, you darned old skinflint, it's the first prize you ever took in your life."

How to Destroy Rebellion.

The taking of a city is, in itself, a matter of little consequence, considered in its bearings upon the present struggle. But the destruction of a well organized and disciplined army is something of very great importance indeed.

To take Richmond is no longer an object of the army of the Potomac, even if it ever has been. If taken at all it will be a simple incident of a campaign made for the destruction of the power which lies behind Richmond, and which upholds and sustains the arms of Jefferson Davis.

Without an army, the rebellion cannot exist one day. Should the time arrive when the South resorts to guerrilla warfare to sustain its failing fortunes, that day will be remembered as the dying day of the rebellion.

The siege and bombardment of Charleston makes it necessary for Mr. Davis to keep a small army there in readiness to repel any assault by our forces. In that respect the siege of Charleston operates to forward the Union cause. But it could not benefit us one iota if to day we had Charleston, Richmond and Mobile, and Bragg and Lee's armies yet remained intact.

The true policy of war, and it is the policy adopted by the Government, is to disable the enemy in every considerable way. To destroy his armies and material, to shut him up in as small a compass as possible, by cutting off his communications with the outside world, and to impoverish him in men—this is the shortest route to a permanent peace through the downfall of the rebellion and the destruction of its aiders, directors and abettors.

Perhaps no other mode of disabling the rebellion could have been devised so effective as the proclamation of freedom to the slaves. The slaves of the southern nabobs are their hands and feet as well as the conservators of their false and lying social status. When Mr. Lincoln proclaimed freedom to the slaves of the rebellious States, he virtually ordained that the rebellion should be deprived of its hands, arms, legs, and feet.

We have yet to see or know any man of thought, not a traitor in deed or thought, who has one word to say against the proclamation of freedom. We have yet to see, or know of, one sympathizer with rebellion who has not a vocabulary of abuse for that great action of the President.

Jefferson Davis hates it and denounces it. So does Lee, and Benjamin, and Toombs, and Wigfall, and all the traitors in arms. So, also, Fernando Wood, Horatio Seymour, Geo. W. Woodward, C. L. Vallandigham, and all northern rebels, not in arms, denounce the proclamation of freedom.

There must be concord among traitors, or treason could not flourish. When villains fall out, justice reigns. Were all Northern public men to rally around the Government, how long, think you, could the South sustain itself in this contest? Not long.

For the last eight months of war and its attendant horrors, its cost expenditures of blood and treasure these northern rebels are entirely responsible. They gave their nobler southern coadjutors to understand that they would put the country against the Government in the summer and fall elections, and thus disable the administration of the Government in their efforts to destroy the rebellion.—With this assurance, Jeff. Davis and his fellows, proceeded to recruit new armies and to devise new modes of prolonging the war through the summer and fall.

What have the fall elections accomplished? Can we read the news from the seat of war and not see that the rebel armies fight with much less tenacity than ever before? Are they not everywhere retiring before us advance? Can any one point to a single field where the rebel armies have fought with their old vigor and determination?

These northern rebels lied to their southern dupes. They had done that thing so often before that it is a wonder that the dupes remained dupes. That they took the words of Woodward, Vallandigham, &c., shows that they were reduced to a desperate strait. They can never deceive either traitor or true man again if the friends of freedom and law are vigilant and active.—*Agitator.*

☞The editor of the Sunbury *Gazette* states that a gentleman of that place, who during Buchanan's Administration was appointed Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, proposes to burn the Commission, with appropriate ceremonies, and thinks that some respectable colored man would be the most appropriate person to consign it to the flames. He has reason to rejoice that he never performed any of the duties enjoined in the Commission. The Slaveholders' rebellion has made him a confirmed Abolitionist, and hence his intention to have this relic of the sum of all villainies consumed by fire.

OLD MOSS AND HIS WONDERFUL DOG.—During the summer of 1850, a gentleman by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerable of a wag, was traveling on a steam boat up the Mississippi river. He had with him an ugly cur that he called "Major." Old Moss was seated with a number of men in the cabin, and as was usual with him, was boasting of what he could do. The captain who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Moss replied that he would bet him treats for all the gentlemen present that he would make his dog do three things, he telling him to do them. The captain took the bet.

Old Moss then opened the door and went out on the guards, followed by the captain and gentlemen present, who were quite anxious to see the sport. Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Moss yelled out—

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the dog could touch bottom he yelled out—

"Wade, Major, wade!"

Major waded till he landed on the ground when Moss shouted out—

"Shake yourself, Major, shake yourself!"

Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain, who with the gentlemen present, were convulsed with laughter, and said—

"There I have won the bet."

It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

A Point.

Our copperhead belligerents continue to refer to the vote of the soldiers who were sent home to exercise the right of franchise, as great frauds on the election laws. These beauties of all that is pure in politics, insist that the Administration at Washington sent home to vote, only such soldiers as were known to be "abolitionists." Now, so far as abolitionism is concerned, the snakes are well convinced that it is about the first change which a soldier experiences, after he enters the army. If he goes in a violent Democrat, he is sure to come out a furious abolitionist. This change is natural, because the soldiers are forced to look the slave holding traitors in the eye, and see and hear the fact that the rebellion is waged entirely for slavery; and that when slavery is once crushed out, treason and rebellion will be forever at an end in the States of the American Union. But, will our copperhead snakes explain one fact connected with the vote of the soldiers. If the Administration sent home only the abolition soldiers to vote, keeping the democrats in the field, how is the fact explained that the soldiers of Ohio, Iowa, and Missouri, being allowed to vote in camp, almost unanimously voted in favor of the Administration?

The mother of a little fellow who was about to take a ride in the Hartford horse-cars, asked him as he scrambled in:

"Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?"

The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out—

"Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

Cyrus H. Hunter, of Co. G, 3d Maine regiment, was shot for desertion at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac on Friday last. He was only 21 years of age and bore a good character in his company for intelligence and sobriety. His only excuse for deserting was that he was tired of the service. Hunter was arrested after he reached home.

The Virginia Legislature completed its organization at Alexandria on Wednesday. Governor Pierpont's message, which was read, contains an argument, against secession and in favor of the emancipation of all the slaves in the State. He says that neither rebels, paupers, nor idiots have any right to vote, and he denies that the people of Virginia are favorable to secession.

The press and type of the late Philadelphia Evening (copperhead) Journal, were sold at Sheriff's sale under a landlord's warrant. The principal articles in the establishment were the press and types. The former brought $575, the latter 10½ cts (not quite the price of old metal,) per pound. A fitting end to a traitor sheet.

A correspondent says that, in conversing recently with Union citizens of Alabama, he learned that Vallandigham, while in that section, repeatedly exhorted the rebels to hold on to Vicksburg, declaring that the success of his party in Ohio depended altogether on the ability of the rebel Government to baffle the Union armies besieging that place.

PARTY SUICIDE.—The organs of the Peace Democracy have had much to say recently in condemnation of the doctrine of "State suicide." Whatever may be the true position on this point, they have certainly demonstrated the possibility of a suicide of another character, viz: *party suicide.* The late elections have clearly shown them guilty of *felo de se*, and nothing remains but for the people to administer upon the estate of the defunct organization.

☞The time for which our veteran soldiers enlisted, is fast expiring, but many are re-enlisting, in consideration of retaining their present organization. If the present tides of victory holds, it is highly probable nearly all of our veterans will re-enlist, unless they should happily find it unnecessary, owing to the close of the war. It would be perfectly natural that, having fought thus far gloriously through, they should wait to be "in at the death" of the infamous rebellion.

☞An amusing and yet important occurrence took place during the Chattanooga battles. Two hundred mules, packed near Gen. Hooker's line, broke loose, and charged furiously across the field, toward where a Georgia regiment was stationed. Thinking it was cavalry, or something else, the regiment broke in confusion and ran, leaving one thousand Enfield rifles of the best description behind them, which fell into our hands. Who does not love Mules after this, even if they do have an ugly bray!

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.—The Unionists of New Hampshire have opened the Campaign of 1864 by issuing a call for a State Convention, to be held on the 6th of January, representing all the People of the State of New Hampshire, in favor of sustaining the National Administration in the vigorous and effective prosecution of the war against Treason and Rebellion, and of maintaining, at all hazards, in their original integrity, the Constitution and the Union of the United States.

☞Many of the papers give notice that after January 1st, 1864, their terms of subscription will be two dollars per annum in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents when not paid in advance. They are right, as it is the conclusion to which all printers must sooner or later come to, unless the price of paper comes down as well as the price of everything else, to more moderate figures.

☞Judge Agnew entered upon his duties as Judge of the Supreme Bench on Monday last. He takes the place of Lowrie. A majority of the Judges will now be in favor of sustaining the Government, and hence the recent decision of the Copperhead members in regard to the Conscription bill, will be a dead letter.

THE HERO OF THE WAR.—Gen. U. S. Grant has captured 472 Cannon and taken 90,000 prisoners during the Rebellion—a larger number than any other one man. He is truly an Unconditional Surrender Grant as the initials of his name would indicate.

The rebels have perpetrated another bold theft. The steamer Chesapeake, a vessel of about 600 tons burthen, plying between New York and Portland, left the former port on Saturday, the 5th inst.—When off Cape Cod the passengers, sixteen secessionists in disguise, shot the engineers, and placing the captain and crew in irons, seized the ship as a prize to the Confederate States. The captain and crew were subsequently sent ashore in a boat, and when last seen the Chesapeake was taking coal from a vessel she had captured. She is not a fast ship, and will undoubtedly soon be retaken. Here is a chance for the good people of Portland to make another capture. The Chesapeake is one of the vessels they used last summer to capture Lieut. Reed and the cutter Caleb Cushing. Immediately upon receipt of the news at Portland of the capture of the Chesapeake by pirates, the cutter Miami was dispatched in pursuit by the collector of that port. The steamer Agawam was also dispatched in pursuit, with a battery of light artillery on board.

Governor Curtin received a communication from the War department announcing that the government declines to adopt his suggestions, made some weeks ago, upon the subject of recruiting. No new organizations are allowed to be formed, except of a few companies to fill incomplete regiments.

☞The Union State Committee of California, recommends Gettysburg as a suitable place for holding our next National Union Convention.

The three principal hotels at Washington have cleared from $30,000 to $100,000 a year since December, 1861.