

The Potter Journal.

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

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ELLSWORTH.

Don't shed a tear for him!
Lay him to rest,
The bright cross of honor
Ablaze on his breast.
The shouts of a nation
Shall cheer him to God,
The hope of a people
Spring fresh from his blood.

Don't shed a tear for him!
Heroes must die,
In gladness and triumph,
Like suns from the sky.
Battle-red banners
And war-tramp above,
They only break camp up
Forward to more.

Don't shed a tear for him!
Nourish him in blood,
Quick-dropping bullets
Fight for him! fall with him!
Die as he died;
Living or dying,
Our hope and our pride.

Don't shed a tear for him!
Better to go,
Eager for battle,
Facing the foe,
For one life like his life
A thousand shall pay,
And the fury it kindles
Shall carry the day!

Mr. and Mrs. Rasher.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SLIMMINGS."

CHAPTER VI. DOMESTIC.

Darn your stockings, Mr. Rasher? If that don't cap the climax! It would be pretty work to occupy my mornings in my boudoir; or no, I'd better keep 'em for parlor "fancy work" of evenings, when I've only a few calls, and Flummery is drumming on the piano or making himself agreeable to Fitz. I expect he'd want to take lessons in the fashionable and elegant art of darning old socks, he's so critical and fastidious. He always holds my silk for me, when he's here of mornings and I've got any to wind, and I presume he'd be delighted to hold a skein of blue yarn. If you're really not able to buy yourself new stockings when the old ones get holes in 'em, perhaps I'll provide myself with a darning-needle, and stay to home and mend 'em for you. You frequently advise me to be more economical, and here is a fair chance to begin. I do believe a man, be he high or low, rich or poor, is never satisfied with his wife, except when she is darning his socks or making a pudding. If any one should ask me my idea of the male sex, I should describe it as a ravenous pudding-bag with a pair of worn-out socks on the end of it; while the female sex would be represented as everlastingly busy trying to fill the bag with ceaseless pudding, and darning the socks at intervals. Growing poetical? Husband, there's that in the treatment of the masculine race that's calculated to make us indignant, if there's a spark of resentment in our breasts.

"They were such nice lambs'-wool, and you thought, as I'd nothing else to do, they were worth"—Nothing else to do! nothing to do! Harried, and worried, and hurried to death, with six servants getting me distracted, and company, and going out constantly! Nothing to do but set down and darn socks! Here I am, just home from the matinee, and hungry for my dinner, expecting half a dozen friends in this evening that I asked when I was at the Academy, and engaged for all day to-morrow going calling, and out to the ball in the evening, and I've nothing to do!

You thought it would seem so old-fashioned and pleasant to see me with my work-basket, passing a quiet evening, you talking and reading the paper, and me darning the heels and toes of your socks? Once for all, my dear, I don't consider anything pleasant that's old-fashioned, and as for having been in the habit, in former days, of economizing, I wish you wouldn't refer to it; it makes me nervous. You're as sentimental as Cerintha, this minute, and I'm sure a person, to look at you, wouldn't think there was a particle of sentiment in you, which I heartily wish there wasn't, as it's always making you ridiculous. I've got so many other balls to keep a rolling I can't condescend to a ball of yarn? Now add something about "spinning street-yarn," and then you'll have run through the usual lists of a man's witticisms.

What's that sticking out of your vest pocket? Dear me! I'm delighted. Why didn't you tell me when you first came in?

"Artists' Receptions. Admit Mr. Rasher. Dodworth's Hall. Thursday Evening, February 21, 1861. Geo. A. Baker, Wm. Oliver Stone, Launt Thompson, Executive Committee. Compliments of Lake Brown."

Admit one Lady.

Mrs. Cornell wanted to go awfully last month, but she couldn't find a gentleman who had an invitation to spare. You may thank me, husband, for these tickets. If I hadn't proved myself a patroness of the fine arts, by getting all these pictures

when the house was furnished, we shouldn't have been asked. I shouldn't care much for going, since there's no supper nor dancing, and nothing but to look at pictures which I don't care a snap about, if it wasn't a compliment to our taste, and nice to have been there.

You guess it was you who procured the tickets this time? Indeed! And how? You've been ordering two or three pieces to be painted by some of our first artists? You were introduced to some of them, and they were such good fellows you couldn't help it. Well, I expect it's all right. For my part, I admire the frames more than I do the paintings; but other people of our set seem to have got up a mania about such things, and we must follow the lead.

I've a mind to give an Artists' Reception myself, after theirs is over. Flummery says that it's the duty of wealthy people without genius to encourage authors and artists; to scatter, as he said, golden showers upon the dusty pathway trod by the aspiring foot of genius. He said that even money earned by the wholesale pork business might be hallowed and exalted by being liberally given out for a charming picture or a glowing book. Of course I saw through it all, but it's true as preaching, nevertheless. If I've an ambition for anything, it's for being considered a patroness of the fine arts. My own particular taste runs to worsted work, and those cunning little dogs and things in Berlin wool, and next to that I admire mono-chromatics, but we must do as our set does.

Speaking of one thing reminds me of another. I wonder where that Signor Fingerari is that used to give the girl's music lessons before they went away to boarding-school. Am I thinking of taking lessons myself, at this late day? I am not, Mr. Rasher; though why you should consider me too old to learn, if I was a mind to, I don't see; I am only forty-two, come April. The fact is, I had hard work to coax Rosine to stay, after that time you gave her warning; I had to raise her wages, and make her a present of one of my best second-best silk dresses, and now she's taken a fancy that she's a natural talent for music. She thinks she'd like teaching music better than waiting on ladies, or at least it would help her to pass away her spare time pleasantly, if she knew how to play the piano, and I've thought some of gratifying her, for the sake of keeping her.

Now, Rasher, that's just the way you always do when you're out of patience about nothing, as you always are—flying about the room like a mad hen, making yourself ridiculous. I'm sure you needn't interfere with my management of my own servants—above all, my own lady's maid. There! there! there! you needn't speak; if you do, you'll be sure to stutter; control your temper, my dearest, for when a man stutters he's sure to get the worst of it. You see you can't talk half as fast as I, nor half as well, and you might better not begin. Pig-headed? Look out, my love, and don't provoke me, or you'll get your ears boxed soundly. Me pig-headed! me, indeed! And who but a person with a natural liking for pigs would be engaged in the pork business? If I had a married as I might have married, and as I've often regretted I didn't, I might have had my choice of a doctor or a lawyer, and been more congenially united than I have been, instead of being tormented all my days with the smell of bacon, and feeling myself bound by chains of steel to the destiny of a pork merchant. But it's too late to mourn over early indiscretion. I might have been—What's that, Rasher? You haven't forgot the tailor you cut out? Served him the same trick he served your clothes? There's the bell for dinner. Put on your cravat, my dear, and hurry. Preferred pig to goose, after all? Come, come, the soup'll be cold, and it's your favorite kind. You flatter yourself you saved me from cabbage, if not from pork? Oh, quit your nonsense! Sloop nonsense? Well, if you want cold soup, I don't, and I'm going. What's that he's hollering through the keyhole about my first suit-her?—"He'd have been a fitting companion." Quit your silliness, for I'm down stairs, and I can't hear you. "Did he press his suit?" Oh, get out! Here you come, down three stairs at a time; and now you've got rid of half a dozen miserable puns, I suppose you'll be good-natured, and want to hug me, right in the dining-room. Why were your puns so miserable? Because they generally are, I guess. Because they were only sew-sew? Do please be quiet before we get in where the waiter is; and dear, do try and remember not to put your knife in your mouth.

I tell you what it is, if we do have an artist's and author's reception, as I'm bound to, I mean to have the girls to home. It will be a fine opportunity for them to display their accomplishments, and take a step upward in the social ladder, as Fitz calls it. You say times are a little easier; and I'm going to do what I like. I believe you've been trying to do what I like. I believe you've been

trying to frighten me about your business, when there wasn't the least necessity for it, just for the sake of seeing me going without the comforts of life. I haven't got them white furs yet, and it's coming time to get a camel-hair shawl for the spring. La, Rasher! I never thought of your ordering pictures painted. Did you choose your own subject? Tell me what you ordered, for I want to speak of it, this evening, to Flummery and Mrs. Cornell. "You saw some excellent portraits of hogs, by Oestel, and ordered two companion-pieces, to hang in my boudoir!"—"also a sweet little landscape, that reminded you of the old homestead, where you was brought up—which you took, only you ordered a group of pigs, in place of the cattle, in the field." Now, my dear, if there's money to be wasted on pictures, I prefer picking 'em out myself, and shall insist upon doing so. As for having your pigs in the house, I sha'n't do it, no matter how well they're painted. "Connisurs pronounce 'em wonderful." Well, the more they are like hogs, the less I'll like 'em. If you'd had 'em so they could have passed for sheep, I wouldn't have minded, but as it is, if they hang anywhere, they'll hang in the smoking-room. What? "smoked bacon"—yes, make smoked bacon of 'em, for all I care.

CHAPTER VII. IN HER ELEMENT.

I'm always in my element, Mr. Flummery, when I'm surrounded by congenial spirits, as on this occasion. You and my dear friend Fitz Simmons have been extremely kind in inducing all these celebrated artists, and so many talented people to honor me with their company this evening. I hope the supper will give satisfaction and pay them for their trouble in coming, if nothing else does. But, of course, I don't expect that people of such gifts care for such things as suppers and liquors; I have spared no expense to feast their minds as well as their bodies. You observe I have added twelve new pictures to my collection, which I bought on purpose to add brilliancy to this soiree.—Aren't they splendid? the coziest and most superb I could find, that would go in a private house; and, to whisper the truth to you, I got them surprisingly low. Purchased all at one place, and they made a reduction in consequence of the size of the order. Those four magnificent companion-pieces, "Cole's Voyage of Life," the real originals, I got for three hundred dollars, and the frames are worth sixty apiece. Seems to me the company is in unusual good spirits—don't you agree so, Mr. Flummery? I knew you'd speak with me. The artists are such a pleasant, sociable kind of people; they ain't as particular about their dress, some of 'em, as they might be, but it gives 'em an air. It makes me quite happy to see how delighted they are with the pictures. Don't you think the girls are looking well? O dear, you flatter them, Mr. Flummery. It's strange you seem to admire Felicia most. She is a good girl, amiable and sensible—but she hasn't the genius of Cerintha. Cerintha's real sentimental, if I am her mother that says it. She writes the sweetest compositions, and sees an exiled prince in every Italian organ-grinder. Am not I afraid she'll run away with some ragged hero, some day? O no! not she! she's prudent as well as practical. She'll never marry less'n half a million. If anybody makes a love match, it'll be Felicia, quiet as she looks. By-the-by, who's that dark-eyed, handsome young man that's talking to her about that little drawing on the table. A very promising young artist? Rich? I thought not by the looks of his coat. It's decidedly rusty, and six months out of date. Will be a lion some day? I shall allow Felicia to cultivate him, then; but I must warn her against any tender interest.—He's handsome enough to turn a young lady's head, that isn't hardly through with school yet. How admirably he looks at her; and she's actually blushing. I thought Madame Finisheche taught her young ladies not to blush, it's so childish! I must correct Felicia for that fault, to-morrow. Don't you know, Mr. Flummery? But if you say so, it's all right; you've the credit of knowing everything. Do you know, Cerintha writes poetry; and as you are a poet, you ought to be kindred spirits. I wish you'd celebrate my soiree in some verses, won't you, now, that's a dear, good man? Fitz! Fitz! darling! come here! I'm trying to persuade our friend, Mr. Flummery, to immortalize this evening in some of the poetry which he prints in the magazines. They say you're so sarcastic, Mr. Flummery, and say such sharp things, even in your poetry, but I know you won't make fun of us. It would be so nice.

Do you think they are enjoying themselves, Fitz? They seem in excellent spirits; and I'm sure I've taken trouble enough to please 'em. Why didn't I consult you before I purchased so many pictures? Well, I was down to Stewart's, and coming back, I saw a shop full of handsome ones, and the idea struck me it

would impress my new guests favorably to find lots of pictures, and I stepped in and bought what you see. You've told me that size wasn't the main point in buying paintings. I guess I know that! But everybody knows "Cole's Voyage of Life" is a fine thing, and all the rest are choice copies of the old masters, whoever they are.

Everything seems to me to be going off splendidly; even Rasher's behaving himself remarkably. He hasn't said a vulgar thing this evening, in my hearing. There he goes, off to the smoking-room, with half a dozen gentlemen, to show 'em his pigs. He paid a hundred dollars for a little thing no bigger than my two hands. (Sotto voce.) I wish Felicia would leave that fellow for awhile. He's quite too agreeable; and she's looking so pretty, now, with her eyes full of smiles and her cheeks glowing, he'll fall in love with her. Artists are all very well to patronize, but when it comes to son-in-laws, it's another thing. Bless me Mr. Flummery, I did not know you were so near! Law? That young gentleman, talking to my daughter, owns millions of acres of the loveliest and richest lands of the earth, owns diamonds and pearls, and the uncounted gold of a thousand sunsets. Pshaw! does he really, or are you speaking in a metaphysical sense? You know they don't take the gold of the sunset at Stewart's or Tiffany's—and I prefer that kind that has the stamp of the mint on it, that's always current. "Like old mother Bunsby's wine!" Rasher, remember; make no puns but good ones to-night. What's that, Mr. Flummery? a bad pun is often better than a good one, if it's duly bad enough? Well, that's queer! don't forget you've got to write me some verses, Mr. Flummery. I'll have a little game supper and invite Fitz, and some others, when it's ready to be ready. Do you promise?

I hope you're enjoying yourself Mr. Easely. But you always do admire my pictures. I feel proud to be surrounded by so distinguished a gathering, and you are one of the brightest stars in my constellation of guests. How do you like this one? The vender assured me that it was an old Italian copy of the original Raffel. I didn't know they had raffles in old times to sell off paintings. That's what we ladies do now, when we get a lot of pin-cushions and fancy articles left over from our fairs. It's a very good plan. I've no doubt the old masters got rid of a good many in that way, for I often hear it mentioned. I was very much charmed with your reception, the other evening, Mr. Easely. You artists are really getting to have very good society about you. I saw a good many of our wealthiest people present. We didn't use to think much of your class; but we're getting over our prejudices. There's Mr. Moneybags, talking to that young fellow with the seedy look, as if they were equals. We appreciate talent, Mr. Easely; it is one of our privileges. Dear me! where's the man gone? I do believe he's going off before supper, and I haven't said anything in the world to offend him. I've treated the whole set as well as if they could return the compliment; the costliest music, game for supper, our best wines, and all them pictures on purpose to consult their tastes; and of course, they will never treat us to supper and music. But I'll have it to talk about. I've got the start of Mrs. Cornell for once, and I can see she is dying of envy. I've got the author of "Poems of the Century," and that man that's celebrated for writing something, I don't know what, but he goes to Liverpool's constantly; and Professor Donderland, who's been kind enough to run the piano with playing, and everybody that anybody wants to have, and I call it a perfect success.

There's Felicia and that young artist getting together again, after I've warned her not to pay too much attention to our guest.

I asked Flummery what made the crowd so cheerful, and he says it's the new pictures; so they're successes of course. He says it would be a good idea for us to have a gallery to display them to better advantage—wants to know if there isn't room in the gallery to construct one.

Rasher! Larkins says supper is ready; go and get Mrs. Moneybags, and I'll take Mr. Lake Brown's arm. La! La! what are you all laughing at? Mr. Rasher? he is so funny! What has he said now? "He wants to know why we are all like a parcel of pigs?" "because we all want to be first at the trough!" Horror! I shall sink through the floor! That wretched man is enough to distract a woman. It's dreadful! his vulgarity always shows itself at the most conspicuous moment. If I didn't have hold of Mr. Brown's arm, I should sink through the floor, and likely as not light in the bowl of chicken salad.

What did you say, Mr. Flummery? "Why is Mr. Rasher like a tame bear?" I'm sure I don't know unless it's because he's so rough. "Because he has given us a great faux pas." He! he! you're

so witty, Mr. Flummery, I don't exactly know what you mean, but I'm sure it's funny, if you said it.

Allow me to help you to some of the celery, Mr. Brown; I'm sure you must be fond of it, I saw such beautiful greens in that picture of yours at Dodworth's. (There's Rasher at his puns again. He'll make me miserable all through supper. "Don't be sherry of the wine, there's plenty of it.") I should think a person who could draw cows as natural as you would always be drawing them. ("De-claret's No. 1.") I'm so fond of cows in landscapes! I think every landscape ought to have cows in it. ("Why is this bottle like my amiable wife? Give it up? Because it's my-deary!") Especially those dreary deserts that Mr. Gamboze is so fond of painting; a cow or two would give life to them. ("Why is there no such thing as a headache in the morning after taking a little too much the night before? Give it up? Because it's all sham-pain.") "But that's as old as the hills." "All the better for being old!" I've thought a good deal, Mr. Brown, of sending my Cerintha to take lessons of some artist; I'm certain she has a talent for it; dear girl! she has a talent for most everything. You ought to see her specimens that she's brought home from school; and she's embroidered a whole scene in worsted work—Rachel and Joseph at the Well. It's sweet, especially the well, which is done to perfection—the curb, and the bucket and pole, just as they had them in old times. "Why are gardeners stingy to their help? Because they order their salary out down." Salary, good gracious! Don't you think it would be advisable to have my daughter take lessons of some of our first artists? I should like to have an artist in the family; it would be something to be proud of—(Good gracious! There it comes at last! "Why am I like the basement of my own warehouse? Because we're both pork-sellers." If I don't pay Rasher for that after the company's gone, then I don't know what revenge is—the brute!) O yes! The Masquerade Ball was the most delightful part of the opera. I went on the stage myself—charming! (Larkins, tell the band to strike up a perfect crash. I'm bound to choke Rasher off, if I have to drown the whole company in the noise.)

Influence of Smiles.

A smile is indeed a thing of beauty. Whether living on the lips of gladsome youth, or flickering on the dying features of worn out age, it holds its beauty still. Whether making loveliness yet more winsome, or rendering ugliness less repulsive than its wont, a smile yet holds its nature—yet it is beautiful. Magic lurks therein, and sways the human heart as words never can—quickens its quiet pulse, or soothes and calms the hurried throbs as they may need. And beneath the encouraging influence of one sweet, upholding smile, the heart itself may change its mood—may yield its mad intent, if not cast out forever its evil promptings and its dark propensities. And so may the smiles of derision madden beyond what the utmost words can do, even as the smile of praise will spur humanity to great and noble deeds beyond the approach of all other promptings. Its silent power sinks in the heart, and heals some new made thrust, as sweetly and gently as falls the mysterious dew from heaven. And the smile of love! It beams in the mother's eye as she sees beauty in her infant's face, and a silent laugh of unknown joy from her darling babe. It plays with stronger and more thrilling magic on the maiden's lovely countenance, as her heart's idol meets her far-seeing eye, and draws near to let her look of love lose none of its precious value in needless distance between them. And with deeper, purer joy, it comes to the wife's glad face when her husband's fond gaze tells how much is gained since he first called her wife. Holy, beautiful indeed, is the smile of fathomless and perfect love. Too seldom, indeed, does it live—too seldom lightens heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it have birth—too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

Not many miles from Boston two sisters, by the name of Pepper, are employed in the same establishment. One of them has red hair, and goes by the name of "Red Pepper," while her sister with black hair, is known as "Black Pepper." A male relative is also employed in the same place, and is called "Pepper and Salt," his hair fairly representing that mixture.

God Save Our Noble Union.

It came to us through darkness,
It came to us through blood;
It shone out like the "Promises
Of God" upon the flood.
A beacon it has served us
With true, unerring flame,
And cast a blaze of glory
Upon our nation's name.
God save our noble Union!

'Twas left us by our fathers,
Whose souls of priceless worth—
The noblest types of manhood
That ever walked the earth.
'Twas bought with fearful struggles,
By sacrifice sublime,
And stands a proud memento
For all the coming time.
God save our noble Union!

Our land, a waste of nature,
Where beast and savage strayed,
Its wealth of lakes and rivers,
Unlocked by keys of trade,
Then, sun-like, rose the Union—
A terror to our foes—
And lo! this "waste of nature"
Now "blossoms as a rose."
God save our noble Union!

Where earth lay hid for ages
In deep, primeval gloom,
Behold a boundless garden—
A continent in bloom.
With iron bands of railroads,
Electric tongues of wire,
And energies within us
Which time shall never tire.
God save our noble Union!

But now upon our Heaven
Are signs of coming storm,
And fierce, unholly passions
Unfold their hideous forms.
The bravest hearts among us
Are filled with doubt and fear,
While sounds of horrid discord
Are grating on our ear.
God save our noble Union!

The hallowed flag that bore us
So proudly through the wars,
Is there a hand would sever
Its sisterhood of stars?
Great God! can we so blindly
Cast all Thy gifts away?
O, hearts there in this nation
One thro' that would not pray—
God save our noble Union!

No MOTHER.—She had no mother! What a volume of sorrowful truth is contained in that single sentence—no mother! We must go down the hard, rough paths of life, and become injured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when a frail young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that one short sentence. Who shall now check the wayward fancies—who shall now bear with the errors and failings of a motherless girl? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of sorrow be over-filled by the harshness of your bearing or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doings? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh remember, "she has no mother!" When her young companions are gay and joyous, does she pass with a downcast eye and languid step, when you would fain witness the gushing and overflowing gladness of youth? Chide her not, for she is motherless, and the great sorrow comes down upon her like an incubus. Can you gain her confidence, can you win her love? Come, then, to the motherless with the boon of your tenderest care, and by the memory of your own mother, perhaps already passed away—by the fullness of your own remembered sorrow—by the possibility that your own child may be motherless—contribute, as far as you may, to relieve the loss of that fair, frail child who is written Motherless.—Exchange.

The reign of terror in Virginia is terrible. Every man not in the ranks is looked upon as a spy or a traitor. Many Northerners as well as Union men have been compelled to take up arms in defence of the rebellion. These men will not fight and we may rest assured that when the opportunity is offered they will desert the rebels.

The Charleston Mercury calls the Yankee troops now threatening the South "tin peddlers." It is true the Yankees have generally, in their visits South, peddled tin, but we guess they mean to peddle lead this time.

The Free Press, of Burlington, Vermont, says that JOHN G. SAXE, of that city, has purchased a handsome residence on Capitol Hill, in Albany, and is about to remove his family and household goods thither.

A sailor who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked if he had ever seen Louisiana. "No," said Jack, "what country does she live in?"

Nearly all the bees in the south of England have died this year. A person in the New Forest who had 140 hives has lost every bee.

Tobacco-chewing men and snuff-taking women should never be permitted to kiss anybody but each other.