

# The Potter Journal

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

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## Under the Locusts.

Spring-time was tripping o'er the hills  
And garlanding the sunny leas,  
And white flowers hung like scented wreaths  
Of sea-foam on the locust trees.

Moonlight came softly out of heaven,  
Leaving ajar the doors of light,  
And playful sprites with torches lit  
Flashed upward in the northern night.

And mid the glories of that hour,  
A maid, with step like May's soft breeze,  
With eyes like little wells of heaven,  
Stood with me 'neath the locust trees.

Her hand—a dazzling flake of snow  
Had ceased to flutter, and at ease  
Lay soft in mine as I bent down  
And kissed her 'neath the locust trees.

A year had passed—a little year—  
Once more have come spring moonlight  
And once again are lovers out  
A-watching late the northern lights.

But I stand calm and very still,  
Feeling a kiss in every breeze,  
As all night long I sit and watch  
A grave beneath the locust trees.

[Home Journal.]

## THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

JULY 4TH—EVENING

On awaking this morning, I became aware of an unusual sound of hammering about the cottage. A mysterious whispering between the two servant-maids in the passage also attracted my attention. I went into the *salon*, which opens upon the veranda, and was surprised to find two long ladders reared in front of the glass-doors. Dr. K. standing on the grass-plot, under an apple tree, appeared to be gazing steadfastly at the roof. As we found the house in admirable condition, I was curious to ascertain what repairs or improvements he had in view. There were two men on the ladders, employed in fixing the last clamp to a flag-staff which rose from the apex of the gable. Just then, a breeze came down from the mountains and blew out the folds of an American flag! Yes—our national banner, although it contained but six stripes; for the good Dr., in his anxiety to give me at once a surprise and a well come on this day of all days, had been more kind than correct. But the stars were all there. The whole, thirty-four glittered in the blue field, in defiance of secession or compromise; and thus the first American flag which ever waved above the Thuringian forest was no symbol of a divided Union! How brightly the red stripes shone against the background of the fls! How the stars seemed to lighten and sparkle in the morning sun!

To-day, it occurs to me is the pivot on which our political balance turns. As the men who this day meet in Washington shall decide, shall Honor or Disgrace, Weakness or Strength, prevail. I am so far away that the involuntary conflict of hope and fear is worse than useless, and before these words can reach America, the doubt will either be dissolved in hopeful confidence, or deepened into desperation. This much is certain: the path of Honor, of Duty, and Patriotism is plain—there is but one. Woe to the Republic, if that path be not followed!

The weather, thus far, has not been propitious to our contemplated mountain walk. Unhappily, after a fortnight of splendid weather, it rained last week, on the day of the Seven Sleepers! This, in German weather-prophecy, denoted rain every day for seven weeks thereafter; and, this year, the rule seems likely to hold good. The sun rises in cloudless splendor, but by seven o'clock the sky is overcast: heavy bluish gray clouds drag along the mountain-tops, distant thunder is heard, and presently a hard shower comes driving from the West. In half an hour the sky is blue, the meadows sparkle, and snowy masses of cumuli topple over the forests. We rejoice at the prospect of a lovely afternoon, and straightway plan an excursion to one of the legendary spots in the neighborhood. Perhaps we are already under way, enjoying the warmth and sunshine, heedless of an ominous blackness which is gathering behind the Evil Mountain—evil, indeed, to us!—until, suddenly, the sun vanishes, and a far-off rattle among the woods announces the inevitable fate.

It is singular how slight a degree of heat suffices to provoke a thunder-shower in this region. Even to an American, accustomed to sudden changes of temperature, the continual vibrations of the thermometer are far from agreeable. Two or three hours of sunshine, at 80°, and you see the gray veils of shadows on the horizon. Then the air is suddenly cooled for a time, but becomes close and sultry again as soon as the breeze falls. The humidity (nearly 51°) is partly accountable for these vagaries, yet I attribute them principally to the fact that the spine

of the Thuringian forest, which is only about three miles above us, divides two weather systems, which occasionally overlap each other. It is difficult to realize that less rain falls here annually than in our Middle States, and I am inclined to suspect that the comparison was based on the estimate of a single year, which did not represent the normal average. In the chronicles of the country there are accounts of years in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when so much rain fell that the harvests were destroyed, and thousands of persons died of hunger and of a pestilence engendered by the rotten grain. On the other hand, it is true that the streams which issue from these mountains are remarkably small, and but slightly swollen after heavy rains. The deep bed of spongy moss which forms the floor of the forests, holds much of the moisture, and perhaps accounts for both facts.

An atmospheric phenomenon, scarcely known to us, is of frequent occurrence here. It is called the *cloud-burst*, a term which describes its character. The clouds, heavily laden, and balled or rolled together by the wind, suddenly break down under their combined burden, and discharge a deluge of water, which often occasions immense damage to the fields and herds. Where the burst takes place at the head of a narrow valley, an instantaneous flood is formed, from ten to twenty feet in depth, uprooting trees and sweeping houses from their foundations. A few weeks ago the town of Skühlen, not far from Jena, was visited by one of these cloud-bursts, whereby thirteen persons were drowned and more than twenty buildings destroyed. In countries which have not yet been denuded of their forests, such a phenomenon is less likely to occur. Richardson describes a cloud-burst which overwhelmed his camp at the frontier of Ashen, in the Sahara, and our trappers can tell of others on the plains.

Hail-storms are so frequent and so destructive in Northern Germany, that the prudent farmer always insures his grain in the Hail Insurance Company—a regular branch of the insurance business. The hail cloud, recognized at a distance by the hard, cold, yellowish-white color of its dropping curtain. Its upper edges are often of a pale brown hue. Even when it passes by at a distance, it chills the atmosphere around it, as an iceberg chills the sea-air.

This morning dawned so brightly, and the scattered clouds hung so lazily around the bottom of the sky, that we felt tolerably sure of a favorable day for our private festival. At ten o'clock the postillion's horn announced the approach of our friends, and the post-chaise slowly climbed the hill, and discharged its cargo of four ladies, two gentlemen, one child, and a supply of meat and drink, at our door. There were cordial greetings, for we had been separated three days, and those whose hospitality we had so often enjoyed—or rather claimed as a right—were now for the first time our guests. To honor them, as well as the day, I had sent to the landlord at Reinhartsbrunn and ordered six pounds of trout, fresh from the tank; I also secured a supply of the nobler German beverage, as we meet, and therewith my duties ended.

Our guests took possession of the veranda and garden; the children first embraced and then pulled each other's hair, and thus the festive machinery was put in motion. In Germany one does not need to go around with a conversational oil-pot and grease the individual eggs and cracks; the wheels turn as soon as they touch. It is as easy as rolling a snow ball down a steep hill. The least impetus is sufficient. The ball increases in volume as well as in swiftness, and the only danger is in attempting to stop it. This, of course, where the material is not too composite; though, even in this respect, you can safely combine more various elements than in any other society I know of.

In England, a successful dinner-party is the result of consummate art. The social ingredients are as carefully measured and mixed as in a sauce or a salad. The oil of Mr. A. is secured to neutralize the vinegar of Mr. B. The Misses X. are the chickens, those promising young gentlemen the lettuce, rich Mr. and Mrs. S. and so the lobster, and somebody else the mustard. The host is usually the spoon here, I am glad to say, there is more nature and less calculation! Repellent substances are avoided, of course, but the attractive quality of the social atoms is much greater. Another advantage—it is a part of German politeness to talk a "rill-flow" or a "dumny" is the rarest acquisition. Johannes Kinkel, with a good deal of truth, calls the habitual silence of many really intelligent English women a laziness of the jaws. Such persons have no scruple in shirking their share of social duty. They find it less trouble to look on and listen, caring not which their silence becomes a rock, against which the flow of social feeling is turned aside. Who does not know how one moody individual may obstruct the sun-

shine of a whole company of cheerfully attuned persons? Society, while offering enjoyment of the highest character, imposes a corresponding obligation—a fact which many honest and worthy people seem not to recognize.

In the German language there is no epithet which exactly translates our word *bore*, or its intensification, *vampyre*. The nearest approach to it, "Leinsieder," means, literally, "a boiler of glue," and applies especially to a man who takes you by the button-hole. This fact, alone, indicates a more correct social culture—at least, so far as the social duties are concerned. There is no society without its faults, which have their root in the faults of national character. Of these I shall speak at another time. Let us now return to the Fourth of July.

There was no reading of the Declaration of Independence, for the very good reason that we have no copy thereof. Neither was there any oration portraying the greatness and glory of Our Country, because it has yet to be demonstrated, by the last and severest test, that our country is truly great and glorious. On this day of this year, 1861, orations are out of place. But a divided family, united for the first time in three years, took their places at the round table, and when the trout and the roast beef (quite as much an American as an English reminiscence) had disappeared, a young German spoke thus: "Seeing that we, whose hopes and labors are directed toward the establishment of German unity and nationality, cannot be indifferent to the preservation of the American Union, which is in many respects the realization of our own political ideas—seeing that so many of our countrymen have become American citizens, and that a thousand ties of blood and friendship unite us—seeing, moreover, that in the present struggle we recognize a conflict between Barbarism and Civilization, between Anarchy and Order, let us drink to the success of the Defenders of the Union, and the triumph of the Good Cause!"

We all rose and drank the toast standing, and the silvery clinking of the glasses was like a peal of distant bells, ringing in the (let us hope) not distant day of our national redemption.

After one of the inevitable showers, the day again became bright and balmy. Our arm-chairs were transferred to the shadow of an apple-tree on the little lawn, and while the younger ladies indulged in a somewhat irregular game of ball, we enjoyed anew the beauty of the landscape in the enjoyment of our friends. At our feet lay Friedrichsroda, its tiled roofs crowded together in a long line through the middle of the valley. The slopes on either side, divided into narrow strips of grain, varying in growth and color, are evenly covered, as with a ribbed velvet carpet, above which, dark and grand, stand the fir forests. At the bottom of the valley, facing us, is the Badger Mountain, rising square against the sun by blue and gold of the distant hills. Southward, wooded to the summit, stands the Kernberg, divided by a shady gully from the Praise-God (*Gottlob*)—a conical hill, from the western slope of which rise shattered pillars of basalt, the topmost crowned with a rustic temple. Between the Praise-God and the Wolf-steep opens a deep mountain valley, glowing purple with its forests. On the other side we see the profile of the Abbot's Mountain, green with beeches, overlooking Reinhartsbrunn, and behind it the Evil Mountain, whence comes all our weather-woe. Groups of summer guests are constantly threading the lanes, or climbing to the benches disposed along the heights, and the three asses in the town are always in requisition to carry children or female invalids. Women pass us, carrying basket-loads of hay from the meadows, or fir-twigs from the hills; the men work among their turnip and potato fields; carriages rattle along the highways, and every morning and evening we hear the multitudinous *Schime* of the cow-bells, as the herds are driven out to their pastures. The landscape, with all its beauty, is full of life, which is the greatest beauty of all.

The evening came, and with it the postillion blowing:

"A rose in his hat, and a staff in his hand,  
The pilgrim must wander from land unto land,  
Through many a city, o'er many a plain,  
But ah! he must leave them, must wander again!"

And so it was with our friends. The grandfather must back to his telescope and the new comet. There were household duties for the women—expected relatives from afar: each was bound by some one of the strands which go to make up the thread of life. And, after they had left, I took up this my own particular strand, which, having spun to this length, I now leave until I receive a fresh supply of material—silk or flax, or spider-gossamer—anything but Cotton.—N. F. Independent.

Why is a cider-barrel like a cow? Because neither can climb a tree!—*Forney.*

## OCTOBER.

Brown October is here with its bursting barns and full granaries, its falling leaves and fruit. The season admonishes us to plant fruit trees, as well as to gather in the fruit harvest. Why is it, that so many farmers' families are content to go without fruit, in a land whose soil and climate are so congenial to fruit that the humblest efforts at horticulture are rewarded with success? Intelligent pomologists, who have seen the fruit shows of Europe, tell us that they do not excel our own, notwithstanding their larger experience and skill. The apple grows almost everywhere in our broad land, and most of the large fruits have quite as wide a range of soil and climate, though they are much less abundant. Apples have been most common, probably because they were the most common fruit of the father land, and were planted by the first settlers of the country. They were found to flourish much better here than there, and the seedlings which were soon brought upon anything ever seen in England. In a virgin soil, the tree would grow anywhere with luxuriance, and only needed to have a clear field to yield abundant fruit. The pear was rather an aristocratic tree, and needed much more careful culture in England than the apple-tree. Here the standards flourish quite as well as the apple tree, and seem to have fewer enemies, and to be quite as productive. Yet the market has never been adequately supplied, and the fine varieties of pears bring two or three times as much as the best varieties of apples. A pear orchard of any considerable extent is still a novelty even in the oldest parts of the country. Apple orchards, though common, are still far below the wants of the country. Hundreds of farms where the apple is as budy as the forest oak, are still without a good orchard. It is somewhat amusing to hear the reasons assigned by thriving farmers, for the great mistake in their husbandry, of not planting an orchard?

It is never admitted that they do not love fruit. There is hardly a man or woman in thousand that is not fond of every variety of fruit. Every boy sighs for his neighbor's apples and pear trees, and not only breaks the tenth, but the eighth commandment in the eagerness of his desire. Watermelon patches are proverbial plunder on moonlight nights. With many the reason of this failure is their unsettled condition. They do not own the soil they cultivate, or they are expecting soon to sell out and emigrate. The planting of an orchard is regarded as a work for another generation.

Others do not believe that the raising of fruit pays as well as other departments of husbandry. In the first place, one has to wait several years before he can expect any returns whatever, for his labor. In raising corn and potatoes there is something to sell every fall. Fruit has many enemies not only in the shape of insects but of bipeds, who seriously interfere with the profits of the orchard. Some are remote from a good market, and though the depot is within an hour's ride of the farm, they have never thought of railroad conveyance to a market. Others admit the advantage of planting an orchard, and have always been intending to do it, but they have had so much work upon their hands that they have never quite got ready. Money is scarce, and the nursery-man wants cash. These objections, however unsubstantial, are real to many farmers, and possibly to some of our readers.

We have been eating fruit for three years, from apple trees planted only eight years ago, and from pear trees planted much more recently. They bear with increasing abundance every year, and it seems to us so feasible and so profitable to stock an acre or two with fruit trees, that we can not let the season of tree planting pass without a word of exhortation.

A home surrounded with well grown fruit trees and vines adapted to the soil and climate, is one of the most beautiful objects we meet with at this season of the year. Every one admires the dwelling however humble, that looks out upon the street, through shaded walks, through fruitful gardens and orchards. What can be finer than a well grown pear-tree, hung with its yellow fruit, an apple tree whose boughs are bending to the ground with their ruddy burden; or a vine loaded with its purple clusters. These are cheap and substantial ornaments, that any man may plant around his home. The green upon his window, and the point on the dwelling will require frequent expensive renewal; every returning Spring will bring out the living ornaments in new dress without money and without price. There is no greater misconception than the popular notion that fruit growing does not pay as well as other branches of husbandry. It requires some capital, some skill and patience, to wait for returns. But capital and skill invested here are certain to have their reward. It is no uncommon return for an acre in apple trees to yield a hundred dollars, while

under favorable circumstances and high cultivation, the yield is two or three times greater. Farmers who have gone most largely into fruit culture, are generally the best satisfied with it. It furnishes something to sell from August until March. The early apples have to be marketed in their season, but the winter varieties can wait for good prices from three to six months without damage to their quality. Pears though more perishable than apples, and requiring more skill in their handling and ripening, are enough higher in price to make them profitable.

Not the least advantage of an abundant supply of fruits in the family, is their influence upon health. At this season of the year they are the greatest safeguard against fevers and diseases of the bowels, and were they freely eaten in all our families, the sick list would be greatly diminished. The craving of children for fruit, almost universal, is not so much an evidence of total depravity, as the working of instinct, seeking what it does not find in bread and meat.

Then, as we have referred to the children, and mean to say a good word for them, there is no tie to bind them to the old homestead, outside of the warm currents of domestic love, like the fruit yard and orchard. Who does not recall among the happy memories of his childhood, if he were so highly favored, the old trees whose shade was his play ground and whose fruits were his daily food, the garden walks lined with berries, and the vines upon the arbor and house-side that grew purple in the October sun.—*American Agriculturist.*

During the campaign of 1814 a young Norman conscript was standing at support arms. "Why don't you fire?" said his lieutenant, furiously.

"Why should I fire on these men?" replied the greenhorn. "They haven't done anything to me."

At this moment his comrade fell dead beside him.

"Lieutenant," said the rustic, beginning to wake up, "I believe those chaps are firing bullets."

"Of course they are, you booby, and they will shoot you."

With that the conscript began to blaze away, and fought like a tiger until the close of the action.

## Luther's Home at Wittenberg.

Ascending a rough, neglected stairway, I entered the room in which Luther resided after his marriage. His old furniture is still there. There is the table on which he wrote—the chair on which he sat—a kind of double seat, where he used to read and converse with his Catharina—all clipped and sliced by Vandal travelers. There, too, is the old large stove, whose plates are covered with figures of the four evangelists, cast after devices by Luther himself. That, fortunately, cannot be cut into chips. A little case, protected by glass doors, contains a number of relics, such as specimens of his handwriting, some old documents and embroidery wrought by his wife. There are fragments of a drinking glass, said to have been broken by Peter the Great. When a young man he visited Wittenberg, and desired to carry away the glass, but being refused permission, he dashed it in pieces on the floor—an act worthy of his haughty and passionate Czar.

There, too, is a beer mug of large size, which shows that three centuries have not changed the German's devotion to his tart beverage. Over the door is a serial in cloth, protected by glass, which may be guessed to be "Peter," and a tradition says written by the Czar. If so, the scribbling propensity is not confined to Americans. In an adjoining room is the desk from which the great Reformer lectured. On its front are four circular paintings, representing the four faculties of the university—law, medicine, theology and philosophy. The latter contains a fine female figure, which my guide said was a likeness of Catharina, showing alike Luther's taste and affection. On the walls are portraits by Cranach. There is also a case taken after Luther's death.

I was looking at these monuments, and asked where is Luther's when my guide pointed to a plain stone at my feet, which was a part of the floor, whereon was the name of Luther. Removing this there is a neat bronze tablet, with his name, and date of birth and death. Such is the simple monument; a similar one marks where Melancthon sleeps.—*Bishop Simpson's Letters.*

WHAT LITERATURE IS.—Poetry is said to be the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes, and meat; satire is the aqua-tortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing reminiscences are the apple-dumplings.

AN ODD MAX.—"I declare," said Ann Betsey, "he was the oddest creature that was ever put into skin. He was't like other men in anything; he never eat his breakfast till the next day at noon."

## EDGAR A. POE.

In point of originality Edgar A. Poe stands preeminent among the poets of our country. "The Raven," "The Bells," and several other masterly productions, show his musical gifts, and give him a permanent name in the annals of American literature. But in our literary history no record is sadder than that of his life, and the end of the career of none more admiring and melancholy.

Morally, Poe was as weak as he was intellectually brilliant. He became a victim to the wine-cup, a tavern *bel esprit*, a gay and jolly bacchanal. His influence was demoralized, his character ruined. He debased his literary gifts by productions silly, puerile, and disgusting. Disipation at last made him an abject slave to his passions, and ended ultimately his days.

Dr. Snodgrass, a clergyman who attended Poe during his last sickness, communicated some years since to a temperance journal an affecting account of the close of his life:

"On a chilly and wet November evening I received a note, stating that a man answering to the name of Edgar Allan Poe, who claimed to know me, was at a drinking saloon in Lombard street, in Baltimore, in a state of deep intoxication and great destitution. I repaired immediately to the spot. It was an election-day. When I entered the bar-room of the house, I instantly recognized the face of one whom I had often seen and knew well, although it wore an aspect of vacant stupidity that made me shudder. The intellectual flash of his eye had vanished, or rather had been quenched in the bowl, but the broad cavernous forehead of the author of 'The Raven,' as you have appropriately designated him, was still there; with width in the region of identity, such as few men ever possessed."

He was so utterly stupefied with liquor that I thought it best not to seek recognition or conversation, especially as he was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen actuated by idle curiosity rather than sympathy. I immediately ordered a room for him where he could be comfortably until I got word to his relatives—for there were several in Baltimore. Just at that moment one or two of the persons referred to, getting information, arrived at the spot. They declined to take private care of him, for the reason that he had been very abusive and ungrateful on all occasions when drunk, and advised that he be sent to an hospital. He was accordingly placed in a coach and conveyed to the Washington College Hospital, and put under the care of a competent and attentive resident physician of that institution. So insensible was he, that we had to carry him to a carriage as if a corpse. The muscles of articulation seemed paralyzed to speechlessness, and mere incoherent mutterings were all that were heard."

"He died in the hospital after some three or four days, during which time he enjoyed only occasional and fitful seasons of consciousness. His disease, as will have been anticipated, was *mania potui*; a disease whose finale is always fearful in its maniacal manifestations. In one of his more lucid moments, when asked by the physician whether he would like to see his friends, he exclaimed: 'Friends! My best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow my brains out, and thus relieve me of my agony.' These were among his last words."

It is sad to observe how frequently men of great abilities are among the lovers of the intoxicating bowl, and how insatiate and fatal the desire for it becomes. The thirst once acquired is almost irremediable. It is stronger than self-respect, stronger than ambition, stronger even than the love of life. It glures, fascinates, enthralles, and at last binds spell-bound the soul. Its victims are

"Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To sink head foremost in his jaws."

Death is not more surely the result of slow poison than of habitual intoxication. But even the intellectually great, the candidate for present and immortal fame, indulges in it, yields to its thrallhold, and allows it to work his ruin. The words that Dante inscribes over the gate of hell might almost truthfully be written over the entrance of the way of inebriety:

"Through me ye pass into the city of woe,  
Through me ye pass into eternal pain,  
Through me among a people lost for ever."  
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

H BUTTERWORTH  
A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by her father entering the room, who inquired what they were about.

"Oh," replied the fair one, "Mr. — was explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation."

"Well," said papa, "if you agree on a treaty I'll ratify it."