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 endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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A LITTLE RAILERY.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Kiss me, Dollie, dearest one,
Lay your head upon my shoulder;
Will you go and be a nun,
When your lover's hand is colder?

Will his mangled last remains
Win from you a tear of pity?
Oh, that other things than trains,
Took us to a neighboring city.

Wildly gazed she on my face,
Crying as she clung about me,
"Robbie in the name of grace,
Go away you shan't without me!

"Why I thought you only meant,
Just a business trip to make it,
Yet you seem on death intent—
Have you stole my heart to break it?

"Wherefore speak of death at all;
Arn't you coming back to-morrow?
Let me some physician call,
What has crazed you, joy or sorrow?"

"Dollie, darling"—low I spoke—
Don't you know by rail I'm going?
Ev'ry train there's something broke,
By the daily paper showing.

'Tis as sure as sure can be,
That some accident will happen;
Likely the first bridge we see,
Will give way and let us slap in.

Or a train of freight we'll strike,
Or another train run into;
Count on life, with death so like—
Well you know 'twould be a sin to."

Sadly drooped her pretty head,
Like a lilly rudely shaken;
"If for life you care a red,
Stay at home and save your bacon!"

MARK MERIDEN.

"Come, Mark Meriden! don't settle down into an old grandfather before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty house is a pretty thing, but hang it! one must have a little of life."

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sandford—the roguish—the merry—the song singing—the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now, Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy—there was fun in the magic twinkle of his blue eye, and a world of waggery in the turn of his head, and pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hand, and finished summing up a column of figures—put the blotting paper into the book, and the book into its place, wiped his pen, and at last, turning to Ben, said:

"I think I won't go this time."

"Now, why not?" said Ben, eagerly.

"Because—because," said Mark, smilingly; because I have an odd fancy that I should like the pleasure of Mrs. Meriden's company better this evening."

"Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow buried alive!—come take a real wake up with us."

"Thank you, Ben, but I haven't been asleep, and don't need it. So I'll go home and see my wife," and thereat he turned a resolute step homeward, as a well trained husband ought.

"Now," says one of our readers, "who was Mark Meriden?" You would not have asked, good reader, if you had lived in the town of —— when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops. 'Mark Meriden,' surrounded by those having ensignia of grace and fashion so that young belles need not have their eyes turned off from beholding it. Everything in the tasteful establishment told of a well arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive polite, was every day to be seen there winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Mark's shop became the resort for high ton—the fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and be seen. So attentive, polite, and considerate was Mark, so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for ladies, had not a neat, tasteful house going up in the neighborhood been currently reported as the future residence of an already Mrs. Meriden, and in a few months the house, neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received the very lady who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social companionable sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportions to the rate it came in. In short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash that abound in enlightened communities.

But nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head there was a very substantial bump of a certain quality called common sense, atrait which, though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may very justly be called a faculty, and one, too, which makes a great difference as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to, a very pretty girl, began to reflect with more than ordinary seriousness on his habits, ways and manners of life. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that. He also provided himself with a little account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and in this book he designed to note down all the savings consequent upon the retrenchment of certain little extras, before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion it had cost him something of an effort to say "no" for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows" to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as the gutterals of the Germans. However, when he came in sight of his parlor windows, through which a bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and, above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sandford and all bachelor friends and allurements whatever, and thought himself about the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening passed off rapidly by the help of music, reading and a little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning found Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such things as bachelor frolics in existence.

Late in the afternoon, Ben Sandford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

"Upon my word, Mark," he began, "we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways; however, you are to be excused," he added, "circumstances considered—female influence!—ah! well, it's a fine affair, this marriage!"

"Better TRY it, Mr Sandford," said a bright, saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, were standing close by while Ben was speaking.

"Ah! madam, the wherewithal!" said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. "If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you should see."

"But speaking of *money*," said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on the counter—"what did your glorious fun cost you?"

"Pooh!—nothing! only a ten dollar bill, I've nothing in *my* purse now, you know!"

"Nothing in your purse?—not an uncommon incident after these occasions," said Mark, laughing.

"Oh! hang it all," said Ben—"too true! I can get no remedy for this 'consumption of the purse,' as old Falstaff says; however the world owes me a living, and so, good morning!"

Ben Sandford was one of that class of young men of whom common report goes, that they can do anything that they please, and who consider this point so well established that they do not consider it necessary to illustrate it by doing anything at all. He was a lawyer of good talents, and would have had an extensive run of business had he not been one of those kind of people who can never be found when wanted. His law books and office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to say, "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, "the world owes me a living," forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor a paymaster as the most fashionable young men going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon hole in his desk the little book aforenamed, and entered as follows: "To one real wake up, $10," which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was "Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in our trip to G——'s;" and now, "Come, my old fellow, let us have a spree at F——s;" now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible, and as one or another recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the amount of expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals though firm were good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably openhanded at home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining out order—no tea table presented more unexceptionable toast, and there was no evening lounge more easy, home like and cheerful than in the snug parlors of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was tasteful and well ordered; and in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine, open handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the twos and fives and tens and ones, which on greater or smaller occasions had found their way into his columns, would amount to a sum so considerable. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery moving in exact touch and time—his house—where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home drawing comfort? Had he lost anything in pleasure the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward he stepped into the bookseller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some exotics, for which he had heard her express an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sandford, as he expressed it, "in the very depths of indigo!" for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost, will sometimes be found in this condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

"Pray, Ben, what is the matter?" said Mark, kindly, as the latter stretched himself at length, in an arm chair, groaning audibly.

"Oh! a *bill*-ious attack, Mark—shoemaker's bills! tailor's bills! boarding house bills!—all of them sent for New Years' presents!—hang 'em all!"

Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued, "Confound it, Mark! what's the sense of living if a person is to be so very poor? Here you, Mark, born in the same town with me, and younger than I am by some two years—you have a house as snug as a man need ask—a wife like an angel—peace and plenty by the bushel, and it all comes by having a run of good luck in money"—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andiron most energetically.

"What has become of Emily P——?" asked Mark.

"Poor soul!" said Ben, "there she is yet, with all sweetness and patience, waiting till such a luckless scapegrace as I can give her a home and a husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own. I am tired of this rambling, scrambling, out-of-elbow, slip-shod life."

"Why don't you get married?" questioned Mark.

"Why, don't I, to be sure, use my tailor's bills for fuel, my board bill for house rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark—all things considered?" said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected a little while in silence, and then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before alluded.

"Just look at this account, Ben," said he; "I know you hate figures, but just for once." Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

"Well, Mark!" he exclaimed, what a considerate trick this is of yours, to sit behind your counter so coolly noting down the "cost and come to" of all our little frolics; really it is edifying! How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forethought!" and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

"Nay, you mistake," said Mark. "I kept this account merely to see what I had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have always been hand and glove in everything, it answers equally as well for you. It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, add I assure you the result surprised myself; and now, Ben, the sum here set down, and as much more as you please is freely at your disposal, to clear off old scores for the year, provided you will accept this little book as a New Year's gift, and use it twelve months as I have done, and if at the end of that time you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sandford, I am much mistaken."

Ben grasped his friend's hand, but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply. Mark, however, saw with satisfaction, that he put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night Mark said with a smile, "In case of *billious attacks*, you know where to send for medicine." Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sandford was the most popular lawyer in ——, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see; and, in conclusion, as this is a ladys' story, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, and it is this:

If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called "catching a beau," better than securing a husband, if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it a degradation to know how to make her house comfortable, would these things have happened?

The Five Clerks.

If young men, and especially young Christians, knew how much their future life depends on the habits they form in early manhood, there would oftener be found such records as the following from the *Congregationalist*:

In one of our inland town were, a few years since, five boys, apprentices in as many different stores. By a similarity of disposition, education and age they become very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that village all became Christians.

They at once identified themselves as such before the world, and went out to labor in the vineyard of the Master. In Sabbath and mission schools they were faithful, zealous, earnest workers, their voices were heard in prayer and praise in the weekly church meetings; the outcast the sorrowing, the despondent, were cheered with words of hope and courage; their respective pastors looked to them, even in their youthfulness, for active cooperation in every goood word and work, and did not look in vain.

Although enrirely dependent upon their own industry for support, and in some instances aiding dependent brothers and sisters with the meagre salary of clerks under age, yet from a sense of duty they made a mutual pledge to each other to give one tenth of their income to the Lord

Nobly has that pledge been fulfilled, and God has testified in experience that he will honor those who honor Him.—Without money or influential friends, each has attained an enviable position in business circles and in society.

One is a highly esteemed merchant in one of our cities, whose heart is ever devising liberal things, responding to every call made in behalf of the poor and needy. As he once remarked to the writer, "I can't help giving, there is so much pleasure in it."

Another is an active, energetic business man in Cleveland, O., but even more active in the Church and Sabbath school, disbursing freely of his own substance, and the trusted almoner of others' bounty.

The third is the cashier of a bank in Wisconsin, of whom a well-known Western missionary writes thus: "Noble soul that he is! Your town has sent out none more noble. I think that for Christ his daily example tells as much as any that I know."

The fourth is a partner in the banking house of one of the most responsible firms in Wall street. Upon few men do such heavy business responsibilities rest.—Honored, trusted, loved by his partners and held in respect and confidence by the Street fraternity, he has attained a position that few could reach after years of most laborious effort. In the church and Sabbath school he is a faithful, devoted laborer. The other is also a business man of rare probity, shrinking from no duty, though it lead through fire and flame conscientious to the last degree, and ever diligent in business, serving the Lord.

The enviable position these once poor and penniless boys now sustain shows the truth of the eternal word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and proves that godliness is profitable even in this life. Their benefactions are not limited by their pledge but in many cases, perhaps in each exceed that amount.

Great power for the Church and for Christ lies in the hands of Christian business men, and it is a beautiful sight to witness an extended business carried on in the fear of the Lord, making Him—with reverence we speak it—a partner, and a partaker of the profits. We know of firms that open on their ledger a regular account to the credit of benevolence, and concienciously pay this debt as any other. Such men are an honor to the Church and the world. "Go and do thou likewise."

Adam's Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer down South used to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad example to the formation of habits, ruinous in their effect.

Adam, and Mary his wife, who lived in the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way quite industrious and thriving in the world and Mary thought a great deal of a good glass of toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have a glass of good toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent that he became a drunkard—drank up everything he had, and all he could get. Mary and Adam became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good miuister continued still to get his glass of toddy. One day he called in and told Mary he was going away for a week—should return on Friday—and handed her a book containing the catechism, and told her when he returned he should expect her to answer the questions. Mary said yes, and laid away the book carefully. But Mary, like a good many others forgot it until the very Friday that the good minister was to return. "What shall I do?', said she, "the minister is to be here today, and I haven't looked in the book he gave me! How can I answer the questions?"

"I can tell you," said Adam, "give me a quarter, and let me go over to Smith's and get some good rum, and you can answer him with a glass of toddy.

Mary took the advice, gave Adam a quarter and a jug and off he started.—After getting his jug filled, and on his way back, Adam concluded to taste the rum. One taste followed the other until he stumbled over a pile of rocks and broke the jug and lost all the rum. Adam managed to stagger home. Soon as he got into the house Mary asked very anxiously for the jug of rum.

Poor Adam managed to stammer out that he stumbled over a pile of rocks, and broke the jug and spilt the rum.

Mary was in a fix—Adam drunk—the minister coming—the rum gone—and the questions unlearned. But here comes the minister! It wont do for the Man of God to see Adam drunk, so she for want of a better place to hide sent him under the bed. By the time he was fairly under, in came the minister. After sitting a few moments, he asked Mary if she could answer the questions. How did Adam fall?

Mary turned her head first one way, and then the other, and finally stammered out.

"He fell over a pile of rocks."

It was now the minister's turn to look blank, but he ventured another question, "Where did he hide himself after the fall?"

Mary looked at the minister, then at the bed, but finally she spoke out with:

"Under the bed, sir! There Adam you may come out; he knows all about it."

The good minister retired—not even waiting for his glass of toddy.

CHILD-SWEARING—WHAT IT DID.—"I have a mind to whip you till you cannot stand," said a wicked and profane man, rising from his seat, and looking wrathfully at his son just able to speak plain.

What had the child done to deserve such severe punishment? Used two oaths, such as were constantly dropping from the lips of his father. But his own words so shocked that parent, that he thought he could not punish him to severely for the offence.

The little one looked the angry man full in the eye, and quietly said:

"Father if you whip me, who will whip you?"

A thunderbolt could not have startled him more. The question set his own sin and desert of punishment in the light of noonday. He turned away confused and ashamed, and said in his heart, "I will swear no more."

He kept his word. From that day no oath escaped his lips. To day—wonder of divine grace—the tongue that was employed in cursing, is used to bless God, and teach men his way.

A Californian journal says that the Chinese residents of San Francisco are making rapid strides in civilization, and are fast adapting themselves to Western customs and manners. There is also a marked improvement in their taste in criminal directions; and instead of continuing to pilfer chickens form poultry yards, they are now robbing banks.

☞How to make people acknowledge the corn tread on their toes.