

# The Potter Journal.

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

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COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 4, 1866.

## THE POTTER JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
H. W. McALARNY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. The only paper in the county that will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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**SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!**  
**WHEATON'S OINTMENT.**  
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!  
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## BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Four o'clock, and no Ellen yet? What can detain her so? She is usually more punctual than the clock itself!"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window, with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this world! Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost, and she too proud to accept a cent she has not laboriously earned. Oh, dear!" and Laura sighed again just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. "There's something the matter. Perhaps she is sick—oh, dear, she must be sick. I'll send James to enquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the words were out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft grey shawl over her black silk dress, and tying the strings of her quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose own crimson rose among its trimmings of enamelled moss was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it is going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the grey, threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting gloves. "At any rate, I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly carpeted vestibule a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura, it came five minutes ago."

Ah! The rose was several shades in the background now, as she broke the sealed seal, and glanced over the delicate, cream-colored sheet, with a bright, half-suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all.

My Dear Miss Avery: May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me I will call for you at half-past seven. Your most devoted slave and subject,  
FLORIAN RICHEY.

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very picture on the wall should catch a glimpse of the elegant chirography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street, with eyes that saw the murky atmosphere through the radiant glow of *colleur de rose*. Meantime the grey light of October was fading away from the dreary room on the third story of a house situated on one of those streets where decent respectability strives hand to hand, with the grim assailant want.

Singularly out of keeping with the shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of the apartment was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with a fluting of white point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working and poorly paid dress-maker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, with her flushed face pressed close against the pillow, and her slender figure, partially covered by a coarse plaided scarlet shawl, while the involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the pain she was weakly suffering.

As one of two silent tears escaped from her closed eyelids, and crept softly down her cheek, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the panels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it possible that this is you, dear?"

"Yes, it is myself and none other. Nell, I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress you appointed; but I know the reason now. Nell, you are sick. Why did you not send for me?"

Ellen tried to smile faintly.

"I am not very sick, Laura; at least, I have not suffered much pain until to-night, and the doctor says that if I only had a little wine—no, Laura, do not draw your purse," she added, with a slight perceptible sparkle in her eyes, and a proud quiver on her lips. "I am not quite so low yet as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest. You know how sensitive I cannot help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home, and receive the money for it, I shall then be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you will not refuse to accept a temporary loan from me?"

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen, with a face pained with perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen!" she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dubour's on the way back and order the wine for you." "You will never be strong unless you cosset yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But, Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully, beginning to fold the rich dress into a little basket that stood on the table beside it.

"Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richey's, in Rivers street. Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress wrong," returned Laura, in a low voice. It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek as she stood with her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous breadths of purple silk. Mrs. Richey's! Laura was almost sorry that she had volunteered to go, but it was too late to retract her offer now.

"What a selfish little creature I am," she mused.

"Poor Nell! needs the money so much, and cannot go to it herself, and it is not at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there is an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you," said Ellen fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bed-side with the basket on her arm, and black veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she has never paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura gaily, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the presence of her beautiful friend.

I was nearly dusk when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richey mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richey at home?"

"What is your business with Mrs. Richey?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lips. This manner of servants was an entirely new experience to her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said, in a tone of quiet dignity.

"O—ah—yes; well, I suppose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort of sitting-room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richey, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in a crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richey was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richey looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly:

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richey."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well; lay down the dress; it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money to-night—seven dollars on the old account and three for the dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richey, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money," persisted Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richey, petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing-gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you just how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter now?"

snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress-making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent."

"Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice," said Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten dollar bill, Florian," urged his mother; "You can't want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian coolly.

"You are going to fritter it away in some of those gambling houses, or to drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richey.

"It is too bad, getting my money away from me just to indulge in those horrid habits. Why don't you earn money for yourself?"

"Easy, ma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture.

"Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense! this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you."

"Oh yes she will, my incredulous mamma, wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money with interest out of my father's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits! Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

Both the mother and her son had entirely forgotten the presence of the young girl who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richey, turning sharply around, saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked irritably. "I have told you already that it was not convenient to pay the money to-night—why don't you go about your business?"

Her cheeks were flushed even beneath their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill grey eyes sparkled with rising anger, as Laura Avery composedly advanced forward. She took one of the wax tapers from its china shell and lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flash of rich rings filled Mrs. Richey with as a oshimant.

"I am sorry that you cannot pay your just debts, madam," said Laura, quietly looking the amazed mother and son in the face: "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richey. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown pale—his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket-book and placed it in the hand of the imperious beauty, while Mrs. Richey sank back aghast into the cushioned air-chair.

Florian made one desperate effort to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sore defeat and discouragement.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Waynall's room, lighted only by the faint glow of a low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura," asked Ellen somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nell, and the wine," she said, thankful that the dim light could not betray her tell-tale features.

"And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura; I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen, earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made, while fulfilling the gentle mission of friendship, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richey and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring their own reward in this world—and that one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have precipitated her into a lifetime of misery.

## Alexander H. Stephens and Montgomery Blair.

LETTER OF A GEORGIA UNIONIST.  
To the Editors of the Evening Post.

The letter of Montgomery Blair, in your paper of the 8th, requires more than a passing notice, especially from those who claim the title of "Southern Loyalists." There are some expressions used in it that cannot be excused on the ground of haste in writing, or inexperience; in composition—the author is too well versed in such essays to seek the protection which such a defence would afford him. His letter was written with an object, and it was doubtless carefully considered. Unfortunately for Mr. Blair, he is entirely unacquainted with some of the secret history of the secession of A. H. Stephens, which his notorious hero could easily give him, or, failing in this, he could acquaint himself with by communicating with any man who lived in Georgia at the time the events occurred that have made him so conspicuous.

At the hazard of newspaper notoriety, and with the expectation of being forced to adduce evidence to prove my assertion, I here assert, that Alexander H. Stephens was not a Union man at or during the session of the Convention of the state of Georgia which took her out of the Union, but that he was the leader and chief controller of its acts, and only assumed the name of Unionist because he doubted the extent of the disunion sentiment of the state at that time, and sought to act in such a way that, however the state might go, he would be in the ascendant. Especially was he guided in his conduct by knowing that popular feeling was pointed to Jefferson Davis as the representative of the secession element, and that he was already designated as the man to head the rebellion. Political jealousy urged Mr. Blair's hero of "noblest sensibility"

to place himself in the van and direct the storm, not to save, but to destroy the Union.

So notorious was this, that when the Provisional Congress met at Montgomery, reports, coming from Mr. Stephens, were circulated over the incipient Confederacy, seriously impugning the *dis-loyalty* of Mr. Davis, and which created a doubt of his fitness for the position to which the Congress proposed to call him.

The office of President of the Southern Confederacy was almost within Mr. Stephens' grasp, but the astuteness of Mr. Davis outwitted him, and from the day the latter was inaugurated Mr. Stephens was his most bitter and relentless enemy. If Stephens was such a Union man, why did he take office and place with them he hated? He says, to direct the storm towards reconciliation. Even his vanity would be startled to think that one man would be able to control the hurricane that he was powerless to resist at its inception, or that he could navigate a ship when he was forbidden to touch the helm.

There was one Union man in Georgia quite as prominent as A. H. Stephens, who held to his principles thro'out the tempest—Joshua Hill. Was Stephens' Unionism better or worse than Mr. Hill's. The result has already answered.

But I wish now to take exception to the manner of Mr. Montgomery Blair's letter—to its style—to its impudence. It argues no little self-confidence in any man to stigmatize gentlemen as "recreant" who refused to become traitors—it is impudence to do it in the face of the loyal North, and it is personally offensive, for which the writer may yet have to answer! Has it come to this, that the handful of patriots who stood firm in a hurricane that made millions bend, shall now be stigmatized, while rebels are marked as "elevated souls"? We have enough of this at home, at the South—in the name of decency, let us be saved from the reproach while we are among those whom we thought our friends.

I confess that we—I mean the loyalists of the South—have committed a political blunder; we foolishly thought that we were right in sustaining the Constitution of the United States and setting our faces against treason. We have lived to see our error; and although, for one, not repenting nor acknowledging that we were led into it, by artful, intriguing, ambitious men, as Mr. Blair does for Stephens, we recognize the mistake that we made, when we hoped for encouragement and moral support from those who styled themselves the Union party of the North. It did not require the stone that Mr. Blair has thrown at us from a safe distance to remind us that positions have changed, and what was "odious" once is now only the error of "elevated souls."

Does Mr. Blair notice the quandary in which he has placed his hero, when he degrades him from the high rank to which he elevated him to the equal of those who fell "into error from honorable motives, although these motives have been instilled into the community by artful, intriguing, ambitious men, for selfish ends, at war with the public good"? Where was A. H. Stephens while these "motives" were being instilled? Was he a leader, or an humble follower? If Mr. Blair does not know, probably the forthcoming work of his hero will inform him; at least he ought not to set up his idol and then take his audience behind the image to show them how well stuffed he is with—disloyalty. If Stephens can be made out a Union man, now or at any period for the last fifteen years, I confess that I know nothing of Georgia politics. This much I do know—he was cursed as a double traitor by his secession friends during the war—a traitor to the Union and a traitor to the Confederacy. I think he was both, only a little more so of the former than the latter.

Mr. Blair wishes to impress the people of the South with the idea that Stephens is as loyal as any man here. He is either ignorant of the principles that Alexander H. Stephens now holds, or he speciously hides them under a style peculiarly his own. I happen to know what one of his cardinal opinions is, and as it is as good a test of loyalty and Unionism as can be given, it is not out of place to repeat it here. It has been supposed that the ordinances of the state conventions of the South, called under the proclamation of the President, through the Provisional Governors, were binding as the acts of the respective commonwealths. We who had not been "artfully led" were under this impression, and I take it upon me to say the masses so thought.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, denies the efficacy and binding power of the convention of his state, on the ground that the assembling of that body was, in its nature, compulsory; that, for the purpose of getting Georgia back into the Union, the President of the United States, then exercising war powers, instructed his provisional governor to summon it; and that in obedience to this requisition, it assembled—a convention which represented the will of the President, not of the people, which elected it; which was dictated through the Secretary of State, and which

was in consequence irresponsible and unlawful, and its doings and ordinances but of temporary validity. This belief is not now confined to its author, since the theory upon which it is founded has become generally understood.