

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 guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

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MANHATTAN HOTEL,
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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 Railroad and near the Erie Railroad Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms \$1.50 per day.
R. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
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

A friend sends us the following item of "local fun":
Many years ago, when Coudersport, the seat of justice in Potter county, was in its infancy, there lived and flourished a good old man named Taggart. He was endowed with strong common sense, a genial disposition and considerable love of fun. His education was quite limited; but for all that he was the choice of the people and the Governor for justice of the peace for many years.

One day a man was arrested and brought before "Squire Taggart," charged with setting fire to a neighbor's barn. Mr. Cole, a lawyer of the place, was employed for the prosecution, and one Jacob Bishop, a wrangling, ignorant, and pretentious pettifogger, was employed for the defense. In the course of the examination the wife of the man whose barn had been burned was brought on the stand as a witness for the prosecution, whereupon Bishop got up and objected to the witness.

"State the ground of your objection," said the justice, mildly.
"Yes, yes," interposed the counsel for the prosecution, "we want to know upon what grounds you object to this witness."

The pettifogger here drew himself up, and, looking at the old justice with an air of profound wisdom, said, slowly and emphatically,
"May it please this honorable court, I object to this witness on the ground that she is *compos mentis*."

"*Compos mentis!*" exclaimed Cole, with a laugh. "Come, come, Bishop, don't you go to humbugging the court with your nonsense."

"Sir," said the justice, sternly, "this court permits no hog Latin to be used here, and you must state in plain English what you mean by such outlandish talk as *compos mentis*. For my part I never heard anything against the woman's character before."

"I beg the honorable court's pardon," said Bishop, with great dignity. "I had no intention of defaming the lady's character; and what I meant by her being *compos mentis* is, that she is interested in the event of this here suit, and therefore I object."

The court overruled, and the case went on.
—The lawyer, COLE, here mentioned, is still living in Coudersport.

BETRAYED AGAIN.—Before this day, the Union arms would have taken Richmond, and all our prisoners there would have been released, but for the betrayal of the expedition by one of our soldiers! Richmond papers say that a "Yankee deserter" gave them timely notice of the advance of our forces, so that they were able to fell trees and in other ways stop our advance and rally in their men!

Thus, again, have our arms been defeated, and our hopes blasted by the treachery of rebel emissaries skulking in our lines to betray us!

The copperheads can bear and love the treasonable acts and speeches of Fernando Wood, but they make great ado because Mrs. Lincoln sent the wife of Wood some flowers, for an evening party, "with Mrs. L's compliments." Mrs. W. having asked it, the President's wife complied. These copperheads would have women unconvicted to each other on account of their husbands. Mrs. Wood may be a good Unionist for aught we know or care, for that concerns not the public; but Wood's "aid and comfort to the enemy are notorious and do concern the public.

Hon. Amos Myers, of Clarion Co., is commencing an active and useful career in Congress. In one of his speeches, he said, truly, "the people had taken up and determined that Mr. Lincoln, who had thus far held the helm of State so steadily, shall run the good ship into port, whatever politicians may do. God and the people are for Abraham Lincoln."

The Wilkesbarre Times pays \$14 per bundle for printing paper, for which he formerly paid \$6. Is it any wonder that printers raise the price of papers and other work.

The Black Regiment.
BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land:—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eye-balls shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sleep command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them that work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell bestride,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout they went
From the black regiment.

"Charge!" Tramp and drum awoke,
Onward the bodden broke:
Bayonet and sabre strove
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought afloat,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the gulf mouth they laugh;
Or at the slip cry brand,
Tramping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crushing steel,
All their eyes forward bent
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and then meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party-shout;
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood,
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Tramping with open hands,
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst of liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell:
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

Letter from Col. Thos. L. Young
MASON CREEK, TENN., Jan. 4, '64.

DEAR ROBERT: Here goes for a long letter on a rebel sheet of paper, or more properly a sheet of paper manufactured in rebellion, which when we have nothing else is not so bad. This is part of a large quantity we captured at Loudon after we re-took that place. On the 9th of November we were driven out of Loudon and on the 31st of December we drove the rebels out of it. In the meanwhile we were cut off from our army at Knoxville by Longstreet, and secured a means of retreat to Chattanooga if necessary. But we did not intend to go beyond Kingston if we could possibly subsist on what had been left in the country. We found considerable corn and pork, but the rebels had destroyed all the grist-mills when they were leaving, and so we had to eat our corn "parboiled" and made into hominy which with the pork and an odd beef occasionally, sustained life—but nothing more. For myself, I did not suffer much—because, as you are aware, I have been through the school of privations—but my poor men suffered terribly; cramps and diarrhea and camp fevers followed our unusual diet, and many of our best men succumbed. Our regiment (the 118th Ohio) has 133 absent sick and 53 present sick, besides our wounded. I enjoyed tolerable good health but I am very much reduced in weight, having lost 24 pounds since 15th August.

Well, Longstreet after cutting us off, got Burnside with the balance of our little army into Knoxville and surrounded him, and while besieging him he sent General Wheeler with a force of eight thousand picked men to whip and capture us, and on the 24th November they made the attack, and after a fight of six or seven hours we repulsed them with a loss of 250 killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss was one killed and fifteen wounded. On the 29th day of same month the whole rebel force attacked and tried to storm the works at Knoxville, but was terribly repulsed and defeated, with a loss of nearly one thousand killed and wounded. On the 2nd Dec. they caught Serg't Ferguson of my regiment and without any trial

hanged him as a spy. On the 4th we marched again toward Loudon and seven miles from Kingston we attacked Longstreet's rear, consisting of a division composed of Georgians, Texans, and Alabamians, and drove them before us nearly six miles, taking several prisoners. On the next day our Brigade entered Loudon where we took a large quantity of stores and 6 pieces of artillery. On the following day we marched for Knoxville, where we arrived just in time to join Burnside in his chase after Longstreet, and after two weeks hard marching we gave him up, and fell back to a point called Blain's Cross Roads, where we spent a few days and where we expected to stay during the hard days of the winter. But in this hope we were disappointed, because on the 16th Dec. the rebel General returned on us, reinforced by the addition of Gen. Jones' command from Lee's army of the Potomac, and attacked us on the right flank, and after about 4 hours hard fighting the enemy was repulsed. The 4th Corps was the only one engaged in that day's fight. Our corps (the 23d) was in the centre and the 9th Corps was on our left. In this position the 9th and 23d Corps were ordered to fortify by digging rifle pits. Just when we had completed our Brigade was ordered to march on the morning of Christmas day, at daylight. We marched all day and reached the Holston River, which we crossed on a flat boat, and were pushed on without a single wagon, tent or blanket, as we expected to engage the enemy at daylight in the morning. About 2 o'clock, a. m., we got into position ten miles from the river. Our position was in a corn-field, and about 4 o'clock it began to rain, and such mud and hitger I never saw mixed together. At eight o'clock, we marched out to our position, my regiment had the centre. In two hours the fight raged on our left; the enemy were repulsed and left the field, but took with them one of our best guns—one of the 15th Indiana Battery. On the 28th we moved from that position on the Dandridge road to our present position, a distance of 6 miles; skirmishing on the road, the enemy's pickets falling back before us. As soon as we got into position we bivouacked and commenced to dig a line of rifle pits, which were finished the next morning. About 8 a. m. the enemy drove in our cavalry pickets and a desultory fight or rather skirmishing commenced about two miles in our front; our forces falling back, and the rebels advancing in three columns or lines of battle, consisting of the forces of Generals Martin, Armstrong and Wheeler, all under the command of Longstreet. Our Brigade was the only infantry within twelve miles, the balance being cavalry, about 12,000 in all. It would take me three hours to tell you what I saw and what my regiment did on that day, suffice it that the Gen'l commanding was pleased to say that "Col. Young and the 118th won the day by a timely charge by the bayonet and covered themselves with glory." Ails, Dear Robert, all fame and glory in war is dearly bought; purchased as it is with the noble life-blood of brave men. I lost one Captain and thirty-six brave men. A piece of shell out away the crupper straps off my saddle and slightly touched my horse's back, a minie ball passed through my horse's mane, and it seems to me that a thousand missiles whizzed, shrieked and sang above my head, beneath my horse and on all sides of me. Many other regiments suffered severely but not so much so as ours. When I was superintending the burial of my dead I noticed among the strange dead gathered together for interment a fine looking young cavalry officer, and upon inquiry learned that his name was Lieut. Pinkler, of Bellefonte, Pa., adjutant of the 9th or 15th Penn'a Cavalry. They fought on our extreme right, and he was the only one killed of his regiment.

Up to this period we have remained here; suffering a great deal from cold, many of the men having no shoes, overcoats or blankets, and the route through Cumberland Gap at this season is almost impassable for wagons. On the other hand it will be months before our army can repair the railroads to Nashville or Memphis. We are also suffering for supplies for the same reason, but manage to live on corn meal and a scanty supply of fresh meat. It is determined "by the powers that be" that the Army of the Ohio, as we are called, must carry on a vigorous winter campaign, therefore we can only grin and bear it. I think the Rebels cannot hold out another year, and if God spares me to the end, I shall then see you all.

Col. Young was once a resident of Coudersport, and we have no doubt but that this narrative of "Col. Tom's" experience during the trying time of the siege of Knoxville will be of interest to many. Accompanying the letter is an address to his regiment after the battle, and also the report of his Adjutant, but which we can not publish for lack of room.

A REAL FRIEND.—A real, true hearted friend is more rare than he should be. Why is it that selfishness predominates in the heart? that he only is considered a friend who has money and influence! In the higher walks of life, how rarely is a true friend found—one who acts as he feels, and speaks as he thinks. But among the humble and pure, you will occasionally find the germ pure friendship. Ye who have found a true friend, appreciate his worth. If he labors to benefit you, say not a word, perform not an act, that send a thrill of pain to his or her bosom. If there is a crime that betrays a vile heart, it is the wounding of pure affection. Many a one has seen when too late the error of his course. When the grave has concealed his best friend, he felt—ah! words will not describe the feeling. Ye who are surrounded by the kind and good—the watchful and true-hearted—appropriate them we pray you. Love them in return for their kindness, and to the close of life they will continue to guard and bless you.

A SINGULAR THING.—A paper before us claims to be "the only Democratic paper in Allegheny county." One in Philadelphia claims to be "the only Democratic organ" there. Is not this a triumphant proof, that—in those large counties—the great mass of the reading and business men are friendly to the Administration? The 10,000 men in Allegheny who voted for Woodward in Philadelphia, support but one paper! The 3,300 Woodward men in Northumberland county support one paper and the 2,600 Curtin men support four papers. It is thus, all over the land; the most intelligent, living, striving, people, sustain the Administration, while Copperheadism thrives on ignorance and in dark corners mostly. We see it stated that there are not less than fifty papers living in Rebeldom.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

The marriage of the armless color sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment, Plunkett, to Miss Nellie Lorrimer, is going the rounds of the papers. The wedding took place in Worcester, though the parties belong in Leicester. We have now an additional fact of interest connected with the incident. When he left for the wars, Plunkett was engaged to a Miss Lorrimer. Upon his return, he considered his helpless condition and offered a release to his betrothed, which was readily accepted. Her sister was so indignant at this that she said she would marry the brave man herself if he was agreeable, and agreeable he was, and they married. The Hartford (Ct.) Post, on whose authority we relate this anecdote, says, "Thanks to the generosity of the brokers' boards of Boston and New York, and of the people he has met since his return, Plunkett, the hero, is in independent circumstances pecuniarily."

The Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry is highly spoken of by the *Louisville Journal*, in the following language:—"Among the regiments in the Department of the Cumberland, the members of which have been enlisted as 'veterans,' is the 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, now in Nashville on its way home to enjoy the regular furlough and recruit its sadly reduced ranks. The career of this regiment has been among the most distinguished of the war. It reached this vicinity more than two years ago, and, since that time, it has participated in almost every battle and skirmish that has been fought in the district between the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, and under all circumstances has borne itself gallantly and gained honor for its regimental name and the noble Keystone State. Its battle-flag is inscribed with the names of thirteen engagements, among which are Chaplin Hills, Stone River and Chickamauga. Its sabre charges have made it famous, and no regiment of any arm of the service has a prouder name than the 7th Pennsylvania."

A COUNTRY FELLOW, just come to town, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last came in to an insurance office where, seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there, but calling to the clerk, he said—
"Pray, sir, what do you keep to sell here?"
"Loggerheads!" cried the clerk.
"Do you?" answered the countryman; "then you have a precious good trade, for I see you have but one left!"

Little Things.
Two men were at work together one day in a shipyard. They were hewing a log of timber to put into a ship. It was a small log, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they saw a worm—a little worm about half an inch long.
"This log is wormy," said one, "shall we put it in?"
"I do not know. Yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course."
"Yes; but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase, and injure the ship."
"No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much; yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm; we have seen but one; put it in."
The log was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and, as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the sea, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white-feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found to be all eaten away by worms. But the captain thought he would try and get home. He had a great, costly load of goods in the ship—such as silks, trape and the like—and a great many people. On their way home a storm gathered. The ship for a while clung to the high waves, and then plunged down, rolling finely; but then she sprang a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night; but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and then went down under the dark blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, mothers, and children mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned. And all this probably because that little log of timber with the worm in it was put in when the ship was built. How much property, and how many lives may be destroyed by a little worm? and how much evil may a man do when he does a small wrong as that man did who put the worm eaten timber in the ship?

An Explosive Joke.
The steamer S., commanded by Captain S., exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S. was blown into the air, alighting near a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated unharmed; but much blackened and muddled. Arrived at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was accosted by the editor of the village newspaper, with whom he was well acquainted, and enger for an item:
"I say, boy, is the S. blown up?"
"Yes."
"Was Captain S. killed?"
"No—I am Captain S."
"The device you are! How high were you blown?"
"High enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I landed."
The man of the quill started on a dead run for his office; the paper was about going to press, and not wishing to omit the item of intelligence for the next issue, two weeks off, he wrote as follows:
"The steamer S. has burst her boiler, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up long enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up about three months!"

A Colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecuniary embarrassment, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis":—"De dish-lution ob coparnship heretofore existing swixt me and Moses Jones in de barber profession, am heretofore resolved. Pustions whot ose must pay to de scriber. Boun whot de firm owes must call on Jones, as de firm am insolvent."

"Jim," inquired a school boy of one of his mates, "what's the meaning of relics?"
"Don't you know? Well, I'll tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?"
"Yes."
"Well, he kept me and licked me again. This is what I call relics."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should fog him, replied:
—"If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down ones light!"

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scold her husband, she adds a wrinkle to his face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a wholesome effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

Tom Moore compared first love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." Or, rather exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by pairing."

A piece of common sense that ought to be remembered by every soldier when his regiment is about leaving for the seat of war—It is not right to be left.