

The Potter Journal.

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

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POTTER JOURNAL.

THE 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. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freeing our Country.
Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Caspall types:
1 square, 1 insertion.....\$1.50
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions.....2.00
Each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines.....1.00
1 square, 1 year.....10.00
Business Cards, 1 year.....5.00
Advertisements of "Acquaintances" per line.....20
Special and Extraordinary Notices per line.....20
All transient advertisements must be paid in advance and no notice will be taken of advertisements from a distance, unless they are accompanied by the money or satisfactory reference.
Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Robt. Hawley.
H. H. Cummins.
Attorneys-at-Law.
WILLIAMS, Penn'a. Special attention given to Collection of Penions, Bounty and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments.
2021st

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons.
EULALIA LODGE, No. 42, A. M. Stated Meetings on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall, in the 3d story of the Olmsted Block, D. C. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SUELL, W. M.

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

JOHN S. MANN.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in 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 COUNSELLOR 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 Potter, Cameron and McKean counties. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

F. W. KNOX.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Office on Second street, near the Allegany bridge.

MILLER & McALABNEY.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Hanover, Penn'a. Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Penions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c. Address Box 86, Hanover, Pa. W. C. McALABNEY, W. C. MILLER.

M. W. McALABNEY.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT, Coudersport, Pa. Land, Boat and Sold, Taxes paid and Titles investigated. Insures property against fire in the best companies in the Country, and Personals against Accidents in the Marine Insurance Company of Hartford. Business transacted promptly. 17-29

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.
MERCHANTS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

C. H. SIMMONS.
MERCHANT, WELLSVILLE, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

C. S. & E. A. JONES.
MERCHANTS, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLIMSTED.
MERCHANT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

COLLINS SMITH.
MERCHANT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country store. 17-29

H. J. OLIMSTED.
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. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Livestock stable is kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily stages to and from the Railroads.

Potter Journal Job-Office.
H. J. OLIMSTED, Proprietor. Having lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-PRINTING, and being prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE.
Lewisville, Potter County, Pennsylvania.
BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this Hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the acquaintance of the traveling public and make confident of giving satisfaction to all who may call on him. Feb. 18, 66

MARBLE WORK.
Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by
C. Brennan.
Residence: Eulalia, 12 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Shenandoah Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-6

DAN BAKER.
PENSION, BOUNTY AND WAR CLAIM AGENCY. Pensioners provided for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by wounds received in battle or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows and heirs of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case of claimant, will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Free in Pottery cases as fixed by law. Refers to Hon. Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, and F. W. Knox, Esq. June 64
Civil Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

\$1.500 Per Year! We want agents everywhere to sell our improved Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The extra machines sold in the United States for less than \$100, which are fully warranted by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Barker, Singer & Co., & Wheeler, &c. All other cheap machines are inferior to the one we sell or use are liable to arrest, fire, and imprisonment. Circulars free. Address or call upon Shaw & Clark, Boston, Mass., or Chicago, Ill. Dec. 25, 1865. 16-17

Something New and Novel for Agents. Peddlers, Country Store, Druggists, and all seeking honorable and profitable business. Free by mail for \$100; whole sale \$200. Circulars sent for \$100 per day profit. A. B. BRYANT & DOWD, 25-27-1m) Manufacturers, 126 Water St., N. Y.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever was heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.
Poems that ripple through lowest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the soul where the beautiful thrives,
Strictly as flowers in the air of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt though unseen by the beings that love us,
Written on lives in letters of gold.
Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest:
Fresh from the spirit, oh, beautiful friend.

THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and corded and the carpet bags were piled up in the corner of the capacious old fashioned hall. How melancholy they looked, those emblems of partings and adieus. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls who were gathered round a stalwart, handsome fellow of about thirty could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief maker tormenter and tease of the whole family, and old Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles over five minutes, and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to his old eyes.
"Aye, you may laugh girls!" said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. Perhaps you may one day discover it is not such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my excellent eye."

"But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear," coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense. There she sat on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.
"I'm not so certain of all that Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thoraville, and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.
"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea," remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his fair relatives.
"At all events, there is one incalculable advantage that may result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Olmsted?"
"The fact that you have played your last freak on me, you tormenting little mink!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but pray, don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose upon me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds?"

"But you won't have them, Mademoiselle. How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorn?"

"All in good time my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his large silver bound spectacles in his case. "You young people are all in such a desperate hurry. Tell Betsy to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we'll have a nice long evening to gossip about Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his easy, red curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old college friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thoraville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down as planter in that vicinity, and requesting Mr. Thorne's cooperation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there's some one down stairs who wants to see you immediately, for one minute."

"Very annoying," said the old gentleman. "Just as I was finishing up this letter of Jack's. However, I can finish it afterwards. Minnie, suppose you glance over it, and dot the i's and cross the t's; I am not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment two hours later, when Minnie ran in with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all her raven tresses ripple down unheeded over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve buttons, Olive! But ah! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and Cousin Jack, too?"

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain to me this mysterious riddle."

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorn, and was detained longer than I expected, almost an hour in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter."

"A parody?"

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had, so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with diablerie.

"But you know I never once thought of sending the letter. I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well I signed it with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed, and safe in Jack's pocket, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter!"

"The wrong letter?"

"It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be, and my impetuous misfire has gone white the real, *bona fide* letter lay there, among a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't the courage to confess my misdeeds—papa is so opposed to my innocent jokes—and Jack is off with that indecipherable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be when my mischief leaks out."

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely, in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave elder sister as she was, had not the heart to lecture her as rudely as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the special apartment of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thoraville, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles round. It was no scholarly looking library, like that of his ancient comrade Chester, but a square light room with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turkeys. He was seated in the leather cushioned arm chair, looking over a file of agricultural journals, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "super-phosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor, sir," Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspaper, and glanced at the card which bore the simple inscription of "John Lacy"—then at the letter which purported to be introductory to that individual.

"Hum—ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his hand writing, but time alters us all. Haven't heard from him for twenty years—and, halo! what is this? A pretty cool request upon my word—nephew wants a wife, and has heard that I possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well known experience in such matters. What does the old rascal mean?" ejaculated Jabez the fringe of gray hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation. "I'll send Jeffers to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house."

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family those Chesters—and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester—he was always singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding in such matters, but there's nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich, and Mary don't object—at all events I'll see him on the subject."

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry at his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged—and understand from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property that you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property?" said the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again; but he controlled his emotion, and only answered: really, sir, this is a very strange request. One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so short notice."

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack politely; "but I am rather anxious to do for myself, and if you would favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of—"

But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily in his chair.

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but he answered as courteously as possible:

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be precipitate on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a specimen of the rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, "they are about as impudent a set of Jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with old Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet."

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly.

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail and—"

"Does he expect my Mary to have the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. "I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once."

And before Lacy could express his surprise, his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than that of her father. She was attired in white muslin, with a boquet of crimson moss rose-buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny, shell-like ears. "To be put upon exhibition like one of your prize cattle. No, indeed! Let the young man go back where he came from! A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!"

"But, my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a very fine looking fellow, and rich in the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl. I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses, nevertheless, and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now, if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character, it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his decided old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him *tete-a-tete* with the pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing enough, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

Well, thought Jack, the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I come to consult an old gentleman about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room, and sends in his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know.

And Mary, glancing shyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had "beautiful Spanish eyes," and a moustache decidedly superior in style to the hirsute adornments of the young gentlemen of Thoraville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he inconspicuously to escape through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however, so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remark on the weather. It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was greatly surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated the sale of it.

"I believe I would like to become purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some idea of settling here."

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow?" he asked.

All the moss roses in Mr. Thorne's garden could never have rivaled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks, as she fled from the room without a word of reply.

"Very singular family, this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves, and walking down the broad path. But she is an uncommon pretty girl—and I shall certainly take an early walk through that grove of cedars to-morrow morning before breakfast.

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose feeling decidedly pleased that he should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house soon.

"Certainly can't be in love," quoth he mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in any danger of suiting not only for a farm but a wife."

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves of his pet haurstians with a gigantic pair of garden scissors, that morning, when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a buoyant

"Good Morning! Well, sir," he went on gaily, "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"Hum!" said Mr. Thorne dubiously. "And I would like to take a second and more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man, sharply, "my daughter has not yet come down stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter," thought Lacy, but he said:

"Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observe a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt there is very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you, young man," began Mr. Thorne, in a towering rage, but Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and he hastened to say:

"In short, sir, I am now determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down upon the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape into words.

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began, "you talk as if this were a mere matter of business."

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way in which I have always heretofore been accustomed to treat such matters, sir."

"Heretofore, you have been accustomed to do with the matter," thought Lacy, but he said:

"And pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"Oh, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose," said Jack, smiling.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?"

"No, why should I be?"

"Get out of my garden you young rascal!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here and offer to buy my daughter, as if she were a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!"

not at all certain that, after I have selected a home, I shall not enter less business like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "I'll give my consent, if only to stone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh all to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time, in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonable long time, before he discerned, through the dense foliage of acacia hedges, their advancing forms. Mr. Lacy looked exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared the paternal families.

"She says she'll consider of it," answered Jack demurely.

A week or two afterward Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamond sleeve buttons, and the following billet:

"DEAR MINNIE.—I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, or I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife!

Cousin Jack."

From which we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

To be a scholar, requires exertion. We admire thunder, but as for lightning we were never struck by it.

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was able.

I hate doctors' bills as the man said when he caught the family physician kissing his wife.

Lip-service is considered discreditable to a Christian, but it is a delightful thing between two lovers.

Why is a lady of fashion like a successful sportsman? Because she buys her hair.

In a recent interview with a Congressman, Secretary Seward denounced Congress in a violent manner; asserted that he originated what is termed President Johnson's policy; and declared himself in favor of the immediate admission of the Southern delegations and the repeal of the test oath.

"Do you propose to put Ike into a store Mrs. Partington?" asked a friend.

"Yes," replied the old lady, "but I'm pestiferous to know which. Some tell me the wholesale trade is best, but I believe the retail would be the most beneficial to him."

"Tom," said a man to his friend, a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now a days." "Tim," said the other, "I find it far more difficult than dangerous."

A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband replied, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

Southerners are bying nice residences in the fashionable parts of Boston. Over twenty first-class houses there have lately been purchased by Southerners, who say they made fortunes during the war and have come North to invest it.

Two men were accommodated with lodging at one of the Philadelphia station houses last week, who, ten years ago, were leading and influential merchants. Rum sent to the watch-house.

General Nye, says Congress may be able to reconstruct the Southern States, but neither they nor the devil will ever be able to reconstruct their women, they are perfectly awful.

Gen Butler has gone to Massachusetts to try a case involving a claim of \$1,000,000, made by one Burrill against the city of Boston for furnishing troops to fill the quota of that city.

Under the head of "Accident" the Boston Transcript chronicles the prompt arrival of a railroad train. It was an unusual event, unexpected by hackmen, porters and hotel keepers.

In Great Britain the letter H is drawn from "one, from 'ope, from 'caved, into hexile, hauguish, and haunxiety.

A little boy in Wisconsin was being put to bed the other night about dark when he objected to going so early. His mother told him how the chickens went to bed early and he must do so too. The little fellow said he would if his mother would do as the old hens did—go to bed first, then coax the chickens to come.