

# The Potter Journal

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

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## THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Hark to the call of the bugles!  
Hark to the roll of the drums!  
Forth for the Union battle,  
See what an army comes.  
Down through the Alleghenies—  
Down through the central gate—  
Soldiers to guard the Union,  
Sons of the Keystone State!  
Measure them not by hundreds,  
Thousands have come that way,  
Ready to die if need be,  
Rather than a shun the fray.  
Pouring in hosts to the border,  
From the early hours till late;  
These are the troops of the nation,  
Sent by the Keystone State.  
Pledged for the good of the country—  
Pledged to the land of their birth,  
Straight from the field and harvest,  
Straight from the citizens' hearts,  
See how they rally in squadrons,  
Each other for a mate,  
Guarding the Arch of the Union,  
Bound by the Keystone State.  
Look to your drama, ye traitors!  
View your stage with dismay;  
And while the curtain is rising,  
Down and prepare for the play!  
If it is a tragedy bloody,  
Picturing to you your fate,  
Wait not the acts that's committed  
Unto the Keystone State!

## THE LOVER'S PROPHECY.

CHAPTER I.  
Near the hour of sunset, some twenty years ago, a young lady of great beauty and haughty mien was strolling along the banks of the Thames, not far from a small village, engaged in reading a letter, which seemed to fill her soul with unusual elation.  
At length she placed the letter in her bosom, and said, aloud:  
"With such a fortune, such a destiny, it were a shame to throw myself away for life upon a petty farmer like Henry Harly. And yet I think I love him; and I know he loves me; but for me, for Clara Sayton, to be a farmer's wife!"  
Glancing before her as she spoke, she saw him of whom she thought rapidly approaching.  
"If I could avoid him! But he has seen me, and perhaps the affair were best ended now," thought she, flushing with mingled emotion.  
Henry Harly, a young farmer, scarcely in his twenty-first year, was soon by her side exclaiming—  
"Clara, dear Clara, I am so happy to find you. But what is the matter? You will not look at me."  
The bright flame of joy faded from his handsome and sun-browned face as he noticed Clara's chilling recognition of his presence.  
"Mr. Harly," said she, coldly, "perhaps less familiarity in your address would please me more. I am about to leave never to return; and I hope you, Mr. Harly, will soon forget all the idle words we have spoken, as I shall."  
The young farmer, a noble figure, even in his rude dress of the field, could only stare in speechless wonder, and mutter—  
"Idle words!"  
"Mr. Harly," continued Clara, drawing herself erect, and throwing great disdain in her glance, "the change in my prospects forbids me to bury myself among rustics. Read this letter, if you please." She gave him the letter she had been reading, and Harly said, after a careful perusal—  
"I see that you have fallen heirress to a large fortune; that is all, Clara."  
"And is that all?" repeated Clara, with scornful emphasis. "It is enough, sir. You perceive that Mr. George Armand has died, leaving a great fortune to his nearest kin. I am, therefore, his heirress—the lawyers in the charge of his estate have so stated."  
"But Mr. George Armand had a son, Robert Armand."  
"Very true, Mr. Harly; but does not the letter state that Robert Armand committed, or was supposed guilty of, a crime, and fled to avoid punishment, and was lost at sea? True, his father never believed him to be guilty; yet as Robert is dead, what matters it? I am the heirress."  
"And because you are an heirress, you no longer love me," said Harly, trembling with emotion.  
"We are no longer equals, Mr. Harly, and you see that I misjudged my feelings when I said that I loved you."  
"We are not equals, Clara Sayton!" exclaimed Harly, tossing the letter from him contemptuously.  
"Our souls and hearts are not equals. I am poor, it is true, but I would not give my poverty, honorable and honest as it is, for your love and fortune. You have crushed my heart, and I shall live to crush yours."  
"A threat, sir?"  
"No, a prophecy," cried Harly, walk-

ing away with a step as haughty as her own.  
Clara Sayton watched him as long as he was in sight, but he went straight on, and she knew he had turned his back upon her forever.  
"He does not know what it has cost me," she murmured, turning homeward, and speaking with fevered lips. "I could have loved him. But to be a mere rustic—a drudge all my life. Oh, no; my love can never stretch to such a sacrifice!"  
And so, seeking to justify her guilty mind, Clara Sayton hastened homeward to prepare to use her sudden inheritance. Meanwhile, the discarded lover, heart-crushed and weary, sought the gloom of the woods to brood over his grief—not grief at having lost Clara Sayton, but grief because he had found her so unworthily.  
As he leaned against a tree, where often he had wooed his false-hearted Clara, he was aroused by a light and girlish laughter, and near him stood a handsome, blue-eyed girl, scarcely eight years old.  
"I've found you, brother Henry, and I am very glad, for I was almost lost," said the little maiden, springing into his arms.  
"You, at least, love me, Cherric," replied Harly, as he kissed her rosy cheek, and swept her bright, sunny hair from her fair forehead.  
"More than proud Clara Sayton does, for all she says," cried Cherric.  
"Don't speak of her, Cherric. She does not love me now, and I do not love her?"  
"Is that fun, brother Harly?"  
"No; fortunate fact," crushing his love for Clara with every stride. "But why are you so glad, Cherric?"  
"Because I love you, and don't want anybody else to love you, and want you to love nobody but me," cried gay Cherric, tossing her curls. "Do you know what old Aunt Nellie said?"  
"She says many very fine things, Cherric. What was the last?"  
"She says that, as I am an orphan, and you are not my brother for true, when I grow to be a tall lady like Clara Sayton, and if you don't marry her, you may marry me. Won't that be funny?"  
And here Cherric clasped her little hands with glee.  
Harly smiled at her innocence, and said—  
"What is a wife, Cherric?"  
She mused for a moment, and replied:  
"It's—let me see. Aunt Nellie said it's a man's fate. Is it?"  
"Not always," laughed Harly. "But I must tell Aunt Nellie not to put such nonsense in that giddy pate of yours, Cherric."  
Cherric was a child who had been left with Harly's mother four years before the date of this story, and under somewhat strange circumstances.  
A stranger had applied at the modest cottage of the Widow Harly, and desired the benevolent old lady to rear and educate the little girl until he should return to claim her. He gave no name, but left a heavy purse of gold to maintain her, promising to return at the end of two years to claim his daughter, if possible.  
"Pay me when you return," was the remark of the kind-hearted widow, attracted by the beauty of the child, and refusing the gold, for the stranger seemed more in need of it than she. Four years had passed since then, and still the stranger did not return; while the kind widow began to look upon the lovely waif as her own, and named her Cherric, for in his haste the stranger had not told her name, and the only name the child could give was Pet, a name Mrs. Harly disliked.  
This, then was the little maiden who chatted to the discarded lover as he sought his home.

CHAPTER II.  
Ten years had passed since Clara Sayton, the heirress-at-law, left the little village, when she returned to its quiet scenes still unmarried, and now disgusted with fashionable life, though but twenty-six years of age.  
A few evenings after her return, she was standing where he saw her ten years before, gazing upon the silent waters, when she saw her former lover approaching, apparently in deep thought. She waited until he had passed her, unconsciously of her presence, and then said—  
"Henry, have you forgotten me?"  
Harly, a noble looking man, then past his thirtieth year, raised his eyes coldly, and replied:  
"Miss Sayton, I have not forgotten you."  
"Nor how you once loved me Henry?"  
"I remember all, Miss Sayton," was the cold response.  
"Can you forgive me, Henry?" asked Clara, trembling then as she had trembled ten long years before. "Ah, Henry, if you but knew," she continued, eagerly, "if you but only knew how I have grieved over my folly!"

"You still love me, Miss Sayton—or rather, return to your former belief that you loved me?" asked Harly sternly.  
Clara Sayton, too, had lost much of her pride in learning the hollow-heartedness of the world she had preferred to genuine love, yet it cost her a fearful struggle to reply.  
"Henry, Henry, I loved you then—I knew not how strongly until after—and Henry, I have come back to tell you I love you still."  
Harly gazed at her splendid beauty for a moment, and could not doubt her truth as her lips so reluctantly confessed her folly, and a shadow of deep respect but firm resolve darkened his brow, as he replied:  
"You said we were not equals then, Clara Sayton—you meant in fortune. I am richer now than then, but still when weighed in such a balance."  
"Henry," cried Clara, unable to restrain her emotion, "I was mad! Sudden wealth had turned my brain. You said then that I had crushed your heart—do not make true your prophecy and crush mine."  
"Clara," said Henry, gently, yet firmly, "the prophecy may be true. I cannot—do not love you. I love another, and in three days shall call that one my wife. Farewell, and remember that scorned love withers to receive no more."  
He was going, when Clara Sayton sprang to his side and said:  
"That one of whom you speak is more false to you than I have ever been. For if I uttered a falsehood in saying I did not love you, she has done wrong in telling you that she does."  
"What mean you, Miss Sayton?" exclaimed Henry, growing pale.  
"If I prove her false, will you restore to me that love I once spurned?"  
"So be it," replied Harly, as confident in the truth of his intended wife, as that he lived.  
"Come with me, that you may both see and hear," said Clara, triumphantly, as she turned and hastened into the dense thicket that overhung the high and steep banks. Harly followed her until she paused upon the edge of the cliff, and pointed downwards. He looked, and saw a blooming girl of eighteen years seated upon a grassy ledge, not many feet below, and grew ashy white as he saw her sunny curls falling in massy ringlets upon the bosom of a gentleman, whose form and features betokened that scarcely more than forty years had passed over his head.  
The lady was Cherric, grown into a most beautiful woman, and the affianced wife of Henry Harly.  
But who was that stranger?  
Harly heard Cherric's clear and thrilling voice say—  
"Ah! I know that I shall love you all the more for our long separation, dear—"  
Harly could not catch the last word, the name, for Clara drew him away and whispered—  
"Have I proved it?"  
"Again you have crushed my heart," groaned Harly; "is there no faith in woman?"  
"Yes. Am I not faithful, Henry?" asked Clara.  
Harly made no reply, and they were leaving the spot, when Cherric suddenly appeared and cried—  
"Henry! Henry! my father has come at last!"  
"Your father!" exclaimed Harly, springing to meet the tall and dignified stranger, as he followed the happy Cherric.  
"Yes, my young friend," said the stranger, "I am her father, but do not think that I have come to rob you of her love. You have nobly won her, and she is yours."  
"May I ask your name?" said Harly, as he grasped the extended hand of the stranger.  
"My name is Robert Armand, the son of your deceased friend, George Armand," replied he.  
"The one supposed to have been lost at sea?" cried Harly.  
"The one supposed to have been lost at sea?" cried Harly.  
"The same. You have heard that I was accused of a crime. I was innocent of that crime, and was in pursuit of the real criminal, a false friend, when I met your daughter Cherric here with your mother. I can now appear among my acquaintances and be known as an honest man, for the true criminal is now in jail."  
"And your father's estate?" asked Clara Sayton, who had trembled as she listened.  
"Is now in possession of a lady named Clara Sayton," said Armand, bowing; "but my lawyer will soon advise her to yield it to me without litigation."  
Clara Sayton hurried from the scene, unable to utter a word.  
Five days after, when she read of the marriage of Harly and Cherric, and yielded all claim to the wealth she had enjoyed so long, she muttered—  
"His prophecy was not false!—my heart is crushed!"

And 'tis crushed to this day; for more rose, unloved and unmarried, she has lived to hate the light of the sun.  
**The Best Bed.**  
Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks a day, it is thought not less than five pounds leave his body through the skin. And of these five pounds a considerable percentage escapes through the night while in bed. The larger part of this is water, but in addition there is much effete and poisonous matter. This being in great part gaseous in form permeates every part of the bed. Thus, all parts of the bed, mattress and blanket as well as sheets, soon become foul and need purification.  
The mattress needs this renovation quite as much as the sheets. To allow the sheets to be used without washing or changing, three to six months, would be regarded as bad housekeeping; but I would insist if a thin sheet can absorb enough of the poisonous excretions of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often, certainly, as once in three months.  
A sheet can be washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed there is no other way of changing a mattress but by steaming it, or picking it to pieces, and thus in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good old fashioned straw bed which can every three months be changed for fresh straw and the tick be washed, is the sweetest and healthiest of beds.  
In the winter season if the porousness of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable spread over it a comfortable or two woolen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks. With this arrangement, if you wash all the bed covering as often as once in two or three weeks, you will have a delightful and a healthy bed.  
Now, if you leave the bed to the air, windows open during the day, and not make it up for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and in consequence to the tone of your health.

**Terrible Exploit of a Rifle Cannon Ball.**  
The Boston Courier publishes a letter of a correspondent on board the United States steamer Massachusetts, off Ship Island, October 26, giving an account of the affair between that vessel and a Rebel steamer; in which the following extraordinary exploit of a rifle cannon ball is chronicled:  
"During the action I think we hit her four times, and I know she hit us once with a 68-pound rifle shell (that is the way we got the exact size of her rifled gun). The shell entered on our starboard quarter, just above the iron part of the hull; it came through the side angling aft; (as we were a little abaft his beam when it struck us,) and took the deck in the passage way, between two state-rooms, and completely cut off eighteen of the deck plank, and then struck a beam, which canted it up a little; so that it took the steam-heating pipes under our dining table, cutting off five of them, and tearing our dining table all to pieces—then went through a state-room bulkhead and ceiling of the ship on the opposite side, and struck one of the outside timbers and broke every outside plank abreast of it short off, from the spar to the gun deck; it then fell down on to the cabin deck and exploded, knocking four state-rooms into one, breaking all the glass and crockery ware, shattering the cabin very badly, breaking up the furniture, and setting fire to the ship; but we had three streams of water upon the fire at a very short notice, and put it out before it did any damage—keeping up our chase as though nothing had happened."

A Dutchman's receipt for making a Zouave: Take a recruit, keep him forty-eight hours, nothing to eat; then march him forty-eight hours—nothing to eat; then let him fight like a—forty-eight hours—nothing to eat; by a— he be one Zouave.  
A pedlar called on an old lady to dispose of some of his goods and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which no pedlar had traveled. "Yes," said she, "I know one and only one; and that is the road to heaven."  
A Printer whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. He said: "In printing all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

An Irishman just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. "By jabers!" said he, "does your chase have children?"

**Original Poetry.**  
**To Joseph Sunderlin.**  
Thy spirit has left its clay-built home,  
And the silvery cord is severed;  
Thy pallid lips, at the parting breath,  
Like the falling rose-leaf quivered,  
Gently quivered.  
Fold his hands o'er his aged breast,  
And dim not your eyes with weeping;  
His spirit has passed from gloom to gleam;  
'Tis his body that lies here sleeping,  
Calmly sleeping.  
Lay him in peace 'neath the emerald sod,  
And scatter his grave with flowers;  
Leave the stars to watch and the dew-tears to fall  
Throughout all the long night hours,  
The sad night hours.  
We toll the bells; but the angels above  
A joyful pean are singing,  
For a brother has come with a golden harp,  
To join in the angelic singing,  
The heavenly singing.  
And, friends, when we pass from out the dim,  
To enter the life immortal,  
We know that one will be waiting for us,  
Beside the heavenly portal,  
The pearl made portal.  
LAURA.  
Sunderlinville, Pa., Dec. 14, 1862.

**A few Thoughts on the Subject of Building.**  
Much has been said concerning ancient and modern architecture. Well there is not a subject of deeper or more thrilling interest in the whole wide field of history, (than that of the origin and progress of the science of building; and yet there is room, and especially in this town and county for improvements.—There are too many who employ those wood-choppers, who will work for half price, and yet they stile themselves workmen. Yes some are led to believe that this is economy. Well let us see such a man will soon find much to trouble and perplex his mind, much of his time is wasted in learning the peculiar arrangements of the structure; he does not bill materials of the proper quality, nor apportioned in the proper quantities. But worst of all for the owner he finds when his house is finished it has cost him a large sum and yet not suited to his wants, the inside arrangements are awkward and all contrived, the outside is disproportioned, clumsy and repulsive. He is dissatisfied with the whole concern. But it is late to mend a bad job. Oh! says he if I had employed a competent builder I would have saved one fourth in the cost of this structure; besides I might have had a snug, neat and comfortable dwelling.—The man who contemplates building a house of any importance in point of expense cannot be too careful to employ a builder of talent and experience, to aid him in making his plans and specifications of the entire structure. First to be considered is the amount of money to be employed; next the amount of room required for the family; next carefully select the ground to be occupied; these are important points to be considered. The inside should be arranged with a studied regard to the external appearance of the dwelling. It is the poorest policy to destroy the outside appearance of a dwelling, by throwing it into irregular proportions, for some small convenience inside. Certainly if a man desires a residence that is truly convenient and tasteful he will never trust to his unaided judgment in laying all his plans, billing all his materials, &c. It requires a man of experience to do a good job, it is easier for a man to become a good lawyer with a single days study than to make a skillful builder in a like period.  
A. E. RENIFF,  
Joiner and Builder, Ulysses, Pa.

**A HIGHER EDUCATION NEEDED BY EVERY HUMAN BEING.**—The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than that necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it. \* \* \* A mind, in which are sown the seeds of wisdom, disinterestedness, firmness of purpose, and piety, is worth more than all the outward material interests of a world. It exists for itself, for its own perfection, and must not be enslaved to its own or other's animal wants.  
A lady in Northwestern Missouri offers a premium for enough Yankee scalps to make a bed quilt.—*Wheeling Intelligence.*  
Perhaps she would like to take a whole Yankee as a comforter.—*Prentice.*

**HYPOCRISY.**—Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others respecting facts, characters, and opinions.

**LITTLE BITS.**  
It is far better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.  
Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.  
It is often a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a rebuff.  
All our laws would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are broken every day.  
The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.  
So live that when your eyes are fixed in death they may be fixed on high.  
The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.  
The best ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence.  
It is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by internarrriages.  
Superficial men have no absorbing passion; there are no whirlpools in a shallow.  
"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.  
What is that which makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candles out.  
"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.  
Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.  
It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.  
Soft soap, in some shape, pleases all; and generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.  
We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.  
If you do not lay out your plans of life betimes, you will probably be laid out before they are.  
Railroad trains are protected from accident as houses are from lightning—by good conductors.  
We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we travel, and dead as often as we sleep.  
**THINGS THAT NEVER STOP.**—He that is good will become better, and he that is bad, worse; for virtue, vice, and time never stop.  
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.  
**CHARACTER.**—Those who lack a good natural character may as fire they cannot long sustain, without detection an artificial one.  
Men look at the faults of others with a telescope—at their own with the same instrument reversed, or not at all.  
A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.  
"Father," said a little boy in a theatre, "ain't that a band-box where the musicians are?"  
**WOMAN.**—The morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars!  
The Persians have a saying, that "Ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine."  
An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following "nota bea": "To regular customers I sell wafers gratis."  
"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward."—"Oh, and don't I know it, to be sure; there's a hole on the other side, there is."  
The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are "engaged."  
Those are the most valuable that are the most servicable; and those are the greatest, not that have the most talents, but that use those they possess the most usefully.  
Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances.—Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.  
A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.