The Potter Journal.

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

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
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3 jy 1864.

"YOUR SEAT, SIR!"

I don't expect to find any sympathizers among the fair sex, when I thus utter my complaints to the public.

I am willing to confess that the man who will not stand up for the ladies, until he falls beneath the hand of destiny, and weak knees, ought to be tattooed, and cast out of decent society.

Perhaps my case may be an exceptional one. Being a well wisher to mankind in general, I fervently hope it is; for I would not call upon my worst enemy a fate like mine.

Wherever I go, no matter where, or under what circumstances, my seat is sure to be wanted by the time I get comfortably settled down.

You think this is a light affliction, do you? I only wish you could change individualities with me for a season.

I am not going to bore you with an elaborate history of my trials, but will only tell you of some of the events that befell me during a tour which I took to the White Mountains last summer.

And perhaps I had better say that I am twenty-eight years of age, unmarried, tolerably good looking, and admire the ladies.

The morning I set forth I was rather behind time, and had to run half a mile to the Grand Turk depot; and as the mercury stood at 87°, and I was burdened with a valise and an extra coat, I was very nearly blown when I reached the car.

I sank down in the seat nearest the door. People generally do not like those seats so near the door. Nervous folks are afraid the axles may break; old ladies dread the draught from the door; young ladies object to having their crinoline crushed by every new comer; and gentlemen dislike to have their morning papers switched out of their hands by the coat tails of those who are always coming and going.

For all these reasons, I chose this seat, hoping I might be suffered to remain unmolested. I had been seated perhaps a couple of minutes, when the door was flung open with a bang, and an old lady entered, bearing two band boxes, a basket, a bundle, a brown paper package, a parasol, and a poodle dog.

She took a view of her position—the dog squeaked and hid his head in her shawl—the train started—the lady pitched headlong into my arms, her luggage flying in every direction.

The skin was scratched from my nose with her fretted bosom pin; my bran new hat was squelched; and what little breath I had remaining was knocked out of my body. The dog fastened his teeth into my shoulder to hold on by; I flung him out of the window, and springing to my feet upset the old lady against the portly conductor who was just entering.

Conductor was riled, and remarked scornfully—that gentlemen did not keep their legs thrust out into the aisle for ladies to stumble over.

Acting upon this hint, I drew my limbs up suddenly, and let them down again; but it was an unfortunate letdown, for one foot went through one of the old lady's band boxes, ruining a green silk bonnet, and smashing a bottle of porter.

The lady yelled; the conductor looked squally, and ordered me to give up my seat to her. I did so with pleasure, and was making the best of my way to the rear of the car, when I was grasped by the collar, and dragged forcibly back by the conductor.

"What have you done with the lady's dog?" said he.

"He bit me and I threw him out of the window."

"Lordy mossy!" cried the old woman, "my dear, darling, little Fido! You brute! I'll be the means of you! Conductor, stop this train! I'll jump out!—I tell you I will! I won't go another step without Fido!—I say I won't! Let me alone, you red nosed bugger!"

The conductor was holding her by the arm to prevent her from jumping off, and a regular struggle ensued. The lady was a sturdy personage, and she rather got the victory. The official, very red in the face, and breathing very hard, lay back in the disputed seat and the lady grasped the signal-cord at the top of the car, and gave a tremendous pull. Instantly the alarm-whistle sounded—the brakes were put hard down—the speed slackened—the conductor sprang up to countermand the signal, but the old lady held him back.

The train came to a dead halt—people poured out of the cars in every direction—cries of "what's up?" "bridge down?" "a collusion?" etc., etc., rent the air.

Every one seized his baggage, determined to save that; two women who had their lovers with them, fainted; and several more were looking around for places in which to perform this interesting feminine feat.

Just as matters were satisfactorily explained, we heard the bark of a dog, and Fido, very much mud-bedraggled, came panting to the spot, and was pressed to the bosom of his adoring mistress.

I made my escape into the next car, and sank into the first seat I came to. Just then a palefaced gentleman with a bundle of books under his arm, paused beside me.

"Sir," said he, "I am a Minister of the Everlasting Gospel, and am withal very weary. Will you give me your seat?"

I bounced up and started for the next car, which happened to be a baggage car. I sat down on a trunk, and congratulated myself on my good luck. The baggage man came along looking sharply among the boxes.

"Sir," said he, "this trunk stops at the next station. Get up—I want to mark it."

I arose and sat down on a firkin. Surely nobody would dispute my right to a firkin. Hardly had I done so, before a man in a blue jacket—of the farmer cut—came in.

"The dickens!" cried he. "What do you mean by setting on my butter firkin? Sally Ann would have a fit if you should bust the kiver in. Up with you this instant!"

Once more I went back to the passenger car, and dropped into a seat beside a woman and a baby.

"This seat is engaged!" she said loftily. "My husband is with me."

"Will you not kindly allow me to sit here a moment and rest?"

"No, sir; your countenance is repulsive to the baby. He is afraid of people with red whiskers."

Red whiskers, indeed! they were a beautiful auburn. Miles had told me so a thousand times. But it is no use to argue with a woman with a baby, where baby's convenience is concerned; so I arose, and found a place near the door, again, which I made bold to appropriate.

Hardly had I got out my "Morning Journal," and settled myself to read an account of the last battle, when a fellow and two girls entered. They came to my seat, and stood looking at me just as one looks at the rhinoceros when he has paid his quarter for the sight. I sat still and tried to read my paper understandingly.

"He is a boor! There ought to be a law against such people's riding in the cars," said the young man, looking daggers at me.

"Oh, well," said one of the girls; "we can stand, if he does not know enough to get up."

What could I do but jump up and assure her that my seat was at her service?

Resolved not to sit again, I leaned against the door, when it was pushed open from without, sending me head first into the laps of two ladies, who screamed—called on the conductor; and that worthy, who had upset me, sharply reprimanded me for leaning against doors.

I picked myself up, and putting my valise in a corner, seated myself on that. An old man entered, and asked me to get up—he wanted to put a bird cage and a pair of fan-tail pigeons in that corner.

For the rest of the day I stood up resolutely, and at last was landed at the little village of Gorham, but my legs ached so that I could not appreciate the grand scenery. It is an unromantic truth, I know, but it was then a terribly uncomfortable one.

There was a hop at the Alpine House that night. I crept in and seated myself in a corner to look on. A gentleman approached with a lady on his arm.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to give this lady your seat? She is a little unwell?"

I gave it up and adjourned to a bench on the piazza. Out came a party of gay girls.

"Oh, sir, we all want to sit out here in the moonlight! Will you oblige us by letting us have this bench?"

I vacated, and went to my room, and to bed.

The next morning I entered the stage for the Glen House. I took the seat next the horses, in the vain hope that there would be no one who would want to ride backwards. The driver looked in.

"Get out, sir. A lady wants that seat. Plenty of room on top."

I climbed up, and had scarcely established myself, when the driver again appeared.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, but here is a lady who can't ride inside. Plenty of room on the roof."

Without a murmur, I mounted the height, and stretched myself out flat on the roof. The driver's head popped up from behind.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but here's a man who wants to sketch, and he must have the roof."

I got down to the baggage rack, and curled up on a box. Porter came along bearing a trunk about the size of Noah's Ark. "Get off, sir," growled he. I want your place for this trunk."

"Where in the deuce am I to ride, then?" cried I, getting indignant.

"Plenty of room on the horses," sneered he.

I jumped down, reckless as to consequences, and pitched heels over head against a little old woman who was waiting to see her baggage fixed right. She fell over—crushed her bonnet, broke her spectacles, and raised her temper. Gazing in her eye, I knew what to expect. She snatched the whip from the driver, and flew at me. I dropped my valise, and fled at the top of my speed. I never dared to look around, but at the end of half an hour I fell headlong into a brush fence, completely exhausted.

There I remained until night, when sore and bruised I crawled out, and made the best of my way to the line of the Grand Turk railway. And that evening I had the satisfaction of sitting down at home in my own chair, after having had my usual luck through the day, of standing until I was ready to faint.

Joining the Odd Fellows.

"Very well, Mr. Jenks, you know my opinion of secret societies."

"Perfectly, my dear, perfectly," said our friend, thrusting his hands into his pockets with all the energy he could sustain.

"And you will join?"

"Don't you think it best?"

"No sir, once for all, I do not?"

"Consider, my dear, if you should be left a widow, with nothing to support—"

"Now what a rediculous argument. Do you suppose; Mr. Jenks—"

"My dear."

"Mr. Jenks."

"Will you listen for a moment?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, much as I respect your wishes, and you know I love you dearly it will be impossible for me to oblige you in this instance. I have sent in my document, and to night am to be initiated."

Mrs. Jenks opened her handsome eyes in amazement, and for a moment was lost in wonder.

"And you are actually going to be initiated?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, will you tell me all about it when you come home?"

"Perhaps so."

Comforted by this assurance, the lady offered no further opposition, and our hero took his departure. About the hour of eleven he returned a wiser if not a better man.

"Well my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks "what did they do to you—what is it like—were you much frightened? come tell me all about it."

"Don't ask me," gravely replied our friend. "I beg you won't ask me."

"Why not; I'm your wife, you know and wife and husband are one. Why not?"

"Hark!" said Jenks, "did you hear anything?"

"No, nothing."

"Silence my dear; remember what Shakspeare says about sermons in stones, books in running brooks. If I should divulge it."

"Who my dear?"

"The patriarch of the lost tribes.—Even now he may be at our window."

"Mercy on us," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks "How you do terrify a body. I—I—I—I—shiv—shiver all over."

"If you don't want to be killed out right ask no more questions.

"Sure you can tell me something about it; an idea, or two, that would not be divulging, you know."

"What if you should in an unguarded moment let the secret out?"

"Oh! trust me, it will be safe in my keeping."

"You will never tell?"

"Never."

"Not even to your mother? You know how gossipping some old ladies are.

"I'll never open my lips to her on the subject."

"Hark!" exclaimed Jenks, with a theatrical start; "hear you nothing."

"Nothing," repeated his wife with unfeigned alarm.

"'Tis only the wind," mused our friend, "I thought it might be the grand bashaw, armed with his circumventer, and covered with the curious devices of the order. Now listen if you love me for the sacrifice I am about to make is great—and you must seal your lips forever on the subject."

"Well my dear," said the lady with a long drawn sigh.

"You have often heard of the cat being let out of the bag?"

"Yes."

"I saw that cat to night."

"A real live cat?"

"Yes, and an immense cat at that, a monstrous cat. But you shall hear. You shall know all. Let me begin at the beginning."

"That is right," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, breathless with interest.

"On arriving at the Hall, I was immediately seized by four stout fellows, and taken upon the roof of the building.—Here I was tonguetied and compelled to answer about a hundred questions, all having a direct bearing on astronomy."

"What a queer proceeding," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

"How I answered those questions, must ever remain, I suppose, a mystery to myself—certain it is, however, I did answer every one—although I did not know it till to-night, there is a dipper, and a chair, and a four horse team, and I don't know what else in the sky. Is it not a pitty that this beautiful science is so sadly neglected."

"What, what then?"

"Why the next question is too absurd to be repeated."

"They wanted to know whether I took a newspaper, and if so how much I owed the printer. Fortunately, I had just paid my subscription, otherwise I must have been rejected, as no man can become an Odd Fellow who owes a cent to the printer."

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks "what an influence those newspapers do exert to be sure."

"Exactly! But scarcely had I answered these queries satisfactorily, when an immense flame shot up, and we as quickly shot down."

"What—through the roof?"

"Oh, no! I suppose we took the stairs but I was securely bound and tonguetied. I hardly knew how we got down. The apartment into which I was ushered was pitch dark, and a strong odor of brimstone prevaded the room."

"Brimstone, my dear?"

"Yes, it must have been brimstone, for nothing else could have produced such a stifling sensation."

"Well of all things."

"Then began the roar of artillery with an occasional volley of small arms. In the midst of the tumult I heard a low, sweet voice, chanting a hymn of peace.—'Man shall love his fellow,' sang this angel—'cruel war shall be waged no more—peace shall reign—slavery shall perish—industry shall meet its reward—charity fills the hearts of men.' When this happy singer had ceased, a loud cry for cheap postage rent the air."

"How very odd."

"Yes, but just like these Odd Fellows, they are real reformers," replied our friend.

"Well, my dear."

"Why then lights were prepared, and I signed the constitution.

"Well, what of the cat of which you were speaking?"

"Oh nothing, my dear only they let her out, and for a minute or two she appeared quite bewildered. It was the first time I had ever seen that cat let out of the bag. But what struck me with the greatest awe, was the appearance of the lost tribes, and the double jointed bashaw, who, in a loud voice, continually said—'Life is short—prepare for that which is to come. Let all men have charity, and love their neighbors as themselves,' whereupon the grand patriarch armed with the tail of the great grandfather's authority, arose and impressively adjourned the meeting."

"Well, I declare," ejaculated Mrs. Jenks "and this is joining the Odd Fellows?"

"Yes, but remember to keep all I have told you a profound secret," said Jenks, with a half smothered chuckle as he buried his head in the bed clothes to keep from laughing outright.

A High Stake.

The Mexicans celebrate Whitsuntide by three days of festival, where all sorts of games of chance takes place—monte, roulette, cards, dice, &c. A recent traveler in Mexico tells the following amusing anecdote of a scene at a roulette table:

On a Whitsunday, the first clerk of a considerable German house, whose name I do not state, as I am afraid the present respected head of the firm might not be pleased at it, went in to his principal, who was engaged in dressing, and asked for a funega—that is to say, a sum of one thousand pesos from his own salary.

"Most willingly, my Dear B———!" the principal replied, "but I must ask you to fetch the money yourself, as the cashier is away. Here are the keys of the cash box, in which you will find bags of counted piastres."

The young man did as he was told, and shortly after arrived with his bag of money at San Augustin, where he selected the most elegant of the gambling houses. He went up to a roulette table and asked the banker while looking at him intently, and placing the bag on the green cloth:

"Will you accept my stake on No. 33?"

"Con Muchessimo gusto, cabellero," the banker answered, without knowing exactly what the bag contained; but a Mexican would feel ashamed to decline a wager.

The ball was set rolling, and No. 33 won. A slight pallor crossed the banker's face, for he believed like all present that young B———'s bag contained a funega, and as the stake must be paid thirty five fold, this made no slight amount. The bag was opened, however for the purpose of verification of the banker, and the amazement of all present, when it was found that it was full of gold—1,000 ounces instead of $1,000, or altogether 16,000 piastres! A perfect tempest broke out among the public.—The most astonished of all, however, was young B———, himself, who was unable to speak through fright. The banker declared his inability to pay so fabulous a sum, but as is always the case on such occasions, the public took sides against him. It was found out that a rich Mexican house supplied the funds, and was consequently responsible for the losses of its agent. After lengthened tumultuary scenes which collected the whole town, the banker was sentenced by popular justice to pay Mr. B——— the fairly gained sum of 500,000 pesos. All the ready money in the house was handed over, and bills given for the residue. Richly loaded, and accompanied by a large body of friends, who acted as his escort, young B——— returned to Mexico. From the moment of winning, B——— became a riddle to all of his acquaintances. Instead of participating in the merriment of his friends, he was silent and thoughtful; at times he even appeared affected by a specie of melancholy. On reaching home he rushed into his principals room.

"Mr. L———," he cried, breathlessly "I have brought you your money; here are 500,000 pesos, which I won with your money."

"It was now L———'s turn to be astonished, until B——— explained to him how, on this morning, he had taken a bag out of the cash box, in which he supposed to be contained 1,500 piastres. It was not until the bag was opened that he discovered, to his horror, that he had taken a thousand ounces of gold instead.

"As I should not have been able to repay you, if I had lost, I have no right to keep my winnings."

Much affected by the young man's honesty, L——— clasped him to his heart.

Three days later, two circulars were distributed in the city. The first informed the mercantile world that Mr. B——— had joined the firm of L———, as partner. The second announced to his friends and acquaintances the betrothal of Miss L——— to Mr. B———, and invited them to breakfast.

The Ideal Woman.

To make an outcry and roll up our eyes because a woman lectures at all is fol-de-rol. If we can go to a theatre and look at women falling into the arms of men, and to the opera and be perfectly delighted while half dressed women dance and sing, when a woman dressed in decent apparel stands before us speaking sensibly and eloquently we ought to be able to listen without being very much shocked or making too great an ado about her being out of her "sphere." God has made a minority of women as restless and as ambitious as men, women who chafe and are miserable unless they find occupation and a career outside of their affections.

Of course you don't want to marry such a woman, Mr. Homebird; you would have a sorry time if you did; yet such women fill their own place, and do their own work in the world, nevertheless.—Why should we fret at them? The world's old beloved ideals are not easily displaced. The Pythoness may shrink from her tripod, but we still fall down and worship the ancient divinity of womanhood. The invalling woman, while she sharpens antagonism may challenge admiration, but she cannot dethrone in our hearts the women of our daily life, the mother who taught us to pray, whose name is a talisman to keep us from evil; the sister whose love is as pure as that of the angels; the wife who is ours through all change, cheering the tired heart when it faints and the tired feet when they falter, giving her life to perpetuate our life, living for us and our children; the friend whose subtle intuition stands to us for wisdom, whose unconscious purity holds us aloof from sin, whose faith in us impels us toward a higher manhood, whose femininity in its golden strength holds inviolate the essence of womanhood, fervor, tenderness and inspiration. Mannish women and womanish men will jostle together till the day of Judgment, but these women of our homes, with their tender voices and gentle eyes, will hold the deeper heart and destiny of the race till the end of time.

Artemus Ward's enormously long wooden box which he carries about with him as "showman'," is securely fastened down with a iron hasp, a strong padlock, and along the cover for its whole extent is painted in large letters—"A Ward's Valise." Such a valise as that almost requires a police to guard it.