

The Potter Journal.

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

TERMS.—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XVIII.—NUMBER 23.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY DECEMBER 4, 1866.

POTTER JOURNAL,

THE
POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McALARNY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owing to the fact that it is published in a remote and isolated spot, it will endeavor to give the most complete and interesting news of the West of more fully than any other paper published in this county.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where specified otherwise: A square, 10 lines of type or 8 of Nonpareil type, for one week, \$1.00; for two weeks, \$1.50; for one month, \$2.00; for three months, \$5.00; for six months, \$8.00; for one year, \$12.00. For each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines, 50 cents. For each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines, 50 cents. For each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines, 50 cents. For each subsequent insertion less than 10 lines, 50 cents.

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 dispatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons
EULALIA LODGE, No. 425, F. A. M. Shaded
Meeting on the 21 and 4th Mondays of each
month. Hall, in the old Store of the Olmsted Block,
D. C. LARABEE, Sec. W. M. SWEET, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa.,
respectfully informs the citizens of this village and
vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for
professional services. Office on First Street, first door
west of his residence. 17-19

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts
in Potter and Cameron counties. All business
entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office on Main Street in residence.

OLMSTED AND LARABEE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Penn'a.,
will attend to all business entrusted to their
care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend
the several Courts in the adjoining counties. 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 COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the Courts in Pot-
ter and the adjoining counties.

MILLER & McALARNY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HARRISBURG, Penn'a.,
Agents for the Collection of Claims against the
United States and other Government, such as Pen-
sion, Arrears of Pay, etc.—Address Box 53, Harrisburg,
Pa. J. C. McALARNY

M. W. McALARNY,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
Lead Bought and Sold, Taxes Paid, etc.—The best
Company in the Country, and Persons against Acci-
dents in the Travelers Insurance Company of Har-
risonburg, Virginia. Business transacted promptly. 17-19

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy
Goods, Groceries, etc.—From the best sources.
And everything kept in a good country store.
Produce bought and sold. 17-19

C. H. SIMMONS,
MERCHANT—Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Fancy Goods, etc.—Residence in the Olmsted Block,
Coudersport, Pa.

CHARLES S. JONES,
MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints,
Oils, Fertilizers, Stationery, Dry Goods,
Groceries, etc., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLIMSTED,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-made
Clothing, Crochery, Groceries, Flour, Feed,
Fork, Provisions, etc., Main Street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery,
and all Goods usually found in a country store. 17-19

H. J. OLIMSTED,
HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stores,
Tin and Sheet Iron, and Millinery, etc.—
Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Pa.
Orders, in good style, on short notice.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, Corner of Main
and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
Livery Stable also kept in connection with the
Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

Postal Journal Job-Office,
HAVING lately added a new assortment of
JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment,
we are now prepared to do all kinds of printing
with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE,
Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.
BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Has long
taken this excellent Hotel, the proprietor wishes
to make the accommodations of the traveling public and
be especially of giving satisfaction to all who may
call on him.—Feb. 12, 66

MARBLE WORK,
Monuments and Tomb-Stones
of all kinds, will be furnished on reason-
able terms and short notice by
C. Brucine,
Residence: Eulalia, 12 miles south of
Coudersport, Pa., on the Shenandoah
Road, or leave your orders at the Post Office. 16-17

DAN BAKER,
PENSION, BOUNTY and WAREHOUSE AGENCY
Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present
War who are disabled by reason of wounds received
or disease contracted while in the service of the United
States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay ob-
tained for widows or 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 plain-
copy of the case of claimant, I will forward the ne-
cessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension
cases as fixed by law. Refer to Hons. Isaac Benson,
A. G. Olimsted, John S. Mann, and J. C. McALARNY, Esq.
June 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

\$1.500 Per Year! We want agents
everywhere to sell our improved
\$20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and
upper feed. Warranted five years. Above any
or large quantities paid. The only machines sold
in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully
licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Co. and Wheeler, Allen
& Co. and Wheeler, Allen & Co. ALL other cheap ma-
chines are infringements and the seller or user are
liable to arrest, fine, and imprisonment. Circulars
free. Address, in call upon Shaw & Clark, Bind-
ers, Mafro, or Chicago, Ill. Dec. 25, 1865. 16-17

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT,
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!
Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHIL-
BLAINS, and all AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.
Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. By sending
50 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170
Washington Street, Boston, it will be forwarded by
mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.
June 1, 1864, reproduce why 17.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

It is now some two or three years since a young gentleman entered the office of a Special Agent of the Post Office Department in one of our large cities, and announced that he had a serious case of mail depredation to report, which he would like to have investigated immediately. Being requested to give particulars of the matter, he produced from his pocket a letter addressed to himself, and postmarked with the name of a small town in the State of Pennsylvania. The envelope bore unmistakable evidence of having been opened and sealed, and the address was in a lady's hand writing.

"There, sir," said he, carefully removing the letter, and handing the envelope to the Agent for inspection, "that ere letter has been robbed by some post office thief of twenty-six dollars. Now I want you to catch him and put screws to him—give him ten years at least. I don't care for the loss of the money," (it is singular, by the way, how sublimely indifferent to pecuniary considerations most people are who prefer these complaints), "but I'd like to see the rascal caught."

Now the Agent having had considerable previous experience in the investigation of cases of "rifling," was quite sensible that a very necessary preliminary to such investigations was a thorough knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the affair, and after attentively examining the envelope, which was liberally bedaubed with muck, he observed:

"Well, sir, I will take a memorandum of your statement, and if it proves to be a post office thief, as you say—"

"If it does, sir? Why, who else can it be? Isn't there the envelope to speak for itself—hasn't it evidently been torn open and gummed up again? Of course it's a post office thief—any one can see that."

"Probably, sir, but I don't see it, just yet. Be good enough to give me the name of the writer of this letter."

The young man hesitated, and at once his manners became confused and nervous. "I'd rather not, if it's all the same, sir. It's a young lady, and there are peculiar circumstances about the case—and in short, I don't want her name mixed up in it."

"But it will be absolutely necessary, in order to make a proper investigation, that I should know her name. Without it I cannot undertake to do anything in the matter."

The gentleman still sought for some time to avoid giving the name of his fair friend, but at last announced it as Miss Emily Melville.

"Other questions followed as to the circumstances which led to the enclosure of the money, &c., to which the complainant answered in an evasive shuffling way—evidently striving to conceal something of which he was secretly ashamed.

"Yes—that is, no—I can't say I did." "Where did you meet her?" "Why, I can't say where exactly—don't know as I have met her at all, to tell the truth."

"Telling the truth seems to be a work of time with you," remarked the agent, dryly. "Now if you'll be good enough to give me a little light about what you do know of this young lady, whom you have never met, but whom you propose to marry, and on whose honor you are willing to stake your life, perhaps there may be some prospect of getting at the facts of this mysterious robbery—otherwise, you need waste no more time in this neighborhood."

"Well, if you must have it, here it is: You see, about six months ago, I (just for fun, you know)—I advertised for a wife, and this young lady happened to advertise for a husband about the same time, and we answered each other's advertisements. But then she was in earnest—all on the square. Oh, yes," continued he, observing, perhaps, an incredulous smile on the countenance of the agent, she was all right—wanted a husband in earnest—wanted one bad. She was situated in this way; she hadn't got no father nor mother, and was under the charge of a guardian—an old fellow about fifty—and she's worth about \$30,000 (here his eyes glistened covetously) in her own right, this guardian, he takes and puts her into a boarding school, and intends to force her into marrying him. She'd rather have some younger fellow, of course—natural, isn't it?—so she takes and advertises for a husband. So, as I was saying I answered her advertisement, and she replied to my letter, and so we got up a correspondence. Now, there ain't no humbug about her—I can tell when a gal's in earnest—and I know she's all right by way of the writes. So about two weeks ago she says in a postscript to one of her letters—'I wish you would go to Stewart's and get me five yards of black broadcloth and send it to me by express. I want it for a cloak, and I'll send you the money just as soon as it comes, and don't fail to let me know just how much it is, for I don't want you to be at any expense for me.' So I went to Stewart's and got the cloth, and sent it by express, and wrote to her and told her it was twenty-six dollars, and then she put the money in this letter, and some darned thief in a postoffice has gone and stole it out—that is all there is about it."

"O, that's all it is," said the agent, with difficulty restraining the laugh which this pitiful tale of true love was calculated to provoke. "Well, sir, there is no doubt but you are a very much abused individual, and if you will call again in about a fortnight I think I will then be able to give you some definite information in regard to the matter."

"Thank you, sir, only put that post office fellow in the State prison, and I'll be satisfied. I don't care much about the money; that is I don't care so much about it; but if you could get it back—"

"I shall do everything possible, sir; good morning."

Punctually at the expiration of the fortnight the victim of this heartless postoffice robbery presented himself to hear the result of the investigation. The agent by writing one or two letters, and availing himself of certain other means at his command, had in the meantime entirely satisfied himself as to the author of the outrage, and was quite prepared for the visit.

"Good morning, sir. Have you found out yet who stole my money?" "Yes, sir, I think I have."

"Oh, I see—the young lady was probably here visiting, and being temporarily out of funds you gallantly forced her to accept a loan—eh?" "Well, no, not exactly. The fact is, I sent the goods to her, by express, at her request."

"And of course she being an old friend—"

"Not a friend precisely."

"A relative, then?" "No."

"Ah, I see—something nearer and dearer."

The hapless young man had noiselessly departed—possibly to take the first train for Pennsylvania, possibly to meditate in solitude over the comparative advantages of "love at first sight" and love before sight. Wherever he went, he has not returned.

SELLING A GRINDSTONE.

Among Fred's numerous friends was Judge Newton, who resided in Mahoning county, State of Ohio. Fred always made the Judge's house his home when he traveled that part of the country. The Judge was a fine, jovial old fellow, fond of a joke and was always trying to get a joke upon Fred, when he stayed with him.

One day, some time in the year 1839, Fred was passing through, and put up with him over night. In the morning he was determined to drive a trade with him of some kind, offering in his usual way to take anything for payment:

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Judge, laughing, "I've got a first rate grindstone out in the yard, if you'll take that I'll trade it out."

"Very well," said Fred, "I'll take it, it's just as good pay as I want."

They went out to the wagon, and the Judge turned out his grindstone, which Fred loaded in his wagon and started. He had not gone far before he saw a customer and stopped his team.

"Good morning, Squire—want anything in my line this morning?" "Well, I don't know, Fred," replied he in a bantering tone, "got any grindstone?" "Yes, sir; got a first-rate one; just come out and look at it."

Now it happened the man really did not want a grindstone; he was acquainted with Fred and spoke in the manner he did because he had no idea Fred had one.

"I like the looks of that stone," said he, after examining it, "and as I want one very much, and you take anything for payment, I'll give you six cents a pound for it (four cents was the regular price) provided you will take such property as I turn out to you for payment."

"Certainly," said Fred, "I always do."

"Very well. How much does the grindstone weigh?" "Just forty-eight pounds," said Fred, and proceeded to unload it.

"Now come with me, Fred," said the old Squire, grinning, when this was finished, and get your pay."

Fred, after a pause. "As you say it's some ways home, and will cost something to get him there; and if you will give me seventy-five dollars I don't know but you may take him."

The Judge was delighted with his purchase and paid the money on the spot. As they were taking the calf to the barn, Fred remarked:

"I say, Judge, I don't see what there is about that calf that makes him worth more money than any other. I believe I can get as many such calves as I want for three dollars."

"Perhaps you can," answered the Judge, "in a few years when they become plenty."

In the morning when Fred was starting, he remarked:

"I hope when you have any more grindstones to sell you'll remember me."

"Thank you, I will," said the Judge not exactly understanding what Fred was driving at.

A few days after, Fred was gone, the Squire of whom Fred had bought the calf was passing, when Judge Newton called to him to tell him that he had at last succeeded in obtaining some of the famed stock. The Squire expressed a desire to see it, and they proceeded to the barn.

"Is that the one?" said he.

"Yes."

"Who did you get it of?" "Of Fred Grishgold; I paid him seventy-five dollars for it."

The Squire burst out into a loud laugh. "Why, Judge," said he as soon as he could speak, "I sold him that calf a short time ago for a grindstone!" The Judge was perfectly astonished. He thought of it a moment and then said:

A Hunter Shot by a Deer.

Devoted as all the English race is to field sports, and general as the pursuit of them has grown, the shooting season can never pass without accidents. Most of these, however distressing, are ordinary enough in character. But in Scotland a calamity has befallen a first-rate and well-tried forester, which is really one of the most extraordinary ever told in the annals of the rifle. There are curious stories by dozens in the records of "flood and field." Every book of hunting and shooting contains some wonderful tale, and every old shot can spin yarn after yarn of "wild adventures that befall." Some that are not believed are none the less true; for travelers and hunters do "strange things" as well as "see" them, and are often shy of relating all they know, because truth is so often less probable than fiction. Who would credit, for example, that a wild Australian bull, in full charge, had been felled to the ground and slain by a pebble thrown from the hand. Yet that is on record. And in the long lists of the accidents that have befallen the disciples of St. Hubert we find the oldest of tales. It is Harris, we believe, who narrates in his "Highlands of Ethiopia" that a dying antelope pushed into the pursuer the hunting-knife which was drawn to slay it, well nigh "gralloching" the man instead of suffering that process itself. Something of the same character, but more extraordinary still, is the unfortunate accident which occurred in Mar Forest. It is not very uncommon for deer to kill their hunters. The brow antlers of a "stag of ten" are like bayonets, and the old song says, "If thou be hurt with horn of hart it brings thee to thy grave." But who ever heard of a stag shooting the man who shot it? Nobody would dare invent such an incident in a volume of sport. Yet the thing has really happened! This year in the Grampians, and a right good forester was buried among the mountains last Wednesday, who was shot through the heart by a bullet fired by a stag of which he had made sure, and which was itself at the point of death.

The unlucky sportsman was named Geo. Urquhart, and was a first-rate and successful deerstalker, one of the best of Mr. Powell's foresters at Breinar. When out with his master and some others on the face of Cairntoul, a fine stag was stalked and surrounded by the party. Urquhart was sent to keep the animal from escaping by the head of the glen, and firing at it, he wounded it again. Another forester then joined him, and the two followed the stag out of the main pass into a very deep glen, with broken ground and precipitous sides, and a foaming burn below. The deer was so badly hurt that the men came up with him; and Urquhart tried to drive him down with the butt-end of the rifle before dealing the finishing blow. In despair and pain, the stag lashed out, and striking the hammers of the piece, knocked one off and brought the other down on the cap, so that the charge exploded, and drove the bullet straight through the forester's body. He stood for a moment, and then said, quietly, "I am shot," and fell into the arms of his companion Grant, who laid him down and tried to stop the bleeding. Seeing the poor fellow was so much hurt, Grant bestowed up the glen, and found his master with the others wondering what had become of the two men! On hearing the melancholy news, Mr. Powell and the others immediately went down to Urquhart, while his comrade ran over the hills to a shieling, seven or eight miles off, for further assistance, and thence to Breinar, sixteen miles further, for doctors. But the forester was as fatally hit as the stag, which had dropped dead a little way below; and although he could tell how the accident happened when his master first came up, by-and-by he grew weaker and weaker, and died at the twilight began to fall. At about 7 o'clock the men came back, and placing the body on a hill pony, they carried it out of the pass. But by this time the darkness was so dense that in the wilderness and desolation the mournful party utterly lost their way. At midnight they were obliged to lay the corpse on the heather, and sit down to wait for the morning, but just as stopping they saw the fire in the shieling to which Urquhart's companion had first gone, and then the lanterns of the men sent out to look for them. So at last they got shelter. The doctors had also come, but the deer-stalker was long past their help—dead and cold like his slayer, the antlered king of the hills which lay in the wild mountain burn. The stag had positively shot the forester with his own rifle, in its dying agony, avenging the death of many a "heart of gree," and its own fate beside.—London Transcript, Oct. 17, '66.

An Irishman was directed by a lady of large size to secure and pay for two seats in a stage, as she wanted comfortable room in riding. The fellow returned and said, "I've paid for those two seats you told me to; but as I could not get but one seat for the inside, I took the other for the outside."

"True philosophy has depth without darkness, but much that passes for it has darkness without depth."