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Poetry.

Jack in the Pulpit.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Under the green trees
Just over the way
Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day:

Squirrel and song sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his queer little pulpit
This fine Sabbath day.

Fair is the canopy
Over him now,
Painted by Nature's hand
Black, brown and green;

Green is the pulpit,
Green are his hands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeously to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee:

Green fingers playing
Upon on wind lyres,
Bird voices singing—
These are his choirs;

The columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with
All their red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;

Buttercup's faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers with bonnets
Some red, some white;

Daisies, their fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions proud of
The gold in their hair;

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Their eyes upon me,
Upright and pale;

Wildwood geraniums
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gowns dressed—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Lo! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie—
Who has been smoking
Profanely, so nigh?
Relieved by the preacher
The mischief is stopped.

But the sinners in haste
Have their little pipes dropped;
Let the wind with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clear out of the church.

So much for the preacher,
The sermon comes next;
Shall we tell how he preached it
And where was the text?

Alas! like too many
Grow up folks who worship
In churches man builded to-day,
We heard not the preacher
Expound or express;
We looked at the people
And they looked at us;
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes;
We heard the wind organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the pulpit
We heard not a word.

Miscellany.

[From Harper's Bazar.]
Manners upon the Road
OF THE OTHER SEX.

My Dear Gerald—I hope that the
holidays are not so long passed that I
may not wish you a happy New Year,
which I do with all my heart, and with
a profound conviction that a "certain
event" will be very sure to make my
wishes good. I had the pleasure of call-
ing upon her on the first day of the
year, and as I admired her simple man-
ners and her sprightly grace, I wondered
whether you—or, indeed, any of us—
were worthy. How much better they
are than we, my dear Gerald! How live
in two different worlds while we
live in the same! I recall all kinds of
festivities—"stag feasts," as we call
them, of little parties and stories and
expeditions and conversations—I think
that you know what I mean—and how
unpleasantly low they make us seem!
If our sisters should know what we do!
Above all, if she should hear the jokes
and the insinuations to which you, my
young friend, listen with a feeble smile,
what would she think? But if we men
knew that she, and "the likes" of her,
engaged in similar conversations, what
should we think of them?

The other evening I stopped at Del-
monico's—no matter for what; probably
I wanted to warm my hands—and as I
stood engaged in that harmless business
I overheard the talk of a group of your
young fellows. They were sons of gen-
tlemen, as they are called; but if I had
a daughter, and they came to my house
a-wooing, I would put them out with
the tongs. Gentlemen indeed! Honor,
Sir, purity, manliness, modesty, truth—
these are the gentleman's qualities.
But the youth whom I heard talking
might have been Charles the Second and
Rochester in their cups. They had the
dress and the air and the name of gen-
tlemen? Was poor Nell Gwynne a lady?
Was the Duchess of Portsmouth a lady?
It was she that the French king sent
over to fascinate the English king and

serve as a French spy, and she did it.
The young fellows to whom I listened,
whose talk I could not help overhearing,
were going later in the evening to a ball.
They were to see the sweetest and most
innocent of maidens. They were to clasp
them in the delicious dance. They
were to chat and laugh and plan. What
do I know? They were to breathe vows,
perhaps; they were to whisper the
words—I suppose you understand.
What I say is that, for all that, they
dwelt in different worlds, and the soft,
pulsating little baggage in the conserva-
tory who says that she will be the
wife of that Spanish-looking young
brigand with the captivating dark eyes,
and who dances so divinely, does not
know in the least who it is to whom she
gives herself. No, my young friend,
they do not know us; and there are
huge parts of our lives that we hustle
out of their sight. I have heard hus-
bands and fathers chattering, when they
knew that none of the family could
overhear. Fortunate deafness; for there
are true and loving hearts that would
be miserably wrong and broken if they
could hear what we hear. There is no
fair tale, no enchantment in the looks,
more surprising and striking than that
of our daily life. And when I say so to
Hera, she answers, "But suppose that
my Leander does seem to be a beast; do
you know that it is the prince under
that hairy skin that I admire?"

I do not deny it. Those gentle hearts
make a kind of celestial allowance.
They suspect the truth, perhaps, and they
instantly repel its force by some
sweet theory. Have you never watched a
mother in the car, when her most man-
nerly and headstrong boy is snarling
and roaring and making himself a pest?
"Tommy is sleepy," says that crafty
parent. "Does Tommy's poor little
stomach ache? Where does Tommy
feel bad? Is he very cross on his
long journey?" It is not the long
journey, nor the stomach-ache, because
Tommy rumps in the same way in the
nursery at home and upon all occasions.
But the mother's instinct shields him.
"You think," it says to the bald-headed
traveler who is trying to read or to
sleep, and who, although his aspect is
bland, wishes Tommy in the immen-
surable place—"you think that this is
a snarling little beast. Heaven pity you,
Sir! 'tis a prince in disguise majestically
meaning."

In like manner, when we see that
gross Orson, the huge fellow who is
always feeding and drinking, that red-
faced, indolent good-for-nothing, whose
chief delight is horse-racing and cock-
fighting—when we see him carrying off
in holy matrimony that delicate, flower-
like, gentle Fiamma, it is bewildering,
it is preposterous. Her eyes are open.
She sees him, and she hears of him, and
she knows about him. What does it
mean? How do such things happen?
Happen! Why, how did Titania happen
to fancy Bottom? It is the familiar old
story of Beauty and the Beast. Do you
suppose Fiamma sees the Orson that we
see? Do you suppose that a young
woman tenderly reared, with maidenly
delicacy and reserve, and a fine womanly
instinct, kneels at the nuptial altar
with a boozing booby? Not she. She
gives her faith and her vows to the noble
hero, the puissant prince, who thinks
fit to masquerade in the shape of this
red-faced, lazy idler. And because you
are blind, because your warped
perceptions stick fast in the hairy hide,
do you think that Fiamma does not see
the truth and rejoice in it?

What is to be done? You and I,
probably, if we are men about town,
know the truth of Orson. How can we
save her? Alas! she is not to be saved
by us. She must work out her own
salvation, or she will be lost. When I
see her coming into the church on her
wedding-day, and observe the pretty
groups in the pews, and hear the blithe
music from the organ, and smell the
orange flowers as the beautiful bride
passes, and watch her kneeling in a soft
white cloud of lace and other fineness,
and then strain my ears to listen whether
she does actually vow to honor and obey
that utter zany, I think that the fairy
stories are commonplace and Blue-
Beard the prosaic history of every day.
Of course, if I were a younger and mar-
riageable man, I should probably think,
as you doubtless used to before you
were pledged to take part in a similar
ceremony, that there are persons—who
shall be nameless—to whom it would
not be monstrous to hear the beautiful
Fiamma vowing eternal love and fidel-
ity. Their names might be Gerald, for
instance, or Bachelor. Yes—and don't
you suppose that the other Orsons think
precisely the same thing?

Meanwhile I reflect that Fiamma
does sometimes work out her salvation.
The point of the old story is that the
beast was a prince, after all. It was
only a horrible enchantment. And even
old Bottom was not a veritable
jackass. Fiamma believes, despite all
that appears, despite all that you and I,
with much head-shaking, know, that the
hulking Orson is an enchanted
prince. She does not deny, she admits,
all that—of course as impartial
friends—reveal to her of his coarseness
and unworthiness. "Certainly," says
that gently persistent lady; "that is the

hide. I see it as you do; but I also see
beyond it, as you do not. You are
wrong, and I am right. He is not a
beast, but a gallant and noble prince."

There is nothing like it in the world,
this simple and defiant devotion. At
this very moment of writing—and it is
I don't know how much o'clock at night
—I reflect that I have been calling upon
Mrs. Lovell, from whose house I came
only an hour or two since. We had a
very interesting talk of a thousand
things. She is most thoughtful, most
cultivated, and, above all, a woman of
the steadiest character, and a most
efficient head of the family. It was
nearly midnight when I left her, and I
doubt if she has gone to bed yet. Dur-
ing the time that I sat with her I knew
that she heard the least sound in the
hall, and once when the outer door closed
she went out of the room. Her whole
soul seemed to be intent upon those
sounds; yet she calmly talked with me.
It was a man she was awaiting—not
her husband, for he is dead long ago,
but her son, her oldest child, the bright-
eyed boy, the pride and hope of her
young married life—a man of forty now,
and nobody's pride or hope for ever-
more.

I know how it will be. Some time
after midnight there will be a fumbling
at the door, and Mrs. Lovell will dis-
cuss and open it. She will close it
quietly, and then she will help him up
stairs to his room. You can imagine
how he looks, the sound of his voice,
the terrible fumes that envelop him.
Can you see that sweet, matronly face
beside him, full of tenderness and pity?
Can you look into that mother's heart,
in which is no coarseness, no approach,
no conscious, withering disappointment
even, but only love, love deep and
unspokeable? Is that her son, that
stuffed, reeling, inarticulate sot? He
has ceased to be himself; how can she
love him? Is he very cross on his
long journey? It is not the long
journey, nor the stomach-ache, because
Tommy rumps in the same way in the
nursery at home and upon all occasions.
But the mother's instinct shields him.
"You think," it says to the bald-headed
traveler who is trying to read or to
sleep, and who, although his aspect is
bland, wishes Tommy in the immen-
surable place—"you think that this is
a snarling little beast. Heaven pity you,
Sir! 'tis a prince in disguise majestically
meaning."

Is it otherwise with Fiamma? One,
at least, of that name I know, who mar-
ried Orson; and she went on believing
and believing in the prince, expecting
and expecting him to dissolve the en-
chantment and come forth; and lo! at
length he came. He gradually grew to
be interested, sympathetic, industrious,
he left card clubs and their companions,
and cock-fighting and aimless lounging.
He became a good-natured, quiet, friend-
ly companion. And if we saw that,
what must not she have seen? If I
thought him good-natured, how fascinat-
ing must he not have been to Fiamma?
No, we live in different worlds
while we inhabit the same. Those gen-
tle eyes do not see what we are, but
what we might be. They do not hear
our wretched talk; and if they hear of
it they do not believe, or they softly ex-
tenuate. My dear Gerald, your happy
day draws near. It is the beginning of
the year. Your heart is eager for all
kinds of vows. Well, there is a trivial
gift more precious than diamonds, more
useful than porcelain and silver, that
you can give her. It is the resolution—
not to be broken, you rascal, but surely
kept—to try to be the man that she be-
lieves you to be. Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

Two Sides of One Canvas.
One beautiful afternoon in August
there came to me the heart-broken wife
of a state prison convict. We tried to
plan for his pardon and restoration to
home and the world. It was a very sad
case. He was the only surviving son
of a very noble man—one who lived only
to serve the poor, the tempted and the
criminal. All he had, all he was, he
gave unreservedly to help thieves and
drunkards. His house was their home.
His name their bail to save them from
prison. His reward their reformation.
It was a happy hour to hear him tell of
the hundreds he had shielded from the
contamination and evil examples of pris-
ons, and of the large proportion, he had
good reason to believe, permanently
saved. Out of hundreds, he once told
me, only two left him to pay their bail,
forfeited by neglect to show themselves
in court according to agreement—only
two!

Bred under such a roof the son start-
ed in life with a generous heart, noble
dreams and high purposes. Ten years
of prosperity, fairly earned by energy,
industry and character, ended in bank-
ruptcy, as is so often the case in our
risky and changing trade; then came a
struggle for business, for bread—tempta-
tion—despair—intemperance. He
could not safely pass the open doors
that tempted him to indulgence, for-
getfulness and crime. How hard his
wife wrought and struggled to save him
from indulgence and then to shield him
from exposure! How long wife, sister
and friends labored to avert conviction

and the state prison. "I would spare
him gladly," wrote the prosecuting at-
torney, "if he would stop drinking.
He shall never go to prison if he will be
a sober man. But all this wretchedness
and crime came from rum."

Manfully did the young man struggle
to resist the appetite. Again and again
did he promise, and keep his promise
perhaps a month—then fall. He could
not walk the streets and earn his bread
soberly while so many open doors—
opened by men who sought to coin gold
out of their neighbor's vices—lured him
to indulgence. So rightfully the state
pressed in and he went to prison. An
honored name disgraced, a loving home
broken up, a wide circle of kindred sore-
ly pained, a worthy, well-meaning man
wrecked; sorrow and crime, "all comes
of rum," says the keen-sighted lawyer.

As I parted from the sad wife on my
door-step I looked beyond, and close by
the laughing sea stood a handsome cot-
tage. The grounds were laid out expen-
sively and with great taste. Over the
broad piazza hung lazily an eastern lam-
pwork, while all around were richly paint-
ed chairs and lounges of every easy and
tempting form. Over head were quiet
vases of beautiful flowers, and the deli-
cious lawn was bordered with them.
On the lawn itself gaily dressed women
laughed merrily over croquet, and noisy
children played near. A span of superb
horses paced the earth impatiently at
the gate, while gay salutations passed be-
tween the croquet players and the fash-
ionable equipages that rolled by. It was
a comfortable home as well as luxurious
one. Nature, taste and wealth had done
their best. It was a scene of beauty,
comfort, taste, luxury and wealth. All
came from rum. Silks and diamonds,
flowers and equipage, stately roofs and
costly attendants, all came from rum.
The owner was one who, in a great city,
coined his gold out of the vices of his
fellow men.

To me it was a suggestive view. I
lost sight of the gay women, the frolic-
some children, the impatient horses and
the ocean rolling up upon the lawn. I
saw instead the pale convict in his cell,
twelve feet by nine, the sad wife going
from judge to attorney, from court to
governor's council begging mercy for
her over-taxed husband. I heard
above the children's noise, the croquet
laugh and the surf waves the lawyer's
stern reason for exacting the full pen-
alty of the law. All this comes from
rum.

"Wo unto him that giveth his neigh-
bor drink." "Wo unto him that build-
eth his house by unrighteousness and
his chamber by wrong, for the stone
shall cry out of the wall, and the beam
of the timbers shall answer it."—National
Standard.

SUPPOSING we saw an army sitting
down before a granite fort, and they told
us that they intended to batter it down,
we might ask them "How?" They
point to a cannon ball. Well, but there
is no power in that; it is heavy, but not
more than half a hundred, or perhaps a
hundred weight; if all the men in the
army huddled it against the fort, they
would make no impression. They say
"No, but look at the cannon." Well,
there is no power in that; a child may
ride upon it, and a bird may perch in its
mouth. It is a machine, and nothing
more. "But, look at the powder." Well,
there is no power in that; a child may
spill it, a sparrow may pick it. Yet this
powerless powder and powerless ball are
put in the powerless cannon; one spark
of fire enters it, and then, in the
twinking of an eye, the powder is a
flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball
is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it
had been sent from heaven. So it is
with our Christian machinery of this
day; we have the instruments necessary
for pulling down strongholds, and oh,
for the baptism of fire!—Arthur.

Has the Earth more than two
Motions?
A writer in the Boston Transcript
says:
"That in times long past the present
land was the bed of the ocean, and that
in other ages there existed a period, usu-
ally called the 'glacial period,' when
the grim ice king held full sway and all
was ice and frost, has been clearly de-
monstrated; and to reconcile these facts
with the theory that the earth has only
two motions, one on its own axis and
the other round the sun, appears absurd.
But suppose a third motion, slow, per-
haps only a fraction of a mile yearly, has
taken place, and is still going on round
an axis at right angles with what is
called the polar axis, and we can then
readily account for much of the pheno-
mena met with; and there appears to be
every reason to suppose that such a
motion does exist.
"Commencing at a point north of
Hudson Bay, in latitude 70° 5' north
and longitude 96° 45' west of Greenwich,
a line runs nearly south through the
United States on which the magnetic
needle has no declination or points di-
rectly north and south, while at points
on either side of the line the needle
points towards angles depending upon
their distance east or west of the true
magnetic meridian. The declination

of these lines is not fixed, but increases
every year at a regular rate, the lines
on the east inclining more to the west,
while those on the west incline more to
the east, as if the magnetic pole was
slowly moving to the south along the
line of no declination.

"In respect to the earth, the sun rises
in the east and warms the globe in its
passage to the west, inducing currents
of electricity to flow from west to east;
and as the needle always stands at right
angles to the electric current, it follows
that the direction of the current must
be changing at the same rate as the de-
clination of the needle.

"A very slow third motion would ac-
count for this annual change in declina-
tion, the glacial period and the time
when the present terra firma was the
bed of the sea—for the earth, being a
spheroid, the high lands of the north in
their revolution by a third motion would
gradually be submerged as they ap-
proached the south, while the bottom
of the sea in the present south would
gradually rise as it was carried north-
ward. Astronomy would show this third
motion if we did not every four years
(with certain exceptions) add one day,
which would appear to compensate for
a change in the inclination of the axis
of the earth due to a third motion.

"On every side in the Rocky Moun-
tain region we have decided proof of the
actions of glaciers and mountain tor-
rents that in past ages cut their way
through the solid rock, where now little
rain falls and the old water courses are
ever dry. Coal, also, in the greatest
abundance exists throughout the terri-
tory of Wyoming, showing that at one
time dense forests covered fine soil now
bare of trees, proving that climates vast-
ly different have existed at various pe-
riods.

"Assuming that America is slowly re-
volving to the north, and consequently
rising out of the ocean, we should ex-
pect to find that other portions of the
globe are revolving towards the south
and being slowly submerged—and
what do we find in England? That the
climate of that country has greatly
changed since its discovery there can be
little doubt, and as to its submer-
sion, where are the large estates of the
Earl of Goodwin? The wreck of many a
noble vessel and the blanching bones of
thousands of brave marines answer,
"Here! at the bottom of the sea on the
Goodwin Sands."

Temperance and Drinking in Craw-
ford County.
LETTER FROM DON. R. POWELL,
SHAW'S HOME,
Spring, Crawford Co., Pa., Jan. 20, 1873.

Hon. J. S. MANN.—Dear Sir: I will
take the liberty to state to you the bene-
fit that our prohibitory liquor law is to
us. It works like a charm. We have
been without license for Spring town-
ship for about fifteen years; several years
by asking the court not to grant any li-
cense for this township, and it worked
so well that we asked the Legislature to
give us a prohibitory liquor law. When
we were in the habit of using liquor and
had licenses, I was appointed to ascer-
tain the expense that liquor was to Spring
township, and with the assistance of
some of the most intelligent men of our
township I think we got very near the
real value of the liquor. At that time
our liquor cost us the value of our per-
sonal property in about three years, and
in a little less than five years we used
the value of our real estate. So in about
eight years we used the value of our
whole township in intoxicating liquors,
according to the value that the assessors
put upon it—both real and personal prop-
erty. And at that time quarreling,
riots, assault and battery, and disorder-
ly conduct were of common occurrence,
and death from the use of intoxicating
liquors was frequent. We can point to
many graves that liquor has been the
means of filling; in some families but
one, in others two or three; and in still
others as many as four have been taken
to untimely graves by the use of intoxi-
cating liquors.

Now, friend Mann, let me give you
the result of prohibition. We have be-
tween two and three thousand popula-
tion in Spring township and Borough,
and not a place where liquor can be
bought as a beverage for the last fifteen
years, and in that time not one death
from the use of liquor in our township
or borough.

The records of the court will show that
in that time not one suit for riot or dis-
orderly conduct, or assault and battery,
or violation of the liquor laws; and but
one conviction for any crime from Spring
township for about fifteen years.

And our county is paying about \$16,000
to prosecute criminals and support them
—principally on account of the sale of
liquor.

Crawford county is paying about
\$15,000 to support the poor, and not one
in the poor-house from Spring township.
So you can see that if it was not for the
use of liquor the courts of Crawford
county would be almost without a crim-
inal and our poor-house without a pauper.

Crawford county is losing in popula-
tion, by the estimate of some, about one
hundred and fifty or two hundred annu-
ally by the use of intoxicating liquors,
and not one from Spring township in the
last fifteen years.

Some years since I heard Judge Gal-
breath say, in a charge to the jury of our
County: "This is the fifth case of murder
since I have been on the bench in this
district, and every one of them has been
caused by intoxicating liquors. If there
had been no liquor there would have
been no murder or crime committed
of the quartel in every case.

Spring township and borough are pay-
ing about \$1200 annually in taxes on ac-
count of license in Crawford county—
in supporting the poor and prosecuting
crime caused by the use of liquor that
the Commonwealth licenses.

Some years since I was one of the jury,
and at that court there were sixty-three
liquor suits from Titusville alone.

Yours truly,
HOWELL POWELL.

Cyperus Papyrus.
When it first became necessary to ex-
press ideas, promulgate laws, or certify
contracts in writing, some natural sub-
stance, needing no manufacture and but
little preparation, would be chosen. The
bare surface of a rock; a flat stone; clay,
afterwards dried in the sun, like the
Babylonian bricks, sufficed for the re-
quirements of rulers and priests—the
only classes whose deeds or thoughts
were then considered worthy of record.

But, as the intercourse of man with
his fellow-men increased—as traffic be-
came more general, and something like
cultivation irradiated from the origi-
nal centre—greater facility of communi-
cation or means of remembrance be-
came essential. Tablets, therefore,
composed of slight pieces of board cov-
ered with wax, or some other soft sub-
stance easily impressed by the stylus,
were used for memoranda, while plates
of metal, ivory or wood were inscribed
with the edicts, or whatever writing was
to serve other than a temporary pur-
pose.

Long before the relinquishment of
these inconvenient and cumbersome ma-
terials, however, paper—so called from
the papyrus of which it was first made
—came into use. We have no possibil-
ity of ascertaining the origin of this
primitive paper; nor will this surprise
us when we consider that a writing on
papyrus has been discovered dating back
as far as the two last reigns of the third
dynasty of Manetho's Pharaohs, the
immediate predecessors of Cheops, the
builder of the first and greatest pyra-
mid—thus fixing the era at two thou-
sand years before the time of Moses.

This plant (the cyperus papyrus) grows
on the marshy banks of rivers in Alys-
sina and Syria. It is also found to some
extent in Sicily; but in ancient times it
abounded on the shores of the Nile. It
is of the same order as the bulrush, but
of much larger growth. The stem is
triangular, surrounded by long grassy
leaves that spring from near the ground.
The flowers form flattened spikes from
fifteen to twenty inches in length, gar-
nished with long silky fibres. These
flowers were much used in Egypt to form
garlands for crowning the statues of the
gods.

"Paper is made from the papyrus,"
says Pliny, "by splitting it with a needle
into very thin leaves, due care being taken
that they should be as broad as possi-
ble." The sheets of papyrus pith are
laid upon a table and moistened with
Nile water, "lengthwise as long as the
papyrus will admit of, the jagged edges
being cut off either end; after which a
cross layer is placed over it—the same
way, in fact, that hurdles are made.
When this is done the leaves are pressed
close together and then dried in the
sun; after which they are united to one
another."

The great manufactory and mart for
this ancient paper was Alexandria, and
during the first few centuries of the
Christian era it formed an important
article of commerce. Writings on papy-
rus exist belonging to the fifth and
sixth centuries, and there is evidence
of its having been used as late as the
seventh. Indeed, it does not appear to
have been wholly given up till the time
of Charlemagne. The cyperus papyrus
has now disappeared from Egypt, mak-
ing good the words of Isaiah: "The pa-
per reeds by the brooks, by the mouths
of the brooks, shall wither, be driven
away, and be no more seen."

ONLY A GRAIN OF SAND.—A man
who had for years carried an old and
cheerless watch about him one day called
on his maker and told him it was no longer
useful for it would not keep time cor-
rectly.

"Let me examine," said the maker,
and taking a powerful glass he looked
carefully and steadily into the works till
he spied just one little grain of sand.

"I have found it," he said; "I can get