

The Potter Journal

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

VOLUME XIV.—NUMBER 7.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1862.

TERMS.—\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

REV. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE.

[See an extract from his letter in favor of the Union and Free Government, in the PRESS of Nov. 11, 1861.]

He's worthy of his name,
He's worthy of his race;
As teacher of the Gospel pure,
He's worthy of his place.

He's loyal to his God,
He's loyal, too, to man;
Among his country's loyal hosts
A leader of the van.

Of tyranny and wrong
He'd promptly spurn the sway;
But for the right and true
He'd fight as well as pray.

A government of law,
And of the people's choice,
He always has upheld
With heart, and soul, and voice.

O, had his kinsman heard
His words of truthful tone,
A traitor's deep disgrace
His name had never known.

But so the Gospel reads:
We oft encounter those,
Our very nearest kin,
Among our direst foes.

With honied words of peace,
The traitor paved his way,
And marshaled his deluded friends
Into the murderous fray.

And with the mischief done,
Sheep's clothing's cast aside:
A wolf he seems, as wolf he is,
And sneaks away to hide.

This "neutral friend of peace"
Is a sworn rebel now;
And flouts his treason in the light
Upon his brazen brow.

Truth is Ishuriel's spear!
It's keen and pointed good
Shows to the world so clear,
The Devil in the toad!

Not so his uncle brave!
With heart so large, so loyal,
He battles for his country's cause
With courage true as steel!

O, Breckinridge, the false,
And Breckinridge, the true,
Were ever two of kindred blood
So much unlike as you?

Lewisburg, Pa., Nov. 1861. JAMES ATKIN.

*See Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book iv. line 814.

THREE TIMES A DAY.

"Adela, my darling! Adela!"
"She has gone out, grandpa."
"Gone out with whom? Has she left me here alone with you, Julietta?"
"Little Mary is here, grandpa, playing with the dog; and Marianne is in the kitchen, getting dinner ready."
This conversation was held between a little girl about nine years old, and the Baron St. Andrews, an old man of eighty. He was a knight of the order of St. Louis, and had received his knighthood and insignia from the hands of Louis the Sixteenth, King of France. He was now, however, quite blind, and consequently helpless. Little Mary, a child of six years of age made the third one of the party.
"Julietta!" resumed the old man after a short silence, "did your sister say anything to you when she went out?"
"Yes, grandpa," replied Julietta, "she said to me, 'Take care that little Mary does not trouble grandpa, and if he wishes to go into the garden, give him your hand, and take care not to let him tumble over anything, because he can't see, poor grandpa; and God has given him to us, his children, to take care of him, and to obey him, and to make him as happy as we can.' 'Oh, I know it all by heart, grandpa, because Adela tells it to me three times a day; every time just before she goes out.'"
"Ho! every time she goes out? does she often go out?" asked the old man, whose venerable brow seemed ruffled by some painful thought.
"Three times every day!—once in the morning, before you come down, from seven to nine o'clock; another from eleven to one, and the third from three to five when you are asleep. You see, three times a day. Did you think that I could not reckon?"
"What o'clock is it now?" asked the Baron, rather with the hope of finding some discrepancy in Julietta's reckoning.
"It struck one just now," Julietta answered. "And here comes Adela; I hear the garden gate opening; and she is speaking to Mary and the dog. They have come to meet her."
In a few moments Adela entered. She was a young and lovely girl; so young, she seemed scarcely emerged from girlhood, and yet, so serious and so thoughtful was the expression of her countenance:

that the premature cares of life had, and were, blighted the flower of youth.
"Adela!" said the old man, in a tone so sad and serious, that it brought the quick color to the young girl's face. "Whence come you?" and stretching forth his hand, he seized that of Adela, which she had extended towards him, took it between both his own, gently stroked it, and at last said in a mournful manner, "you are agitated, my child. You are troubled! you tremble! Whence come you?"
The young girl did not reply.
Obtaining no answer, the Baron St. Andrews continued, and the slow solemn accent with which he uttered each word, showed the sad feelings of his heart. "In 1844 I was a widower, Adela, and of my numerous family, only one was left me, my sainted daughter, Henrietta, your mother.
Your father fell at Waterloo; you were then only twelve! Adela! Adela! what can I say? By all my past miseries—by my unceasing grief—by my gray hairs—I entreat you—tell me whence come you? Whither do you go three times a day?"
"My father," said Adela, "I am only seventeen years old, it is true, and yet, young as I am, sorrow and care have already left their impression upon my brow."
"Three years ago my mother died; yet the sad scene is still ever present to my mind, as vividly as if it had been yesterday. I still hear the weak voice, regaining momentary strength, address me. 'Adela,' she said, 'I leave you two daughters, be a mother to them. And my poor father—I entrust him to you. Guide the two first in their course through life; show them its thorns and its dangers; hide from the second everything that would pain him.'"
"Such were her words, and I have tried to obey them. I go out three times a day, and that troubles you; but you do not consider that I am the mistress of a family—the house-keeper, and yet more—I have to take care of you all. Are not these duties enough to call me out three times a day? Have confidence in your Adela, my dear granddaughter—trust in her!"
"That is all I desire; it is all my heart wishes, my daughter. Well, well! you have been out to day, you will not go out again! Am I right? You do not answer me, Adela!"
Adela, as if she had not heard his words, turned to Julietta and questioned her concerning the studies which she had to recite to her in the evening, and thus abruptly changed the conversation. She then remained for some time with the little party on the piazza, until Marianne summoned them to the dinner table.
Notwithstanding her efforts to please and entertain her grand father, she observed with pain that his mind was still troubled, and fearing that he would resume his attempt to disengage her from again venturing out, she controlled her own feelings and chatted incessantly with the little ones—all the time, however, ministering to the old man's wants. As soon as the meal was finished, she directed Julietta to lead her grand father back to his seat on the piazza, while she herself remained as it to attend to her household duties. At the end of half an hour, Julietta saw her with her bonnet on her head, and her gloves in her hand, walk quickly through the garden and pass out of the gate, which she closed behind her with the least possible noise. The old man's fine sense of hearing, however, had instantly detected, and if we may so speak, had followed all the movements of his grand daughter, and when the gate closed he said with a deep sigh, as if speaking to himself,
"She has gone out again!"
Then, probably to divert the solitude which was tormenting him, he directed Julietta to go and tell the servant girl to take little Mary out for a walk, and added:
"Bring with you, when you come back, the newspaper that you will find on the table in the saloon, and come and read to me the article upon the public rejoicing of last week."
"That will amuse both you and me," Julietta obeyed. A short time afterwards, Marianne and Mary went out for their walk, and Julietta returned, and seating herself upon a stool near her grand father's feet, began to read the article which he had mentioned. It was a very long one, and she had to stop now and then, to spell some of the long and more difficult words; and she had not quite finished it when several knocks on the garden gate were heard.
"There is no one to open it, grandpa," said the little girl, interrupting her reading.
"You must go then," said the Baron. "The garden gate was not far enough from the piazza to prevent the old man from hearing the following dialogue, which took place between his niece and a lady—a stranger."
"Does not a young lady, a teacher of the piano, live here?" asked the lady.

"No, madam," Julietta replied.
"It must be here, certainly, my dear! I had the exact directions to this house given me. She may be a boarder, whom you do not know, my little one."
"In the whole house, there is no one but my grandpa, who is blind," answered Julietta, in the impatient tone of a little girl who liked not her word to be doubted, "and Adela, my oldest sister; and Marianne, the cook; and her husband, the gardener; and my little sister Mary, and the dog, and I—and no one else. But sometimes a young lady comes here who teaches the piano, and perhaps she is the one you want to see."
"I wish to see Miss Adela St. Andrews, who teaches the piano to the family of—"
"I never tell fibs, ma'am," said Julietta, impudently interrupting her; "my sister Adela is not a teacher of the piano. Don't you think I ought to know?"
"Does the Baron St. Andrews live here?" asked a young man stopping at the half open gate.
"Yes, Sir."
"Then, certainly, the young lady for whom you are inquiring lives here, madam," he said to the lady who was questioning Julietta; "and doubtless the Baron St. Andrews, whom I seek, is her grand father."
And to the intense surprise, and even anger of Julietta, who still insisted that her sister was not a teacher of music, the young man made his way to the piazza, approached the blind grand father, and, having assured himself that he was speaking to the Baron St. Andrews, said—
"Baron! I have the pleasure of announcing to you that your pension is restored."
"Sir, sir! you must certainly have taken me for some one else," the Baron said, his surprise almost as great as that of Julietta, "for my pension has never been taken from me. How, then, can you say it is restored?"
"Are you not the Baron St. Andrews who served in the reign of Louis XV, and Louis XVI, in the Vendean war? who had lost five sons in the wars of the Empire?"
"Yes, sir!" the Baron answered.
"Your granddaughter—the young lady, Adela St. Andrews, does she not give lessons on the piano in the house of the Minister of War,—in fact to my sisters?"
"Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" the old man exclaimed. "My pension lost! Adela? Three times a day! Oh, I entreat you to explain!"
"It is a very simple matter," the young man said; "but how can you be ignorant of all this?—It is a fact that I have two sisters; and about a year ago when they were seeking a teacher of music, your granddaughter, the young lady Adela, offered her services. She was recommended by the Countess de Bricourt, whose daughters she was also teaching. After some months had passed, knowing that I was in the war office, and that I am the Minister's nephew, she told me that your pension had been discontinued for two years, and no care had been taken for it; and she added, 'Neither a blind old man nor a young girl like me can take the necessary steps to ascertain the reason.' 'Make your mind easy upon that point,' I said to her; 'I will take charge of the matter.' I have fulfilled my promise; and now I have the pleasure of communicating to you the pleasing intelligence, the orders have been given not only for the restoration of your pensions, but also for the payment of all arrears."
"Oh, Adela! noble and worthy girl!" exclaimed the old man raising his sightless eyes to heaven. "Oh, my daughter, so unjustly accused! you have concealed all this from me,—all,—even the labor which your filial love induced you to undertake! Oh, where is she? Why does she not come? Go, go, and seek her."
Julietta went out as if for that purpose; and the Baron, gradually overcoming his emotions; related to the young man and the strange lady all that had passed that morning.—I is fears and blessings which the old man lavished upon the absent Adela met full sympathy from at least one of his hearers.
"Oh, Baron, my dear sir!" the young man said, "you do not know me yet. I am a stranger to you; but I will give you ample satisfaction concerning my family. I have loved your granddaughter; she does not reject me. Give her to me, I implore you, for my wife."
At this moment, a cry of joy from Julietta announced the return of Adela. When the latter saw the two persons who were standing near her grand father, she blushed deeply, and hesitated in her approach; but the old man called her to him, and, fondly embracing her said—
"Everything is discovered, you darling! you little rogue! And here is one who claims the right to be your husband, and to separate you from me."
"He who claims that right," the still blushing girl answered, with a strange mingling of timidity and firmness, "must also take upon him the charge of

an old man and two little ones, for my welfare and happiness. I am responsible to the eyes of God."
"All, all, whom you love shall be most dearly welcomed, dearest lady."
Adela educated her two sisters, and saw them happily married—as happy as herself; and none could wish a happier lot. The blind old Baron lived to an extreme old age, and at length died in the arms of his grand daughter, bequeathing her his last fond blessing.
For the Potter Journal.
Our winter is half gone, mild, pleasant and little snow. The frost has but partially bound the earth in chains, and the icy bridges scarcely span the opposite shores. Where are the massive piles of logs that formerly lined the banks of our rivers and lay piled around the sawmills? The voice of the teamster's low back-gee, is silent. The chills of war are upon us—the red clouds of war dim the horizon—but he who sits above the clouds will guide the storm. The winter thus far, is marked with tales of sorrow. When did the mourners ever go about our streets as at the present? Where are Judd and Crosby? Let the students, if they can, bow in submission to the will of God and say, never will they instruct us again. Let parents sympathize with the bereaved parents. Let the whole community feel its loss. War has done it—and from whence the war? Slavery vs Freedom. Human, intellectual and moral elevation on our part, the reverse on the other. Who can forget the scenes of the present winter? When we see our friends and relatives leaving Coudersport by hundreds—the weeping—the lonely tread of the heart-broken wife, as she returns to take the sole charge of the little family, and then to hear, "Ma has Pa gone?" "How long will he stay, Ma?" "Won't he come back to-morrow?" What answers can be given to such simple and child-like questions? But when, (as is so common now,) the sad news of death comes, with that tenderness and caution does she tell them dear children "Pa is dead." I have a son, a dear son too, in the army, and if he falls, my consolation will be, that he fell where duty called him. B.
MATRIMONIAL.
I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk to, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals from young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability and tolerably tame disposition.
As near as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty or under twenty-five years of age. In height, I am either eight feet five or five feet eight, I forget which. Weight, 135, 315 or 531. I recollect each figure perfectly well, but as to their true arrangement I am somewhat puzzled. I have a whole suit of hair, dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle, tinged with sea green. Nose blunt, according to the Ionic order of architecture, with a touch of the composite. Mouth between a catfish and alligator's, made especially for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmed, long and elegantly shaped. My whiskers are a combination of dog hair, moss and briar bush, well behaved and fearfully luxuriant.
I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 9 when corns are troublesome, and can write poetry by the mile, with double rhyme on both edges, to read forward or backward cross wise and diagonally. Can play the bass drum, jews-harp, and wistful Yankee Doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals, and first rate at lengths; have a regard for the Sabbath, and never drink except when invited. Am a domestic animal and perfectly docile, when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I have a predominating virtue, it is the trait of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting, and as to whether I snore in my sleep, I want some one to tell me. Money is no object as I never was troubled with any and never expect to be.
A BLATHERING.
A SAD FAULT.—When Gen. Lee was a prisoner at Albany, he dined with an Irishman. Before entering upon the wine, the General remarked to his host, that after drinking, he was apt to abuse Irishmen, for which he hoped the host would excuse him in advance. "By my soul, General, I will do that," said his host, "if you will excuse a trifling fault which I have myself. It is this: 'whenever I hear a man abuse our Ireland, I have a sad fault of cracking his sconce with my shillaly.' The General was civil during the whole evening.
It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else.

Original.
Lines of the Eve of my Thirty-Third Birth-Day.
Ah bless me! with to-morrow's sun
Another year its course has run;
And in the fading light I see
The bourn which marks me thirty-three.
That day's return, when a boy
Was sure to bring me book or toy,
Brings how more woe than toys to me
Yet still I welcome thirty-three.
My childish feet in summer bowers
Chased day by day the languid hours;
From manhood's feet how fast they flee,
How soon I've come to thirty-three!
How sweet is sleep to childish eyes!
How soft the youthful pillow lies!
Sleep off from manhood's lids will flee,
I restless toss at thirty-three.
To-day I scan with childish glee
Each "burial place" of memory;
How varied life's web may be
From blithe thirteenth to thirty-three!
As memory looks back to-day
Along my winding devious way,
Foremost attempts old age to see,
And fuds all blank from thirty-three.
May I be spared in mortal strife
To weave complete the web of life,
Each added year with thanks shall be
Received, till three times thirty-three.
SHAVING A MILLIONAIRE.
Let any man become immediately wealthy by his own exertion, and straightway you shall hear numerous anecdotes illustrating the means by which he attained his riches, the effect they have upon him; his disposition of them, or his sayings, his peculiarities, and eccentricities.
Astor, Girard, and Billy Gray, have furnished illustrations for many a clever sketcher. We heard a few clever anecdotes the other day of Billy Gibbons, a New Jersey millionaire, one of which we give to our readers.
It seems that Billy, while in a country village in which he owned some property, stepped into a barber shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn. A customer who was under the barber's hands when the old gentleman came in, asked the "knight of the razor," in an undertone, if he knew who he was, and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him in a whisper, it was "old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."
"Good," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."
Accordingly, after the old man had that operation performed, he was somewhat surprised, upon asking the price, to be told—"Seventy-five cents."
"Seventy-five cents!" said he quietly, "is not that rather a high price?"
"It's my price," said he of the lather brush independently, "and as this is the only barber shop in the place, then as comes into it must pay what I ask."
To the old gentleman this was evidently a knock down argument, for he drew three quarters from his pocket, paid them over to the barber and left the shop.
A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern hard by, and the topic of their conversation—"barbers' shops."
"Why is it?" said he, "there's only one barber's shop in town? there seems to be nearly enough for two?"
"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter when this man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going for nigh fourteen years."
"But didn't this Bill do good work? did he not shave well and cheap?"
"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough and cheap enough, but his shop wasn't on the main street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures, and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking that the new shop was more scientific and brought the most city fashions with him, though, to tell the truth, stroking his chin down with a beard resembling screen wire, 'a never want a lighter touch, or a keener razor, than Bill Harrington's.'"
"City fashions—eh!" growled the old man, "so the new man's city fashions shut up the other barber's shop?"
"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened—first, one of his children died of a fever, then his wife was sick for a long time, and Bill had a big bill to pay the Doctor, then, as a last misfortune, his shop burned down one night; tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."
"Well," said the old man pettishly, "why don't he start again?"
"Start again!" said the communicative landlord, "why bless your soul, he hasn't anything to start with."
"H—m—m! where—does this man live?" asked the old man.
He was directed and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tonsor, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop?" said the old man, "there's a new one in the block right opposite the other barber's shop."
"What!" said the other, "you must be crazy. Why that block belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of those stores for a barber shop; they're a mighty site too good, besides I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with."
"You don't now old Billy Gibbons as well as I do," said the other. "Now listen to me. If you can have that shop all fitted up, rent free, what will you work in it for by the month? what is the least you can live on?"
This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out, that perhaps, twelve or fifteen dollars a month would be about enough.
"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do—now listen to me—I'll give you that store rent free, one year, and engage you—services six months, all on these conditions. You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and to take no pay; just charge it all to me and for your services—I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance—pay commences now," continuing he, placing two ten dollar notes on the table before the astonished barber—who is it almost unnecessary to state accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.
In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber shop. Over the door was inscribed:
WILLIAM HARRINGTON,
SHAVING AND HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.
The people were no longer in ascertaining, or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, which was full, while the other was deserted. The other held out some weeks, suspecting this free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but at the end of six weeks he found Billy working away, charging not a cent for his labor, and having money to spend in the bargain, he came to the conclusion that he must have stumbled on a gold mine, so he closed his shop in despair and left the place.
Meantime Bill Harrington kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in, and without a word, sat down and was shaved; on rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it and after a careful calculation, the old man said:
"Plenty of customers, eh?"
"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life!"
"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I've paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for services, all right, and there are three hundred and thirty charged for shaving all that applied; now this furniture cost one hundred and eight dollars, balance due you, one hundred and two dollars.—Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and you are to have this shop rent free six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to-day."
This course the barber gladly assented to.
"Bill," said the old man on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave; for it may be another Billy Gibbons."
A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other's, where vows have been plighted, prayers offered and tears of parting shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through unmeasured space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, waiting the resurrection, those we once cherished and loved. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots of the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at eventide to meditate and weep. But among all the charnal houses of the dead if there is one spot more sacred than all the rest, it is a mother's grave. There sleeps the mother of our infancy—the guide of our youth—the counsellor of our riper years—our friend when others deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.
The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one a self more cunning than others.