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:

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THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

A Legend of Gotham.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting:
There was pride in the head she carried so high.
Pride in her lip and pride in her eye,
And world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting;—

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandled in satin, should kiss the street—
The very same that the vulgar greet,
In common leather, not over "neat"—
For such is the common booting!
(And christian tears may well be shed,
That even among our gentlemen-bred,
The glorious Dey of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead
On a much inferior footing!)

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside—
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum:
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tipping shop!—
Proud as a Duchess, proud as a top,
"Proud as a boy with a bran new top,"
Proud beyond comparison!

It seems a singular thing to say—
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth her dull auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant, she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious;
And queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super silly," she ne'er had found
In the adjective supercilious!

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
with "Moses" a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was a "person of no position!"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition!

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her!
She never confessed a favor aloud,
Like one of the simple common crowd,
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed—
As who should say: "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honor!"

And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
For like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise,
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

That her wit should never have made her vain
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain;
And, as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours.

Her birth indeed was uncommonly high—
For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce Democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebian vocation!
Or, worse than that your boasted line,
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

But Miss Mac Bride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old parental Mac Bride,
According to public rumor:
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her!

An honest mechanic was John Mac Bride,
As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty:
For John had worked in his early day,
In "pots and pearls," the legends say—
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city!

No "*rara avis*" was honest John:
(That's the Latin for 'sable swan;")
Though in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride
Called honest John, "Mr. *Phœnix* Mac Bride,
"Because he rose from his ashes."

Little by little, he grew to be rich,
By saving candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached at last and opulent niche,—
No very uncommon affair:
For history quite confirms the law
Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw,
"A Mickle may come to be mair."

Alack! for many ambitious beaux!
She hung their hopes upon her nose.
(The figure is quite Horatian)—
Until from habit the member grew
As very a hook as ever eye knew,
To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand
By a violent manual action.
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly Vulgar Fraction.

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For though a regular *sutor* by trade,
He wasn't a sutor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling."

(The muse must let a secret out—
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At the "dirty, low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires by pounding their knees
Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
Contrived to win their children ease
From poverty's galling manacles)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began at once with "If you *choose*—
And could you really love him"—
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him.

A young attorney with winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to "open his face."
Ere Miss Mac Bride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity;
For the lawyer was poor and "seedy" to boot
And to say, the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau, of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support"—
A crime by no flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow a "vagrant."

A courtly fellow was Dapper Jim,
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say from the glittering tales he told.
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
With fortunatus to rock it!

Now, Dapper Jim his courtship plied,
(I wish the fact could be denied,)
With an eye to the purse of old Mac Bride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yield to heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride,
Half in love and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented;
And tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride without the "Mack."
With much disdain consented!

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever attempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce Zoology!

Old John Mac Bride one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night,
As, when at fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake, with a dizzy fright,
From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas! for the haughty Miss Mac Bride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride,
She couldn't recover although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place 'Up-town' to a nook 'Up-stairs'
From an Avenue down to an Alley!

'Twas little condolence she had—God wot—
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow:
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow!

They owned it couldn't well have been worse
To go from a full to an empty purse:
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
Was truly a dismal feature!
But it wasn't strange—they whispered—at all
That the summer of Pride should have its Fall,
Was quite according to nature!

And one of those who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun—
Remark'd that moral Transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To cradle-makers as well as kings:
For "making light of *cereous* things,"
Was a very wick-ed profession!

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation;
"She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope
Because she was poor, she needn't mope—
Few people were better off for soap,
And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
Was the first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted this step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough for two,
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramp'd in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose
That wealth's a bauble that come—and goes
And that all Proud Flesh wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

THE MERCHANTS STORY.

As my story will be a very short one, I will commence at once, without any unnecessary introduction—plunge in *medias res*, which I suppose is Latin for "make your running from the jump," and first forcibly uttered by some sharp fellow who despised the Greek chorus and Italian relative. I have commenced life twice—once when I went into business on my own account, and the second time when I got married. I don't count my entrance into the world, disliking introduction, as I said before.

Ten years ago I got married! Nice little creature, my wife! Brown hair—golden, as the poets would say, but being a matter-of-fact business man, I deem it my duty, as a decent citizen, to protest against all poets, past and present; therefore I say distinctly—brown hair! I must confess, however, that it was very pretty, and fell in wavy masses over her face, (well, perhaps I can admit poetry in this case, with the proviso that it be not considered a precedent,) and when the sun shone upon it, it was pure gold—not a merchantable article—not one that would have been quoted in the price current—but something to wonder at, and make even a vagabond artist a respectable man, by forcing him to admit that such hues mocked his utmost skill. She was a prudent little creature, my wife, quiet, and of a stature that could only have been stated by inches, as one could never say she was so many feet high. Perhaps if I suggest Tinania's court, and herself as one of the smallest of the fairy ring who took to the shelter of violets in a storm, I should convey something like the fancies that used to cross my mind in a vagrant way, when I caught a glimpse of her occasionally before our marriage. I am not admitting here the respectability of poets, but stating a plain matter of fact.

She was an orphan, and lived under the sway of Tippoo Saib in petticoats, a stepmother. I don't know how she made up her mind to marry me, as I was so entirely matter-of-fact; but I have a faint recollection of one day asking her to take a walk with me, which pedestrian feat terminated at a church door, through which we passed two people, and came out but one—demonstrating that the days of sorcery had not entirely vanished. It is not at all pertinent to the story to say that she had a brother who was my intimate friend; that he was an artist, poor, and lived principally upon dreams, that I loaned him a sum of money—a purely business transaction, and took his note of hand for it; that he fell into a consumption, wasted away, and vanished like one of his own cloud dreams; that I watched him by night, and buried him at last under the wild flowers. Poor fellow! In the world's estimation he would have been a great man if he had lived. He was better than that in mine—a good man, honest and true; and when he died he grasped my hand, looked at his little sister, who was weeping over him, and gave me a glance which plainly said, "Take care of her; she will be alone in the world, with no companion but bitter memories!" I believe this accounts for the fact that not many months afterward Alice and I walked quietly to the church.

Alice believed that I was desperately in love with her, but being a mere matter-of-fact business man, I must maintain that the idea was a pure impossibility. Every one will readily admit, when I state that I was in the queensware, glass and porcelain line, the supposition to have been grossly improbable, to say the least. However, married we were; left Tippoo Saib to her solitude—a sovereign without subjects; went to housekeeping in a nice little cottage where we still live; and as all stories end or should end with a marriage, I might end mine here, excepting for the fact that, from a correct point of view, the story would be too short, to say nothing of its being slightly deficient in point, plot, situations, adventures, characters and incidents, and not at all a business-like transaction.

Alice was an economical little creature, and having known poverty, was continually gazing at a mental landscape, the principal feature being a steep declivity at the foot of which stood a forbidding looking almshouse. Nothing during the first year of our marriage could dispel the illusion that this was to be the terminus of my mercantile career; a sacrifice of the household furniture, and a permanent imprisonment in the establishment especially provided for reckless paupers. My little wife, however, fought strongly against this foreshadowed horror and kept wakeful watch and ward over those insidious marauders, the household expenditures; while the solitary servant received lectures in a quiet way, such as doubtless would have astonished and confounded Adam Smith himself. I can safely say that nothing was wasted except on beggars, and they flocked to the house in regiments and battallions. Professional beggars they were, every one of them, farmed upon the public by some Italian or other vagabond foreigner. I dislike beggars myself. It's not a business like way of getting a living. I don't object to the feeding of the hungry—in fact, I protest energetically against any suffering of the kind. No one can attend to business on an empty stomach; but, as I pay my taxes, I am opposed to the city fathers allowing a set of vagabonds making a trade of begging, and extracting sixpences from the unprotected of the community, through a recital of fictitious sorrows. A firm belief in the outrageous romances, invented by these ragged harpies was an unhappy weakness with Alice, whose sympathies were always instantaneously awakened at the first whine of a sturdy mendicant. The moment one of these imposters made his appearance the almshouse was forgotten, and away went the savings of economical housekeeping. Her liberality in this respect was so startling that I was obliged to put a stop to it at last by borrowing all her silver change on the pretext of requiring it in my business, with the additional check of cutting off farther supplies. I was compelled to succumb, however, as I couldn't stand Alice's tears, which she "gave to misery," being "all she had" (see another of the disreputable poets,) so, fearing the drawing room would float away on "endless weeping," I gave up, furnished the supplies, and tacitly encouraged the imposters—one of the most unbusiness-like transactions I was ever engaged in.

One of the consequences of this morbid dread of poverty entertained by Alice in our early married life, was a persistence on her part of indulging in a species of practical economy, the point of which I could not be brought to see. She would insist on the advisibility of making her purchase of dresses, and such woman gear from peddlers—a race of people who no doubt descended from the Wandering Jew. The most obnoxious specimen of the race who constantly haunted the premises, was an old Teutonic female, the possessor of a weazen face, an unearthly grin and Babelish tongue, equal to the confounding of the Father of Lies in person. She generally made her appearance with a huge white bundle on her back, suggesting the supposition that she had arrived from plundering some Summer-deserted mansion, and had bolted with everything she could lay her hands on, including a white Marseilles bed quilt which always surrounded the mysterious stock in trade. I always objected to this female; but it wasn't of the slightest use, as I was convinced after a short argument that my objections being based upon a profound ignorance of the whole subject, were frivolous and unreasonable. In fact I was so completely subdued that a short time subsequent to my ignominious defeat, I found myself wearing some execrable socks, once a portion of the contents of the white bundle which, like Pilgrim's, seemed constantly glued to the old woman's back It is my opinion she slept on it.

There was one class of these wandering venders from whose inflictions I considered myself safe. I felt confident that Alice would never exhibit that almost universal weakness of her sex, shown in a disposition to be fascinated by the tempting bargains offered by dealers in vases, cut glass bottles, etc.—these peripatetic vagabonds who don't want money, but who do want old clothes. My confidence in this respect was based upon the fact that I myself was supposed to understand the value of such merchandise. The history of sieges shows however, that it is the unguarded strong point which often falls before the attack of an insidious foe. Some irreverent Frenchman has traced an appropriate parallel between a woman and a fortress; I shall not quote the pithy apothegm which precedes his fanciful comparison for the best of all possible reasons, I have forgotten its exact phrase, and all who are ignorant of the French language will no doubt lift up their hands in thankfulness. I shall content myself with the statement, however, that the parallel I have referred to was suddenly brought to my mind in the most unexpected manner, only to convince me of its solemn truth

I was sitting one morning near the front door of my establishment, reading the morning paper, when I was conscious of a shadow darkening the doorway. Looking up I saw standing on the threshhold a Jew vender of Bohemian glassware and distorted statuettes. His keen eye had detected a flaw in two small, red vases exhibited in the shop window, which he had instantly determined to purchase for the ultimate benefit of some unsuspicious mortal of the gentler sex. I sold them for a trifle; the Jew placed them in his basket, went on his way, and I saw no more of him forever. I regret to say that I heard of him afterward.

On returning home to dinner, the first objects that met my eyes and filled my soul with direful misgivings, was a pair of red vases. I stood at a distance and glared at them with something of the same feeling of the tragedian who doubts the evidence of his senses when he beholds the dagger in the air. By a strong effort I managed to approach the fireplace. The illusion vanished at the sense of touch! On the mantle-piece stoically stood the two blood-red vases I had parted with to the Jew, and I knew in an instant that if the cost of an article was an evidence of its worth, I was then gazing at my most expensive chattels.

I was aroused from this mental inventory of my suddenly acquired wealth by the opening of the door, when a gleam of sunshine irradiated the room by the entrance of golden hair. Alice was elated; joy beamed in her eye; a laugh which seemed to be the precursor of some delightful intelligence, rang through the room, and my imagination beheld the visionary almshouse demolished as if a whirlwind had scattered it forever. "Are they not pretty?" said she, taking down the diabolical vases, and holding them up for critical examination.

"Very," I ejaculated, and having by a wonderful effort controlled my equanimity, I asked, in a business-like way, what the lovely articles had cost.

"Oh, nothing at all, my dear, or almost nothing; and that is the wonderful part of the whole bargain! I could not conceive that such beautiful articles could be bought with old, worn out clothing. You know the box of old boots in the wood-shed?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave them, and an old shawl of mine—which was almost spoiled, you know, Harry; and my black delaine dress, which I have long thought I shouldn't wear any more, and two pairs of your old black pantaloons, and two old vests, and—I believe that's all. But, bless me, Harry, you know what I gave for the vases was mere rubbish, and I was so glad to get it out of the house."

"Of course, Alice," I returned, "the articles you gave the poor man were utterly worthless; and I should be sorry to think you imposed upon him."

Shadows fell down; the sunlight waned.

"Ah! Harry, I hope you don't think so! Perhaps the poor man had a family to support; and if I thought he lost money by selling the vases to me, I could never look upon them again with pleasure. Oh, dear, I begin to have some misgivings, for now I look again at the vases, they must have cost a great deal of money."

"Let me see; here is a memorandum I have made, and in order to set your mind perfectly at rest, my dear Alice, I will read to you, and you will know what they have cost you at least."

Six pairs of boots, all intended to be footed tops valued at $2 per pair, the same being the amount allowed by the bootmaker.	$12.00
1 pair of new black pants	15.00
1 pair of old " "	3.00
2 vests	4.00
Female gear of uncertain value—as a rough estimate say	5.00
Total price of vases, taking a proper and business like view of the transaction	$39.00

(Alice's face alarmingly long.)

Value of vases	50

Sold by myself this morning at half past nine o'clock, having my shop mark upon them.

Business-like statement suddenly cut short by Alice who dropped both vases from her hands, said vases making a crash and two basketfuls of fragments; Alice herself bursting into a prolonged "Oh-h-h!" accompanied by an alarming shower of tears.

Finale. Obliged to take Alice on my knee, kiss and pet her (an exceedingly unbusiness-like proceeding,) until the shower cleared up, and the golden hair flashed sunlight on the parlor wall.

Adah Isaacs Menken has arrived in New York with her trained steeds, and all other accessories to her Mazeppa drama. She is to receive $500 per night.

The Massachusetts State constables, in executing the temperance laws, have prohibited the eating house keepers from selling ale, cider or wine with their dinners.

The boys of one of the New Bedford Grammar Schools have organized a society for the suppression of profanity and vulgarity in the schools. Every such effort should be encouraged.