

The Potter Journal

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

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POTTER JOURNAL,

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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, treating no subject except that of principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freed-omizing our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special arrangements are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types. 10 squares, 1 insertion..... \$1.50

1 square, 2 or 3 insertions less than 13..... 20

1 square, 1 year..... 5.00

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Special and Editorial Notices per line..... 3.00

All transient advertisements must be accompanied by a cash or satisfactory reference.

Job work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and dispatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons

W. L. LODGE, No. 242, P. M. Stated

Meeting on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN. Cooperstown, Pa. respectfully informs the citizens of the Potter County, that he will be ready to attend to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

JOHN S. HANN.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Cooperstown, Pa., will attend the general Courts in Potter and Cameron counties. All business transacted in his office on Main street, in residence.

OLMSTED and LARABEE.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Cooperstown, Penna. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in Potter and Cameron counties. Office on Main street, in residence.

ISAAC BENSON.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Cooperstown, Pa. will attend to all business entrusted to him with care and promptness. Attend to all of a judicial character. Office on S. W. street, near the Allegany bridge.

E. W. KNOX.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Cooperstown, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and Cameron counties.

F. D. BITTNER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Cooperstown and vicinity that he has opened an office in the Cooper Hotel, and will be ready to attend to all calls for medical aid. Office in the Cooper Hotel, in residence.

ELLISON & T. JOHNSON.

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Perfumery, Stationery, and all kinds of School and Office supplies. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

MILLER & McALABNEY.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Haverberg, Penna. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in Potter and Cameron counties. Office on Main street, in residence.

REAL ESTATE AND LAND AGENTS.

W. L. LODGE, No. 242, P. M. Stated

Meeting on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Hall in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

C. H. ARMSTRONG.

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron, and Main Street, in residence.

F. A. STEBBINS & Co.

DEALERS in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

C. H. MILLERS.

MERCHANT AND DEALER in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

CHARLES N. JONES.

MERCHANT-DEALER in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

D. E. OLIMSTED.

MERCHANT-DEALER in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

COLLINS SMITH.

MERCHANT-DEALER in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

COOPERSTOWN HOTEL.

C. H. MILLERS.

MERCHANT AND DEALER in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provision, Flour, Feed, Potatoes, and all kinds of household and grocery stores. Office in the old Store of the Hibernia Lodge, D. O. LARABEE, Secy. W. M. SHEAR, W. M.

Job-Order.

HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-ORDER, of all kinds of work, cheaply and with neatness. Orders solicited.

LYMAN HOUSE.

Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.

BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken this excellent hotel, the proprietor wishes to make the convenience of the traveling public, and to make them comfortable and satisfied in all respects. He is confident of giving satisfaction to all who call on him. Feb 12, 67.

MARBLE WORK.

Monuments and Tomb-Stones

of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice. C. BRENNE.

Residence: Eutawia, 1/2 mile south of Cooperstown, Pa., on the Susquehanna and Washington streets. C. BRENNE.

DAN BAKER.

PENSION, BUREAU and CLAIM AGENCY.

Residence: Eutawia, 1/2 mile south of Cooperstown, Pa., on the Susquehanna and Washington streets. C. BRENNE.

Itch! Itch! Itch!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

WHEATON'S OINTMENT.

Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by W. H. WHEELER, Sole Agent, 100 Washington street, Boston. It will be forwarded by mail, free of postage to any part of the United States. Sent by mail, 1/2 cent.

Dear Journal. The following song was sung in the County Jail, Fall during the campaign. Will you publish it to please many citizens in the vicinity who desire a copy? ULYSSES, PA.

The rebels left our household, and swore they went to stay.

They judged us by their doughface friends, and were glad to get away.

But when they got acquainted with our loyal Northmen, Grant, and Sheridan, they then came back again.

Cooperstown. How are you, Andy? How are you, Andy? You'll hear from Pennsylvania what we hope you've heard from Maine!

They didn't come like penitents, and ask to be forgiven, they didn't regret the loyal blood that cries aloud to Heaven!

But Andy thinks they press their claims, too madly, only by half.

He puts their backs to the wall, while they yell: "Now kill the fatted calf!"

Cooperstown.

O Andy, reconstruction, is more than children's play, if we found it now in justice it can never be done away; You don't owe all the Government, the people own it, and that you should run the whole machine they think is hardly fair.

Cooperstown.

Your double-breasted coat don't fit our Uncle Sam's coat.

It's Southern breast is much too large, its Northern front is too small.

We don't want stop-shop clothing to cover rebel schemes.

For Mercy guides our tailor shears, and Justice guides the shears.

Cooperstown.

The People know a thing or two, they cannot be deceived.

And men who've broke their solemn oath are not to be believed.

You've eat and butter hangers on, we heartily despise, You'll heed our frequent warnings, O Andy, if you're wise.

Cooperstown.

You're dead-end! Better policy entails our noble plain, And we'll write every rebel's grave, "This Soldier died in vain!"

The lion's skin don't hide it all, long ears are sticking through.

And the rebels are glad just now to leave their brains all to you.

Cooperstown.

For you call the people traitors, is reasonable in you, For you think from your own treachery that no one can be true.

And to make this great crime odious you took a novel course.

You became a leading traitor, and we hate it all the worse!

Cooperstown.

When you "Swing around the circle" to show your loyalty.

To leave the Constitution and the Flag at every place, O spare our injured people, refrain from acts; a better course would be to keep your dignity and have your brains all to you.

Cooperstown.

There's a race of dusky bondmen that once looked up to you.

And you were to be their "Moses" and they really thought you were!

But you've faced about for Egypt, to bondage leading, Your one-footed master leads a very winding track.

Cooperstown.

A WIFE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was only seventeen when I married Owen Wickliffe. Too young, no doubt, but circumstances justified me. My mother lied when I was a mere child; and my father—the prevalent custom of the day—showed how much he mourned her loss and respected her memory, by using all possible speed in getting another to fill her place.

She was a good enough woman in her way—my second mother, I mean—strictly honest and upright, and affectionate after a certain fashion; but she had the misfortune to possess a maddlesome disposition; and a sharp glib tongue—two woeful attributes in a woman. I am certain that she did her best to make me comfortable and happy—or, as happy as it seemed proper, according to the rules. She believed in the doctrine which teaches us always to have a thorn in our flesh to keep us contrite and humble. I never believed in the creed. I think that thorn serves as a stinging goad often; but anything else; at any rate, it had that effect with me. This new mother of mine, conscientious as she was in regard to her duty, contrived to make my young life thoroughly miserable, not because she was wicked, or spiteful, but on account of the utter antagonism of our natures.

It would not have been a wonder, if, under the circumstances, I had accepted Owen Wickliffe, even without loving him; for the sake of the quiet home he offered me; but I did love him, when I married him, with all a girl's romance, and a woman's tender devotion; and he returned my love with equal ardor—at any rate, he made me believe so. We spent our honeymoon in travel, and then settled down as sociably as a pair of robins in our new home—a pretty little cottage in the suburbs of a city, "Rose Cottage," Owen called it. I remember how proud and pleased I was, when he led me in that first afternoon, and calling the house-maid, bade her deliver up the keys to her new mistress. She did so, but with ill-suppressed mirth, for I must have appeared very trifling and unmatronly in my eyes; and I was not a whit less so than I appeared. I could sing, and play the piano, dance gracefully, and dress myself to perfection; but with these my accomplishments evaded. I knew no more about domestic affairs, had no more idea of the business and sacredness of the duties I had taken upon me, than a two-year old baby.

You're too young, and dainty and childish to become a wife and mother yet; better wait awhile, Maggie," my old aunt said, every time the subject was brought up in her presence; but Owen would not hear of it. "Never fear, aunt Debbie," he would reply, "where there is a will there is a way; you know; Mag can learn what she doesn't know—her heart's all right, and that's enough."

And I, although my soul misgave me, was too much in love with his handsome

eyes, to turn from his ardent pleadings, and hearken to the sage counsels of age and experience. So we were married, and went to house-keeping, a month after, at "Rose Cottage."

For a time everything went on swimmingly. Dorcas was a good cook, and something more, a fine manager; the most fastidious eye could have found nothing to complain of in the neat arrangement of our rooms; or the palate of an epicure found anything amiss in the nicely flavored, nicely cooked food that daily appeared upon our table. Owen was in raptures.

"Aha, aunt Debbie!" he said, exultingly, when she came down to tea, "what do I tell you? Where will you find nicer bread than this?" breaking one of Dorcas' feathery rolls. "I said Mag would learn. She's one of the best little housewives in town."

Aunt Debbie made no reply, she did not even glance towards my scarlet cheeks and downcast eyes, but I knew well enough that she suspected my secret. I opened my lips to confess all, and give Dorcas the credit that was her due; but Owen's happy eyes silenced me. I was very vain, and had always been fond of praise; but his praise I coveted above all things else. I believe I would have been willing to have sacrificed my very life to have had his approbation. Women are such silly block-heads; and as a general thing, husbands are exceedingly sparing of approving words, and so very profuse in fault-finding, that it is a marvel to me that there are half so many pleasant homes as there are. But when the fire of true love burns upon the household altar, its ever enduring heat warms the ties that bind heart to heart, and hand to hand, so firmly together, that a l of the tug and strain of every day life cannot tear them apart.

But I do not mean to insinuate that my husband was prone to fault-finding; on the contrary, he was very lavish in his praise—and that praise was so sweet that I kept silent, consoling myself with the thought that it would not be long before I would really merit it.

A day or two after, he brought home a couple of friends to dinner. As soon as I could make my escape from the parlor, I ran out to Dorcas, pale with consternation. But Dorcas was in no wise startled. She went quietly to work, while I was running to and fro, giving vent to all manner of extravagant exclamations; adding a little here and a little there, improvising one thing, and tiding up another, until she got together as nice a dinner as my fastidious young husband could have desired. He was pleased to the heart, I knew it by the expression of his eyes.

"Mag's the girl for you," I overheard him saying as I left the parlor to go through the needless form of ordering supper. "If there's not another such a wife in town, she's always as neat as a new pin, yet she cooks like an old stager. I tell you boys, I did a good day's work when I married her."

I never felt meaner in my life, but again took my revenge in my praise; and in accordance therewith, I trotted after Dorcas for two or three days, taking note of everything she did, to the poor girl's evident detestation and annoyance. But after awhile old habits got the better of me, and I fell back into the beaten track, lounging away the forenoon in my chamber, and doing my crocheting and worsted work, and reading the last new novel, infinitely more pleasing, to my taste, than the kitchen and the cooking stove. And, after all, what did it matter? Dorcas would never leave me, and there was no use worrying myself.

But Dorcas did not think just as I did. She took it into her head to get married herself after awhile. I looked upon it as an imposition then, and do now. If a woman has a genius for cooking, and has it in her power to make another woman's household pleasant and agreeable, what right has she to transfer her good works into an establishment of her own? It is not loving one's neighbor as one's self to say the least. And Dorcas was such a one, too. It was:

"I'm going to be married, Mrs. Wickliffe, and must leave you this evening," and the next morning she was gone.

Owen did not come home to dinner; and feeling very peevish at Dorcas, I resolved upon a grand supper of my own, that would throw all efforts of hers into the shade. I had the day before me and began early. My stove was in full blast, and the tea-kettle finely under way, when a little low made his appearance with a string of trout in one hand and a note from Owen in the other. I read it eagerly:

"My old friend, Wat, Seymour is in town, Mag, I shall bring him round to supper, so do your best, dear. N. B. Fry the trout nicely."

I went to work zealously. Not content with hot rolls, I determined on Spanish hams—they were Owen's particular fancy. Of course I could make them; the dough had been rising all day, and I must be light. I went into it up to my elbows. There was a gooily quantity—experienced house-keepers are always lavish—but I managed to get it into form; and then I got on the pan of trout and the coffee-pot. What a silly thing I had been to keep Dorcas so long, when I could cook so well myself, I

thought, my heart bounding with pride and gratification, as I ran up stairs for white sugar to sift over my buns. There was a runaway horse on the street just below, and I paused at the window to see what was going on. Then a group of gayly dressed girls, some of my old friends, flaunting out in a new rig, caught my eye. I forgot all about supper for several moments, and stood drumming against the glass, and humming an opera air to myself. Just then an awful sound broke on my ear, a hissing splutter from below. I went down three steps at a bound. The kitchen was black with smoke, and the odor of the burning trout almost drove me back. But determined to save them, I seized the pan, dropping it the instant after with a cry of pain. The red hot hand had crisped my hand to the bone; the hissing grease and burned fish flew in every direction, spoiling my pretty oil-cloth and soiling my new evening wrapper beyond redemption. In the meantime my coffee was foaming over, and the rolls were burning to coals, and every instant the stove, which I had literally crammed with wood, was increasing its heat. I felt as if I should go mad. Every attempt I made to rescue my supper left its mark upon my poor hands; and to cap the climax, the very heat left the fry there came a rap at the door. I smoothed my hair and wiped the perspiration from my face and hurried out. The comer was no other than aunt Debbie. If I ever gave utterance to anything like profanity in my heart, I feel sure that infinite justice will not hold me accountable; for there are moments in life, I think when we sin involuntarily—sin because our souls are too weak, too sorely tried to help it.

Aunt Debbie followed me into the parlor, removed her shawl and bonnet, smoothed down her silk apron, and took out her roll of knitting.

"I heard Dorcas had left you," she said, in her pleasant, even voice, "and I thought I'd drop in and see if you wanted help."

"No, no!" I roke out, passionately, "I can do well enough myself. I'm cooking supper now. Sit down here please; Owen will be home directly."

She acquiesced, and I hurried back to the kitchen. Owen's pointer was helping himself to the scattered trout. I gave him a punch that sent him limping out on three legs, and then rushed at the stove. The fire had gone down; and the foaming coffee seethed; and the heavy, black topped rolls smoked in the oven. But I had no time to waste in repining. It was almost six o'clock, and my husband was a punctual man.

I went to work and gathered up the broken fish, pacing them on a dish and peeling off the burnt skin; then I selected the best of the rolls, and set about my Spanish buns. I had seen Dorcas make them, and I followed her example to the letter. As the stove was moderately warm, they baked pretty fairly; and I dried my eyes and began to set the table with something like a reviving hope. Six o'clock struck everything in readiness, and my handsome husband in his coat with his old friend on one hand, and aunt Debbie on the other.

"These are capital trout, Wat," he said, as he helped him to them. "I ordered them purposely when I heard you were in town. Do them justice now; and take a roll—my wife is famous for making good bread."

I could hear my heart palpitate, and my hand trembled so that I could scarcely pour out the muddy, nuttlet-off coffee. Mr. Seymour put out his small, delicate hand, and took a roll, broke off its black top, glanced at its heavy, spongy middle, and pushed it aside. It was rather heavy he thought, and he was compelled to avoid everything unwholesome; he was so prone to dyspepsia. Owen swallowed a bitter moult of burnt trout with a look of excessive annoyance.

"The rolls are heavy," he said; "your yeast must have failed, Mag; but try a bun, Wat—Mag makes prime buns."

Mr. Seymour took one, tasted it, and laid it beside his roll. Owen, who had taken one, also looked up in utter astonishment.

"Why, Mag?"

"Well, what now?" I retorted, pettishly.

"You've made a mistake, child," said aunt Debbie, quietly; "you've put salt in your buns instead of sugar. Wait a moment, Mr. Seymour, till I slice some cold bread."

She rose with genteel dignity, while I, utterly unable to control my feelings, burst into tears.

"Maggie, said my husband, severely, "if you're going to act like a child, you'd better go to your room."

I heeded no second hint. The next instant found me in my chamber, and the door double locked. I was too deeply hurt, too much mortified, too angry to be reasonable; so I threw myself on the rug before the fire, and cried myself into a fit of nervous headache. I lay there, hour after hour, with that one thought in my mind. At last I heard his step upon the stairs. He paused at the door, and finding it locked, tapped once or twice; but I made

no movement in answer. He ripped again and then called.

"Maggie, are you asleep?"

He was sorry, eager to make all right between us, I could tell by the tone of his voice, yet I replied stubbornly.

"No; but I do not wish to be disturbed."

"Very well," and the moment after I heard the street door close behind him.

It was very late when he returned. I had unlocked my door, certain that he would come in; but to my infinite surprise and aggravation, he passed on to his dressing room, without even so much as pausing. We had never spent a single night apart since our marriage; and it seemed terrible to lie there alone. Once or twice I was sorely tempted to go to him, and beg him to forgive me; but my pride kept me back. I was not to blame—I had tried to please him. After all, aunt Debbie was in the right, I ought not to have married so young. Oh! if I were only a girl again! The fetters, which had hitherto seemed only silken bonds of love, cut like galling chains. Toward day-break, despite my burning hand and aching heart, I fell into a troubled sleep, from which I did not awake until late in the morning. I hurried down to the kitchen, determined, if possible, to atone for the delinquencies of the previous evening.

But aunt Debbie had forestalled me. I found the kitchen in trim order, and a breakfast on the stove, that Dorcas herself might have cooked. Owen was walking up and down, uneasily; and aunt Debbie was evidently endeavoring to quiet him. He turned sharply as I entered.

"I glad you've come down, Maggie," he said. "I didn't think you'd indulge your temper so far as to absent yourself from the table."

His words set me all ablaze.

"I shall do as I please," I retorted.

"Undoubtedly," replied he, turning on his heel, "you've given us good proof of your self-will already."

"And you've given me as good proof of your good manners, to say no more; insulting me last night in the presence of a stranger, after I had done the best I could I replied.

Your best, Mag?" with stinging contempt, "Heaven save us from your worst, then!"

You shall be saved from any such outbreaks of mine for the future, sir. Cooking wasn't my vocation before I married—it isn't now."

"I trust not for the sake of my inner man."

His bantering sarcasm stung me. I broke out passionately.

"If you had been a good husband you wouldn't have left me here with all this drudgery on my hands. I was not raised for a cook."

"More's the pity."

"More's the pity that I married you, you'd better say," I went on, bursting into tears. "I wish I had listened to my friends at it's not too late to remedy the evil now. I shall go back to my father."

"I wish you would!"

The response startled me into my senses. Did he really wish so? I turned to read the truth in his eyes, but he was gone. We had no breakfast that morning. The day went by drearily. I was busy all the time packing up my trunks. Aunt Debbie remonstrated and persuaded, but finding me fixed in my determination, left me to my self. Toward night I had everything in readiness, my trunks locked and labeled. I hurried on my things, and started out, fearing to look back lest my heart should fail me. On the threshold a strong hand held me back.

"Maggie, what does this mean?"

"I'm going home—that's all."

"To leave me, Maggie?"

I could scarcely command my voice, the tender words, and sad beseeching eyes thrilled me so; but I managed to falter.

"Yes, you wished me to go!"

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie; you know I didn't mean it—you know how I love you, how much I love you, his kisses raining on my face. "Come back, darling, come back, and I'll never find fault again."

"I did my best, Owen," I sobbed clinging to his breast.

"I know you did, poor, little Mag. Forgive me, and I'll never grieve you any more. Come, now, dry your tears and we'll both go down and try our hands at getting up a supper together."

I was only too glad to obey him. We went down hand in hand, and everything worked like magic, I made buns, and he made coffee. That was our first and last quarrel.

We are growing old now, but every year only brings our wedded hearts more closely together; and by the blazing hearth we tell the story of that long gone trouble to our two blooming daughters, that they may shun the breakers upon which our happiness came so near being wrecked.

A certain Mr. Coffin once being blessed by the birth of a son, a friend offered one hundred dollars for the privilege of naming him. The offer was, however, declined, when it was proposed to christen the child Mahogany.

Female Filibuster.

A young girl, employed in a large manufacturing establishment at O'Connell's Falls, was sent on an errand to a certain house; on arriving at which she knocked, but nobody came to the door. It being part y open, however, she entered, and finding nobody in the first room, proceeded to the second; and no person being in that, to the third, where, at the further end of it, she saw a man suspended by the neck, and apparently dead. With great presence of mind, she cried loudly for help, and with her scissors cut the cord, and managed to place the suicide on a bed in the room. A physician was called in, and by a prompt application of resuscitating remedies, the person was restored to life. He was the son of the owner of the house, who was a man of wealth; and in the course of a few days he recovered his sanity, and nothing was further from his thoughts than suicide. The young girl was at her occupation, and thought no more of her little of the occurrence. One day, however, she received a note from the father of the young man whom she had cut down, requesting her