# The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL
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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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JOHN S. MANN,
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ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

R. A. DRAKE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, over C. F. Manning's Jewelry Store; Residence nearly opposite the office of the Fox & Ross' Estate.--17-28

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

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

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

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PENSIONS procured for soldiers of the present war who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contractracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows or heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promtly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law.

REFERENCES.--Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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June 8, '64.-1y.

"ED"--"JONES' CLERK"--says he can "beat the Jews" selling Cotton Goods.

CORNER STORE--constantly receiving fine assortments of GOODS.


## ANDERSONVILLE

### NARRATIVE OF SURGEON A. W. BARROWS.

Dr. A. W. Barrows, who has just arrived home, and who made his escape from the Rebel Prison at Andersonville, and made his way through the Rebel territory to our lines at Pensacola, gives us the following interesting particulars relative to his capture and escape, which, we doubt not, will be highly interesting to our readers.

On the 7th of April about 4 o'clock, p. m. the outer picket post at Plymouth was attacked by a rebel force under the command of Gen. Hoke. His force was estimated at 15000, having a reserve of 10,000 within four hours march. Our force in Plymouth numbered only 2200 men, including citizens, sick and wounded soldiers, so that our effective force was but 1800 men. Brig. Gen. W. H. Wessels was in command of the place. After a determined resistance of three days, the rebels captured the town.

Our post hospital was in a building formerly owned by a secesh woman, who had abandoned it. Her son was a Lieutenant on Gen. Hoke's staff. There were 97 sick and wounded of our soldiers in the hospital at this time, under the charge of Post Surgeon George Z. Bretz of Carlisle, Pa., assisted by Dr. Nickerson, Assistant Surgeon of the 16th Conn. Vols. I was at this time acting Assistant Surgeon. We removed the patients to the cellar of the building on Monday the 18th, and banked up the earth around so as to protect them from the rebel shells and shot. During the bombardment, shells frequently passed through the building, but without doing any injury to the patients. On the 20th the Lieut. before mentioned came to our place and informed us that we were all prisoners.

The garrison were sent off under guard to Tarboro, and from thence to Andersonville, the officers being left at Macon.

Numerous opportunities offered themselves for escape, but as our sick boys demanded all the care we could give them, I determined on staying with them and sharing their fate.

On the 26d I gave my parole not to escape, and remained at Plymouth about three weeks. During that time our sick had become so far convalescent as to be able to be forwarded to Andersonville, and about the 20th of May, in company with 22 patients we started for that inhospitable prison. At Macon the Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon left us. On our arrival at Andersonville I was sent to the Hospital, and in three days was assigned to the charge of two wards. The Hospital was an enclosure of six acres, a grove on the verge of a filthy stream, from which we derived our only supply of water. Our only protection was tents, mostly unprovided with bunks, so that our sick and suffering soldiers were compelled to lie on the ground, many destitute of blankets.

When I first arrived there were about 1000 patients in the hospital, and the deaths were about 60 per day. But in a short time our hospital was crowded with sick, and the deaths numbered one day 207. The dead house, which was simply a corner of the lot, frequently contained more than that number of bodies piled up. Frequently the bodies remained two or three days, and the odor was almost insufferable. The bodies were removed and buried by the negroes, captured from our forces. The surgical force was very inadequate to the number of sick. Some of the rebel surgeons were humane, and did all in their power to relieve the sufferings of our men, but the majority of them seemed to enjoy it, and actually taunted our poor fellows, as they lay groaning under their woes.

Medicines were very scarce, and of an inferior quality, and the only effective remedies were roots and herbs

Many unnecessary amputations were made, the poor fellows pleading with tears in their eyes that their limbs might be spared, but the unfeeling reply was "Damn you when we get it off you'll do no more fighting." Men frequently had their limbs amputated merely to give their young surgeons practice, and no care was taken to save the patient unnecessary suffering. One man had his foot amputated for gangrene in his toes, and many similar operations were performed. The food furnished to our sick was corn bread and bacon, about a pound of corn bread, and an ounce and a half of bacon, sometimes maggotty. The corn meal was unbolted, ground cob and all. This was frequently half cooked and often contained whole kernels of corn, and pieces of cob as large as a chestnut. During the latter part of our stay, they issued about a gill of flour to a man. The corn bread was so indigestible that it aggravated the complaints of the men.

Our hospital was surrounded by a rebel guard. We were permitted to go anywhere inside of the enclosure except near the enteance, where a dead line was established about 20 feet, over which it was death to pass. Frequently crazy patients would escape from their nurses and run across the line, when they were immediately shot. One cold night a convalescent patient went to a fire which the guard had made inside the enclosure, to warm himself, and although a guard was stationed inside, one from the outside shot him through the knee. His leg was amputated, but he died the next day.

The rains in that country are not like our northern showers, but come in a flood, and the hospital was frequently flooded three inches deep, running over our patients who lay upon the ground, half of them without blankets.

The nurses who took care of our sick were mostly our own men, detailed from the stockade. Their own privations had made them selfish and hardened, and I soon discovered that many of them were robbing the sick of half their meagre portion of food. They would take the flour issued, and cook it for half, and then cook up their half and sell it to the poor wretches for 25 cts for a biscuit. I soon put a stop to this practice in my wards, by sending the cooks back to the stockade. They also made a practice of stealing the blankets and clothing of the dead and selling them to the rebel soldiers. This, also, I succeeded in stopping. Every rag of clothing left on the dead bodies was stripped from them by the rebel undertakers, so that anything useful we took for our sick. All little things which might be prized by their friends, I endeavored to preserve, but I was forced to leave them when I escaped. Of the treatment of the prisoners in the stockade, I knew only what I was told by the patients admitted from there, but if the half of that was true, it was horrible. Of the 2000 prisoners sent from Plymouth, over one third had died up to the 3d of October, and from the 1st of June up to the 9th of October, 11,600 had died in the hospital.

Of my own treatment I have little complaint to make. I was allowed to go outside the Hospital for a mile, and was enabled to obtain many luxuries, which others were unable to get. I could frequently smuggle in articles for the sick which were contraband.

Major Bogle of the 1st colored Carolina regiment, formerly of the 18th Mass. Regt. who was captured at the battle of Olustee, was, at the time I arrived at Andersonville, in the stockade, wounded in the leg, but because he was an officer in a negro regiment was refused all medical treatment. Learning his situation I made application to the medical director, to admit him to my ward, and received reluctant consent. Not a rebel surgeon would look at him He was wounded in the ankle, and a portion of the shattered bone was in the flesh. After removing this, he rapidly recovered and when I left was so far convalescent as to contemplate escape.

There were many officers of negro Regiments in the prison, disguised as privates, as they received better treatment, giving in fictitious names. In this manner the fate of many will never be known to their friends.

Among the many dangers to which our prisoners were exposed, not the least was the cupidity of our own soldiers. The thieves and bounty jumpers which were sent out so numerously in 1863 do not forget their old habits when in the army, and the privations of a prisoner's life is not calculated to make them any more regardful of "mine and thine," than when plying their vocation at home. In the early part of the summer, there were a large number of these miserable wretches sent to Andersonville from Belle Island, and when they arrived they were almost destitute of clothes, and all the comforts of life, and they soon set about replenishing their tattered wardrobes by robbing their fellow prisoners, and finally they went so far as to murder the newly arrived prisoners to possess themselves of the money and valuables which were upon them. Several persons were found murdered—their throats cut from ear to ear, and their bodies stripped.

The prisoners finally held a mass meeting and appointed a delegation to wait upon the officer in command, and ask his permission to organize a Court of Justice, and subject the guilty parties to trial and punishment. This was accorded to them, and about 30 of the suspected parties were arrested, and in the tent of one of them was found the bodies of two men with their throats cut from ear to ear, concealed beneath the blankets and straw. The parties were tried and 6 of them sentenced to be hung, and a gallows was erected within the stockade, and they suffered the penalty for their inhuman crimes. Several others were sent to the chain gang. This effectually put a stop to this thieving and murder.

Becoming tired and sick of the suffering around me I determined to make my escape, and laid several plans, which failed, but I finally made the attempt on Sunday Oct. 9th, 1864. The day previous the camp was in great confusion on account of the escape of four Scouts, who had for a long time been prisoners. One of them, Hogan, was chief scout of the Army of the Potomac, and was the guide to Dalghren's expedition, and was captured at that time. He was sentenced by the rebels to be hung as a spy, but in consequence of our government threatening to execute a rebel Major in case his sentence was carried into execution, he was sent from Richmond to Andersonville where he was very soon detailed as hospital Steward. The other three were scouts from Sherman's army. They made their escape on Saturday the 8th of October about 8 o'clock in the evening. Their first act was to steal Gen. Winder's stallion, which he valued at $2500 in gold, and three other valuable horses, two belonging to the General, and the other to the Col. of the 55th Georgia, and with these they made their escape. Their daring so incensed the rebels, that every effort was made to recapture them. The country was scoured with packs of hounds in every direction, but at noon on the 9th no traces had been discovered of them. They probably made their way to Sherman's lines. The rebels had three packs of blood hounds, 6 in a pack. These had at this time returned completely exhausted by their exertions in this pursuit. The guard were also fatigued, chagrined and disheartened. Thinking no more favorable time would present itself to escape, myself, Charles M. Smith of Conway, and A. A. Crandall, 58th Pennsylvania, from Ulyssos, Pa., made the attempt. We made our arrangements some time previous, laying in such articles as we thought me might need. I procured 8 bunches of matches from a contraband, at different times at 81 per bunch. I also laid in a small stock of medicines in case we should be taken sick on the journey. Knowing that we should be hotly pursued by the hounds, I from time to time saved up quantities of turpentine, Oil of Black Pepper, Capsicum and simple cerate, with which I prepared an ointment, which effectually prevents the hounds from following the track. We also had a small supply of provision, which we disposed about our persons. With these preparations we started from the Hospital at noon. I had permission to pass myself and any one in my ward, and on this I passed out Smith as a water carrier. Crandall went out on the pass of a hospital Steward, which pass was returned to him by another hospital Steward who went out at the same time. No suspicion was excited in the guard, as we were frequently in the habit of going out to visit the burial yard. To this place we directed our course. The rail road ran very near this place. This we crossed and entered the woods, making our way northwest from Andersonville. At dusk we were about three miles outside the pickets, the location of which I had previously ascertained. We had covered our feet with the ointment, and our clothes with turpentine, so that we felt sure the hounds at Andersonville could not follow our trail. But the country around was swarming with confederate pickets and citizens, who were always on the lookout for escaped prisoners. We had several narrow escapes that afternoon frequently coming out upon a road near confederates. In such cases we dropped into the bushes where we remained quietly until the danger of detection had passed At dark we pushed northwest as fast as our legs would carry us, wishing to cross the river Chatahoochie between Columbia and Fort Gaines near the junction of the Flint and Chatahoochie, which there forms the Apalachicola river, and which was about 130 miles from Andersonville. We had no compass, but Crandall was an old back woods hunter and if he could catch a glimpse of a star, could easily direct our course. We traveled all night and at daylight we went into a thick swamp, and slept and waited until the next evening. We had restricted ourselves to three biscuits a day, and a small piece of bacon.

The next evening we again started on our course, traveling all night and meeting with no adventures. The next day we laid by, and the next evening resumed our course.

On the night of the 12th we took to the road, and in passing a house disturbed the inhabitants and they and the hounds were soon in pursuit. We immediately took to the bushes and put on our "water proof blacking," after which we felt comparatively safe. At the fall of Atlanta the Governor of Georgia gave the State Militia a month's furlough. This had just expired, and we found that the roads were unsafe for us, on account of these soldiers returning to their regiments. Their curses were both long and loud against the government for their conscription, and many were the expedients proposed to get rid of their disagreeable service. So we took to the swamps and made the best of our way through them.

On the night of the 13th our provisions gave out, but we soon found a field of Sweet Potatoes. Making for a heavy timber, we encamped and built a fire, by which we cooked our potatoes, which to us was indeed a sweet meal. On this night we reached a large river, over which was a long bridge, and which we supposed to be the Chatahoochie river. But in this we afterwards found we were mistaken. We had thus far passed many plantations, on which were many negroes, women and children at work. The cotton fields were planted with corn. I only saw two or three Cotton fields in Georgia, and these were very small. The corn fields were enormous in extent. Thus far we had not seen an able bodied white man, unless he was a confederate soldier. All such are in the service.

On the night of the 14th we travelled until broad daylight and then went into camp, roasted our sweet potatoes, and went to sleep. Only two of us ever slept at a time, and we never from the time we left the hospital, until we crossed into Alabama, allowed ourselves to speak above a whisper. This course we adopted knowing how liable we were to be surprised. Three of our comrades had previously escaped and had made their way to within a days' march of Sherman's lines, and going to sleep without posting a guard were surprised and captured by a confederate soldier who was out hunting. This gave him three months furlough, one month for every prisoner.

On the night of the 15th we only traveled about six miles, as we were completely exhausted. We had come to a river, which we supposed to be the headwaters of the east branch of the Chocktawhatchie river. Having provided ourselves with fish lines, we tried to catch some fish, but were unsuccessful. Our sweet potatoes were all gone. The woods were full of wild game, which only made our hunger the more craving, but we had no means of capture. So we concentrated ourselves with some corn which we perched, and found not unpalatable We had with us when we started a pint of salt, so that we got along very comfortably. The next morning we started down the river some six miles, until the woods becoming thin, and the plantations appearing we laid by until evening, when we again started but did not make much progress.

Sunday 16th. It is just one week since we made our escape. It has been one of the hardest weeks which I have ever experienced, and yet on the whole, it has not been so unpleasant, being the first for many weary months that we could breathe the free air of heaven—undisturbed by the hated presence of the rebel guard, and the distressing sight of our poor suffering comrades. This makes our privations seem light to us, and we are thankful. To day we came across some wild grapes, and such wild grapes I never saw before. They were as large as our plums, and were very sweet. We also found some nice persimons and on these fruits we lived for two days. The persimons came near getting us into a scrape. The trees grew near the road, in an open country but under the trees were some very high weeds. Being intent on getting the fruit we neglected to watch the road, and while thus engaged we heard voices, and on looking up the road saw three horsemen coming. Fortunately they did not see us, and we dropped into the weeds and remained hid until they had passed, and then we took to the woods, where we remained hid until dark, when we started on our travels, which we continued until daybreak, reaching the Chatahoochie river. We rearched for a boat, but not finding one we retired to a swamp about two miles from the river, where we lay hid during the day. While laying here we came very near being discovered, as there were several parties of contrabands, accompanied by their overseers out gathering wood. By cutting green boughs and piling over our place of concealment we managed to escape detection.

On the night of the 18th we started down the river, where we soon found a skiff. Confiscating this we crossed the river to the Alabama side, and shoving our boat adrift that it might give no clue to our trail, we started across the country. We soon came to a road, which we followed, but which terminated at a large gate. Our curiosity prompted us to open it and examine the enclosure. We found ourselves in a cluster of houses or shops where the rebels were manufacturing Army wagons. Concluding that we had got into the wrong pew we made our escape as quietly as possible, and soon found ourselves in a garden full of sweet potatoes, to which we helped ourselves, filling our haversacks with as many as we could well carry. Retreating to the woods we made a fire, cooked our potatoes, and had a good nights rest.

The next morning we started across the country, and soon found ourselves in a corn field, which was stocked with water melons, and our consciences troubling us very little appropriated as many as we wished. We traveled that day and night, about sixteen miles, and went into camp. The next day we made but little progress, the country being very open and thickly settled.

On the night of the 20th we started about sundown, and soon struck a traveled road. We soon came to a fork in the road, and knew not which to take. Finally we started on the one we thought most likely to be the right one. The night was a bright moonlight one, and everything was as distinctly visible as in the daytime. Suddenly we came upon a plantation, and alarmed the dogs. The owner of the plantation ran out and seeing us gave pursuit and fired three times at Smith with his revolver. Smith ran one way and we took to the woods, where we soon put ointment enough on our feet to prevent the dogs following our trail. But what had become of Smith? We expected he was captured. With heavy hearts we retraced our steps to the place where the roads forked, and here, to our surprise we found Smith, safe and sound. Shaking hands and congratulating each other on our narrow escape, we tried the other road, where we soon found ourselves very near another plantation. Discouraged and disgusted we abandoned the road and took to the woods, traveling nearly all night, and camping in the woods the next day about two hours, when we again took up our march. This morning we found a plantation of sweet potatoes, and again replenished our stock. We traveled all this day, and that night until twelve o'clock, when we went into camp. About sunrise we were alarmed by the yell of a pack of hounds which had struck our trail. Hastily putting on our "ointment" we started. The hounds came to our camp, but could not follow our trail further. We took to the open fields, passing several houses, but as it was early we were not discovered by the inhabitants. During the day we found some sugar cane, which we found to be very refreshing. We also found sweet potatoes in abundance. About 2 o'clock we encamped until near midnight, in the midst of a swamp of canes. We traveled that night and the next day, making but little progress. At night we found a cornfield with the corn cut up and stacked. We pulled down some stacks and made us a bed, but before morning the excessive cold drove us out, and going to the woods we made up a rousing fire, cooked our breakfast, and got comfortable. We stayed till sunrise, and started on our course, through a thick forest of canes, and of course made but little progress. About the middle of the afternoon we went back from the river, to get some food and find out if we could, where we were. About two miles from here we found a hut near a plantation. Concealing ourselves in the brush we waited patiently, and soon saw an old woman coming past us to gather sticks. Approaching her, she was very much alarmed, and was going to scream, but we quieted her by telling her we were confederate soldiers going home on a furlough. We asked her if she could give us some food, but she had nothing but some corn meal. We learned from her that her husband was the overseer of the plantation, and was at work down the river, building a bridge, and that the river was the Choctawhatchie, the stream we had so long been looking for. We left her and retreated hastily to the river, and after putting on more ointment took our course down the river bank. For several days we confined our course to river banks, which were low, and thickly covered with canes. Nothing of any importance occurred until the eve of the 25th, when being near a road, Crandall gave a signal to halt. We dropped into the brush, and held our breath with anxiety. Soon a file of forty or fifty soldiers passed us, with their steady tramp, tramp, but without discovering us. What their mission was, we never knew, but being certain that their presence boded no good to us, we remained quiet for some time, when we again resumed our march down the river.

On the afternoon of the 26th, we found a boat, and at dark we broke the chain and floated down the river. The river was full of fisheries, which were logs extending out into the river. We soon struck one of these when over went our boat immersing us in the stream up to our waists, and sinking our boat. We soon raised it, and again embarked, but had hardly floated a half mile before over went our boat again and a second cold bath was the consequence. Again we raised the boat, bailed it out and took our seats, but before we had gone a hundred rods, over we went, this time in water up to our chins, and our boat sunk so deep that we could not right it again. So we waded and swam ashore, and by the help of a friendly grape vine, climbed the steep banks. Building a fire we dried our clothes and started on, choosing to suffer the inconveniences of the road rather than the dangers of the river. At morning we went into camp for a few hours. Impatient to reach our lines we started again and followed the river down until we came to the junction of the east and west branch of the river. Here we found another boat, in which we floated down the river until daylight. Hearing