

# THE POTTER JOURNAL

AND  
NEWS ITEM.

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Jno. S. Mann, S. F. Hamilton,  
Proprietor, Publisher.

C. J. CURTIS,  
Attorney at Law and District Attorney,  
Office on MAIN ST., (over Post Office),  
COUDERSPORT, PA.

JOHN S. MANN & SON,  
Attorneys at Law and Conveyancers,  
COUDERSPORT, PA.

ARTHUR B. MANN,  
Attorney at Law and Conveyancers,  
COUDERSPORT, PA.

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## POETRY.

**Under the Ice.**  
Under the ice the waters run,  
Under the ice the spirits lie,  
The genial glow of the summer sun  
Shall loosen their fetters by-and-by.  
Moon and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!  
The winter is growing worn and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the bright sun shines above.

Under the ice, under the snow,  
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;  
By and by will the south wind blow,  
And roses bloom on the banks of spring.  
Moon and groan in thy prison strong,  
River of life—river of love!  
The nights grow short, the days grow long,  
Weaker and weaker the bond of wrong,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice our souls are hid,  
Under the ice our good deeds grow;  
Men but credit the wrong we did,  
Never the motive that lay below.  
Moon and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!  
The winter is growing worn and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice we hide our wrongs;  
Under the ice that has chilled us through;  
Oh! that the friends that have known us long  
Dare to doubt we are good and true.  
Moon and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life—river of love!  
The winter is growing worn and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines bright above.

—L. J. BATES.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Evening Post.)

**The Western Explorers.**

Cut off from all means of communication for six weeks, during our march from Madison to the Snake River, over the main range of the Rocky Mountains, I seize the first opportunity of sending an account of our ascent of the Tetons, three of the highest peaks, by Captain Stevenson, who goes in to Fort Hall after supplies. One of my letters gave a description of the route of the party under Dr. Hayden up the Yellowstone, and I will now retrace our steps to Henry's Fork of the Snake River to describe our journey from that stream to this wonderful basin, the great feature of our "National Park."

After leaving "Crater Buttes" we rode to and successfully forded the North Fork; from which we continued over a rolling country partly covered with "quaking aspens," making an entire change in the scenery from the monotonous pines and reminding one of our own dear hills in the East. The "Tetons," our objective point, were seldom lost to view, and when some rising knoll intervened it was only to allow them to assert themselves with greater dignity and grandeur on the nearer approach.

A week's travel brought us to their base and our camp was pitched in a canon leading up to their very foot. It was a most beautiful place, the broad plain spreading out from the mouth of the basin presenting an unobstructed view for miles, while the sides were enclosed by mountains whose pine-covered sides rose many hundred feet above us. The noble peaks "Les Trois Tetons" form the background, and, with their granitic spires and snow-capped sides, add immensely to the scene not easily described. The whole tents, the Indian Tepee of our guide and bowers of pines improvised by the boys, together with the haunches of moose and bears suspended from the trees, fully realized our anticipation of mountain and romantic camp-life.

On Saturday, July 28, a party of fourteen started from camp to essay the ascent of the famous peaks. Proceeding up the canon, following the course of the stream, we pushed along over fallen timber and through quagmires, the scenery becoming more wild as we advanced into the ravine. The wooded mountain sides gave place to granite walls rising perpendicularly, laid bare by detrition; the stream which flowed so smoothly below became broken into cascades, whose never-ceasing roar alone broke the stillness of the scene.

Continuing as far as practicable with horses, we camped for the night preparatory to beginning our climb the next morning. The thermometer indicating twenty degrees Fahrenheit at daybreak explained the cause of early waking. Leaving a few of the party to look after the camp and the horses, at half-past 5 o'clock we took the line of march up the gulch. Climbing over the

bowlders and trunks of trees washed down by the stream, we struggled on for about two miles, when, a small ravine in the mountain side offering a means of ascent, we turned to the left and began rapidly to rise from rock to rock. The boys had started in fine spirits; jokes were "cracked;" one even proposed a conundrum, "Why our climbing resembled that in Switzerland? because we used all-pine staffs, of course;" but from this point every one settled to his task, and silence reigned, except when some anathema was hurled at a rolling stone or a burst of enthusiasm was caused by some new scene opening to our views.

Two hours of hard work and the crest of the first ridge was gained, the aneroids were soon read and an elevation of nine thousand feet shown. The great consolers and refreshers were next produced and many puffs from as many pipes might be seen curling through the air. A field of snow two miles wide lay before us; so we rested half an hour, enjoying the scene we had left behind, before attempting the slippery crossing. We were now on the plateau bounding the canon in which we had camped the night previous. The snow crowned the ridges and glistened under the rising sun, contrasting strongly with the green valley below, while the foaming stream rushed and sparkled through the trees, forming a picture full of variety and beauty.

Our crossing of the snow was amusing though difficult. Raised into little ridges when in a melted state and then frozen, it offered but an insecure footing and many a tumble was experienced despite the supporting staff. Mosquitoes pursued us to the snow-line and attacked us undauntingly even at that cold temperature. This "sea of ice," the snow ridges resembling white caps on the water, having been crossed, we climbed up the second divide, the one that hid the Tetons from our view.

The sight that burst upon us on gaining the summit of this second range well repaid the effort it cost to reach it. A valley about three miles wide lay between us and the third ridge, from whose crest the massive peaks reared themselves. The bottom was entirely covered with snow—how deep no one can tell, the white ridges being raised by the wind and extending to a level with the range of mountains itself. A lake of considerable size lay nestled under the mountain at the foot of the valley. Entrusting ourselves to an avalanche of gravel we slid down the debris, accompanying our descent in a shower of stones. On reaching the edge of the snow our descent became too rapid but was easily checked by our staffs. Another snow tramp, more difficult than the first, followed. The ice beginning to melt allowed our feet to sink into it making the walk very fatiguing. Grasshoppers, too, that we had noticed apparently frozen to death were revived by the warming sun and began to jump around.

On reaching the third range we again rested, some of the party despairing of climbing the bare granite peaks as they now rose immediately before and above us. Snow surrounded us on all sides extending up the mountain slopes and above arose the Tetons, "rocks on rocks, and rocklets still above." The whole country, save the peaks themselves, now lay below us. We had reached an altitude of eleven thousand feet. The ridges we had crossed became but hills, the rivers lessened to creeks, valleys narrowed to ravines. It reminded one of Switzerland, the tinkling bells and chalets alone being wanting to complete an Alpine scene. There is a wild grandeur, a feeling of solitude that belongs to Rocky Mountain views not to be realized in the more picturesque and romantic Alps.

From this point your correspondent is indebted to Captain Stevenson and Mr. Langford, who alone of the party succeeded in reaching the extreme summit, for an account of the ascent. Again descending they crossed a frozen lake whose deep green ice showed great thickness; selecting a snow ridge leading up to

the side of the peak they climbed on their hands and knees along its crest, the upper crust being separated from the rocks about twenty feet, owing to the melting. In attempting to cross this chasm Captain Stevenson, who was in advance, nearly gave himself up for lost, clinging to a rock with both arms; he was unable to gain a foothold in the hardened snow. A fall of a thousand feet was the alternative of letting go his hold, and his muscular force alone saved him. Holding with a tenacity which the extreme danger nerved him to do he at last succeeded in indenting the ice by rapidly striking his foot, sufficiently to support himself. From this point their progress lay over rocks worn smooth by trickling water and along ledges until the summit was finally gained.

A surprise awaited them, in addition to the extended view over the whole of the Snake River Valley, consisting of a structure evidently made by human hands. The surface of the peak was about sixty feet square and in the centre of it was a pile of rocks in a circular form about six feet high. This had evidently been raised as a protection against the wind by some aborigines, how long ago it is impossible to tell. The trappers all assert that no one has ever climbed the "Tetons," and that the Indians have no tradition of the ascent. Judging from the detritus which covered the surface inside the circle, Mr. Langford estimated one hundred years as the shortest period in which the elements could erode such an amount from so hard a rock. It may have been centuries and long before the pale face ever invaded the home of the red man.

The two successful climbers rested but a short time enjoying the view their labors had secured for the hazardous descent had to be accomplished before nightfall. All returned in safety to camp and enjoyed that deep sleep only to be had after such physical exertion. Many things of interest both in geology and natural history were observed on our route. Professor Bradley reports the peaks composed of granitic rock, with seams of trap running across the formation. Glacial action was seen to have existed and it is supposed that the lakes at the foot were made by its force. They correspond both in location and structure to those at the base of the Alps. The foothills were tertiary limestones. About fifty species of Arctic flora were collected but none were found on the extreme heights. The aneroid barometers showed an elevation of 13000 feet, but as these are not trustworthy above certain altitudes, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, the result which Mr. Herring obtained by triangulation, of 13400, is probably more correct.

The next day the party returned down the canon to camp, satisfied with having accomplished a feat hitherto judged impossible. In my next I hope to give an account of the Geysers, among which we are now encamped and whose wonders excite our enthusiastic admiration.

## EXPLORER.

**Is there a Magnetic Mountain?**

The Buenos Ayres Standard, in an article relating to the wreck of the Royal Mail steamer *Tucora*, says: "It has been a subject of surprise to many that Capt. Stewart, who is considered one of the most experienced and careful sailors in the Pacific Company's service, should have been so convinced that he was several miles from land just before the *Tucora* ran on Cape St. Mary. There is, however, an extraordinary revelation by Mr. James Oliver, of Fray Bentos, which goes far toward explaining the cause of the wreck of the steamer in question. Mr. Oliver says that in the year 1848 the schooner *Mitades*, of Monte Video, was fishing for seals between Labos Island and Castillos. On the evening in question, about 4 o'clock, it fell quite calm, with no current either up or down, the vessel lying in nineteen fathoms of water and about five miles from the shore. 'At 8 p. m.," says Mr. Oliver, 'on going on deck, the moon being nearly full and a bright moonlight night, I thought we were much nearer the shore, and on

heaving the lead I found the same depth of water. I soon, however, perceived that, although there was no current, the vessel was drifting towards the shore about a mile an hour. Calling my comrades I succeeded by means of oars in turning the bow of the vessel again seawards, but several times it swerved again round towards land. I was unwilling to cast anchor in such deep water and kept the lead going while the vessel drifted towards the shore; till, luckily, a light breeze sprung up from the land and carried us out to sea. If it had been a dark night we would probably have been driven ashore in another hour perfectly ignorant of our danger of the mysterious power that waked us without any current landwards. The occurrence impressed me so much that on my return to Monte Video, I reported it to the Topographic Board but no notice was paid to it. Subsequently, in 1858, Mr. W. Hammett, who had been on the topographic committee, informed me that magnetic stones were found in the Tierra de Animas, running northward from Monte Video and this at once appeared to me an explanation of the mystery. In 1866 I wrote to the British Admiral on the station on this subject but perhaps my letter did not reach him. In later times I wrote to Professor Agassiz, but with no better success. Now that the *Tucora* wreck revives interest in this question, I think it right to give the above statement of facts; that I leave scientific men to decide upon.

(From the Independent Republican.)  
**Perverting One of God's Blessings.**

The meanest looking person (street drunkards excepted) I have seen this winter was a young man of good family, fine features and very well dressed. He came up, with lack-lustre eyes and a slipshod appearance generally, but with a leer in his drooping, silly countenance, as if he thought he had been doing something great. And what was it? Why, this: "A lot of us fellows had been up all night; ball at —; then down to — for another oyster-supper; had a time of it till daylight; just came home; shan't go to bed till midnight—ri-tu-did-did-did-did!" And off he walked at a gate between a drag and a dance to tell another group of his wonderful triumphs of genius. But I could not see it. If he had not been among gamblers and had women he had certainly wasted the time God gave him for sleep; had gorged himself with unneeded food, expended money foolishly, done no good and given no happy emotions to one of his best friends or family. His day's work would be imperfect and in no respect as good or as pleasant as if his mind and body had enjoyed their wonted rest. Yet, in spite of his sleepy looks and catnap blunders, he tried to think he was doing something to be proud of!

Having occasion to call that afternoon where resided a lady who had attended the ball, but not the ride, I heard her voice in a snappish and unlovely expression to one of the family. On entering the room she declared she was "gay," and never enjoyed a night so much. But her eyes, her drooping mouth and her general over-exhausted looks betrayed her. She did not look nor feel half as happy, as pleasant or innocent as if she had enjoyed proper repose. She tried to laugh and appear light-hearted but it was from the mouth only. She was no better, no lovelier woman, in any respect, for that night's perversions of the order of nature.

In this, as in other respects, this proverb is expressive: "The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest thirty years after date."

If sickness or other necessity requires a sacrifice of sleep, that becomes a duty; perform it and be content. But night was made for rest and no man can violate that law with impunity. Like money in a bank drawing no interest every reduction is absolute; whether it is drawn sooner or later, every dollar gone is gone forever.

The unusual short lives of physicians generally, (notwithstanding their better knowledge of the laws of health,) is owing most of all to their

irregular hours of sleep. The occasion of their violation of nature's laws does not release them from its physical penalties. No immorality is chargeable upon them; their sacrifice is virtuous; but they afford no excuse for those who recklessly and wilfully, or by not making efforts to avoid it, pervert the laws of life and wantonly turn day's duties into night.

Many (so-called "accidents") arise from lack of sleep. When individual employers or companies deprive any employe of needed rest and accidents ensue from that lack such employers should be responsible for the same to the last dollar. When it is the fault of the employe how dreadful is his crime. In one railway accident the culpable person claimed that he had been deprived of rest; but the company proved that they had not deprived him; he took his chance "to have a night of it," thought he had done a cunning thing and from lack of the vigilance sleep would have given him he had caused the death of several. So it does "matter to others" how some men spend "their own time." Their waste and dissipation may injure innocent persons as well as themselves.

These thoughts have gone further than I intended when I commenced writing. I only meant to give a hint that the most unprepossessing appearing person one usually meets is he or she who has been dissipating (I do not use the word in its worst or criminal meaning) over night and thinks he or she looks interesting, when he or she only looks about as foolish and stupid as he or she really is. They may deceive themselves and each other, but not the wide-awake observer.

Wasting nights is unnatural, injurious and should be held as not exactly modest or reputable. It is unfriendly to health and good morals. It endangers and causes many mistakes and accidents.

If all well meaning people, and especially the young, will view the matter in its proper light and govern themselves accordingly, they will thank the writer for this word in season. Follow nature when you can; reserve, and never exhaust your life forces. Your truest, richest and most lasting enjoyments and purest pleasures will be promoted by avoiding all night revelings and all night travel, labor and engagements as far as you properly can do so.

## A FRIEND OF ALL.

**TO THE RESCUE.**—One day last summer my attention was arrested by a flock of sparrows flying about the opposite house, in a very strange manner. I was curious to find out the cause; and on opening the window the mystery was explained. I was sorry to see that one of the young birds had fallen from its warm nest which had been built under the tiles of the house. There the poor little thing lay on the ground unable to fly and the old birds unable to lift it up.

A fine bantam, which seemed to understand what was wanted, walked forward and cautiously took the poor bird in his beak. He then mounted an empty cart, from which he flew upon the tiles and stretching his neck out over the edge placed his charge safely in its warm nest again. In doing so, however, the noble fellow overbalanced himself and fell to the ground.

He appeared frightened but not much hurt. After plucking his feathers for a short time, he began to strut about and crow, seemingly quite proud of his achievement. And well he might be.

**MALLEABLE GLASS.**—One of the lost arts which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to re-discover is the production of malleable glass. It was mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its being intended when thrown on a hard substance; and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, it would enter into uses not even suspected now and probably dispute with iron itself for su-

premacny as an agent of civilization. A glass spinner of Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the lost link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fibre of the silk worm which is entering into the manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, table cloths, shawls, neckties, figures in brocaded velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, laces, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread, and is not changed by heat, light, moisture or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in various parts of Bohemia, and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale and will no doubt soon reach America. If it shall end in the final rediscovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, no one could safely predict to what uses it might not be applied as the material is plentiful in all lands. Mankind have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them.—*N. Y. Trade Reporter.*

**THE WORST PUNISHMENT.**—"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a vagabond one day. "I haven't prospered at it," cried the man. "It is a business that doesn't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be a man of property and character instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history and ended by saying: "I have been twice in prison and have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but I tell you my worst punishment is in being what I am!"

## POTTERY MAKING AT TRENTON.

This branch of industry is of recent origin, the first kiln for making pottery in Trenton having been built about 1850. Since then the business has been prosecuted with varying success until the present time, but now the trade is in a more flourishing condition than ever before.

In 1859, two years previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, the first white granite ware ever made in this country was produced at Trenton; now there are in that city alone eighteen potteries with fifty-seven kilns, all making white ware, as also yellow and Rockingham or brown colored ware.

During the war the high price of gold afforded additional protection, and the impetus given the trade during that time encouraged many to start in the business. Until within the past two years the demand for American crockery has been sufficient to keep all the manufactories in the United States in operation but not to full capacity, as the facilities at present, if fully worked, would produce one-half the earthenware required in the United States and more potteries would soon be built to supply all that might be needed.

At the present time there are in the United States over 150 kilns engaged in making crockery ware exclusively, New Jersey and Ohio having two-thirds of this number. These kilns are capable of producing at the rate of about \$30,000 worth of ware each per year, making a total for the whole of nearly \$4,500,000 per year. They would use in such production 75,000 tons of coal and an equal amount of clays and other materials.

In real estate stock and materials there is invested in Trenton alone, \$1,500,000, and in other states about \$2,000,000 more, while the amount of money invested in mining clay and other materials, and in machinery for preparing them for use, is probably some \$5,000,000 more, scattered through several states and furnishing well-remunerated labor to hundreds of workmen. American materials exclusively (except Boracic acid) are used to make earthenware.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*