The Potter Journal.

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

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THE
POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED BY
M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

☞ 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.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil types:

1 square, 1 insertion	$1 50
1 square, 2 or 3 insertions	2 00
Each sub-sequent insertion less than 13	40
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☞ Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity and desires to inform them that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main street, over C. F. Manning's Jewelry Store: Residence nearly opposite the office of the Fox & Ross' Estate.—17-28

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MILLER & McALARNEY,

ATTORNEYS-AT LAW, Harrisburg, Penn'a. Agents for the Collection of Claims against the United States and State Governments, such as Pensions, Bounty, Arrears of Pay, &c.—Address Box 95, Harrisburg.
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DAN BAKER,
June 8 64 Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

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MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Pork, and everything usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold 17-29

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THE subscriber desires to inform the citizens of Potter that he can supply them with all kinds of Marble work, as cheap and as good as it can be had any place in the country. MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES of all kinds furnished on short notice.
Coudersport, Feb 13'65 ly C. BREUNLE.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor. Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa. A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stages to and from the Railroads.

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HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

1865 1865

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From the Lady's Friend.

PAUL'S STORY.

"Paul, please take your books to the other table; I hear Miss Marlowe's step on the stairs."

It was my brother Clarence that spoke. Miss Marlowe was his French scholar.

"How do you know her step from Mrs. Green's Clarence?" I asked, as I moved away.

"It's lighter, Paul."

"Why, Clarence!" I exclaimed. "How can it be? Mrs. Greene—"

"Hush, Paul!" said Clarence; and that minute Miss Marlowe opened the door and walked in.

"Mayn't I ask her one question, Clarence?" I asked.

"*One*, Paul, and then you must study."

"Won't you please tell me how much you weigh, Miss Marlowe?"

"Why, Paul!" began Clarence.

"Oh, I had just as soon tell him," said Miss Marlowe. "I believe it was one hundred and ten the last time I was weighed."

"Thank you," said I; and then I sat in the corner and became a nonentity, as Clarence calls it.

"There, Clarence!" said I, when Miss Marlowe had gone. "You see she weighs one hundred and ten, and Mrs Greene's step must be the lighter."

"That doesn't follow," said Clarence, laughing. (He was only stern when his scholars were with him.) "Mrs. Green might weigh only sixty, and yet her step be heavier than Miss Marlowe's, for Mrs. Green puts her whole foot down when she steps, whereas Miss Marlowe touches the ground with only the tip of her foot, which is smaller than Mrs. Green's, I'll wager, even if she does weigh more."

"I guess it is," said I, "for Mrs. Green has the biggest foot I ever saw. I said to her just a day or two ago—'Why, Mrs. Green, what number of shoes *do* you wear?'"

"Why, Paul," said Clarence, "that was rude."

"Oh! she didn't care. She only laughed, and said that she had the rheumatism in her feet, and had to wear sixes.'

Just then the tea-bell rang, and Clarence and I went down to tea.

Now I just went to tell you about my brother Clarence. You see father and mother were abroad, and when they were coming home the ship was lost, and they with it. Oh, it was dreadful! Then a horrid man cheated us out of a big lot of our property, and Clarence had to leave the office (he was studying law) and teach school. And Aunt Mary must go and adopt May (that's my twin sister) and not me—and that was mean—so Clarence had to leave New York and come to this pretty town in Connecticut to teach school and support me. Not that I wasn't willing to support myself, for I was eight years old when father and mother died, and there were a great many things that I might have done, only Clarence wouldn't let me; so I had to make up my mind to it, and be dependent on him; but I didn't like it very well.

Clarence had quite a large school, and several scholars came to his room to recite besides. Miss Marlowe was one of them. We had a nice room at Mrs. Green's, who was a funny widow, and did her own work, which I thought was strange, but Clarence didn't.

I suppose you think Miss Marlowe was a grown up young lady. Well, I suppose she was grown up; she wore long dresses. She was pretty old, too—sixteen or seventeen, I guess—but some how she didn't seem old a bit. She had great large blue eyes—not your old faded blue eyes, but real bright ones—and just the *smilingest* mouth! I told her her name ought to be Smiley, but it wasn't, it was Maud, though she told me her father called her Pink. "Oh dear," said I, "what a pretty name! I wish *I* might call you Pink."

"Do," said she, "I wish you would;" but Clarence told me afterwards that I musn't, for her father was a great sea-captain, the richest man in the place, and she was his only child and a great heiress, and very much above us."

"I don't see why," I said. "Their house isn't any handsomer than the one we used to live in. Perhaps they will be poor some time."

"But they are rich now, Paul, and we poor. If we should ever be rich—" Here Clarence stopped and sighed.

"Oh, we shall be rich, Clarence. When I'm ten I'm going into a store, and I'll earn lots of money—see if I don't. But I don't see why money makes them any better than we are."

Clarence laughed outright. "Oh, Paul!" said he, "you are such a funny little chap. You are not the first one that has said that. It ought not to be so, but money does make a great difference in this foolish world."

"Then you think, Clarence, that we are really just as good—though not so rich—as Miss Marlowe and her father."

"No, no!" cried Clarence eagerly. "*Good* isn't the word. Little Pink" (you see he didn't think she was a young lady), "with all her fun and mischief, is as good, as spirituelle, as—as—" Clarence didn't know what to say next, and I couldn't wait for him to find out.

"Why Clarence Slade!" I cried. "I don't believe Maud Marlowe is one of those good girls that you read about in books. She's too jolly. They are always quiet and gentle, and ready to die."

"Some of them are, perhaps," said he; "but being good—pious, I mean—does not imply being sober, and quiet, and all ready to die, as you say. Some of the best men that ever lived—ay, and women too—were often overflowing with fun."

"Is she one of the kind that reads the Bible to poor people?" said I.

"I dare say," said Clarence. But he didn't want to talk any more, and I didn't tease him; for I tell you he was a perfect brick, and I didn't like to tease him.

But after awhile he started up and said—"If father were alive, and we were where we were before, I should be Maud Marlowe's equal in every respect but goodness. For we are *gentleman's* sons, Paul."

"That's so," said I.

"But *here*, in C———, I'm only a poor school-teacher, Paul; and nobody knows that our father was a gentleman."

"Yes they do," said I, stoutly, "for I've told them."

"That does not signify. They may think it's a story you have made up."

"Clarence Slade! Do you suppose that I would tell a lie?"

"Don't get angry, Paul; of course *I* don't. But it's the way of this foolish world that we've been talking about, never to believe people unless they prove their statements. So if you want people to believe that you are a gentleman's son, Paul, you must prove it in actions, not in words."

That shut me up; for I am often rude, you know, and use slang phrases, which Clarence says isn't gentlemanly.

After that I watched to see how Clarence found out that Miss Marlowe was good; but I couldn't tell, for he never talked to her much when she came to recite. At last I asked how he knew, when he wasn't acquainted with her hardly ot all.

"Don't you remember, Paul," said he, "when I took you a walk with my scholars in the woods? I got acquainted with her that day, and occasionally I see her in the street and walk a little way with her."

"You might walk home with her sometimes, as I do," said I. I liked her so much that sometimes Clarence, let me walk home with her.

"Yes, I might," said Clarence, and he began to study his lesson.

Now I hated that French. It was very hard for Clarence. After it was over he was really pale sometimes; and when Miss Marlowe had gone, he would sit and study over it half the evening. Sometimes he'd have to stop and think over one paragraph as much as half an hour, and sometimes he would sigh as if it was a great fuss. I used to wish sometimes that Miss Marlowe was at the bottom of the Red Sea; but it would have been a pity to put her there, she was so pretty.

Don't you think, after that one time, when I was walking out, I met her father, the old sea-captain, you know. He wasn't old, though. He wasn'any older than my father was before he went abroad; but I had always called him the old captain in my mind, because he was richer than we, and I didn't think he had any business to be.

He seemed to know me. I'm sure I don't know how he happened to. "Well, my boy," said he, "I suppose you are Mr. Slade's brother that I hear so much about."

"Yes, sir," said I, "I'm Paul. *Do* you hear a great deal about my brother?"

The captain smiled a real pleasant smile. "I hear a great deal about one of the brothers," said he. "Which do you suppose it is?"

"I don't like to be made fun of," said I, feeling rather cross. "Of course you mean Clarence."

I thought the captain said "pluck" in a kind of undertone; then he said aloud—"Well, they say this brother of yours is a fine young man."

"Thank you," said I, "It's just as true as preaching, sir, too. He's just the best young man I ever saw. And I think your daughter is a real nice young lady, and Pink's such a pretty name."

"Yes, Pink is a pretty name," said the captain, "and she's as good as her name is pretty, Paul."

"Yes," said I, "so Clarence thinks. He thinks she's the 'Pink of perfection.'"

"He does?" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes," said I, "he thinks she's pious, and spirituelle, and all that."

"Oh, ho!" said the captain, "that's it, is it? Well, she is. She got that from her mother, who was a saint, if ever there was one—not from me, mind you."

"No," said I, "I shouldn't think you were very pious."

"The captain laughed like anything when I said that. You *are* a comical little fellow, and that's a fact," said he. "And so your brother likes my Pink, does he?"

"Oh, no," said I, "I dont think he likes her very much. He never talks to her hardly a bit. He knows her step, though; but I asked him once why he didn,t talk to her more, for she's *splendid* you know."

"Yes, yes; go on, my boy."

"And what do you think he said? He said he thought it wouldn't be honorable. She came there to recite merely, and if he kept her talking, you might not like it, for she's rich, you know, and he is poor; and then he went to studying that old French. There, sir," said I, thinking I must confide in some one, "that French lesson is *awful*. You've no idea—Clarence will study a whole evening, on one page. I've seen him do it; and he sighs away at a great rate, and once I heard him say, 'hard! hard!'

"And once, sir, he was real cross to me. (The only time since father and mother died.) I asked him about a lesson, when he was studying his French; and he said, 'Go away, Paul Oh, if it wasn't for you,' and then he stopped. But a few minutes after he came over and kissed me and asked me to forgive him; *Clarence* did, sir, 'Oh,' said he, 'it's such a hard lesson!'"

"It's an *awful* study, this French," said the captain; but I don't believe he sympathized with me a bit, for his eyes looked, oh, so roguish!

"You tell your brother Clarence that you are the best friend he has," said he, when he left me.

One afternoon, some time after that, Clarence looked very pale when the French lesson was over. "Miss Marlowe," said he, "I am going away next week; I cannot stay here any longer. Will you please give this bill to your father." He winced when he gave her the bill. Clarence was very proud, and didn't like to ask for money.

"I am sorry," said she, and her cheeks grew as red as fire. I thought she was going to cry, they grew red so suddenly; but she didn't, and her red cheeks made her look all the prettier. "I was getting along so nicely with my French," she added, a minute after.

I started up. "But don't you see!" said I, "it's the French that makes him so horrid pale; he'll get as sick as a dog, before you know it. I'm glad he's going to stop, Miss Marlowe."

Miss Marlowe never said another word, but went right off; and Clarence, who grew red when I spoke, (I wonder if he was angry) sat down in a chair and said nothing.

"I'm glad too, Paul," he said, after a long time; it's the best thing we can do, the best thing."

When Miss Marlowe came the next day, she brought Clarence his money, and me a little note. What do you think it said? I'll copy it.

"MR. PAUL SLADE. DEAR SIR—Won't you and your brother come and drink tea with Pink and me to-morrow evening? You shall talk to Pink all the evening if you like, though I should prefer to have you converse with me. Yours truly,

"GUY MARLOWE."

I jumped up, and clapped my hands, just as soon as I had read it, even if the French lesson was begun.

"Why, Paul," said Clarence, "what is the matter?"

"Papa has some plan on foot, I know," said Maud, "he looked so roguish when he gave me the note."

Clarence read the note but said nothing.

"Do you want to see it, Miss Marlowe?" I asked.

So she took it and read it.

"You will come, won't you?" said she, looking, not at me, but at Clarence.

"Thank you," said he, I think we will."

But he told me after she had gone, that he had fifty times rather stay at home, only he thought it best to go.

We had *such* a nice time. Pink was really delightful. She had on a *gorgeous* silk dress—one of your stiff, rustling silks; the sleeves were short and her arms were just as white—and the dress was blue, too, the color of her eyes. She looked like a beauty.

We had a *splendid* supper. I sat close by the captain; my plate was put so. He was just as kind and pleasant as he could be. He talked a great deal to me, and so of course Clarence talked Pink; and I could see the captain's twinkling gray eyes look over at them every once in a while, in *such* a way. Oh, it was a big thing to be there!

At last the captain began to talk to Clarence about Gail *Hammerton*, I believe they called her; at any rate, they said she pounded society unmercifully.

"She's sharp," said the captain, "'sharp as a steel trap,' and it's a pleasure to read her books, when they aren't about men and women; but she's down on *them* both.

It seems to me her father and mother must be peculiar instutions. One would think from her 'New Atmosphere' that her father was all ready to give her to the first man that came along, no matter who or what he was, (and if *she* were my daughter I must confess I should be of the same mind,) and her mother had brought her up to think of marriage, and nothing but marriage. Are men ogres and women fools? Not at all. Depend upon it, Gail's experience is limited, or she would have found that there are more tender fathers and sensible mothers in the world than she, with her (seemingly) direful experience, ever dreamed of."

"Pink," said he, "wont you please find me that New Atmosphere, it's somewhere in this house, I believe."

Pink darted off.

"Now," said he, "there's Pink. She's the light of my eyes. Do you suppose I am in a hurry to knock her off without scruple to the first bidder. Do you suppose I'll be *disappointed* if my sweet singing-bird never leaves this cage all the days of her life. Do you suppose *I* care a straw whether she is an old maid or not? The best woman I ever knew, (my wife excepted,) was an old maid I snap my fingers at Miss Gail. There *are* fathers who love their daughters with an unselfish love. Now here am I, I wonder what Gail Hamilton (I believe on the whole the name was *Hamilton*,) would say to me. I wont say that I have an unselfish love for Pink, but I will say that I love her so much that I dread the time when she shall love some one else better than me; and yet, from what I learn from this boy here," said the captain, patting me on the shoulder, "and from what I have seen with with my own eyes, I have come to the conclusion that you are in love with this Pink of mine, Mr. Slade. You needn't blush. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I was in love myself once, and a tremendous time I had of it, too, before I could get my wife. In fact I had such a hard time, that I made a vow that if any young man of good principles, (my only proviso,) ever wanted my Pink, and she loved him, he should have her; and so, Mr. Slade," continued the captain, "if you want Pink, and she loves you better than she does me—and I'm inclined to think she does—why, take her, I say. I wont oppose you; and as for this lad here," and he laid his hand on my shoulder again, "there's nothing I should like so well as to have him stay with me, while you finish your law studies. I'll adopt him as my son any minute you say so."

What do you suppose Clarence said to that? He never said a word, but just cried like a baby; but I couldn't cry; I thought it would be so jolly to live with the captain.

I didn't understand then, either, why Clarence should cry, for I thought it unmanly to cry, and Clarence certainly wasn't unmanly; but I know all about it now. You see Clarence had been in love with Pink all the term long, (and it's a dreadful wearing thing to be in love, the captain says,) and he had to try hard to be noble and honerable, and he did not know that the captain was so kind, and his good fortune came so suddenly, when he didn't expect it, that I don't wonder he cried.

And the captain had to walk to the window, and blow his nose, to keep from crying himself. Then he sent Clarence to the parlor, to find Pink; and I staid with him in the dining-room, cracking nuts, and eating them with raisins.

I'll tell you what made me think of this story, for it all happened more than a year ago. Pink, (I call her Pink now all the time) has just been showing me her wedding dress; and the captain pinched my cheek, slyly, and said, "Ah Paul! Do you suppose than would ever have been made, if it hadn't been for you?"

I'm sure I don't see what I had to do with it, do you?

A cotemporary says: "There is a man in our county who always pays for his paper in advance. He never had a sick day in his life—never had corns or toothache, the frost never kills his corn or beans—his babies never cry in the night and his wife never scolds."

Reader have you paid the printer.

MEMORANDA OF AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.—The *Buffalo Republic* says, we recently picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet Talma, an exquisite Honiton lace collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exagerated flounces:

"I must get a Vail, Broun hoes, sarcekuet, Laise, Gluvs, Shimmyzet, Kuloue."

We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means cologne. The simply proves that wealth and intellect do not always hunt in couples.

CUSTOM.—On the door of a parish church, not a hundred miles from Pendle Hill, was recently affixed the following notice;—"The church-wardens will hold their quarterly meeting *every six weeks*, instead of half-yearly, as formerly.

Nonsense.—Sense that happens to differ from your own.

A STRANGE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Most, if not all our readers, doubtless recollect a prominent personage, Col. S. S. Goode, who formerly resided in this city. After undergoing many strange and startling vicissitudes in life, and buffetting the dark waves of adversity and misfortune, he has at length become a wealthy and titled gentleman. By the death of his cousin, Sir Jasper Goode, who recently died at York, England, he has fallen heir to estates, the rental of which amounts annually to 3,000 pounds sterling, and also succeeds to the title, by inheritance. The incidents and adventures through which this singular individual—now Sir Samuel S. Goode—has passed would fill a large yellow-covered volume. At the age of nineteen he was a midshipman in the Texan navy—then engaged in the war of independence with Mexico—and was promoted to lieutenant in three months for cutting out a Mexican bungo under the guns of the citadel of Vera Cruz. In the war between the United States and Mexico that immediately followed, he volunteered in the American army as a private, but by his gallantry soon won for himself a Captains commission. In the disastrous fillibustering of Lopez he commanded a company—was taken prisoner at Cardenas and only escaped the garrotte by the daughter of a Spanish officer, who became enamored of him, opening the prison doors.—Undeterred, however by his narrow escape he next embarked in Walker's first expedition—from this he also managed to escape, after passing through untold perils and sufferings. As all our readers are already aware, he raised a company in this city when the guns from Sumpter reverbrated through the loyal north—went to Mattoon, and was elected colonel by his regiment (the 21st.) By some means, however, he was deprived of his command, and Gen. U. S Grant, then a plain citizen, was appointed colonel in his stead. Weary and despondent, through this disappointment, he neglected his profession—the law—and by some chance drifted into Carlinville, this State, where at the time he received his fortune, he was keeping a bar in a drinking saloon. He passed through this city Thursday night last, en route for New York, there to take a steamer for England, honor and fortune,—*Decature (Ill.) Tribune.*

PREPARING IN TIME.—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern alegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many an agreeable little paraphernalia, bespeaking the possession of the "dust," determined to get a "fine establishment" for the young couple and accordingly they were "fixed" in a mansion on Walnut street.

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about your house for?"

"Oh!" replied madam, we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chamber maid, two house girls, one house keeper, and a childs nurse.—I'm sure there are not too many."

"Ho! ha!" laughed her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment."

Quodlibets.

To kill ants, hit your uncle's wife on the head with a hammer.

The wickedest liar is he who lies for an object; the greatest liar is he who lies without one.

Does cheese belong to animated or inanimate nature?

Don't mind an ulcer in the side; it is only a side issue.

Beautiful young girls and good corkscrews are very insinuating.

Lovers generally woo their sweet-hearts in wretched verse, and this is probably the reason why so many are jilted.

Men scratch their heads for ideas.—Hence speakers are generally bald.

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods but they give things a coloring.

If a man cant argue without swearing, his discussions are too cursery.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

Many writers have all quantity of sheet lightening which they never can condense in a thunderbolt.

Why is divinity the easiest of the three learned professions? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly. "I really don't know, Miss; I don't recollect attending one."