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.

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OUR NEW CONGRESSMEN.

Of the new Congressional delegation, four Democrats and thirteen Republicans have been re-elected, in all seventeen of the twenty-four. Of the new Democrats, J. Lawrence Getz, of Berks, succeeds Ancona. He has been twice a member of our legislature and was Speaker one session. He is editor of the Reading *Gazette*, the English Democratic organ of that Gibralter of Democracy. He is a fair man, but will not rank high in Congress either as a debater or leader. D. M. Van Auken, of Pike, succeeds Johnston in the Tenth Legion. He is a young lawyer of moderate ability, and is entirely without legislative experience. The new Republican members are Caleb N. Taylor, who succeeds Thayer; H. L. Cake, who succeeds Strouse; D. J. Morrell, who succeeds Barker; D. A. Finney, who succeeds Culver; and John Covode, who succeeds Dawson. Cake and Covode are elected to succeed Democrats, and thus add four to the present Republican majority in the delegation. Taylor is a farmer and a Quaker; has never filled any office within our recollection, and is one of the most earnest, consistent and radical men elected to the next House. Gen. Cake is a whole souled patriot, an able man, and decidedly the most popular citizen of Schuylkill county. He came within 400 of being chosen to the Senate two years ago in the face of more than three times that majority for the Democrats, and has triumphed now mainly by his overwhelming personal strength. Mr. Morrell is the manager of the Cambria Iron Works, the largest single establishment in the State. He is not a public speaker, but is a man of rare intelligence and will make a most useful member. Mr. Finney is the ablest man of either party in his district, and as true as he is able. He has been twice elected to the Senate, where he stood confessedly the ablest member of that body. A little disaffection, the result of disappointed ambition, at one time threatened the harmony of the party in the district, but Mr. Finney triumphed over it by nearly the full party vote and is chosen by a larger majority than that given to Mr. Culver. Mr. Covode is elected to Congress for the fifth time. He was chosen in the old district of Westmoreland, Indiana and Armstrong in 1854–56–58 and 1860, always leading his ticket. He is personally popular, and is a most tireless competitor. We doubt whether any other man could have been chosen in the district at this time. The new members on the Republican side are above the average of ability in the delegation, and will strengthen it intellectually as well as numerically.—*Repository.*

A Touching Incident.

I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the house was very crowded. The curtain rose, and amidst a burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words, when it struck me that something was the matter with him.

The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actor to sustain it properly, but in this man there was none. He walked and talked like a person in a dream, his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them, and altogether he was quite unfit for the part. His smile was ghastly, and his laugh hollow and unnatural, and frequently he would stop off suddenly in his speech and let his eyes wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when, in the character of a silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by a young rand of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in a closet from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which have never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passions, that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several of the inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had that day indulged in. A storm of sublimation and abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange peels and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in a human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and tears rolled down his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with mental agony—I saw his bosom heave with convulsions of suppressed emotion, and his whole mien betokened such depth of anguish and distress that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity.

The audience was moved and by degrees the clamor of invectives subsided into a solemn stillness, while he stood near the footlight a picture of dejection. When all was calm he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs, which seemed to rend his bosom, he offered his explanation:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "though in my acting to-night, I am confident of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fill my allotted part so badly. My wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fill my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive. I loved her, grieved for her; and if anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience were thoroughly affected and an earnest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible through the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor man's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire; and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that festered under his painted cheeks and stage smile. And in the great theatre of life how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

A Dog "Sold."

The following occurence is described by the informant as being one of the most amusing scenes he ever noticed:

A gentleman in New-Haven recently erected on Chapel Street, near the colleges, a large and beautiful residence, and adorned the grounds with extraordinary taste and expense. Among other ornaments, not far from the street, he placed a large cast-iron statue of a dog, whose belligerant appearance and defiant attitude made him look as large as life, and twice as ugly." For weeks afterward, the "little dogs and all," on passing by the house never failed to give the statue a complimentary bark and growl, which, however, never disturbed its equanimity. But one day, a big Towser from the country was following his master's market wagon into town and happened to spy the hostile form of the cast-iron foe. A preliminary growl and a bow-wow produced no effect. Surly and defiant, his enemy continued to gaze at him. Canine nature could stand it no longer. One leap over the fence brought him into the yard, and two or three more carried him to his mute antagonist. Quicker than thought he attempted to fasten his teeth in the cast-iron chops of the statue, but the next moment gave up the contest. The last seen of that dog was, he went sneaking out of the yard with his tail between his legs, the most completely sold specimen of canine society ever witnessed.

DRUNK AS TO THE LEGS.—Robert Wilson was before Justice Milliken, of Chicago, last week, charged with intoxication. He plead "half-guilty," stating that he could drink a good deal and be perfectly sensible. His head always remained clear, but his knees went off too freely, and he became drunk below his hips. The officer found him on a door-step, at an early hour in the morning. Leaning back a little he was striking at his legs, and was abusing them in the fiercest manner possible for their base and contemptible conduct. "I have lived with you for nearly thirty years; I have fed and clothed you; I have got you good and nice pantaloons and comfortable drawers. And now, at this hour of the night, when it is wet, and I want to go home, you go back on me, and leave me in this place. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourselves—a pretty pair that you are! From this time on I'm going to treat you differently. I believe I'll begin now, confound you—you shall have a wetting." With that he began to take off his pantaloons, but the scandalized officer arrested him. He was fined $3 and departed, murmuring vengeance against his extremities.

A DROLL POSTMASTER.—In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Postmaster-General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course: "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, etc." The reply was brief, and read thus: "Sir, the Tombigbee river doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, etc." The Postmaster-General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as postmaster at ——, is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor. Respectfully, etc." The droll postmaster closed the correspondence with this parting shot:—"Sir, the revenues of this office for the quarter ending September 30th, have been 65 cents; its expenditures same period, for tallow candles, twine, etc., $1 05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully."

ISHMAEL.

"I'll bet you'll be homesick before two days, both of you."

"What will you bet?"

"My diamond ring against your picture."

The girl's color came and went at mention of the picture, and she glanced quickly towards a dark, bright girl sitting beside her.

"Promise him, Elsie; there isn't any danger of losing your bet. Homesick! I never was half as sick of any place in my life as New York city. I hope no one will follow us out there."

"Not even the elegant Le Ray," her brother said teasingly.

"Bah! the very name of the man sickens me.

"He is rich, Nora, and you know you are going to marry a rich man.'

"Yes, but he is vulgar in the extreme. I shall never marry a poor man, neither shall I ever marry a man beneath me."

Ned shrugged his shoulders. "I shouldn't wonder if you would marry a farmer yet, Nora, and make your own butter and cheese."

The haughty lip curled as she said: "There isn't the slightest danger. I have no fancy for a rural life. It does very well for a few weeks in the summer when one has nothing to do but enjoy the fresh air and sunshine."

The girls sat on the grass, and Ned, manlike, was perched on the fence—a post-and rail fence, too, at that. They were waiting at the railroad station of D—— for the carriage of a country aunt whom they were going to visit, and whom they had not seen since they were children.

The little station house was close and they chose rather to wait outside. The waiting was not tedious to Ned and Elsie, for they were betrothed lovers, and the passing of time is always rapid to such as they; but Nora kept wishing the carriage would come every few minutes. At last it came in sight—a low, uncovered wagon, such as are used a great deal in New England, a tasty little affair, but still unlike any carriage Nora had ever seen before. That young lady arched her haughty brows, and looked daggers at Ned, who was helping Elsie in as though he thought it were the handsomest barouche New York could boast.

"Is my aunt expecting us to day?" she curtly said to the driver.

"She is, but your letter only reached her yesterday, she could not spare the time to come to meet you, but she bid me say a warm welcome awaited you at the farm."

"A well-turned speech for a person in his position, for I suppose he is only a field hand." This Nora thought to herself, and once comfortably seated, she fixed her bright eyes upon him, taking notes. He were a pair of dark pantaloons and a white linen blouse; and a plaited straw hat, something the worse for wear, was crushed down over the blackest curls she had ever seen.

Ned and Elsie were sitting very close together, Ned holding her hand under cover of her "duster." Nona turned round quickly.

"You two are entertaining, I must say. Ned, I should think Elsie won'd roast with you sitting so close to her this July day."

"Nora, don't you feel a little bit sickish, homesickish like, already?"

"No, I don't, and I haven't the least idea of being so. Elsie, I am only sorry for one thing—that we let Ned come along. There's never any peace where there's a man, never."

The handsome driver now arched *his* eyebrows, and would have whistled if he dared, and Ned looked tenderly into Elsie's eyes, and whispered: "Do you, Elsie, do *you* wish you hadn't let Ned come along?"

Elsie blushed crimson, and the driver said:—

"You can see the house yonder through the trees."

A moment more and they were at the gate. "Long, low, and rambling—I like it," and Nora, gathering up her skirts, placed her dainty feet upon the wheel, and was out before the astonished driver came to her assistance.

Aunt Mary met them warmly for their mother's sake, and soon they were seated around the ample board with very uncity-like appetites. Mr. Brewster, Aunt Mary's husband, was a well-to-do farmer with a broad, kindly face and a large heart, but, in spite of a life-time's training, he would sometimes forget and put his own knife in the butter. Aunt Mary saw the look of supreme disgust with which Nora viewed the proceeding, and then whispered softly and tenderly to her husband: "Simon, dear, try and remember to use the butter-knife while the girls are here."

His manners were so gentle, and his voice so kindly, when he said to Nora: "Here, childie, let me give you some more of the strawberries. You must eat just as many as you can while you are here," that she almost forgave him the affair of the butter-knife.

"Father, where is Ishmael?"

"He went home; he will be back by sun up in the morning."

"You should have made him stay to tea, father," a name Aunt Mary still called her husband, though six little graves in the churchyard were all that was left of the children she had borne him.

"I wanted him to stay, but he said he had promised Madge to help her with her lessons. Examination is coming on."

This was Monday. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed very pleasantly to Nora. She explored the house and grounds, and read her favorite poems. Friday she felt very lonesome, and if Ned had been in Europe or some other country, she would have said homesick. Ned and Elsie were passing their time in a way very agreeable to themselves, forgetting in their selfishness all about Nora. On Saturday she was lonelier than ever, for Aunt Mary was always busy in the kitchen on that day.

"O, Aunt Mary, I'm so lonely!"

"It's too bad, child. Suppose you put on my big sunbonnet, and carry this pie and a little pail of milk out to the field to your uncle."

Anything for a change, so Nora tied the sunbonnet over her brown curls, and went over the fields to where the haymakers were turning over the fragrant hay. Among the haymakers she noticed the young man who had driven them over from the station on the day of their arrival. He lifted his rough straw hat with a quiet grace that surprised the city belle, and she said to herself, walking homeward over the fields—"I never thought haymakers were so picturesque looking."

That evening the young people sat on the porch talking with Aunt Mary, when Nora spied the handsome haymaker coming up to the lawn.

"Good-evening, Aunt Mary, good-evening, ladies."

"Girls, this is my nephew, Ishmael Brewster, my husband's brotherls son. Why have you not been over lately, Ishmael? Studying your eyes out, as usual I suppose?"

Meanwhile Nora was surveying him from head to foot. "This is the handsomest man I ever saw, in spite of his craft," was her mental comment, "and he is my cousin-in-law, it seems."

As usual, Ned and Elsie wandered off among the trees, and by and by Aunt Mary went to supirintend the tea steeping. There was an awkward silence for a moment, and then Ishmael said:—

"You are reading Tennyson, Miss Nora!"

"Yes, 'Idyls of the King.' You have read it?"

"Yes, again and again."

"You admire Tennyson, then?"

"I need scarcely to answer that question; it would be hard to find any one who did not. I like 'In Memoriam' best, though; that poem alone should have crowned him Poet Laureate."

It seemed as if their mutual admiration for Tennyson broke down all the barriers of conventionalities, and till the tea-bell rang, their favorite authors were discussed, their voices going pleasantly through the window to where Aunt Mary was laying the table. Ishmael stayed to tea, and somehow, watching him walking over the fields to his home, Nora felt sorry to see him go.

Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. The little village of D—— was startled into open-eyed wonder as our stylish New Yorkers sailed into the quiet little church, Nora and Elsie in their "loves of bonnets," and rich dresses, and Ned in his long-tailed coat and choker.

Ishmael Brewster sat in the pew before them, and Nora blushed prettily at his grave bow. The village youth and maidens heard little of "Elder Allen's" discourse, they were too busy watching the party from Deacon Simon Brewster's. And Nora, too, heard little of it; *she* was busy watching Ishmael's splendid face light up as he followed the reverend speaker's words. Ishmael, with his whole soul bent on the sermon, saw nothing of this by-play. Even the beautiful face of Nora faded from his memory as his mind took in the mighty truths the minister was laying before the people.

"Come home with us, Ishmael," Ned said, as they met in the aisle after service.

"I cannot to-day, Edward. I will go over to-morrow evening. I never leave home on the Sabbath."

Nora's red lip curled, and she bowed haughtily in passing, never thanking him as he assisted her into the wagon.

Evening after evening Ishmael came to the farmhouse. Sometimes Nora was in the mood to cavil at him, but with all her pride and haughtiness, she did not dare to look down upon this workingman, this young New England farmer. In intellectual attainments he was her peer, and she knew it. Ishmael Brewster was a man of great mental strength, noble and brave as the bravest. He was the son of a poor man, and had climed upwards as best he might. His father had employed a tenant to work the farm on the shares, during the years Ishmael had been away at school. The tenant's term expired in the spring, when Ishmael was to take the farm. Meanwhile he was lending his strength to his Uncle Simon through the harvest, for the old man's strength had failed of late.

So, on through the purple lushness of the summer time these two walked blindfolded, and knew not till the time of parting drew near that they were more to each other than cousins-in-law. But there came a time of awakening, when Nora took herself severely to task. "Was she learning to love this handsome farmer! this 'poor man?'" If not, what meant this fluttering of the heart, and strange content when he was by her side? She was treading on dangerous ground—she must be wary. But it was easier said than done. There was a magnetic power in Ishmael's dark eyes that overpowered her, and won her heart in spite of her reason.

It was the night before they were to return to New York. Elsie and Ned had ridden over to the village for the mail, and Nora was up stairs packing up.

Ishmael came slowly across the fields and sat down wearily on the steps beside Aunt Mary.

Nora saw him, and her heart fluttered strangely. She knelt by the window and laid her head upon the sill, and listened to their talking.

"You are tired, Ishmael; you work too hard."

"Oh, no, Aunt Mary, work never tires me."

"You study too much, then, and what's the use. You are the smartest farmer in the country now. I am glad you are going on the farm—you will be obliged to study less."

"I love study, Aunt Mary, and when I get my farm started, I will find time for study."

"To what end?"

"My own gratification and improvement. Besides, who knows, Aunt Mary, but what I may yet be called upon to legislate for my country, or, perhaps I may be a senator," and he laughed, gaily.

"Do you really like those dry studies, Ishmael?"

"I really like them, Aunt Mary. I am never happier than when I am fagging at Schiller and Klopstock. I will yet master them."

Ishmael was dear as an own son to the childless woman, and she laid her hand tenderly on his. "If it gives you pleasure, Ishmael, it is all right."

"Where is Nora, Aunt Mary?"

Nora sprang to her feet in time to hear her name called.

"Nora, come down; Ishmael wants you."

A white dress soon replaced the wrapper, and twisting some scarlet verbena in her dark hair, Nora went swiftly down stairs. Aunt Mary had gone in, and Ishmael sat there alone. Nora laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "I am glad to see you, Ishmael."

For answer, he drew her down beside him on the steps. "You are going away to-morrow, Nora. I will miss you more than I ever missed any one in my life."

Nora's head lowered a little, but she dared not trust herself to answer.

"If I thought you could ever be happy as a farmer's wife, I would tell you just how much I love you, just how dear you are to me"—not one word of not being her equal, not one word of his poverty; he did not understand the meaning of such words. Ishmael Brewster was never *poor*, men like him never are, and in his manhood and rich affluent nature, he felt himself equal to all men, bowing his spirit only before his Maker.

"You *may* tell me just how much you love me, Ishmael, for I could be very happy as a farmer's wife." Nora was surprised at herself, but she felt as if she could share even poverty with Ishmael Brewster.

He sprang to his feet. "Nora it needed but this to make me one of the happiest of men that ever walked God's beautiful earth. It is a grand thing to live, Nora. Oh, I enjoy life. I can see in it neither the sorrow nor care the people tell of! God has blessed me in everything. I should never have been called Ishmael."

"And yet you have had trials. Hive been always poor; and have had to toil for an education, and—and"

"Do you call these things trials, Nora? I do not, O Nora, you are the crowning blessing! I thank my God for this last great blessing!"

He was a novel wooer, but he was just the man Nora needed to guide aright her noble but undisciplined nature.

Elsie said, "Darling Nora, I am glad you are to be happy like myself," and Ned said: "What! marry a common farmer! a poor man? Nora Lee, I am ashamed of you."

But Nora, with her hand in Ishmael's, could defy a dozen Neds, and she did not heed his banter, though he was merciless.

A year later Nora went to the farm to live with Ishmael. All the long winter evenings they studied together, to the evident annoyance of Aunt Mary, who predicted blindness and early gray hairs.

Ishmael *did* master Schiller and Klopsteck, and to-day is a Senator of the United States.

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