

# THE POTTER JOURNAL

Jno. S. Mann,  
Proprietor.

AND  
NEWS ITEM.

S. F. Hamilton,  
Publisher.

VOLUME XXIV, NO. 30.

COUDERSPORT, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1873.

\$1.75 A YEAR

The POTTER JOURNAL

ARTHUR B. MANN,

General Insurance

AGENT,

COUDERSPORT

COUDERSPORT

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA—This reliable old Company was incorporated in 1794, and for more than seventy years past has done a safe and remunerative business, and today ranks one of the "No. 1" Companies of America.—Assets, \$3,212,17.99

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Incorporated in 1829. Assets, \$1,124,396.37

PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Incorporated in 1825. Assets, \$1,124,396.37

WILLIAMSPORT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Cash Capital, \$100,000.00

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO., and the MERCHANTS' LIFE INS. CO. of New York.

Policies issued in any of the above-named reliable Companies at standard rates.

ARTHUR B. MANN.

J. GLASE & SON,

Carpenters & Joiners,

Coudersport, Penn'a.

CONTRACTS taken for all kinds of BUILDING and materials furnished.

DOORS, BLINDS and SASH kept constantly on hand or manufactured to order.

CASH paid for PINE LUMBER.

J. GLASE & SON.

OYSTERS.

A. H. PEIRCE,

Wholesale and Retail

OYSTER DEALER,

COUDERSPORT, PA.

Oysters by the Can, Quart, Gallon, Hundred and Thousand received daily.

Families, Parties and Festivals supplied on short notice.

The Trade furnished at reasonable rates.

Give me a trial and I can suit you.

A. H. PEIRCE.

John V. Brown,

PROPRIETOR OF

LINE OF STAGES

BETWEEN

Coudersport & Wellsville

(Via OSWAYO, P.A.)

Persons going to OSWAYO by stage, and desiring to return same day, will be accommodated at stage rates.

Passengers wishing to reach any of the neighboring towns will be conveyed by Livery at reasonable rates.

A good Livery rig kept constantly on hand for passengers by the stage.

OSWAYO HOUSE,

(JOHN V. BROWN, Propr.)

OSWAYO, PA.

Headstones, Footstones, etc., finished to order as cheap as at any other place.

Orders left at office of JOURNAL & NEWS Item will receive prompt attention.

C. BREUNLE,

MARBLE WORKER,

COUDERSPORT, PA.

Headstones, Footstones, etc., finished to order as cheap as at any other place.

Orders left at office of JOURNAL & NEWS Item will receive prompt attention.

D. B. NEEFE,

CARRIAGE FACTORY,

COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

All kinds of Wagon-making, Blacksmithing, Painting, Carriage Trimming and Repairing done to order with neatness and durability. Charges reasonable.

Headstones, Footstones, etc., finished to order as cheap as at any other place.

Orders left at office of JOURNAL & NEWS Item will receive prompt attention.

C. BREUNLE,

MARBLE WORKER,

COUDERSPORT, PA.

Headstones, Footstones, etc., finished to order as cheap as at any other place.

Orders left at office of JOURNAL & NEWS Item will receive prompt attention.

D. B. NEEFE,

CARRIAGE FACTORY,

COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

All kinds of Wagon-making, Blacksmithing, Painting, Carriage Trimming and Repairing done to order with neatness and durability. Charges reasonable.

## Poetry.

For the JOURNAL & ITEM.

A Valentine.

We poor, self-conscious ones that count  
Each sigh we breathe, each tear that falls,  
Touch nothing but from out the past  
Some passion sweet recalls.

I rock my babe upon my breast  
And kiss his hands, his brow of snow,  
Yet see between his face and mine  
The veil of Long Ago.

If I should tell you all my grief  
You would reply: "The end is near,  
For sorrows fashioned into speech  
Take wings and disappear."

If I reproach you, you will think  
"I did her love no bitter wrong,  
For she weeps not enough to change  
The cadence of one song."

—Yet, nay! I scarce can reach your heart,  
Though, leaning through the twilight drear,  
I breathe the prayer I used of old:  
"God bless thee always, dear!"

M. E. H. EVERETT.

For the JOURNAL & ITEM.

Shadows.

Down in the troubled waters  
A quiet shadow lies;  
A graceful figure pictured  
Against the wintry skies.

There in the glare of noonday  
And in the moon's pale gleam,  
The wing-like branches shadow  
The little restless stream.

Down in my troubled spirit  
A restless shadow lies;  
The shadow of a glory  
Against the changeless skies.

What though my heart's deep fountain  
Be Marcell's bitter spirit?  
Since in its depths is folded  
The "Shadow of His wing."

M. E. H. EVERETT.

Miscellany.

Manners upon the Road.

My dear Fred,—I saw the carriages and the bridal favors at the door of a church the other day, as I was passing in the horse-car, and straightway my mind was full of the loveliest pictures. Indeed, a marriage is like spring. It is the most familiar of facts. Yet how often a spring day is the most melancholy of disillusion! But it is not the chill, dull days that spring suggests. The word is full of sunshine and softness, the singing of birds and the sweetness of blossoms and the gurgling of brooks. To speak of a spring day is to think of happy hopes and eternal youth, of budding beauty and of love. And I say that this vision does not fade although the spring seems often to elude us, and to go from March to June almost without justification. May-day is a pretty name. But who would promise that on the next May-day he will dance garlanded around the pole and salute the queen? Consulting experience, we know the chances of the easterly storm. But while men often despair, yet in the heart of man experience never yet conquered hope. Spring still stands upon the horizon, jocund and tiptoe, a smiling Hebe.

In the same way, who permits the figure of old Blue-beard to spoil the vision of matrimony? Suppose that he did cut off those poor dear heads; suppose that at this very instant sister Fatima is standing upon a hundred towers in this very city, looking eagerly for the fast-hastening brothers, and spying upon a flock of sheep as she sees us placidly promenading in the street; do we look with any less tender joy upon Lucy emerging from the church yonder in a white veil, and leaning upon the happy Harry's arm? That lovely pair, that shy hope and modest confidence—these, and not Blue-beard's disagreeable closet, make the vision of matrimony. As when we speak of spring we mean roses and honeysuckles and soft air, so when we speak of marriage we mean the union of youth and strength and beauty and devotion which I saw as the bridal pair emerged from the church. Indeed, there is one word which seems to me to express it all—we think of the honey-dew which has fallen upon two lives.

What is honey-dew? It is a natural question, but it is useless to go beyond its own suggestion. What should you suppose honey-dew to be? Something infinitely pure and sweet. Well, it is a kind of saccharine deposit upon certain leaves. And when the reverend hands are raised over the heads of the kneeling young figures, and the traditional sacred benediction is spoken, do you not ask, What is love but a deposit of honey-dew upon life? I protest, as the old writers used to say, that when I see the newly married pair I

think of a surfeit of richness, of those roses and honeysuckles of spring steeped in honey-dew. I know that there are withered leaves and thorns; but what then? Here, at least, are bloom and freshness and sweetness. If the sun presently rises and burns up the dew—very well, that belongs to a later hour.

That is to say, that it usually does. But I am sorry, in a short sermon upon so sweet a text, to be obliged to say that sometimes the sun exhales that dew at a very early hour. When I saw Lucy in her white veil coming from the church and moving toward her carriage, I pulled the string of the car and I jumped out, and ran to the sidewalk, and just as the door of the carriage closed I went to it, and removing my hat respectfully, I put my head in at the window and I said, "Mrs. Lucy, don't let the sun exhale the honey-dew of this moment!" And with that I bade her godspeed, and bowed and withdrew. She looked at me over her flowers and smiled, and I suppose she told Harry that it was only their harmless old friend Mr. Bachelor. And I can fancy Harry saying as the carriage drove away, "Just fancy, Lucy—fancy to-day, of all days, the misery of belonging to the Bachelor family!" But I will add for the information of those who are liable to be confused upon the subject, that he knew of the family to be married.

When I see some of the tough survivors, so to speak, Fred—some of the matrimonial campaigners, as they would be called by you scoffing youth; some who have settled down into a kind of jog-trot life, a matrimony that creaks, as it were, and which must be in constant surprise at itself; when I see, for instance, old Darby and Joan, she scolding and painting her cheeks and wearing bonnets too youthful, he growling at his coffee and grumbling at his beer, and laying a handkerchief over his head to sleep under after dinner, and glaring at Joan when she wakes him from his nap by saying that she would thank him not to snore so loudly—when I see these things and think of all that they imply, as when we see wide patches of dry sand we are sure of a parched soil, or in seeing ice and frozen ground we know that there are no flowers, then I wonder if it be possible that there was once honey-dew upon the lives and hearts of Darby and Joan.

When she wakes him out of that nap do you suppose that he ever pictures to himself the snug fireside of the unmarried man, where, after dinner, that potentate of his own domain dozes undisturbed, and where the neat-handed Phillis respects his slumbers, and moves softly as if he were a king sleeping? Do you suppose that, as Darby glares at Joan, and hears her dry insinuation about snoring, he asks himself how it happened that he ever married her? how it chanced that he did not see her then as he sees her now? and what fond and foolish spell bewitched him to surrender freedom and deliberately submit himself to domestic gibing? If, in that waking moment, across his drowsy imagination flits the picture of the day when he was the happy Harry and Joan the hopeful Lucy, do you suppose that he recognizes himself? That was spring, and this is icy, cheerless winter. But Darby, the mystery is clear, the explanation is not far to seek. The figures that you see are indeed Joan and you. But they are steeped in honey-dew, and you have suffered it to dry up and disappear.

How soon it may exhale! For it is not time only, it is not necessarily age, that consumes it. It was but a day or two after I had seen the wedding-party issuing from the church that I was comfortably seated in the drawing-room car, to roll somewhere out into the world. It was early in the morning, and a young man and woman entered, whom I recognized as another Harry and Lucy lately mated. But how shall I describe to you the conduct of that young bride? She was prettily dressed, and when I saw her coming I was glad to think that I should have all day so fair a fellow-traveler. But she stopped in the middle of the car, and looked

around with a tossing head, and then with peevish impatience exclaimed, "I won't sit here. Why did you get into this car? The chairs are not half so comfortable as they are in the other car." And my lady flounced and bounced and pouted, and then added, "You are always so stupid! You always get into the wrong car!"

Poor Harry replied in a low tone, feeling, I fear, very foolish, because he knew that I heard, although I looked abstractedly out of the window, with an air of wondering whether Dr. Livingstone was still at Mjumbuzi or had advanced to Guxji. Indeed, I assumed the most Central African air possible, in order to relieve Harry of the awkwardness of my presence. Harry, I say, mumbled something deprecatory of the wrath of Juno, and begged Lucy to be seated. But she held her hands in her muff, and tossed her head again, and performed the same flouncings and bouncings until Harry suggested that he was very sorry indeed, but that the other car was not going through, and if she did not seat herself soon the chairs would all be taken. Then the bride Lucy flung herself sullenly into one of the chairs, and Harry seated himself in the one beside her. Suddenly she rose, and said, angrily, "I'm not going to ride backward!" and Harry, rising, begged her to take his chair, which was next to mine, while I continued to explore equatorial Africa out of the window.

After a long time Harry made some remark, which his life's partner snapped at like a vicious bird at a finger. But nothing could rival his patience. I thought at first that he would gladly join Dr. Livingstone, if he were only sure that the doctor would never come back; but I soon saw that he was simply refusing to believe what was not pleasant. He spoke very low, and I could catch the deprecating, soothing tone; but I pined him profoundly. Presently I returned from Central Africa, and gazed around the car and looked carefully at Lucy. She was a well-dressed young woman, with the face of a spoiled beauty. But her cross, irritable temper was the hot sun that had so soon dried the honey-dew from her nuptial bower. Harry would evidently try to believe it still there. Patient, soothing, thoughtful, he would evidently insist to himself that these freaks were but vapors of the morning. I am much older than Harry, and I turned to that sulky little Lucy and said, "My dear, while the dew stays upon roses and honeysuckles they are fresh and fair. They do not wither until that dries. And the sweetest of all dew is honey-dew. Gentle lady, beware! Don't let it dry away."

She looked at me for a moment in amazement, and then said, in a half-hysterical tone, to Harry, "There! I told you I didn't wish to sit here. And here is a crazy man!"

Poor Harry! By-and-by he will lay a handkerchief over his head after dinner, and Lucy will awaken him to say that she wishes he would not snore. Will you like that, Lucy? Will you wish sometimes for the old lover of long ago? And before it comes to the hard, cold tone in which you disturb his snoring, will you perhaps sometimes passionately say "Once it was different. Once you were devoted to me?" Then should this letter chance to be seen by you—for Fred is very apt to drop his correspondence!—will you not reflect upon the words of the crazy man who sat next you in the car going to Persepolis, and shield the honey-dew new-fallen upon your life from the withering glare of a peevish temper?

Your friend, Fred,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Self-improvement in City and Country.

Education is not knowledge. The most that we get at school is the skeleton of learning. The flesh—the living body—most men create for themselves after they leave school, if they ever get to know much at all. The very name education means literally the leading into, or direction toward knowledge, and a fair start is all that the best education will do for us.

Our rural friends are given to en-

vy the advantages of city people in this matter of education; and very often when the grosser allurements of city life are not sufficiently tempting to attract the better class of youth from their country homes, a thirst for higher intelligence often supplies a motive for dissatisfaction with their quiet way of getting along. There is no doubt but that the means of education are more abundant in populous centres; but it is no less a fact that true knowledge and wisdom, the result of a good education, are seldom achieved by a thoroughbred city boy. Learning, as we find it in cities, is very much of a sham. It is pursued merely as a means of making one's self agreeable in society. A man who can "converse on any subject" is the envy of his circle. Years are spent in picking up bits of this or pieces of that, till he who pursues this course shines as brass, and sometimes passes for real gold; but the genuine metal is not there.

It is a remarkable fact that almost all the great men of science were not city born. Even in public life most of the distinguished either came direct from the farm, or in some way rural life entered largely into their early years. In the city we can gather from books only. We get knowledge, but at second-hand. In the country we deal directly with nature; and by the aid of a good education to put us in the right direction for learning, there is no comparison with the city in the advantages which a country life affords.

What a grand chance for study the winter nights in most farm-houses afford! Even in the suburban districts, where it is neither city nor farm, the long evenings are generally free from frivolous visitors, and allow of time to the young to improve themselves. Hundreds of the young who now give themselves to light reading of a doubtful character, or who spend their time in lying on a sofa, or rocking in an easy chair, might become as famous as Tyndall, Agassiz, or Gray, by doing no more than improving the chances which the quiet of farm life affords to study a little regularly in the leisure time as it comes.

Natural history especially offers a very inviting field. It is not now, as it once was, a mere accomplishment. The mere city boy, who can talk about what he has read in the text books, is nothing in this line now. But natural history has had such a wonderful bearing on the world's progress—such amazing influence on the advancement of humanity—that the real scientist has become the pet of society, and receives the homage of the princes of the earth. And this real science is so easy to gain. It comes not so much of reading as of training the eyes to see, and the other senses to take note of the little things about us. Elementary books we must have; these let us know what of that we see is already known. A few standard text books, a pocket lens—costing perhaps fifty cents—a good common school education and tolerably good powers of observation, are about all that is necessary to give one a fair scientific character.

Many a farmer's boy looks out upon the heavens, wondering what sort of worlds are the bodies sailing through the space above him; or thinks how pleasant it would be to see the strange sights he reads of in foreign lands. And yet about him, close under his eyes, are hosts of new worlds waiting especially for him to explore, and which he will find much more wonderful than anything he can find abroad. Let our country boys think of these things. They may not have the glitter and show of a city life, but they have the substantial elements of an education which is fast becoming popular; and they have what city boys have not—the time to intelligently pursue and make use of them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Last of John Brown's Men.

—Osborn P. Anderson died at Washington week before last in his forty-fourth year. He was the son of Vincent Anderson, and was born in Sadsbury township, Chester county. Afterwards his father moved to West Chester, where he still lives. A colored blacksmith named Shadd emigrating with his family into Can-

da, where the distinctions of color were not recognized, Osborn accompanied him. He learned the printing business there and acquired quite a fair education. Here he met John Brown, who induced him to join in the crusade which was to liberate the slaves of the South. At the head of this little army of seventeen white and five colored men, John Brown marched into Virginia and captured the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, on Sunday, October 17, 1859. On Monday morning, Anderson with five others were sent out to stir up the slaves of the neighborhood. By evening the Virginian militia had arrived at the town in large numbers, completely investing the arsenal. There had been fighting going on all the afternoon, and only eight of the seventeen men inside were left unharmed.

Unable to rejoin their comrades, Albert Hazlett, a white man, and Anderson crossed the Potomac in the evening to the Maryland side and, the Republican says, proceeded to the Kennedy farm—their rendezvous before the fight. Finding none of their companions there they marched on over the mountains until about two o'clock, when they laid down and slept until daylight. That day they were still in sight of the Ferry, but being separated from their companions they concluded to make their way to Pennsylvania. For forty-eight hours without food, they then gathered some corn from a field and carrying it into the mountains—their only place of safety—built fires and roasted it.

In this manner, skulking about the mountains, they reached the vicinity of Chambersburg. There Hazlett, worn out and reduced, could go no further. He urged Anderson to leave him; that he would rest until morning, then throw away his gun and blanket and take the stage for Chambersburg. There they separated, and Anderson reached Chambersburg about two o'clock in the morning. Here he took shelter at the house of a friend, and while eating a hasty meal, a U. S. Marshal knocked at the front door and Anderson stepped out at the back one. He overheard the warrant for the arrest of his friend on suspicion of harboring him, and waited no longer, and took to the fields again. Hazlett entered Chambersburg the next morning, and was soon after arrested and placed in custody of the Virginia authorities, and by them, after trial, executed. Anderson made his way from Chambersburg to York, where a good Samaritan gave him oil, wine and raiment. From York he made his way to a station on the Pennsylvania railroad and then took the train at night for Philadelphia, where he remained a short time among friends and then proceeded to Canada.

Canada afforded a secure asylum and there he remained until the slaveholder's rebellion commenced, never visiting the United States but once, to assist in erecting a monument to his brave commander, John Brown. After the war broke out he returned to the United States and lectured at various points in the country. For a year or two he held a position at Washington. He was a large athletic man, but the hardships and exposures suffered during his escape from Harper's Ferry shattered his constitution, and he died at last a victim of consumption. His remains were deposited in a vault at Washington, and will be removed to West Chester for final interment as soon as suitable arrangements can be made. The deceased was the last of the little band, who took their lives in their hands, that they might give freedom to the bondsmen in the South.—Buffalo Express.

The editor of a Newark paper heard, the other day, that a new pass had been found in the Andes. He immediately wrote to a man in South America that the pass was his, and he would be much obliged if the man would forward it at once. He said it had been stolen from him while he was asleep. That Newark man goes for every kind of a pass he ever hears of. If he does not try to ride to the cemetery on a free ticket, when he is dead, we have misunderstood his character.—Sunday Dispatch.