

The Potter Journal

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

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POTTER JOURNAL
M. W. McAlarney, Proprietor.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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 endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

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

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes entrusted to him in the latest and best styles.—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call.
13-42

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The Winter Term commences December 9.
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Board \$1.50 per week.
Furnished rooms for self-boarding at low prices.
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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 Rail Road and near the Erie Rail Road Depot. It is one of the most pleasant and convenient locations in the city.
Board & Rooms \$1.00 per day.
N. HUGGINS, Proprietor.
Feb. 7th, 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

The Two Southern Mothers.

Heard you not the din of battle,
Cannon's roar, and musketry's rattle,
Clash of sword, and shriek of woe,
Victor's shout, and vanquished's yell?
Saw you not the scene of slaughter,
Human blood poured out like water;
Northern valor, Southern pride,
Stern resolve on either side?
Cheering on his flagging men,
Rallying to the charge again,
Comes a bullet charged with grief,
Strikes the brave Confederate chief.
Down he falls, amid the strife,
Horses trampling on his life—
Scarcely can his retreating force
Find and save his mangled corpse.
Home they bore him to his mother—
He was all she had—none other—
Woful mother! who can bow
Words to paint her frantic sorrow?
As she mourned her slaughtered brave,
Came and spake her aged slave,
Came and spake with solemn brow:
"Missis, we is even, now."
"I had ten, and you had one;
Now we're even—all are gone:
Not one left to bury either—
Slave and mistress mourn together."
"Every one of mine you sold—
Now your own lies stark and cold:
To the just Avenger bow—
Missis! I forgive you now!"
Thus she spoke, that sable mother;
Shuddering quailed, and crouched the other.
Yes! although it tarry long,
PAYMENT SHALL BE MADE FOR WRONG!

LIEUT. HICK'S STORY.

Charley Hicks was a lieutenant in an Illinois cavalry regiment, one of the first that was raised for the three years' service. He was a splendid fellow, and an honest man, too; and I had thought it strange that he who had always been an ultra Southern man politically, should have become so earnest an advocate of the war and all its consequences, immediate and ulterior. He told me this story one night, while we were sitting around a camp-fire near New Madrid, a place celebrated for volcanic eruptions; for the eruption of the immense and unfortunate Pillar; and for one good thing that Gen. Pope did.
While we sat by the fire, smoking very poor tobacco in very good pipes, and Lieutenant Hicks was waiting to relieve pickets, he told me this story:
"I must confess, my boy, that I went into this war business, at first, more for the pay and from a love of adventure than from any better motive. I liked it well, though, and took both a pleasure and a pride in doing my duty. After I had recovered from that little wound I received at Fredericktown, I rejoined my regiment, and found it doing pretty severe work in reconnoitering, scouting, and picketing, while my fellows were trying to keep out of the war above Island Number Ten, and the gunboats and mortar-bats were hammering away hand-somely at the mud walls of that place.
"One day the colonel ordered me, as I know something about steamboating, to go and prospect down toward the foot of the bayou, and find out all I could, as Colonel Biswell was beginning to work up his canal idea, and wanted some information. I picked four men out of my company, and we went. We were all well mounted, and were armed with sabres, pistols, and bowie knives. We had no trouble around the bayou, and I soon got all the information I wanted. I took some measurements, made some soundings, and had the thing well sketched out in my mind. As it was early in the afternoon when we got through, I thought I would do a little private scouting on my own account, and the boys were ready and glad to go with me.
"There was a plantation about eight miles south of New Madrid—or, rather, southwest—for the road leads in that direction—on which lived a gentleman named Martin, with whom I had very intimate business and personal relations. I may as well say that I had been, and was then, terribly in love with his daughter, Alice Martin. I concluded to extend my scout to that house, though it was rather dangerous work, as the Confederates had the country well picketed for five miles around New Madrid, and kept scouting parties out in every direction.
"Well, we arrived there safely, escaping both pickets and scouting parties, though we had to make a long detour to get out of the way of one of the latter. When we left the wood and struck into the road in front of the house, I was about, my boy, to ride up there boldly and openly; but there were two things that deterred me—firstly, a lot of horses tied to the fence, which I knew, from their trappings, to belong to Confederate cavalry; and, secondly, a man hanging from a rope which went around his neck, to a limb of a sycamore tree in front of the house. My men saw it all too, and without any orders from me, but as by one accord, we all turned back and silently picked our horses in the thickest part of the wood. I then told them, in a few words as I could, to leave their sabres with their horses, and take nothing but

their pistols and knives—I also told them they were to follow me silently and cautiously; and were not to fire a shot unless they heard one from me, but were to use their knives, and their knives only.
"They understood me well, those boys did, and the look of quiet determination which they expressed suited me much. As we moved toward the house, I was a little in front, and as I looked at the body hanging from the tree, I saw that it was, what I had feared before, the body of old Mr. Martin himself. A horrible thought came over me about Alice; and I looked back at my boys again, and felt an almost savage triumph in the glances they returned.
"I know all about that house, my boy; and when I saw that these Confederate cavalrymen had established themselves in the dining-room, where they were having a 'good time,' with plenty of whiskey, I saw my way clear, for the room was a wing of the main building, with two doors opening outside, and one opening into the house. So I placed two men at each outside door, and stood at a window near one of the doors.
"There they were, in there, eight of them. One was dressed in a splendid gray uniform, with a lieutenant-colonel's stars on the collar. He sat at the head of the table. The others were common dressed, and their only arms seemed to be carbines and sabres.
"As I placed myself at the window, this Colonel spoke:
"Well, boys, said he, 'we have finished that old traitor; and now, perhaps, his fair daughter will honor us with her presence.' Marm Eliza, he said, calling out loudly.
"A negro woman immediately answered the call.
"Till your young mistress that Colonel Martin, of General Thompson's Army—Jeff' Thompson's, mind you—desires the honor of her presence."
"Before the negro woman could answer, my boy, in stepped Alice Martin herself, looking radiant, beautiful, but with a wonderful wild light in her eyes. I clutched the jamb of the door and my knife at the same time, and looked and listened.
"As you have seen the last of my father, you wish to see me," said Alice, as she stepped toward him, with a smile on her face that I admired greatly and feared terribly.
"Yes, my beauty," said my uniformed friend, "and now, if you please, in return for my kindness, you will step up and give me a kiss, before I take it."
"My hand grasped my knife a little stronger than before, but I watched that girl closely, as she said:
"Certainly, Colonel; nothing would give me greater pleasure." And she walked up to where he was sitting, still with that strange smile on her face.
"The nearly debilitated wretch raised up his sensual face to meet those beautiful lips, which were bent down, and imprinted a kiss upon his brutal cheek.
"But the next instant, mark you, he fell back in his chair, and his hand was removed from his side, drawing with it a dagger that was crimsoned with blood right from his heart.
"Before the Confederates had time to recover from their astonishment, the blade of my knife was through one of them, and the haft of it had broken the head of another, and in a very few minutes my comrades had finished the rest. There was no quarter given.
"We buried the old man under the tree where he was hung, and told the negroes to take care of themselves as well as they could. That was all we did there; for we left the Confederate dead to bury their dead as well as they could. My men confiscated the horses, and I placed Alice Martin on one of them, and held the bride as we rode to the camp. As it was dark, and I knew well the country, I had little trouble in getting back in safety. The next day a dozen negroes came into the camp.
"Alice Martin is now in the insane Asylum at Jackson-ville.
"Can you wonder that I want to kill a Confederate whenever I see one?"
What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one, if the old woman can spare any of her girls.—but just propose matrimony; and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for victuals and clothes.
"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a gentleman to a little arch, whom he caught in the net of pilfering one from his door step.
"Cause he sends me to take it."

An Irishman's idea of America is contained in the following extract:
"Where did 'bacca come from, Corney?" inquired Bridget.
"Why, from Meriky, where else?" he replied, "that sint us the first petator—Long life to it both."
"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"
"Meriky, is it that ye'r after koin'. They tell me that it is mighty sizable. I'm told that ye might roll England thro' it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside it that ye might drown old Ireland in, an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd never be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of whisky."
"SCENE IN A STREET CAR.—The following incident is vouched for by a correspondent of the Christian Register:
A daughter of Massachusetts, living in New York, was riding in a crowded street car. An intelligent young soldier, suffering from lameness, was standing. The lady kindly offered him her seat, which he politely declined; whereupon a city dame, occupying the next place, gathered up her robes and scornfully said she thought things had come to a pretty pass when a New York lady offered her seat to a man, especially a soldier.
"Shame on you madam, rejoined our humane friend, "have you no dear ones in the army?"
"No," was the reply, "my husband should not go."
"Indeed," was the patriotic answer, "I had rather be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife!"
An outburst of applause greeted the speaker. There was a happy finale of the incident. The lame soldier soon obtained the next seat to the unfeeling woman who had so insulted him.
A piquant correspondence has just passed between two clergymen in a city where considerable religious awakening has taken place. In substance the correspondence ran as follows:
Baptist to Methodist clergyman—Dear Brother: I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any one of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them as candidates for your church.
Methodist to Baptist clergyman—Dear Brother: Yours received. I prefer to wash my own sheep.
THE CELESTIAL STATE.—Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculation as to the future. He was withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.
One day, while engaged in stopping up hog holes about his place he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.
"What's this all about?" demanded Ricketts.
"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.
"Celestial State," said Ricketts, "where the deuce is that?"
"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not."
"Well never mind," interrupted Ricketts, "I don't want to hear about any bet ter State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here if I can only keep them darned hogs out."
TOO SMART.—We know of a man in a certain western city who was very fond of ducks, but, on account of the number he bought at market, was not infrequently troubled with tough ones. One day, wishing for a goodly number, he went to the poultry dealer and said he was an afflicted boarding house keeper—that his boarders were ravenous, especially when things were young and tender.
"Now," said our character with a wink, "I want you to pick out all the tough ones—all the tough ones—you've got."
The delighted dealer finds no difficulty in picking out a number of tough ones.
"Are these all the really tough ones you've got?"
"All!" was the reply.
"Then," said our epicure, "I'll take all of the other lot, if you please."
Mr. Popp, of Poppville, in Popp county, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady love, popped the question to her under the poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."
An Irishman once said to another "And ye have taken the tee-total pledge, have ye?"
"Indeed I have, and am not ashamed of it; either."
"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"
"So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

The Two Misers.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserable than himself, to whom he might go to school and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great miser as an humble compeer in the art of avarice, anxious to learn and under him become a student.
"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora—"we will go to the market to make some purchases."
They went to the baker.
"Hast thou good bread?"
"Good, indeed, my mustets, and fresh and soft as butter."
"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the man of Kufa: "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two, as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."
They then went to the butter merchant and asked if he had good butter.
"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest of oil," was the answer.
"Mark this also," said the host to his guest, "oil is compared with the best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."
They next went to the oil vender.
"Have you good oil?"
"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.
"Mark that too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa: "By this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful and most hospitably therewith will entertain you."
And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.
"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"
A NEW KIND OF FOOL.—A citizen walking up Chestnut street the other day, trod upon the flowing skirts of a lady's dress. The skirts were distended by the most lavish circumference of crinoline, and trailed upon the sidewalk at least four inches. The drapery was so voluminous at any rate, that the wearer was some feet distant from her husband, beside whom she was walking. The citizen trod upon the lady's skirt, bringing her to a stand still. The citizen apologized in the most humble manner, and the lady granted it. To his surprise, as the lady passed on, the husband turning short around, said to the citizen:
"You're a fool!"
"Sir?" said the indignant and astonished citizen, with an eye that forebode a re-venement of the insult.
"Oh, I don't mean to insult you. I see by your appearance that you are a gentleman. When I say you are a fool, I mean you are a fool for apologizing to a woman who wears trailing skirts, because you accidentally tread upon them. That lady, sir, is my wife; I have to get my boots blackened four times a day to walk with her, for fear of soiling her flounces. The next time you tread upon them pray don't apologize for it. If you had torn the whole trail off the dress, I should have been pleased rather than otherwise."
"And you retract your offensive remark then?"
"In the sense you understand it, I do, of course. Should you again tread upon my wife's trail, and then apologize for it, I should feel very much like repeating the epithet."
The citizen wended his way like a man who has acquired a new wrinkle.

How to Enlist a Company.

During the Revolution, Captain B. a member of one of the first families of Charleston, having lost in a skirmish most of his men, went into the interior of South Carolina for the purpose of enlisting recruits. Having appointed a rendezvous, he spent a day or two in looking about the country. At the time and place appointed he found a large number assembled; not one of whom would enlist. After some hours spent to no purpose, he appointed a rendezvous for the next day and left the ground.
Next day came, and with it the same crowd; but his men with no better success than before. What could the matter be? It was the first time during the war that a recruiting officer had been unsuccessful. Something must be wrong, and he determined to know what it was. Calling one of the rascals aside he then said:
"Why is it that I get no recruits?"
"You don't think," answered the countryman, "that we are going to enlist under such a looking man as you are?"
"You are dressed to die to be much of a fighter."
In those days knee breeches and silk stockings were fashionable, and the captain was dressed in that style; there lay his unpopularity. He turned to the countryman and remarked:
"So you object to my dress, do you? Come here to-morrow, and I shall have recruits."
The next day the same crowd had assembled anxious to know what idea the captain had got into his head. After the crowd had assembled, Captain B. stepped out and said, in a clear and distinct voice:
"My friends, I understand that you object to me because I am dressed finer than yourselves. You think I am unable to fight on that account. I will whip as many of you as will come out, one at a time, with the understanding that every man is to enlist after he is whipped; pick your men and send them out."
After some consultation a huge, broad-shouldered fellow came out. The captain drew off his coat very coolly. He was large and well made, and a superior boxer. The countryman rushed up, intending to brush out the captain in a few minutes. He mistook his man, however, and soon measured his length on the ground. A greater bully than the first stepped out to take his place, and soon took his place on the ground. The countrymen stared; they had no idea such a man could fight; he had, however, enlisted two men, and must not be allowed to go farther. The bully of the crowd now stepped out to take the gentleman in hand. He was a stout fellow, weighing about two hundred pounds, and bragged that he had never been whipped. He knew nothing, however, about sparring, and he soon followed his companions. Never was a crowd so strictly confounded. Three of their best men whipped by a man from the city! They could hardly realize it, and stood motionless.
"Well, my friends, are you satisfied? I have whipped three of your best men; I suppose you have no objections to follow their example now?"
"Not a bit," responded one of the crowd. "You'll do to tie to, old fellow. Come, boys, fall in!"
They did so, and in a short time the captain had his company filled, and had offers of more than he could find room for.
Angels in the House.
I know a man. He is not a Christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful, well-behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl of three or four years old. Said he—"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it had a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to the 'Lodge' (he is a Mason), and did not go home till after eleven o'clock. The children, of course were all in bed, and I supposed asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment when I heard Noble get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering across the floor towards me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her; and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said: 'Pa, pray loud.' I prayed, kissed her, and she went back to bed.— And I tell you, G—, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long but just that little 'Pa, pray loud.'"
A man was recently arrested in Detroit for having deserted four wives and five regiments.