

**A TRAGIC DELUSION.**

The tragical delusion of the madmen of Charleston four years ago, that they could overthrow a great nation as easily as they could fire upon a provision ship or upon a little isolated garrison, is vividly illustrated by the two following extracts. The first from the Charleston Mercury of the 10th of January, 1861, and the second from a letter to the Tribune, written in Charleston on the 20th of February, 1865:

"The expulsion of the steamer Star of the West from Charleston harbor yesterday morning was the opening of the revolution. . . . We would not exchange or recall that blow for millions. . . . The haughty echo of her cannon has ere this reverberated from Maine to Texas, thro' every hamlet of the North, and down along the great waters of the South-west. And though greasy and treacherous ruffians may cry on the dogs of war, and traitorous politicians may lend their aid in deceptions, South Carolina will stand under her own palmetto-tree, unterrified by the snarling growls or assaults of the one, un deceived or undeterred by the wily machinations of the other. And if that red sea of blood be still lacking to the parchment of our liberties, and blood they want, blood they shall have, and blood enough to stamp it all red. For, by the God of our fathers, the soil of South Carolina shall be free!"

"So wrote men who were ready and eager to smother in blood a Government which they did not pretend had ever harmed them, and which they had absolutely controlled. Four years pass. One by one their hopes disappear. And now amidst the desertion, according to Gov. Vance, of half their army, amidst the imprecations and cries of the Richmond journals that their leaders shall not flee by the mere wind of Sherman's thundering march, Charleston falls without a blow, and the crazy city that causelessly defied a Government as strong as it is benign, is thus described:

"The wharves looked as if they had been deserted for half a century—broken down, dilapidated, grass and moss growing up between the pavements, where once the busy feet of commerce trode incessantly. The warehouses near the river; the streets as we enter them; the houses and the public buildings—we look at them and hold our breath in utter amazement. No pen, no pencil, no tongue can do justice to the scene. No imagination can conceive of the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the stupendous desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin—above and below; on the right hand and left; ruin, ruin, ruin, everywhere and always—staring at us from every paneless window; looking at us from every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from every battered door and pillar and verandah; crouching beneath our feet on every sidewalk. Not Pompeii, nor Herculaneum, nor Thebes, nor the Nile, have ruins so complete, so saddening, so platiely eloquent, for they speak to us of age not ours, and long ago dead, with whose people and life and ideas we have no sympathy whatever. But here, on these shattered wrecks of houses—built in our own style, many of them doing credit to the architecture of our own epoch—we read names familiar to us all; telling us of trades and professions and commercial institutions which every modern city reckons up by the hundred; yet dead, dead, dead; as silent as the silent grave of the Pharaohs, as deserted as the bazars of the merchant princes of Old Tyre."

BURKEVILLE, VA., April 17, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: When you and my other associates of your office asked me to let them hear from me at the front, I hardly expected to be able in this short time to tell you so much; though I had no doubt all, or nearly all, would occur in good time.

After a probation of a week at Carlisle Barracks, the most unpleasant week I ever spent anywhere, I came on via Baltimore, Fort Monroe and City Point, to the left front of our lines below Petersburg, and near Hatcher's Run, and was, with all the other Potter men who came out at the same time, assigned to the 99th P. V., 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 2d Corps. This took place in the evening of the 24th of March. On the morning of the 25th we were aroused by sharp firing, some half mile in our front, and in sight. This was the commencement of the big move which turned the Rebel lines a week later. On the 29th March the 2d Corps broke camp and moved down the left some eight miles when our real service business commenced, for from this time on until Sunday the 2d of April we were under arms and under fire almost every night and mostly days, giving and taking hard knocks all the while. I need not be very minute in this, for the press has long ere this told you of everything in general, and I have not space for many particulars. The "little Jokers" were particularly complimentary, and it required constant vigilance to escape them. Saturday evening the action became general along the whole line, and we could hear Sheridan thundering away at the Johnnies, far on our left. After a night of ceaseless firing and without rest, we passed through the enemy's lines, capturing many prisoners. Took the Boydton Plank Road, (by-the-way the plank are all gone), and moved directly for Petersburg. We found the town and a fort or two held by the enemy. We moved on to the heights overlooking the forts and town, re-encountered, and threw up breastworks, all the while complimented by shells from the enemy's batteries. In the morning

the birds, (as designed,) had flown, Richmond was evacuated, and we all flew after them. We pressed on fast, only pausing to rest a little, and pick up the deserting Johnnies, of which the woods were full. The road we traveled was the one the main body of the enemy moved upon, and his route was marked by great numbers of his horses and mules dead along the road, and great quantities of accouterments which his tired and deserting soldiers had thrown away. The roads too were strewn with tobacco for miles, mostly in leaf; enough and of a quality to call out the admiration of the most fastidious smoker and chewer. Thus we moved on in their immediate rear, the cavalry tripping them on their flank and taking a large portion of their wagon train, until the morning of the 6th of April, when after marching two miles we came up with them near a little hamlet called Dratonsville, when commenced one of the most singular running fights of the whole war. It was the fortune of this Brigade, and particularly of this Regiment to take a conspicuous part in it. The older portion of the Regiment, (and many of the men date their service from or near the commencement of the war,) was recruited in Philadelphia, and brave and devoted men they are. Our Colonel, Biles, was wounded in the action of the 25th of March, and we were led by our senior Captain, Giller. As they went following their skirmishers, much of the time at a double quick and always close on the enemies' heels, until he succeeded in planting his battery on one of the many high ridges the country abounds in. Here we were obliged to pause for a few minutes, when the command "forward boys, charge them out!" was given, and on we rushed. We had to pass over one entire small ridge, across a hollow, and up an extended slope to their breastworks. Nearly the whole way we were exposed to a galling fire of shells and musketry, and many a brave fellow was struck, particularly while passing over the last one hundred rods to their outer line of works. Our Regiment was immediately in the front of these works. Reaching these we paused a moment for breath, exchanged a few shots and rushed for a partly demolished rail fence, a few rods in advance, and giving us a better opportunity to dislodge them. The Johnnies tried a flank on our left under cover of some buildings, but a few volleys of our well directed muskets soon convinced them that that was impracticable, when with a yell, such as has often carried terror to Rebel breasts, we rushed upon them, and succeeded in securing their works and a large number of prisoners. They got away this time however with their battery. Our loss was quite heavy, but I believe but one man from Potter county was killed.

Our stay here was short. We formed our line again and soon encountered their skirmishers. Being slightly elevated above our skirmish line and badly exposed, part of the line delivered its fire on the enemy, when fairly breaking from all control several regiments, ours among the foremost, rushed after the flying Johnnies, and in a few minutes we had their battery, its accompanying train and quite a number more prisoners. Here, after reforming we retired for a little rest, after a most exciting chase of perhaps six miles. We were close upon the main portion of the enemies train, still left by the cavalry. The right of our Division took up the chase in our stead, and in the evening we had the satisfaction of seeing the whole of this train in our possession with upwards of 5000 prisoners. I am happy to say, that while all did well, the new men, especially from Potter, were no way behind their comrades, and were so noticed and commended by our commanding officers.

I should like so describe to you the scene and contents of the captured train, but space will not permit. I will only say that it appears that hoe cake and not hard-tack appears to have been their bread by the number of old fashioned bake-kettles and spiders found there and in their deserted camps. They would number thousands in all. The 7th we were in line nearly all day with sharp skirmishing continually going on, but Lee evidently declined giving battle. More of his train was destroyed and the taking of prisoners had ceased to excite any curiosity. Dead horses and mules of their trains were lying along by hundreds, cases of amputation met the eye everywhere, and burned caisons and cannon with damaged carriages were to be seen every fourth of a mile. The chief feature on the 8th, was the coming of vast numbers of Johnnies, and the surrender of several batteries of artillery, their tired horses being unable to drag them along farther. Things were now evidently approaching a crisis. Lee could not possibly sustain himself longer. As we came out past a little hamlet called New Store, one of the grandest sights was to be seen that man may ever behold. We were in the Highlands and on a high; ahead, behind, and on either flank, for miles away men and horses with their accompanying trains, might be seen as far as the eye could distinguish them, all converging to one point, Clover Hill, some ten miles away. The morning of the auspicious 9th of April dawned and found us near Clover Hill, close on the crowded and cornered army of Richmond. A flag of truce came in and it was soon whispered that Lee was about surrendering. By-and-bye another went out from us and we saw the Army Headquarters moving rapidly up to the front, while the vast army paused and rested on their arms in a vast field. Soon after three

o'clock P. M., cheers began to arise on our front, and couriers rode rapidly past us crying that "Lee has surrendered!" Then one loud and wild shout arose from those dense thousands of armed men, and such a scene was presented as may never again be witnessed in the world. Your enthusiasm at home was great and unbounded, what then must have been the feelings of this tired and bleeding army when their joys were thus unexpectedly ended. The report could hardly be believed until Gen. Meade himself rode through and amongst us, and proclaimed it amid such shouts, cheers, huzzabings, and I may say it without intimating that the men were womanly or childish, TEARS, such as only a glad but determined and valient army would show.

You will forgive me for indulging in a little enthusiasm and glorification at this point, more on account of my comrades who have suffered so long. Their joy was unbounded, and mine could not be otherwise. The boasted twenty years' fight in Virginia of Jeff Davis, was culminated in six April days of 1865; his ablest General outgeneraled, cornered, and surrendered, his tired and dispirited army, like the spaniels they likened us to, glad to lick the hand (or eat the rations) of their conquerors, and go home as fast as policy would permit their departure. I will not attempt to give you figures for the numbers taken or amounts captured; let it suffice that it was their all, and their Judas of a leader is now an outcast and a vagabond on the face of the earth—another Cain!

The country through which we have passed is a beautiful one, and it does seem as if its inhabitants would have taken the "sober second thought" before they invited its desecration by an armed foe. It required but a little stretch of the imagination to see many a Paradise on our route, but in every case an ideal man might exclaim with the spirit in the poem:

"Poor race of men, cried the pitying spirit,  
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;  
Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

The blight that Slavery has left may everywhere be seen, but thank God, the flaunting strumpet shall no longer put to blush the virgin maid of Liberty. Virginia now alone needs rest and she will rebound stronger and fairer than ever before when she could justly claim to be the "mother of Liberty."

The contrast between our going towards Lynchburg and coming back, the inhabitants must have noticed. Then everything useful was taken and much that was immaterial destroyed. Now nothing is injured, and we march almost as if passing through our own fields. As we were marching back to this point, long columns of the Johnnies might be seen moving parallel to us towards their homes without insult or derision. They appear satisfied, and in most cases profess themselves glad to get out of the scrape on any terms. There are exceptions however, and yesterday thirteen of them were to be lung for stopping on their journey, with their parols in their pockets, and tearing up the Railroad above Burksville.

The weather has generally been fine, with now and then a rainy and muggy day and night. The chase has been hard but manfully borne, for we could see the end. What our destination now is I know not, nor can I guess, for our news is yet too meager; but it is expected, that as soon as the affairs can be arranged, and with safety left to take their own and usual course, the army will be greatly reduced and we shall return to once more mingle our congratulations with yours that the Union is forever safe, and Freedom a second time won.

Yours truly,  
E. O. AUSTIN.  
L. B. COLE, Esq.

Large Playcards have been posted on the dead walls of Liverpool giving the passage from the eighteenth chapter of Revelations beginning "Babylon the great is fallen!" as appropriate to the fall of Charleston. They will have to put up larger ones now.

A National bank of the United States is to be immediately established in Richmond, where subscription to United States bonds will be received at the rates established in the Northern cities.

The worlds fair, for 1867 will be at Paris, and the building for it will cost from \$6,000,000 to 8,000,000. The building will be made to hold 200,000 people, and everything will be on the grandest scale possible.

A Nassau letter of the 16th, states that there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at that port awaiting a chance to be carried through the blockade. Much of this bacon is from the Northern States sent there to run the blockade.

Record your Deeds.—The attention of parties holding unrecorded Deeds is directed to the provisions of the Act of Assembly, which requires that—

"All deeds and conveyances for real estate in this Commonwealth, shall be recorded in the office for Recording Deeds in the County where the lands lie, within six months after the execution of such deeds and conveyance, and every such deed and conveyance not recorded as aforesaid, shall be adjudged FRAUDULENT AND VOID against any subsequent purchaser for a valuable consideration, unless such deeds be recorded before the recording of the deed or conveyance under which such subsequent purchaser or mortgage shall claim."

SOAP Question Settled! Inquire at STEBBINS'

**APPEARANCE OF THE CORPS.—**Death has fastened into his frozen face all the character and idiosyncrasy of life. He has not changed one line of his grave, grotesque countenance, nor smoothed out a single feature. The hue is rather bloodless and leaden; but he was always sallow. The dark eyebrows seemed abruptly arched; the beard, which will grow no more, is shaved close, save the tuft at the sharp, small chin. The mouth is shut, like that one who had put the foot down firm, and so are the eyes, which look as calm as slumber. The collar is short and awkward, turned over the stiff elastic cravat, and whatever energy or humor or tender gravity marked the living face is hardened into its pulseless outline. No corpse in the world is better prepared according to appearance. The white satin around it reflects sufficient light upon the face to show us death is really there; but there are sweet roses and early magnolias, and the blamiest of lilies strewn around as if the flowers had begun to bloom even upon his coffin. We look on untrapped, for there is no pressure; for henceforward the place will be thronged with gazers who will take from the sight its suggestiveness and respect. Three years ago, when little Willie Lincoln died, Drs. Brown and Alexander, the embalmers or injectors, prepared his body so handsomely that the President had it twice disinterred to look upon it. The same men, in the same way have made perpetual those beloved lineaments. There is now no blood in the body. It was drained by the jugular vein and sacredly preserved, and through a cutting on the inside of the thigh the empty blood vessels were charged with a chemical preparation, which soon hardened to the consistency of stone. The long and bony body is now hard and stiff, so that beyond its present position it cannot be moved any more than the arms of legs of a statue. It has undergone many changes. The scalp has been removed, the brain scooped out, the chest opened and the blood emptied. All this we see of Abraham Lincoln, so cunningly contemplated in this splendid coffin, is a mere shell, an effigy, an sculpture. He lies in sleep, but it is the sleep of marble. All that made this flesh vital, sentient, and affectionate is gone forever.

**THE END APPROACHING.**

**WAR NEWS.**

**JOHNSTON SURRENDERS!**

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1865.—A dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated at Raleigh, 10 p. m., April 26, just received by this Department, states that "Johnston surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to Chattanooga, to Gen. Sherman on the basis agreed upon between Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia."  
EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

The last that was heard by Gen Johnston of the chivalrous chief of the last ditchers, Jefferson D., was that he had started away for parts unknown in an ambulance and was supposed to be hidden somewhere in the mountains. May this be the end of him. There could be no more ludicrously insignificant termination to the career of this arch Rebel than in the fight which he has ignominiously chosen. There is nothing of the heroic in this. Had he bravely yielded himself a prisoner with chivalrous Lee, perhaps a bard or two in ages to come might have sung the life, fortunes, and tragical death of J. Davis, but now there will none be found so poor as to do him reverence.

**Very little difficulty was experienced by the two chieftains in agreeing to the terms of the capitulation of the Southern armies. Sherman offered and Johnston accepted substantially the same terms which were offered by Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee. Johnston further agreed to issue a proclamation to the Rebel Legislatures, calling upon them to meet at their respective capitals and take the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States.**

John C. Breckinridge, who was present on the grounds before the interview, evidently thought that, being a politician, he would be able to outwit Sherman in obtaining for him a recognition of his right to treat with him as a civil officer of the Confederate Government, who might be supposed to represent the views of its President. But Gen. Sherman foiled all his attempts, and merely recognized him in his capacity as Lieutenant General of the Confederacy, and did not negotiate with him at all.

During the day, Gen. Sherman communicated to Gen. Johnston the intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, and it is only just to a sworn though honorable enemy, to say that Gen. Johnston was grieved by the news and seemed to be as much shocked by it as if he were a Northern man and a friend of the President's.

Something being said about State rights, Sherman made one of his characteristic remarks to reply. Said he:—"The American citizen has some rights too. I have some rights, among them is the right to go where I please, and jump what fences I please." "That," said Johnston, "is because you have a large force to back you." Said Sherman, "That is the identical thing."

**1,400 LIVES LOST.**

St. Louis, April 28, 1865.  
A telegram received by the military authorities from New Madrid, says that the steamer Sultana, with 2,000 paroled prisoners, exploded; 1,400 lives were lost.

**Test from Sherman!**

ROBIN & TAR, from North Carolina, for sale by STEBBINS'

**Administrator's Notice.**

ETHEL'S granted of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of DENNIS MAGINNIS, late of Geesee township, de'd, notice is hereby given to those indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, properly authorized, to ANN MAGINNIS, Geesee, April 25, 1865.

**DIVORCE NOTICE.**

CYNTHIA J. BOVIER, No. 27, Dec. Term by her next friend 1864, in the common Pleas of Potter County, Libel vs. JOSEPH MANN in Divorce. WILLIAM T. BOVIER Respondent above named. Please take notice that a subpoena and alias subpoena having been issued and returned nihil; you are hereby required to appear on the first day of next Court, the 19th day of June next, to answer to the complaint made in this case. D. C. LARRABEE, Sheriff. Coudersport, April 18, 1865.

**Administrator's Notice.**

WILLIAMS Letters of Administration to the Estate of JOHN BRIZZEE late of Oswayo to, deceased, has been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to WILLIAM DEXTER, of Oswayo Village, Adams'. April 17, 1865.

**Notice.**

GERMANIA Potter Co., Pa., Aug. 1, 1863. NOTICE is hereby given that Charles Bushor, now or late of this county, holding the following described property, has not yet paid any consideration whatever for the same, and all persons are hereby warned not to purchase any of said property of the said Bushor before the decision of the Court is given in this case and C. Bushor has paid to me the consideration money thereof. The following is the property: A certain tract of land near the Germania Mill, in warrant 5075, Abbott township, Potter county, Pa., containing 100 acres.—Also 25 acres in warrant 5078 and adjoining the above. 2nd. A certain tract of land, with Mill and improvements thereon, near Kettle Creek, in warrant 5819, in Stewart township, Potter county, Pa., containing about 204 acres. C. Bushor holds also in trust warrant no. 2501, in Gaines township, Tioga county, Pa., on the road leading from Germania to Gaines, containing 850 acres. W. M. RADDE.

**The London correspondent of the N. Y. Herald states that within a couple of years the Prince Imperial of France is to make a royal visit to the United States and take a tour in the country. He is to be attended by a splendid fleet and two or three Ministers of State, and move about with a brilliancy which will completely, it is said, eclipse the late tour of the Prince of Wales.**

**SIMMONS' COLUMN.**

I return you my sincere thanks for your liberal patronage, for the past few years, and would say to you that I have located myself at Wellsville, N. Y., and may hereafter be found at the

**EMPIRE STORE**

**AND NEW YORK STORE**

(Having bought out the Store formerly occupied by Geo. Asher), I shall continue to

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

In both of the above Stores, and hope to see all of my old friends and customers, as they are in want of Goods, and will try to sell them low enough to pay them for coming.

We are now selling the best PRINTS from 12 to 18 cents.

Extra GINGHAMS from 15 to 25 cents.

Good SHEETINGS from 12 to 25 cents.

TICKS, DENIMS, STRIPES, and all of the Goods in proportion.

**CLOTHING.**

Good suits for \$10 to \$15 and Extra fine suits in proportion. And as I have an overstock of Clothing I will sell at Wholesale 15 per cent. less than the same can be bought in New York.

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

**HATS & CAPS,**

**SHAWLS, CLOAKS, &c.,**

at reduced prices.

**GROCERIES**

**AND CROCKERY**

very low.

**RICH DRESS SILKS,**

**EMPERESS CLOTHS,**

**POPLINS,**

and all other styles of Ladies' Dress Goods, very low.

Hoping to receive an early call, I remain your friend,

C. H. SIMMONS,  
Wellsville, N. Y., March 28, 1865.

**FOR SALE**

THE subscriber offers for Sale the following tracts of land, to wit: One tract of One Hundred and Forty-three and seven-tenths acres in Pike township, Potter county, on the Geesee Forks. Price \$1100. Sixty acres are improved, with one log barn, frame kitchen, frame barn, forty good fruit trees, and two hundred sugar-maple trees. The farm will cut grass, in a good season, sufficient, at present prices, to pay for it.

Also another tract of Fifty-six and two-tenths acres, in Eulusia township, four miles from Coudersport, Thirty acres of which are improved, with one frame house, log barn, and some fruit trees thereon. Price \$450. Also a Wagon Shop and half lot in the Borough of Coudersport, one lot west of P. A. Stebbins' & Co's Store near Glassmire's Hotel. The tools, lumber, &c., can be bought reasonably; or a portion of them if the purchaser so desires. One half can be paid in Wagon-Work.

A reduction of ten per cent will be made for Cash down. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber at his Wagon-Shop in Coudersport. Feb. 26, 1865. W. R. IVES.

HAVING DETERMINED TO CLOSE BUSINESS

I wish all persons having open accounts with me to call and settle immediately.

I will sell

**Cheap for Cash**

All my stock of Merchandise

Consisting of

**CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS, and SHOES,**

**DRUGS,**

**CROCKERY,**

**GROCERIES,**

**TOOLS, &c., &c.,**

1 Good Horse and Harness. 3 Wagons,

1 Sleigh, 1 Cutter, 1 Sulkey,

The privilege of a good Ashery in complete working order.

15 Cents paid for good ASHERS, LUCIEN BIRD.

Brookland, Pa., Sept., 1864.

**WAGON SHOP!**

THE subscriber having located in Lewisville is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice and in the best manner.

**Making and Repairing** of all kinds. I am enabled by the aid of machinery to do work in the wagon-line better and cheaper than any other establishment in the country. I am also prepared to make COFFINS. EDSON HYDE, Ulysses, Penn'a, Dec. 1, 1864