

# The Potter Journal

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

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## POTTER JOURNAL

Published by M. W. McALABNEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

## BUSINESS NOTICES

Robt. Hawley, H. H. Cummin, Attorneys-at-Law, Williamsport, Pa. Special attention given to Collection of Pennsylvania Bounty Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments.

Free and Accepted Ancient Work Masons, G. W. L. G. No. 342, F. A. M. Stated Meetings on the 21 and 24th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 3d Story of the Old Hotel, D. C. LARRABEE, Sec.

R. A. DRAKE, M. D., Physician and 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 Manning's Jewelry Store; Residence, No. 22, opposite the office of the Pottery House, Estate. - 17-23.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D., Practicing 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 First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

JOHN S. MANN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Counties of Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. Office in the second story of the Olmsted Block.

ISAAC BENSON, Attorney-at-Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attends Courts of adjoining counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

F. W. KNOX, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALABNEY, Attorneys at Law, Harrisburg, Pa. Agents for the Agents of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c. - Address Box 65, Harrisburg, Pa. W. H. KIDLER, C. W. McALABNEY

M. W. McALABNEY, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Land Bought and Sold, Taxes not and Titles Investigated. Interest on Property, and Insurance in the best Companies in the Country, and Persons Agent in Accidents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-29

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C. H. SIMMONS, Merchant - Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy and Staple Goods, Clothing, Ladies Dress Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied on liberal terms. 17-29

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H. J. OLMSTED, Hardware Merchant and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Main street, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, D. F. GLASSBURN, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office, Having lately added a fine new assortment of JOB TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

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## A QUEER COURTSHIP.

It was a wild winter's night when we, six in number, were seated around a genial bright fire in my uncle's cozy sitting-room. We had come from our homes to spend Christmas with him, and a merry time we had passed. Christmas had gone, and our visit had been protracted long beyond our original intentions.

Uncle Richard, and his wife, aunt Jennie, were great favorites with us. They had no children of their own, and were always glad to have young people visit them, and happy enough were we to avail ourselves of the privilege.

On the night in question, after tea was finished, we were gathered in the sitting-room. Aunt Jennie was sitting by the table on which rested the lamp, sewing, and uncle was gazing abstractedly into the fire, listening to the storm as it howled around the house and shook it to its foundation.

"What a fearful night," said aunt Jennie, after a long silence. "I was just thinking how we should make it pleasant for you, my dears. What shall we do?"

"I have it," said I, quickly, "uncle Richard shall tell us a story."

"A story," said my uncle, looking up from the fire, "I am afraid I will have to refuse you, Nellie; I have no talent for story-telling."

"We can't let you off," I exclaimed. "A story we must have, uncle. Tell us one of your own adventures. You know you have been a perfect Sinbad, in adventures."

Uncle Richard scratched his head and laughed. "How would you like a love story," he asked.

"The very thing above all others. Let us have one by all means," was the unanimous reply.

"Well, then," he said, with a comical glance at aunt Jennie, "I'll tell you how I won my wife."

"Now, Richard," began aunt Jennie, blushing.

"Never mind my dear," said my uncle "it will interest them, and give them some hints by which they may profit hereafter he added.

Uncle Richard stirred the fire, and then seating himself comfortably in the chair, told us his story.

"You must know, my dear children, that when I was a young man I was what is generally termed 'very fast.' I don't think I was as bad as many young men or even as the majority of them; but nevertheless, I was looked upon by good, steady people as a dangerous companion for their sons. I was not long in acquiring this reputation, and it clung to me long after I deserved it. I began to mend my ways when I was about twenty-five, but I was more than thirty before I got credit for being a better man, and it was during this time I first met your aunt. It was a case of love at first sight; something by the way, of which you young ladies are fond of hearing, but which I am powerless to explain. It was real, honest, true love, though, and she was worthy of it."

Uncle Richard's eyes wandered over to where his wife was sitting, and meeting there an answering smile wandered back to the fire, and he went on.

"We first met at a party, after that very frequently. I determined to be a better man and fit myself for the new life to which I aspired. Jenny saw my efforts and encouraged them. Her father however did not believe in my good intentions, and when he found I wanted to marry his daughter, he was very severe on me. I had a hard time with him before I was married, but after I became his son-in-law I never had a better, truer friend. The old man is gone now, and I hope is happy."

"The old man had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and carried his military discipline into his family, where he was very strict. He was, in addition to this, an older in the Presbyterian church, and was not at all disposed to regard my shortcomings with leniency. One morning I was sitting in my office getting ready to go into court, when I walked old Major Shorter.

"Good morning, Major," said I, "take a seat."

"He returned my greeting, and took a chair. He sat there for at least five minutes, regarding me with a fixedness that made me feel uncomfortable. When he had finished his inspection he placed his stick in front of him, and leaned his chin on it, looking at me steadily, and saying in an abrupt manner:

"Richard Sturgis, I have called this morning on a matter which is unpleasant to me, and which we had better settle at once. Tell me frankly what is your motive in visiting my daughter so frequently?"

"To be frank with you, Major Shorter, I am very anxious to make her my wife."

"Humph!" muttered the old man shortly, "I thought so. I suppose you intended to speak to me about the matter?"

"I did sir, but not for some time to come."

"Well, then, you may save yourself any farther trouble about it, for I'll give you my answer now. You can't have her."

"I rose to my feet in astonishment."

"I suspected your motives," continued Maj. Shorter, "and I thought it best to come here and let you understand the matter before it is too late. I love my daughter, Mr. Sturgis, and I have no idea of seeing her ruin her happiness by marrying a dissipated man."

"I assured him that I had abandoned my old habits and was leading a new life but it was in vain; the old man would not believe me, and our interview ended in a quarrel, and my being forbidden his house. I certainly made a bad beginning but I was by no means discouraged. I had not said anything to Jenny about the state of my feelings, and I determined to do so at once. I had an engagement to meet her at a friend's and accompany her home that evening. During the walk I addressed her and was accepted. I told her all that had passed between her father and myself, and she, dear girl, was indignant at her father's course. It was plain that I could not visit her at home as usual and we set to work to devise a plan for our future meetings. The Major was a regular attendant upon the Wednesday night prayer meetings of his church, and was generally absent about two hours, besides meeting at the houses of our friends; we agreed that I should visit her home while her father was absent at prayer meeting.

"This plan worked admirably for a while but, like everything human, broke down at last. One night Jenny and I were cozily chatting in the parlor, when we heard the rattle of a latch key in the front door. Jenny sprang up in alarm.

"There's papa," she exclaimed, "what shall we do?" You can't get through the back way, and he is at the front door."

"My first impulse was to rush by the Major, and upset him if he got in the way, but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would never do, and just then I heard the front door closed and locked. My resolution was taken in moment.

"Open the parlor door," I said to Jenny, in a whisper, "and do nothing to arouse his suspicion."

"Jenny opened the door, and I placed myself behind it. I trembled in every joint; if he should shut the door I should be discovered. I had not thought of this when I selected the place.

"Shut the door, Jenny," said the Major, as he came in.

"O, no papa," she exclaimed, hurriedly "it is so warm that I can't bear the air, and she pushed the door so far that she nearly crushed me.

"Warm!" said the old man, sharply, "warm you must be dreaming. It is freezing out of doors."

"I'm gone, I thought, and I prepared myself for a scuffle.

"However," said the Major, "it may be warm here, for you have a terrible fire in the stove. I guess you may leave the door open."

"A load was taken from my mind. The old man sat in the parlor for at least half an hour, and that time he devoted to abusing me, and telling Jenny about my impudence in wanting to marry her. Sometimes I was indignant at the injustice of his remarks, but as a general thing I could scarcely restrain my laughter. My position was a trying one. I was compelled to get up as close to the wall as possible in order to avoid attracting the Major's attention, and to breathe as lightly as I could.

"The cold draught which came in through the crack of the door producing a constant inclination to cough, and I was in mortal dread lest I should yield to it and betray myself.

"The half hour seemed to me like thirty years instead of so many minutes, and I was elated beyond description when I at last saw the old man get up and leave the room.

"As he went out he closed the door after him, and as he heard him ascending the stairs to his chamber, Jenny and I broke into a hearty laugh.

"You are safe for the present," she said "but you must go away at once. It will not be prudent to let you out at the front door, as papa will hear us, so you must go out at the window."

"The window was raised softly, and giving Jenny a kiss, I sprang out of it. I had scarcely touched the ground when I was seized by the collar, and a rough voice demanded to know why I had left the house in that way."

"Looking up I found myself in the hands of a watchman.

While I was hesitating what to say, Jenny, who had heard the question said to the watchman:

"It's all right, policeman; the front door key has been misplaced, and the gentleman had to leave the house through the window."

"Who are you?" the policeman inquired.

"I am Miss Shorter," she replied and

the gentleman is Mr. Sturgis, a friend of my father."

"If you say so, Miss, I suppose it's all right," said the watchman, releasing me, "but," he muttered as he turned away, "it's very queer to do business in that style."

"The next morning, before I left my office, I received a visit from Maj. Shorter. Declining my offer of a seat, the old man came up in front of my desk, and looking me full in the face, said sharply:

"Richard Sturgis you were at my house last night. I'm sorry I did not know it for I would have given you the punishment your impudence deserved."

"I began to explain the matter, but he cut me short.

"Never mind," he said, "it's all over now and it can't be helped. Don't try it again, for I warn you I shall be on the watch for you."

"He turned abruptly and left me. I certainly felt rather sheepish, but determined to marry Jenny, and he was resolved that I should not, and from all appearances the struggle bade fair to be a hard one.

"For several days I did my best to get a message to Jenny but failed. At last I hit upon a plan of communication.

"Major Shorter's house was built directly on the street, and as he had forbidden me to darken his doors, I resolved to make use of his windows, which, as somebody very justly remarked, 'they are just as good as doors, provided they have no nails in them to tear your breeches.' On the next Sunday night I stationed myself in the shadow of the doorway of the church and as Jenny came by accompanied by her father, I managed to slip a note into her hand. In it I revealed my plan to her, and as she passed out of the church a bright smile which she gave me signified her willingness to adopt it.

"Every evening after this, at dusk when I passed Major Shorter's house, I found one of the parlor windows raised, and Jenny by it, hidden by the heavy curtain.

"I would slip into her hand a note with which I had provided myself before leaving home, receive one in return, press her hand and be off before her father could see me.

This continued for about three weeks, when it was broken up by a rather unpleasant occurrence.

"One evening I had gone with my note as usual, and placed my hand through the window, when it was seized in a vice like grasp, and the old Major thundered as he threw up the window:

"Now you scoundrel, I've got you, have I? I'll make you remember me, you impudent villain."

"And with that he almost crushed my hand. I yelled with pain.

"It hurts, does it?" growled the old man, savagely. "Not quite so soft and tender as the hand you expected to squeeze you villain."

"Before this I had been too much surprised to speak, but now I cried out angrily:

"Let my had alone Major Shorter? What right have you to treat me in this manner?"

"Right!" he shouted, "right! Zounds sir, what right have you to stick your hand in at my window? I've a notion to have you arrested as thief."

"Take care, sir," I exclaimed, trying to wrench my hand from him. "You may regret this."

"Wait till I get out there, and I'll make you regret it."

"He released my hand and started to come out after me, but I did not wait for him. I had no desire to get into a fuss with him, so I took to my heels.

"The next day I received a note from the Major. It was short and sweet, and somewhat to this effect:

"Sir.—You are an impudent black-guard. In chasing you last night I fell and hurt my leg, which will prevent me from seeing you this morning. I write now to inform you that if I catch you lurking around my house again, I shall certainly shoot you."

Very respectfully yours,  
JOHN SHORTER.

"This letter, especially after my experience of the previous night, made me feel very uncomfortable, but I consoled myself with the reflection that you must catch a man before you hang him. I set to work to devise another plan, and when I had arranged it to my own satisfaction, communicated it to Jenny by slipping a note into her hand at church.

In the rear of Major Shorter's dwelling was an alley. The brick building extended to this alley, and in the second story was a window over looking it. I asked Jenny in my note to tie her letters to a string and lower them from this window, after dark: I would then get them, and tie my letters to a string in return. This plan worked admirably for a while, but, like the other, was not to last long. One evening I had just tied my letter to the string, when I was startled by a loud "bang" from the window above, and smart-

ing in my hands. Away I sped, followed by another report. I heard the old man shouting after me, but I did not stop to hear what was said. When I got home I examined my hands, which smarted painfully, but the wound was very slight; the Major had evidently loaded his gun with salt; while it was quite painful, at first, it was not dangerous.

I was sorely tempted to retaliate upon him, and give him a thrashing, but the reflection that such a course might lose my Jenny, determined me to take it as quietly as possible. I encountered the major on the street the next day, but although he called to me that he wished to see me, I avoided him. I had enough of him for some time to come.

I did not see or hear from Jenny for at least a month after this. At last I received a note from her one morning telling me to come to the house that night, that her father had left the city, and would not return until the next day.

When the night came I hastened to the house, and was met by Jenny at the door. I spent a pleasant evening with her, and was just rising to go away when we heard the front door open.

"O dear, there's papa now. What shall we do?" exclaimed Jenny in alarm.

We had no time to lose, so I told her to keep quiet; and concealed myself behind the sofa.

The Major came in directly after, and seeing Jenny's anxious and flurried look, at once suspected the cause of it, he seated himself on the sofa behind which I was concealed, and he forbade me to give any grunts. It was clear my presence was known to him.

"Jenny, dear," he said, "go into the kitchen and tell Tom to bring me a bucket of hot water."

"Shall I tell him to take it to your room?" asked Jenny tremulously.

"No, dear, tell him to bring it here."

"In the parlor, papa?" she began. He cut her short, and replied, sharply:

"Yes, in the parlor. Tell him to be quick about it. Go along, girl. What are you hesitating about?"

Jenny left the room, and as she went out I heard her crying. I was confident that the old man wanted to scald me, and I had no idea of waiting quietly for him to do so. Still it was no easy matter to retreat. I glanced up over the sofa to take a look at the state of affairs. The Major was sitting with his back to me, and his face to the door through which Jenny had disappeared. He knew well where I was concealed, but he paid no attention to me, so sure was he that he had me in his clutches. My position was desperate and so was the resolution I formed.

While his back was still turned to me, I sprang to my feet, and giving the sofa a push sent the major rolling over the floor, and before he could regain his feet I had passed through the parlor door locked to the outside. Calling to Jenny to come and release her father, I left the house and returned home.

Feeling assured that the Major would call on me in no very amiable mood the next morning, I returned to avoid seeing him. When I returned I learned that he had been to my office and vowed vengeance against me. I continued to keep out of his way, however, until his wrath subsided, for it was not my interest to meet him.

After this I did not see Jenny for a long time. At last I could stand the separation no longer, so I wrote to Jenny to stay at home the next Sunday morning and I would see her while her father was at church.

On the appointed day I was at the house, fully intending to go away before the Major should return. Unfortunately however, I overstayed my time, as usual and the Major came in so suddenly that he cut off my retreat. It was useless to attempt to hide in the parlor, for he knew my tricks too well by this time, so I hurried out of the door leading to the back part of the house, and seeing the door to the cellar open, bolted into it. The major saw me as I went into the cellar. I had hardly got down the stairs when he came to the door.

"Wall, Mr. Sturgis," said he, "so you are here again."

"It seems so, sir," I replied, not knowing what else to say.

"How long do you expect to stay?" he asked.

"I was about to go as you came in," I said "I may as well do so now."

"Not yet," he said, sharply. "You seem so found of my house that I'll give you more of it than you bargained for. I warrant you, however, you'll not find my cellar as comfortable as my parlor."

With this he turned off and locked the door on me. I looked around the cellar for some mode of egress, but could find none. It was a close, well-built cellar, lighted by only one grated window. It was clean and well arranged, but quite cold. Finding that I had no means of escape, I seated myself on a box and tried to make the best of my condition. In a short time I discovered the major's stock

of wine was stored in the cellar. Selecting a bottle of prime old Port, I took out the stopper with my knife, and paid my respects to it. I had no idea how long I was to be kept there.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the door at the head of the steps opened, and Major Shorter made his appearance.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," said he, mockingly "how do you like your quarters?"

"Very much, sir," I replied with an air of unconcern. "I say, major, this is capital old Port you have here."

"Thunder!" shouted the major, "you have not been at my wine, have you?"

"I have taken that liberty, to enjoy the monotony of my position," I answered laughing.

"You have the advantage of me there said the major, after a pause. "You are not worth a bottle of good Port. Come up, and I'll let you go home."

"I assure you I am very well satisfied, sir."

"Come up, and be off from here, I say," exclaimed the old man, angrily.

I went up stairs, carrying with me the bottle from which I had been drinking. As I reached the head of the stairs, the old man broke into a loud laugh.

"You've been too much for me to day, Sturgis," he said. Go home now and don't repeat your visit."

I went out of the house and returned home. A few days after this I received a note from Jenny, telling me that her father was about to take her to Europe, with the hope of getting rid of me. This brought matters to a crisis, and we determined to set aside her father's unjust opposition, and take the responsibility of marrying.

Everything was in readiness. The carriage was at a cross street near Jenny's home, and I was waiting near the door for her. She came out soon and we hurried to the carriage. It was quite dark when we got there and helping Jenny into it, I ordered the driver to take us to the Rev. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s house I had hardly gotten into the carriage, when some one on the front seat, whom I had not noticed before, said, quietly:

"Upon my life, this is cool."

Jenny gave a scream of alarm, and I recognized the voice of Mr. Shorter. He had discovered our plans, and had taken his seat in the carriage for the purpose of thwarting them.

"And so you two fools are going to be married, and without my consent?"

"You have unjustly withheld it Major Shorter, and we have determined to act for ourselves. You have no right to act towards us from such groundless prejudices."

I expected an angry retort, but the old man spoke very mildly when he replied:

"I have been thinking during the last half hour, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "that I have not acted right about this matter. I will be just towards you. Get out now and let the carriage take us home, and come to see me in the morning. I promise you shall have no cause to complain of me."

He held out his hand to me; I took it most gladly, and bidding both parties good night, left the carriage.

The next day I called upon the major, and before I left him we arranged matters to our own satisfaction. He agreed to put me on probation six months more, and promised if at the end of that time I was steady and deserving, Jenny should be my wife. I passed the ordeal, married Jenny and never had a better friend than her father proved. This, dears is how I won my wife. No doubt you think it rather a queer courtship; and so it was; but it brought me a dear good wife."

Uncle Richard fell to poking the fire again and we all listened to the storm once more.

## Specie Accumulation in New York.

The receipts in gold at the New York Custom House week before last amounted to three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while the payments for interest on the national debt in gold were but two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The entire shipments of specie to Europe during the week amounted to but six hundred and fifty thousand, principally in gold and silver bars. Of the 22,800 bales of cotton received during the week, there were shipped to Europe only 13,000 so that there is retained not only a large amount of the precious metals, but also a large amount of equally precious material, which is as good as gold.

The stock of cotton now on hand in New York is fully two hundred and thirty-five thousand bales. The gold receipts for duties at the Custom House during the last week will probably be fully as large as the receipts of the former. The European steamers now arriving bring full cargoes of spring goods, the duties on which are very heavy. The deposits of gold at the sub-treasury have been so heavy that there are over ninety millions in gold and currency now in the Government depositories in New York.