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. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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O. T. ELLISON,
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C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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June 8, '64.-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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19 y 1864.

MUSTERED OUT.

Hail to the hero mustered out,
Let the black-throated cannon shout,
And fling to the wind the stars.
Rejoice, O ye jubilant bells.
The heart of the patriot swells,
And tears overflow from their wells,
When we see the soldier's scars.

We welcome him home from the field,
Untarnished his sabre and shield,
Untainted his laurel crown.
Champion of the brave and free,
O what spirit and dash had he;
God grant that we may never see
A cloud on his grand renown.

O now let us muster him in,
Where the ranks of the true begin,
To fight for themselves again;
While he has been striking the blow
At the rebels, another foe
Hath laid many a brave man low,
Who passed through the leaden rain.

ANDERSONVILLE HORRORS.

Letter from a Georgia planter to the Editors of The New York Eve. Post.

There appears to be a disposition on the part of some of the public press to mitigate some of the offences and crimes of Major Henry Wertz, late the responsible keeper of the stockade at Andersonville, Georgia, and to throw upon others the responsibilities that justly attach to those alone who were in immediate command of that prison. Being personally acquainted with most of the officers who were stationed at Andersonville, and knowing much of the treatment of those who were so unfortunate as to have been confined in that pen of horror, I have thought that a condensed statement of how things were managed, and prisoners of war were treated there, might not be entirely unacceptable to your readers.

I wish to be understood as not desirous to forestal the action or opinion of the commission which is about to investigate this matter, or to add anything to the feeling entertained towards Major Wertz. It is enough for him to rest, now and forever, under an obloquy that no time and no repentance can obliterare; to feel within himself the unenviable pangs which the recollection of his powerless murdered victims will ever arouse, and to know that whatever may be the award of a human tribunal, his punishment is already decreed.

The prison of Andersonville is a stockade of about eighteen feet high, the posts comprising it being sunk in the ground five feet; it originally comprised an area of eighteen acres, but was subsequently enlarged to twenty-seven acres. The inclosure is upon the side of a hill, looking towards the south, at the foot of which is a small brook about five feet wide and as many inches deep, which furnished the water for the use of the prisoners. Within this inclosure were turned the prisoners as they arrived, and left to provide for themselves, there being no shelters or arbors, or any kind of protection afforded by trees or otherwise against the burning rays of the southern sun, the furious storms, or the freezing winters.

The position was selected by Captain Winder, a son of General John H. Winder, who was sent from Richmond for the purpose in the latter part of 1863. When it was suggested to him by a disinterested but humane spectator of his operations that it would perhaps be better to leave the trees standing within the proposed stockade, as they would afford shade to the prisoners, he replied: "That was just what he was not going to do; he was going to make a pen for the —— Yankees, where they could rot faster than they could be sent there."

And admirably did he accomplish his mission.

The first commandant of the post was Colonel Parsons, who was soon succeeded by John H. Winder, with his son as Adjutant, his nephew as Commissary and Sutler, and Henry Wertz in immediate command of the prisoners. There were generally stationed there for guard duty from three to six regiments of infantry, with one company of artillery, having a battery of six pieces, according to the exigencies of the case, the number of prisoners then confined, or the fears entertained of an attempt to set them at liberty by raiding parties of United States troops.

When prisoners were first received it was usual to subject them to a search for money, valuables, etc., which ostensibly were to be restored when they were released from captivity, but which in reality went into the pockets of those who controlled the prison. Notwithstanding a law of the Confederacy expressly prohibited the dealing in "greenbacks," yet the initiated, a few whose "loyalty" was unquestioned, could always obtain for a consideration the greenbacks which they required.

The writer of this was the foreman of the last grand jury which was empanneled for Sumpter county, Ga., and in the performance of his duty he had to investigate a large number of presentments for dealing in the forbidden currency, which were brought against poor Union men in every instance. Struck by this fact, he resolved to examine, as his position gave him a right to do, into all the circumstances; where the money originally came from; *who* did the selling of it; indeed the whole *modus operandi*, and he elicited the fact above stated, how the money was obtained; that the Winders and Wertz were the principals, acting through subordinates in gathering bushels of plums, in the way of premiums, &c. Meanwhile the poor prisoners were left to the tender mercies of their jailor and commissary for their food, which might have been improved in quantity at least, if their money had been left in their own possession.

At first it was customary to send a wagon into the stockade every morning at 10 o'clock, loaded with the rations for the day, bacon and corn bread, nothing else; but as the number of prisoners increased, and the greed of gain grew upon the trio above mentioned, the corn bread was reduced in its quality, being then manufactured of equal proportions of ground field peas and corn, unbolted, unsifted, uncleansed indeed from the dirt and trash which peas naturally accumulate, and at last, when the number of prisoners increased to over thirty-seven thousand, the meat rations per week were reduced to a piece of bacon for each man about three inches long and two wide, with one pone of the bread above described per day. Then, also, the custom of carrying the prisoners' food into the stockade was abolished. They drove up to the gates, which were slightly opened, and the scanty food, foul and unhealhy as it was, was thrown inside by the guard to be scrambled for by the wretched psisoners, the strongest and those nearest the gate getting the largest share, the weak and sickly getting none.

I have mentioned the small brook which runs through the lower part of the stockade, and which supplied the water for drinking and washing. This brook has its rise in a swamp not far from the prison, and at no time, certainly not for a lengthened period, was the water suitable or healthy; but when the fæces and filth the drainage of the whole camp of prisoners came to be superadded to the natural unfitness of the water for drinking or cleansing purposes, my readers can judge what thirst was assuaged, or fever cooled or throbbing temples washed, by this floating stream of filth and disease! At any time under the most rigid hygienic restrictions, it is difficult to maintain health and cleanliness amongst a large body of men; what do you think was the condition of thirty seven thousand half naked, half starved men, without any police regulations, under no moral or restraining influences? If the remnant who were finally allowed to pass out of this military Golgotha were not wild beasts, unwashed befouled devils, no thanks are to be given to Henry Wertz for lack of effort to produce such a consummation.

When it rained, as it does in that climate almost continually during the spring and fall months, the soil within the inclosure was one mass of loblolly, soft mud, at least fifteen inches in depth, through which stalked and staggered the gaunt half clad wretches thus confined. The stench from the prison could be perceived for two miles, and farmers living in the neighborhood began to fear for the health of their families.

As a consequence of this, the hospitals—facetious was Wertz in his horrible humanity—were crowded to repletion with the emaciated, starved and diseased men who were trundled into them. The hospitals were constructed of logs, unhewed the interstices unfilled and open, admitting the rain, without floors, cots, bunks or blankets, filthy and fœtid with the festering, putrid bodies of the sick, the dying and the dead. Words fail, language is impotent to describe one of these dens of disease and death. I once mustered the courage, impelled by the earnest entreaties of a northern friend, to enter one of them, to visit one who was tenderly reared, and walked in the best ranks of Connecticut society.

I believed I had seen before this what I deemed to be human wretchedness in its worst forms. I thought that I could nerve myself to witness mortal agony and wretchedness and destitution, as I had heard it described, withwout blanching or trembling. But if the condensed horrors of a hundred "black races" had been brought before my mind to prepare me for the ordeal, they would have failed to realize the facts as I saw them face to face.

I cannot, in a paper read by innocence and virtue, detail what met my sight on the occasion I refer to. I will not pollute any page, save the records of the court that must try the culprit for the crime of torture by disease and filth, with the details of that caravansary of horrible, intentional slaughter.

For fear that some may think I have exaggerated, an episode here will perhaps dispel such illusion. Convicted by the horrible fact that was a disgusting stench in his nostrils, General Winder, then commissary General of Prisons, but having his headquarters at Andersonville, was forced by *decency*, not humanity, for this he himself asserted, to ask the aid of the presiding elder of the Methodist church of that circuit to adopt some means to alleviate the miseries and sooth the wretchedness of the poor inmates of that Andersonville hospital.

This gentleman invoked the co-operation of the women of Sumter county, who responded with clothing and necessaries only, for these alone were allowed, to the amount of four wagon loads. Upon the day appointed four ladies, accompanied by their husbands, went to the prison, and sought from the provost marshal a pass, to take their benefactions to the sick prisoners. *It was refused with a curse!* The party proceeded to Winder's headquarters where Henry Wertz was in company with the General. The demand for a pass was repeated. Understand, the ladies were present, and the reasons given why the party were there, in accordance with Winder's special request. To their astonishment they were met with the reply:—"——you, have you all turned Yankees here?"

"No, General," responded the spokesman of the party, "I am not, as you know nor are any here present; we have come as you requested us, through Rev. Mr. Denver, to bring necessary articles for the Federal hospital, and ask a pass for the purpose of delivering them."

"It's a —— lie! I never gave permission for anything of the kind; be off with you, all of you!"

As if this fearless display of martial valor and gentlemanly bearing was not sufficient, Henry Wertz essayed to and did eclipse his General in profanity and indecency, and I here assert that if the lowest sinks of the most abandoned parts of your city were gleaned they could not surpass the ribald vulgarity and finished profanity of this jailor, exhibited in the presence of refined and "loyal" ladies.

Shocked, terrified, beaten to the very dust with mortification, the party retired and foiled in their efforts to succor the sick or alleviate the tortures of the dying Union soldiers, they gave their loads of clothing and food to a passing column of Federal prisoner on their way to another place—Millen. They, at least, had the satisfaction of knowing that some were benefited, even if they had failed in their efforts for those who most needed their assistance.

During the last winter, which was unusually cold for Georgia, when the ice made an inch thick—no shelter, no blankets or clothes, no wood was provided for the wretchod inmates of that prison.—Squads were permitted, to the number of thirty, to go out under guard daily, for one hour, without axes or any cutting tool to gather the refuse and rotton wood in the forests; and if they outstaid their time they were tried by drum head court martial, charged with violating their parole, and, if found guilty, were hung! I myself saw three bodies hanging, who were thus executed. Poor fellows, I thought, God has taken pity upon you and given you deliverance from your cruel jailor. When you and he meet, at another judgment seat woe to him if his authority be found insufficient for this taking of your lives, wretched though they be.

My house was the resort, or I should say, refuge, of most of the prisoners who made their escape from the stockade, and the tales of starvation and distress which they told would have melted an iron heart. I must close my hurried account of what I have seen. It is far from full; not one half has been told; by far the most has been kept back from very shame, and in respect to your readers. I have not embellished. The pictures were too rough, the characters too forlorn for the flowers of rhetoric to bloom in their presence.—Broken hearts, crushed spirits and manhood trampled on, may answer as fitting subjects for the romancer's pen, but the horrible reality, so seldom seen, burns its images upon the beholder's soul, that no other impression can efface, and they remain, life pictures indeed." S.

A certain minister making a visit to one of his sick parishioners, who was an uncompromising wag, asked how he had rested during the night. "Oh, wondrous ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas, sir," said he, "because my nose was between them."

A father and son in business near Hartford have an ingenious way of making money seven days in the week. The son is a Seventh day Baptist, and keeping Saturday, drives the business on Sunday, while the father keeps Sunday and works Saturday.

A gentleman in speaking of the kindness of his friends in visiting him said, "he had an aunt who visited him twice a year, and stayed six months each time."

RESOLUTION.

Mr. Watts had by industry and economy accumulated a large property. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquirements, but unfortunately became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company and possessing superior conversational powers, his company was much sought, and he became eventually a sot. His wife was a feeble woman, without much decision of character; but an only child was the reverse, illustrating one of those singular laws of nature, that the females oftenest take after the father in character and personal peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of persuasion and reason in her power, to induce him to alter his habits, but without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his downward course, till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John Dunn was a young man from the east, possessed of a good education, as all our New England boys are, and their indomitable industry and perseverance, and was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going on some errand to the next house, met him on the road with the usual salutation—"Good morning, Mr. Dunn."

"Good morning Miss Watts. How is your health?"

"Well, I thank you, but to tell the truth, sick at heart."

"Pray what is the trouble?" said John. "What can affect you, a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing everything that can make you happy?"

"On the contrary to make me miserable I am almost weary of life. But it is a subject I cannot explain to you; and yet I have sometimes thought I might."

"Anything that I can do for you, Miss Watts, you may freely command."

"That is promising more than you would be willing to perform. But to break the ice at once, do you want a wife?"

"A wife! Well I don't know. Do you want a husband?"

"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you may think me bold, and deficient in that maidenly modesty becoming a woman; but if you knew my situation, and the affliction I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course.

"Have you thought of the consequence?" said John—"my situation—I am poor—you are rich—I am a stranger—and—"

"Indeed I have; I am almost crazy. Let me explain—you and every one else know the unfortunate situation of my father. His habits are fixed beyond amendment, and his property is wasting like the dew before the sun. A set of harpies are drinking his very hearts blood and ruin and misery are staring us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true; but I have observed you closely. Your habits, your industry and the care and prudence with which you have managed your employer's business, has always interested me."

"And yet, my dear young lady, what can you know of me to warrant you in taking such an important step?"

"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits, your person and manners. I am a woman and have eyes. We are about the same age; so, if you know me and like me well enough to take me, there is my hand!"

"And, my dear Mary, there's mine with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be settled?"

"Now, this minute; give me your arm and we will go to Squire Benton's and have the bargain finished at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my disconsolate home, and to support me in my determination to turn over a new leaf in our domestic affairs."

"But not in this old hat and in my shirt sleeves, Mary?"

"Yes, and in my old sun bonnet an dirty apron. If you are content let it be done at once. I hope you won't think I am so hard pushed as that comes to; but I want a master. I am willing to be mistress; I will then take you home and introduce you as my own dear husband—signed, sealed and delivered."

"So be it—permit me to say, that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty, energy and industrious, amiable deportment."

Now, John, if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy. I am the only one my father hears to; but, his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all other subjects; you must take charge of his business, and have sole control; there will be no difficulty—I am confident of the result."

They were married, and a more happy match never was consummated. Everything prospered; houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were regulated, and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father in a few years sank into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family, and they still live, respected and wealthy—all from an energetic girl's resolution, forethought and courage.

WATER.—As water is one of the most beautiful and best of all things ever created by our Heavenly father, so is it one of the most expressive emblems of his goodness. Water is everywhere a blessing, whether gushing up at the feet of a fugitive Hagar in the wilderness, or leaping from the rock in response to a prophet's blow or moistening in diamond dew the petals of the fainting flowers. It is everywhere beautiful from the time when it trinkles in a little rivulet down the mountains side, until it courses through the wooded ravines and over the moss-covered wheel of the old mill, past the meadow and town, and gathering volume as it goes, finally becomes a broad river going down to the ocean with a nation's commerce on its bosom. It is everywhere an emblem of Divine goodness, for it comes to us pure and holy, and if we defile and cast it out from us upon the earth, it filters down through the soil and gathers in springs which again seek the earth's surface and flow back pure and sparkling to our feet. It is forever blessing us, though we ungratefully scorn it, and pollute it with our contaminating influences. Let us go then, and listen to the sermon of the fountain or the running brook, and learn a lesson of gratitudo and wisdom.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—A few days since, writes an attorney, as I was sitting with brother C—— in his office in Court Square, a client came in and said:

"Squire, D—— W——, the stabler, shaved me dreadfully, yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," says C——.

Client.—"I asked him how much he'd charge me for a horse to go to Delham. He said one dollar and a half. I paid him one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted another dollar and a half for coming back, and he made me pay it."

C—— gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:

He went to the stabler and said:

"How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Salem?"

Stabler replied, "Five dollars."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to the stable saying—

"Here is your money," paying him five dollars.

"Where is my horse and wagon?" says W——.

"He is at Salem," says client, "I only hired him to go to Salem."

CUNNING SON.—"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighbor's children any more, and today you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall punish you."

"The next day Jack was over there again, totally oblivious to the interdition until he saw his father enter the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home; there he was caught.

"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again that you would punish me."

"Well," said the father.

"Hold on, father!" said the little reprobate, who knew if he could make his father laugh the matter would be all right; you didn't catch me there, you catched me here!"

The desired effect was produced and the rod was dropped.

THEFT AND ACCOUNTABILITY.—"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed and ate it yer honor."

"O, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well thin, yer riverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig.'"

"My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger!"

Love not money better than virtue.