

The Potter Journal

Dedicated to the Principles of Free Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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HYMN.

Great God! we feel thy presence here!
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear;
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer.
Praise!—for the pride of man is low;
The counsels of the wise are nought;
The fountains of repentance flow:
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
And when the bondman's chain is riven,
And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven;
Oh, not to those whom thou hast led,
As with thy cloud and fire before,
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore!

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around is free,
From "farthest Ind." to each blue flag
That settles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings
When Freedom's fires are dim with us,
And round our country's altar cling
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-words of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land remain
That curse which Europe returns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain,
Which not even Russia's czars wear?

Up, then! in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard old to fiery youth,
And on the banner's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up! while ye pause, our sea may yet
In blood, around our altars flow!

Down, let the shriek of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
No longer let its idols drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven.

John G. Whittier

Sacrifice of Aurora Melville.

About this time there was a new arrival in town. Jones and myself were pursuing our usual walk up Washington-St. when we perceived that a house which had long stood vacant, was tenanted; and as we passed it, a young lady, about seventeen, of rare beauty, came to the door and looked down the street, as if she expected some one from that quarter. As she turned to go in, we caught her eye, and each made due obeisance to her extraordinary loveliness. Who could she be? was the inquiry which suggested itself to both.

The next day we again passed, and a door-plate, with the name of Melville inscribed upon it, announced the designation of the occupant. It happened as we again reached the house, on our return, that a gentleman, with the same lovely vision of yesterday hanging on his arm, came out of it.

"Take care, Aurora, my love," he said, "that step is defective; it must be repaired."

Here we had the name of the strange beauty, Aurora Melville! There was magic in the sound. Had he called her Deborah or Abigail, it might have eclipsed her charms; for though "a rose with any other name will smell as sweet," a lady with an ugly name finds it a duper.

What youth of eighteen that ever read "Gil Blas," that did not fall in love with Aurora De Guzman? And even the creation of Le Sage could not have been half so divine as the Aurora before us.

The next desideratum was to procure an introduction. There were weekly dancing parties at each of the dancing-schools, which for a long time we had ceased to attend. She would surely be invited by some one to these, and we could meet her there. Consultatory parties were held at each of the schools, and we were weekly dancing parties at each of the dancing-schools, which for a long time we had ceased to attend.

On the third evening she made her appearance in full radiance; and by the various excellencies which she exhibited, turned the heads of half the young men in town. We were both presented by the cavalier who escorted her, were well received, and were regular visitors among the throng who attended her.

One summer evening, after six months' acquaintance, calling together about eight o'clock, we found the drawing-room lighted with unusual brilliancy, and Aurora splendidly dressed, sitting on the sofa. She was alone, and on our entrance put her handkerchief to her eyes and seemed to burst into a passion of tears. We simultaneously rushed to her side, and exclaimed:

"Good heaven, Aurora! For God's sake, Miss Melville! pray tell us the cause of this dreadful grief?"

"Alas!" she said sobbing, "I am to be married at nine o'clock."

Jones, who had taken possession of her left hand, (the other was pressing the cambrie to her face,) exclaimed, vehemently:

"But not against your wishes, I trust!"

"You can judge, when you know the name of the bridegroom," she mournfully replied.

"Who in heaven's name can he be?" I asked.

"Our neighbor Richard Crawley," she responded, with a fresh fit of grief.

"Why, the wretch is as old as the hills, and ugly as a horse-block," said Jones.

"Besides he has had three wives already!"

"But he is very rich, and my father—"

Here her voice choked, and she sobbed afresh. We were both dumbfounded with amazement.

"You will stay and witness the ceremony, gentlemen," said Aurora, in a tremulous voice.

"It would be perfect martyrdom to me," said Jones.

"You will, Mr. Jones?" she said.

"I had rather attend old Crawley's funeral than his wedding under such circumstances," I replied.

"Well, then, I must bid you good-by," she rejoined. My husband takes me to Fiskhill in the morning."

Our adieus were sorrowfully made. Jones, kissing the hand he held, relinquished it to me, who gave it a fervent pressure and a kiss, and we hurried out of the house, fearing to meet the horrid Crawley in the passage.

"What an infernal sacrifice!" I exclaimed.

"Worse than that of Andromeda to the sea-monster!" said Jones.

We spent half the night in pitying Aurora and anathematizing her cruel father; and as for old Crawley, we could not desire a fate more horrid than his.

We rose early and went out, expecting that the town would be ringing with the news of this abominable conjunction; but no one spoke of it. We met several notorious quidnances, who had no news for us; and we began to hope that the marriage had not taken place. At length we reached old Crawley's house as his servant was closing the window-shutters.

"Where is your master?" said I.

"He is gone out, sir. He is going down to 'Sopus,' or somewhere about there," answered the negro.

"Contribution strong," I said to Jones.

"Proof positive," was his answer.

We continued on to Melville's house, and beheld Aurora in a traveling dress at the window; and with a smile, she beckoned us in. Her countenance was radiant with happiness.

"So, then, Miss Melville, you were not married, after all?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; half an hour after you left," she replied, with a smile.

My sympathy for her fate fell to zero on the instant.

"You appear to have become reconciled to your consort," said Jones, in a tone which expressed an equal disgust.

"Resignation in such cases is always a duty. But here comes my husband," she exclaimed, dropping the blind.

A carriage clattered up to the door-step, and we both expected to see old Crawley hobble into the room, when there entered an elegant young man, of about twenty-three.

"Come, my love," said he to Aurora; "we have no time to spare."

"My husband, gentlemen," said Aurora. "My friends Mr. Jones and Mr. Jousou, Mr. Heartley."

To utter a touch of our congratulations on our new acquaintance.

"Rather handsome than Mr. Crawley; don't you think so?" said Aurora, turning toward us as she was tying her bonnet strings.

"All the world to nothing," I replied.

"Hyperion to a Satyr," said Jones.

"And who is Mr. Crawley?" asked the husband.

"Not till we get out of the house," vociferated Jones.

We took a hasty leave, and got into the street. The next moment the carriage passed us, Aurora waving her handkerchief, and Heartley laughing ready to split his sides.

"Were ever two poor devils so horribly hoaxed?" I said.

"Never! never!" said Jones, "since hoaxing became a science. But who could have helped it? What an admirable performer!"

Some men's mouths seem to be like the dike of Holland—made to keep out water.

Down east they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious chap had dried snow and sold it for salt.

It is but a step from cunning to knavery; lying makes the whole difference—add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain; while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.

TOPPERS.

Well, my friends, how passes time with you? With me it seems to hurry along as rapidly as a railroad carriage; if every week had fourteen days, and every day eight-and-forty hours, I should not even then be able to accomplish one-half of what I undertake. Still, in the busiest life there are moments of leisure, and as even these ought to be turned to a profitable purpose, you shall now have another hint from Old Humphrey.

Many of you know London city, but as to knowing a hundredth part of the strange things which take place there, that is quite out of the question. My method is, when witnessing a multiplicity of odd occurrences, to treat them as I do blackberries—pass by a great many, and pick out only those that I like best.

Whoever has been in London in the fruit season must have heard men, women and children crying out in all directions, "Hautboys, fine hautboys."

These hautboys are large strawberries, and are sold in baskets called pottles, which, tapering from the top, go off less and less to the bottom.

I was passing along, on a hot day, when a pile of these pottles in a fruiterer's shop caught my attention. There was one of particularly fine fruit, and I soon had a hold of it; but the man cried out in a hurry, "Stop, stop, sir! I cannot sell them."

"Cannot sell them?" said I, "and for what reason?"

"Oh," replied he, "I cannot sell them, for they are 'toppers.'"

Now, these toppers were the largest-sized strawberries, picked out on purpose to put on the tops of the other pottles, to make the fruit look better than it really was. "Come," thinks I to myself, "if you will not let me have the toppers, you cannot hinder me from taking away the lesson they have taught me." So I walked off, talking to myself about the toppers.

At the corner of the next street, at a draper's shop, some dozens of good-looking handkerchiefs were hanging at the door and marked at the low price of fourpence each. Thinking this was no bad opportunity of laying in a stock of half-a-dozen or a dozen good handkerchiefs, for a worthy but poor friend, I entered the shop, but was told that they only sold those handkerchiefs to customers, and that if I had any of them I must buy something else with them. Old Humphrey was soon out of the shop again, thinking to himself that he should never have gone into it. The handkerchiefs were nothing in the world but toppers, and were hung at the door to make people believe that things were sold cheaper at that shop than they really were.

One of the objects I had in view in my walk, was to buy a leg of mutton; and observing two very fine legs hanging by themselves at a butcher's shop, I told him to pull one of them down, for that I had set my mind upon it.

"The legs are sold, sir," said he; "but you may have the shoulders to match them."

"Sold!" replied I; "why, if they are sold, what is the use of letting them hang up there?"

"Only to show what sort of mutton I sell," said the butcher. I saw in a moment that the two legs of mutton were his toppers, and that, of course, he would not part with them.

When I came to Smithfield, I stopped awhile, for a horse-jockey was selling a horse to a young gentleman, who appeared to me to have more money in his pocket than judgment or discretion in his head. The gentleman seemed disposed to fancy a black horse, but the jockey began to puff off a brown one, and talked so much of "thorough-bred," "courage," "spirit to the back-bone," "high action," "sure-footed," "fast-going," "free from vice," "quiet as a lamb," and fifty other puffing phrases, that I thought to myself, "Ay, ay! Mr. Horse-dealer, these highlylyng terms are your toppers, and will enable you, no doubt, to get rid of your brown horse."

About an hour after, I saw two ladies getting into a coach. They were very gayly dressed; so much so that the scarf of one, and the shawl of the other, were quite sufficient to attract attention; but their head-dresses struck me more than either the scarf or the shawl, for in one of them was stuck a bunch of artificial flowers, almost as big as a besom, and in the other several ostrich feathers, a foot or two high. "Here toppers," thought I, hurrying along; "and those who are caught by them may find, perhaps, the heads of the wearers still lighter than the feathers and the flowers."

Having occasion to call on a tradesman to settle an account, I found him in a violent passion with his shopman for a trifling mistake; this grieved me the more, because he had the credit of being a religious man and a truly religious man will seek for grace to restrain his passions. The tradesman soon after began to talk to me on serious subjects, and quoted several texts of Scripture; but I soon perceived that he was not sincere, that he was not religious at his heart, and that he merely used the texts of Scripture as toppers, to pass as a religious character.

Now what shall we say to these things? Why, seeing the errors of others, let us try to avoid them, and act with godly sincerity in things spiritual and temporal.

Take, then, the hint of Old Humphrey, bearing in mind that there are toppers in dress, toppers in trade, and toppers in religion, as well as toppers in strawberries—*Old Humphrey's Addresses.*

The Knave Outwitted.

A country gentleman came up to town on business, and confided a considerable sum of money to the care of a particular friend. Having settled his affairs, he went to his friend for the money confided to his keeping; the latter was so base as to express his surprise, and to deny having received any money.

Our poor friend from the country, whom we will call Mr. Frankheart, was almost in despair, but he went and told his case to a magistrate of great ability.

The magistrate asked Frankheart if he had taken any receipt, or if there had been any witness to the transaction.

Frankheart answered, that as he had no suspicion of the man he believed to be his friend, he had not taken any receipt, and that the only witness was the knave's own wife.

After a little reflection, the magistrate told Frankheart to step into an inner room, and he then set for the man who had played so treacherous a part.

On his arrival, the magistrate thus addressed him: "I understand that you have received as a deposit a large sum of money; and that you refuse to restore it to its rightful owner."

The man's only answer was a denial of the accusation.

"Well," replied the magistrate, "let us suppose you innocent; but, in order to convince me of it, write to your wife (who is said to have been a witness to the transaction) the letter I am about to dictate to you:

"My beloved wife,—I beg of you to give the bearer of this letter the sum which, about a fortnight ago, you saw Mr. Frankheart confide to my care. I am about to restore it to him."

All resistance was in vain. The letter was written, and was closely examined by the magistrate, to see that it contained the preceding words, and no others.

In a very short space of time the messenger returned with the sum of money which Mr. Frankheart had confided to his faithless friend.

The latter, convicted of dishonesty, threw himself on his knees before the magistrate, who, reprimanded him most severely, and to increase his shame and confusion, called in Mr. Frankheart, the friend he had treated so basely.

Of course, the culprit could offer no excuse. The money was restored to its owner, who was advised by the magistrate to be more cautious in future.

The Tailor and Dean Swift.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the Book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift; who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got a revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelations, he waited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unsteady voice the message:

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the dean, I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man to help me out. Here is the account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth; and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued the Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in a great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as this is your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This sudden exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelations by the wit of the Dean.

Horace Vernet and the Colonel.

This great master was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of the perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well enough, but Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you," replied Vernet. "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The buyer took the painting, but it appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave.

Vernet then painted out the figure and gave it to his customer, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave.

"But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him stand at the entrance, and afterward further back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

The Fine Gentleman.

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey; the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly; the children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing; chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding; servants do not say, "Your honour" and "Your worship" at every moment; tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentlemen pass; authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's ante-rooms with a falcon's dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gaiter knees to George III.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Clatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fanciful John Russell or Lord Palmerton on their knees whilst the sovereign was reading a dispatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something evil.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Strength of a Kind Word.

Some people are very apt to be harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are only laughed at; their orders are forgot, and their ill temper is remembered. How strong is a kind word!

It will do what the harsh word or even blow cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders. Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, tho' they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them. A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was in ill temper, and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go in the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, "I will do anything for you because you are kind to me," and heeding his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly as though the load were a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

Old Howland Hill.—Like many other active minds, Howland Hill had a taste for manifold business. He vaccinated thousands of children. He would watch for hours the erection of Waterloo bridge. He amused himself by mending clocks and by making toys for children. He was fond of animals and plants. He often employed himself in revisiting, and some of his hymns are beautiful as well as devout.

A Modern Dictionary.

Wedded bliss—A term used by Milton: "Water—A clear fluid; once used as a drink.

Office of State Inspector—A senechal: Honesty—An excellent joke.

Fear—The shadow of hope: Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips: Tongue—A little horse which is continually running away.

Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My Dear—An expression used by a man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Police-man—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Satirical Poems—Harmless impertinence in verse.

Editor—A poor wretch who emptied his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.

Law Proceedings—Unbrushed cobwebs in the dark ages.

Bonnet—A female head-dress for the front seats of the opera.

Critic—A bad dog that goes unchained and barks at everybody that he does not comprehend.

Esquire—Everybody; yet nobody; equal to colonel.

Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Public Abuse—The mud with which every traveler is spattered who is on his road to distinction.

Modesty—A beautiful flower that grows only in secret places.

Lawyer—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

Sensibility—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Tragedian—A fellow with a pit on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

Marrriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

Death—An ill bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

Manager of Lotteries—Men who pay the Legislature handsomely for the privilege of cheating the people.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise.

Distant Relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Heart—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soft, however, destroyed by commerce with the world; or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

Lunatic Asylum—A kind of hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the addressness to conceal their own infirmity.

How to Know a Traitor.—An English paper gives the following receipts: "How to know a Traitor," and "to give dues them for the benefit of parties harassed."

The man who smuggles guns and ammunition across the Potomac into Virginia, is a traitor.

The small but loquacious man who continually prates about "abolition" and "subjugation," is a traitor.

The man who says he is a "Union man," but cries "peace" even to the surrender of the Government to Jeff. Davis, is a traitor.

The man who shows a painful regard for the horrors of war when the rebels are shot down, and chuckles inwardly when the defenders of the Union are killed, is a traitor.

A man who shows a morbid sensitiveness to the peril of the Constitution, but a lively interest in "Southern States Rights," is most surely a traitor.