

# The Potter Journal.

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

VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 34.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1861.

TERMS.—\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

## Original. SYMPATHY.

When ye were children, ye would fill your hands  
With wild flowers in the wood,  
And, comforted for all your sorrows,  
Ye said that "God is good."

But all your blossoms faded, when the light  
Died from your childhood's slopes,  
And manhood's dreary heart is made an urn,  
Full of dead Loves and Hopes.

Now, at the darkened windows of your souls,  
Vainly must Beauty plead,  
The voices singing by the bolted doors,  
Ye neither hear or heed.

Ye strew white flowers, where your beloved  
As if that those below  
Had any care how, in this world of sin,  
Birds sing, or blossoms grow!

Ye think how they that entered that dark house  
Through the low, narrow door,  
In all the golden summers, will not pass  
The grassy threshold o'er.

What right have I to cry "be comforted!"  
Who have not suffered so?  
What right to say "God willeth," when my lips  
Touched not your cup of woe?

Your grief is sacred, yet rebuke me not,  
If, faint with pain, I stand,  
Not daring to look up to one of ye,  
And offer you my hand.

Tearful, I pray for all earth's wearied ones  
That watch alone to-night,  
"Open, O Christ! the golden gates of Morn!"  
Let them behold the light!

## Parted by a Hair's Breadth.

My lady Paterdale sits in the large drawing-room of her place down in Blankshire, and listens to the rain which falls drip, drip, upon the stone terrace without. My lady is not there from choice, but by reason of her medical tyrants. In her listless hand is a novel which she does not read. Now and then she glances at the fire, which is there not because it is cold, but because the place in Blankshire is dreary; a dampness hangs about it and a chill—a queer sort of creeping, as tho' the dead Sir Oliver still lay in state on the hearth-like bed of crimson velvet in the western chamber.

My lady's own companion sits behind her, occupied in a mysterious fancy-work called tatting; but it is not upon her that those wandering glances fall as they leave the fire; it is upon two figures at the other end of the room—so far away that in the dim light they can rather be imagined than seen, and their voices are inaudible. These are the daughter and the nephew of my lady Paterdale.

By and by the conversation is finished and they come up and stand together opposite my lady's great chair on the hearth. "George Haughton," said her ladyship, "why are you looking like a caged lion?" "Twelve months ago," replied the young man, "my cousin bade me wait patiently a year—a whole long year. It expires to-day, and I am here to know my fate."

"Speak lower, George Haughton." "She tells me," he went on with a gesture of impatience, "that she can not fetter herself yet; that I am still a boy and must serve yet another year for her."

"To which you have agreed," interposed a softer voice, while a little white hand touched his arm.

"To which I have agreed. It is no boy's love I have given you, Catharine, but my whole life. You must not think I do not know you; it is because you love admiration—because you would be accounted free to exercise your fascination over others—that you hold back from keeping your promise. I can wait; but do not try me too long. You are mine and I am yours for happiness or misery, and the one shall not suffer without the other."

My lady Paterdale bent her false eyebrows into a frown as he finished.

"These are strange words for a lover, young Haughton."

Then the haughty face softened with a sudden gleam of tenderness, and he took both the hands of his betrothed in his own strong, earnest grasp.

"Catharine knows," he said that I love her as my own soul."

would flirt, my daughter, in your shroud." A shudder passed over the beautiful crouching figure, and the poor companion made a false move in her tatting.

"But do not trust to it, Kate; with youth and beauty it passes away—ah, so quickly!"

Then my lady rang for lights, and began to reckon up the days and weeks which must elapse before she would dare to go back to town and gayety, from the dreary place in Blankshire.

So that year also went by, and then another, and another, leaving the promise unfulfilled; and still George Haughton repeated as firmly as ever, "I can wait," while the hope that had ripened his youth was withering away manhood.

Four years more had he served for her; this was the fifth. And my lady was back again at her place in Blankshire, but no longer alone with her unred povel.

She had filled the house with fashion and youth and beauty. There were daughters and sons to be merry, and maids to gather round the card-table of Lady Paterdale, and to squabble over the cards which she touched lovingly with her trembling old fingers, while the dancing went on around her.

On such an evening it was that George Haughton again entered the large drawing-room of the place in Blankshire. He stood in the doorway watching the light clouds of gauzy blue and pink and white, with the black coats that relieved them. George Haughton's head was higher than any there; he leaned, in his lazy strength, against the wall, watching, with a smile to which years of disappointed hopes had given a sort of despairing bitterness, while his cousin drew near, and stopped with a gesture of surprise. George made her a low bow, and then offered her his unglowed hand.

"Have you forgotten the day of the month?"

"Let me speak to you a moment," he said, taking her apart from the rest.

When they came back she was looking up at him laughingly.

"When will you give me up, George Haughton?"

"When that beautiful black head is streaked with silver," retorted George. She heard a new sound in his voice, and shrank from it; but the next moment all her gayety came back, for she said to herself, imperiously, "He knows not my power; he can not forsake me."

"One word more," said George. "You call that young lady who left you just now your friend, do you not?"

"Oh, yes—my dearest friend."

"Well, and the fair-haired young fellow leaning over the *pre-deau* is a stranger to you?"

"He was till this evening."

"But not to me. When I came in, you were flirting with him. When I tell you that he is engaged to your 'dearest friend,' will you spare him?"

With a laugh, she broke from the light restraint of his hand. He looked after her, and smiled at the folly of asking such a question. He drew himself up and pressed his knuckles together, and he muttered to himself, fiercely, "I will; I swear it!"

So this year George Haughton did not take himself and his answer away as usual, but he staid on day after day, patient and watchful, amongst the other guests of his aunt.

One evening the poor companion knocked, with her tatting in her hand, at the door of Catharine's dressing room, and entered, trembling at her own boldness.

"My dear," said the poor lady, and all the rows of curls on her forehead quivered with agitation, "forgive me, but I could not help it."

"Help what?" asked Catharine, gently.

"My dear, my dear, an old maid's life is not always a happy one. I do not say that mine is unhappy, but others are differently constituted—yourself, for instance if such a thing were to happen."

A laugh interrupted her; but clasping her hands, with one point of the tatting-needle running into them, she went on most earnestly.

"Alas! alas! you would be so miserable! Smile at me if you will for taking such a theme on my old lips; but I know what it is to trifle with a man's heart, and—Heaven help me!—to lose it."

The prospect from the window. Then she threw herself on a couch, and covered her face. There seemed to be before her, then, herself, yet not herself, bearing a shadowy resemblance, but horrible to behold; a gaunt figure, a lonely, desolate woman, unloving; with nothing but the bitter remembrance of past pleasures to fill up the yearning in her heart; with none to live for, no voice to answer hers, no lips to smile for her; alone with the phantoms of the past, which mocked her wretchedness.

Then the picture changed. Earnest eyes were looking into her own; a loving hand clasped hers; whispers of tenderness filled the air around her, and tears came stealing through the hands clasped over her face.

That evening George Haughton saw that his cousin was more beautiful than ever; that there was a new grace about her, a something almost akin to humility; that she was strangely quiet and reserved. But he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and thought of his vow.

Once only she addressed him—when he was passing her to leave the room. Never looking at him or even turning toward him, she ventured to ask why he was going away so soon. He had letters to write, he said; he was going to the library.

But he did not write them. He stood on the rug, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece; he seemed to be weaving pictures out of the dull glimmer of the fire; but they could not have been pleasant ones, his face was so stern and bitter.

He looked up impatiently as the door opened, but it was the figure of his cousin which stood there to interrupt him.

For a moment the old, long-cherished love clamored at the door of George's heart, and cried out with piteous pleading to be taken in; but the keeper of that door answered, sorrowfully, "Too late."

She was near him now—downcast, but resolute.

"The time has arrived, George Haughton. I come to give you back your bond; to set you free."

George looked at her earnestly.

"Is this all your pride can say to me, Catharine?"

All! Oh, no! it needed but a word from him to call forth the whisper of a better and a happier love than she had ever before known, but that word would never come. Looking into his face, she choked back the half-uttered "Forgive me."

"I remind you of your own declaration, whether it was just or earnest. The silver streak has come; look here, George Haughton."

He saw it at once as she bent her head before him—the one white hair, glistening on the black locks.

He said to her, as calmly as he could, almost looking down upon her, as she stood there. "This, then, has gained a victory which seven years of devotion could not gain! Give it to me. Catharine, I told you once that it was not my love I offered you, but my own life. You accepted it; you took and offered it up to vanity and frivolity. Think what it is to have withered a man's life up."

"Forgive me," murmured Catharine.

"I do. I accept my release at your hands. Catharine, when I came here four days ago, my heart was full of the old love. Again you put me off, as tho' I were, indeed, no better than a plaything. Then I swore that I would free myself; but no effort was needed. I was free; your voice had no power to move me, nor your touch; you had withered up all I gave to you, and nothing remained but bitterness—nothing. The past is like a dream, which I can remember without being able to bring back the emotions which filled it. They will never come to me again. These two, the saddest words a man's tongue can utter, are all that come to me as I look at you, and think of what might have been—"Too late."

He paused, but there was no reply. Then a sign and a trophy, he holds it up—the long, white hair.

"This, then, brought you to me too late. Catharine, good-bye; for if ever we meet again, it will rise up as a ghost between us, and we shall be strangers!"

**False Pretences.**

A law against obtaining husbands under false pretences, enacted by the English Parliament in 1770, passes—"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending parties, shall be null and void."

Men of some vocations are usually undersized. The most strapping fellows in the community are the school-masters.

## Pay as You Go.

"Pay as you go." This is one of Franklin's rules. His practical wisdom was the advantage to be derived from following it in the early days of the Republic; and the justness and benefit of its observance are no less now, when the liberty and integrity of the Nation are to be re-established. As a general rule it is applicable and obligatory at all times and under all circumstances. The spirit of this precept is essential to the honesty and honor, and to the true greatness and independence of States and of single citizens. Doubtless there may be cases in which a departure from the strict letter of the rule is admissible. But the exception is too often wretchedly abused. By what right do we tax and burden our future energies and abilities beyond the necessities which the future may present? If it be not wrong to the creditor, is it not cruel self-injustice to the debtor? "Sufficient to the day is the liability 'thereof.'" "Owe no man anything" is the divine injunction—the true philosophy. Buy what you can pay for, and what you can't, do without. This would save money. For the man who sells on trust, needs, additionally, the interest on the ready-pay price, together with compensation for any contingent liability to failure of payment, and for the bad debts of others. But beside being cheaper and more economical, it would also avoid much perplexity and disappointment, and litigation and despondency. It would save much confidence and reputation and friendship. It would contribute largely to cheerfulness, health and enjoyment. It would prevent financial revolutions, and bankruptcies and repudiations.

But pecuniary obligations are not the only ones to be met with the promptness of the pay down plan. That man who recognizes no other but a money valuation—who supplies all his needs with cash, and who strictly and rigidly discharges all such debts, and such alone, is but a Shylock who knows little of the worth of the higher, better estate within his reach. He is a more pitiable bankrupt than ordinary insolvency ever made, and by so much as matter is inferior to mind. He who lets his wealth or his dignity excuse him from performing his share of the offices, and of the active labors incident to life, has gone down below the lowest level of humanity. It has been wisely ordained that man shall owe himself, first, to cultivate his garden or his field, as Adam did his Eden; or to pursue some other mode of useful, healthful industry. Next, to improve the talent he possesses. He may not, as did one of old, hide it by digging in the earth, or by other sordid means. He owes his fellow man to be to him a brother. He owes his country to uphold her in the right. All these duties he owes to Deity, and he must pay them as he goes. "Twill never do to put off till no-morrow what could and should be done to-day. The habit, if it does no more, will fill the tissue of existence with expectation unrealized—with 'hope deferred.'"

Individuals compose communities, and communities make up States and Nations. As are the people, so is the public. It is the duty of every commonwealth, by a judicious system of education, to train up its youth so as thus to become paying citizens. For the citizen that pays the best is the one that shall this pay best as he goes. And when traitors, who had not, or who heeded not such training, insist on taking all within their reach of the assets of our governmental partnership, and going out, it is well to suggest to them the propriety of the principle—pay as you go. When England said to America, "You must submit to our taxes and obey our laws, represented or not represented," America said to England, "The plan is wrong; you must give the equivalent for our allegiance, you must pay as you go." And she established her right. And when it is urged that the priceless heritage of freedom which our fathers bequeathed to us, shall be transmitted to our children, encumbered and involved, with its title, if not impaired, yet disputed and defied, let us say "we'll adjust the dispute and square up the account—we will pay as we go."

And when, as now, with repudiation on the one hand and with piracy on the other, we are summoned to divide that heritage, so as to "spoil the whole," and to the end that, over one portion of it shall be made more prominent and distinctive that system which reverses our motto—the system of unpaid labor—with one voice let us join the mighty response, "pay as you go." The only government that pays is one that can and will thus, in all respects, pay as it goes.

And finally, the only way to make life pay—to make it an earnest and satisfactory reality—is, in all things, well to observe the rule, pay as you go.—*Independent Republican.*

Women should set good examples, for the men are always following the women. It seems hard that, when a man dies, his better half is entitled to only one third.

## August.

The dog star rises, and every living thing sweaters in the Summer heat. Cattle seek the shade, or plunging into the cooling stream, stand knee deep in the water, brushing their sides with moistened tails. Thus they hold the clouds of mosquitoes and flies at bay, and guard themselves against their tormentors.—Swine roll lazily in the mud, coating every bristle with the thick ooze, and smothering another race of insects quite as terrible to them. Fowls lie leisurely in the shade, throwing dust over every feather, and shaking it down over every part of the skin. Ducks and geese sit upon the river's brink, industriously rubbing their oily bills over every part of the body, making the feathers proof against the eggs of insects, as well as against rain. Every animal and plant has its parasite, and the parasitic races and all the tribes of insects are now in their prime. Life would be too dull in these hot calm Summer days, were it not for these minute creatures filling the air with the hum of their varied music.

The meadows are mainly stripped of the burden of grass that covered them a few days ago, and you notice the traces of the mower and the width of his swath. He has uncovered the homes of myriads of insects quite as beautiful, quite as full of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, as the grasses and flowers that flourished above them. Now the air is pierced with the shrill note of the locust, and now the song of the grasshopper and the chirp of the cricket fall on the ear. They swarm in countless multitudes among the stubble, and every advancing step drives a fugitive host before you.

We complain of the insects as enemies, and in their present number, and our own want of skill, they are among the most formidable obstacles with which the husbandman has to contend. The arrangements of Nature have been interfered with in the advance of civilization, and the harmony once existing between insects and other tribes of living things, has been destroyed. But even the most destructive of these races has its use, and the world could not get on without its labors. We need to direct these labors, rather than to exterminate the laborers. If man did not interfere with the arrangements of Providence, they would all be kept in harmonious balance, and every tribe of living things would be seen to accomplish more of good than of evil in its labors. Man has disturbed this balance in various ways. The trees and shrubs which were designed as the food of insects have been cleared away in the march of civilization, so that not a tenth part of the original pasture ground of the insect tribes is left in the older States. Forests have been cut down, and swamps drained, and the tiny inhabitants that once sung and sported in the unbroken wilderness, are forced to seek their living in grain fields and meadows. At the same time, the natural enemies of the insects, which were designed to keep them in check, have been almost exterminated. The wild animals that derived a large part of their subsistence from insects, have mainly disappeared with the forests. The birds also, which are our best safeguard against their undue multiplication, are considered lawful game by every vagabond that can carry a gun, and by every cat that ought to catch mice and rats.

We have, too; not only the insects native to our forests, but those of other lands introduced by commerce. These have come in grain sacks, sometimes in straw, or again in seeds, and upon plants brought hither for cultivation. Providence has furnished abundant checks to the multiplication of these creatures, and we have only to study their habits, to learn how to keep them within due bounds.

As yet, the science of entomology has but few admirers in this country. There are very few who have had the time and patience to follow these creatures through their various changes, to study the times and methods of their reproduction, and the best means of circumventing them. There is beginning to be felt, however, a need of this knowledge as indicated in the numerous inquiries in our agricultural and horticultural journals. Close observers upon the farm are learning how to save the cereals from their depredations, and pomologists are publishing their remedies for the ravages of insects among their fruits. There is great need of a wider range of observation, and a larger class of students who shall closely investigate the habits of the insect tribes. This is a work in which our young readers, especially the boys, might engage with great profit to themselves, and with a fair prospect of usefulness to the community.

A cabinet of specimens is indispensable to the prosecution of the study of entomology, and these every student might gradually gather for himself. If, for instance, we had a few eggs of the silk worm, a well grown specimen as he feeds upon the leaves of the mulberry, a cocoon upon the branch where it was spun, and a pair of millers, we should have before us, at a

glance, a pretty correct view of the insect. Every worm, bug, and butterfly, with which we come in daily contact, has a similar history worthy of our investigation. It would not take a very large cabinet to make us familiar with those which prey most upon our labors. Specimens of insects are much more easily preserved, than those of birds and the larger animals; and the expense for the material of preserving them, would be within the reach of most farmer's sons. The habits of careful observation fostered by such a study, would be invaluable to the boy, whatever might be his future calling.

One of the best methods of keeping insects in check upon the meadow, and which is appropriate to the season, is liberal top-dressing with compost or stable manure. As soon after the mowing as is convenient, compost is spread at the rate of twenty loads or more to the acre. Those who adopt this course, give as their reasons, that ammonia is offensive to insects, and they are much less liable, to deposit their eggs in a recently manured meadow than in a clean stubble; and that the manure makes stouter plants and more of them, so that the traces of the eating of worms are seldom seen in rich meadows. Facts generally prove the theory.

Others have great faith in the plow as a destroyer of grubs. All their lands destined for food crops are plowed late in the Fall and the burrows of a multitude of insects and their eggs, are thus turned up to the Winter frosts. But the most efficient helpers in this warfare are the birds. Some of them find their principal food in bugs and worms, and were they protected by the farmer, and allowed to multiply, they would guard his crops effectually from insect ravages. They should be welcomed to his orchards and meadows, and copses of evergreen be planted to shelter them, where they have not sufficient protection. They soon learn their friends, and congregate in the places where no robber molests, and no gun makes them afraid.—*American Agriculturist.*

**Fanny Fern on Sons-in-law.**

Fanny Fern, (Mrs. Parson,) having lost her eldest daughter in marriage, makes the following reflection, by her rather significant. When she penned them: "Doesticks" (Mr. Thompson), had probably just declared his intentions;

"How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family, and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, surprises me. That it is done every day, does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, eighteen or twenty years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for—him! It is lucky the thought never strikes you when you are doing it, that this is to be the end of all. What if you were married yourself? that is no reason why she should be wretched, away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean upon her, and feel proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason, that after you have worried her through the measles, the chicken-pox, scarlet fever and whooping cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing time before she goes. He seems to be of a different opinion; he not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to him, not the least in the world, except that when the world is full of girls, why couldn't he fix his eye on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to be rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plentiful as berries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat, and bread, and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one? You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask if that is the way you reasoned when father came for you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you, for all that; and so does he, too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a 'Well, if I must, I must,' you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while, 'Dear, dear, what sort of a fist will that child make as the head of a house? How will she ever know what to do in this, that, or the other emergency—she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day, to settle every trifling question! What folly for her to set up house for herself!' How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter! And yet that daughter has met life, and its unexpected reverses, with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas! may be dust when the baptism of womanhood comes upon her."

A man is most likely to fall down upon his face when he ventures upon it slipshod.