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[From Demorest's Young America]
Franks' Adventures.

The boys of Butterville had a custom on May-day of hanging baskets on the door-knobs of their neighbors' houses. Perhaps the girls sometimes did the same; but I do not mean to tell of them this time.

Quite naturally, each boy intended to hang his basket at the house of the prettiest girl he knew of; yet it curiously happened that one was hung at almost every door in the village. I understand this to prove that boys differ in their opinions about beauty, which is very fortunate, for it is when they agree perfectly in regard to the beauty of any little Miss that they are apt to quarrel most violently.

It is not surprising that Frank the Frolicsome should fall into this May-day custom as soon as he grew big enough; but I suspect you will wonder when I tell you that he fell in love with an old maid. He did, actually!

Now Frank had two baskets to hang, made by himself and his little sister Nettie. They were formed of bright-colored paper, skillfully joined and interwoven; but one was very handsome and perfumed beautifully.

Well; May-day came and Maying parties searched wood and field for the early flowers; the merry tones of children rose from many a sunny nook and there were pleasant greetings of older people along the village street.

But May-day ended, and so do other days; and darkness overspread the scene. Yet along the streets little figures passed stealthily; and there was a ringing of door-bells, rapid flights and swift pursuits, with tumults of laughter when a party was caught, or when a band of hidden girls met their lishal gallants at the threshold.

"I wonder if she will come to the door," murmured Frank, as he trotted along with a pair of baskets fluttering on his arm. He ran up the walk and hung one of the baskets on the door-knob, listening a moment to a sound of merry laughter inside; then he rang the bell and hid behind the shrubbery, from whence he meant to dart forward and claim a kiss from his charmer, should she step out to look for her secret admirer.

"There, pslaw—now I say it's a shame!" muttered Frank a minute later.

The "shame" was that a great boy came to the door, ran out to the sidewalk, looked up and down the street as far as the darkness would permit, then went in, swinging the precious basket very carelessly.

But Frank came off without being discovered; though nothing but sudden dodging saved him. He listened a moment and heard a sneeze; an ominous silence followed, then another sneeze, and another, and another! a queer reception for a beautiful May-basket, truly.

Frank turned sorrowfully away with the remaining basket on his arm, crossing the street now and then to avoid approaching footsteps.

Now, Frank must have been very unlike you and me if some of the day's ramble did not linger in his memory—a trim little figure in a snug cloak and jaunty hat, for instance; the same that had often tripped by his side, the bright brown eyes, pinky cheeks and red lips, teeth like strings of snowberries; and the face seemed all one rosy smile as he brought handfuls of the arbutus flowers and bright red checkerberries, or laughed merrily as he went off in some agile somerset or other gambol expressive of his intense delight.

Something lightened his spirits, for his steps quickened and a jolly little quirk of a whistle flew out from his lips; but this died away as he approached a large old yellow house at the end of the village.

"Oh, bother! why don't they have a door-knob like somebody?" muttered Frank, as he tried in vain to make the other basket stay on the handle of the door. Not succeeding, he turned to the window and hitched the slimsy paper to the blind-fastening on the window-stool; then, after rattling the sash loudly, he ran away.

The big dog, which was shut up in the house, rushed to the window as if

he would come right through, barking tremendously. Loud, shrill outcries of "Thieves," "Robbers," "Stubby, bite 'em!" rang through the house, lights flashed, and curious shadows of the frightened inmates fell upon the thin curtains at the windows.

Frank had stopped at a little distance and was now clapping his hands in glee at the tumult he had raised.

But the affair put on a new phase; for the door opened and the dog was out, a big, black animal with gleaming teeth and savage growl; and Frank took to his heels in an instant. But the dog was on his track; and in another moment Frank had decided that his only place of safety was in a tree. The orchard was only just over the fence; and Frank was over it and up a tree in a jiffy, with the dog close after.

Now here was an apple-tree with a boy at the top for fruit and a dog at the bottom anxious to bite it. The situation was not quite satisfactory, even to such a frolicsome fellow as Frank. It looked very much as if this big apple would have to stay on the tree all night if it did not get to nodding and drop off; and neither occurrence was pleasant to think of. Frank didn't like to be barked at, either; and he tore off thin scales of bark and showered them down in the dog's eyes and red, gleaming mouth. But the bark from the top did not stop the bark at the bottom—not in the least.

Again there was a change of phase, and this was the face of a boy; and the hands belonging to this face had a gun in them.

Frank might now have been relieved, had he not been as afraid of being found out as he was of the dog; for in this house dwelt Miss Briers, the village schoolmarm; and it was for her that he had hung the basket.

Now Miss Briers had taught school a great many years and though most of the children disliked her, she still remained schoolmarm and Miss Briers. Being unwilling to use the rod in correcting her pupils, she relied chiefly on scolding, stamping her foot and sour looks, and thus made a perpetual fright of herself. Therefore she received so few tokens of regard that even the ridiculous little blue-and-yellow basket intended for her might have quite delighted her, had not Frank put into it a quantity of the finest, driest, sweetest sort of stuff; and this was why he was in such terror of being caught.

"I see him!" shouted back the boy with the gun to the folk at the house.

"Well, fire then; and look out he don't take at ye." None knew whether the creature who had broken their slumbers and disturbed their peace, was cat, monkey or man; but the caution suited any of them.

Frank meditated a desperate deed. He scrambled out to the end of the longest branch and jumped off, lighting upon a high fence which ran along a few yards farther to a low shed that leaned against the barn.

The dog was after him; and Frank could hardly keep out of the reach of his teeth while scrambling along the top. Climbing the shed, he quickly made his way to one of the barn windows, pushed up the sash and made ready to enter. The dog ran wildly about with fierce growls; and fearing the boy with the gun might catch sight of him and fire, Frank slipped through the window and rested upon a beam which he had felt out in the darkness.

And how dense that darkness was! He could see nothing but the shadows of things—and they moved, too. Perhaps he did not sit steadily on the beam; for he often felt as if he was going to fall over. And he could not see at all on what he might strike; but he could hear the heavy breathing of the cattle below him, and the rattling of their horns and wooden bows against the stanchions.

"What if I should tumble down among them?" The very thought was so startling that it came nigh oversetting him the moment it flashed through his mind.

He now heard some one clambering up the shed right in his track; and, slipping under the beam, he held on with his hands while he reached

with his toes to touch bottom. He could not find any, neither could he lift himself up again; and after a few moments, his fingers slipped, and down he fell.

But he struck on soft hay and was not hurt in the least. From this he quickly reached the barn floor, where the darkness hid him from the boy, who was now looking in through the open window.

Suddenly the rays of a lantern flashed in his face through the cracks. It came directly toward the barn and Frank just hopped into the sheep pen, thinking to hide himself among the gentle ewes and lambs of the flock. To his dismay they drew away from him, and left him exposed in the centre of the pen. As he sought the door of the fold he heard something following with spiteful step, and turned back—just in time for the head of the charging ram to hit him in the midst.

He felt, first, that the breath was quite knocked out of him, then there was a sensation of going many feet backward in the air, and next, a great crushing blow from a beam against the top and back of his head. And that was the last he knew until he found himself in an old-fashioned room before an open fire. Some person was chafing his temples, and there was a very bad ache between them and a very painful spot on the back of his head. He gave a sudden start as he caught sight of the face of his nurse. Was that Miss Briers? There was a resemblance, surdy; but a look of kindness was in this face that he had never seen in the face of Miss Briers, the schoolmarm; and as soon as the lady perceived that he had come to his senses again, her face lighted up with joy until she seemed really beautiful.

His conscience reproached him now for the trick of the May-basket, and he wondered if she had yet found it.

But there was the basket swinging from the high post of a chair—a beautiful basket of skillfully woven colors, fringed with delicate tissue, and scented with choice perfume; the very basket he had prepared with so much labor and such bright anticipations for the little maiden whose home he had visited first.

The truth now dawned upon his mind. He had hung the homely basket for his favorite—the old maid had got the handsome one! He understood those sneezes now; yet there was one satisfaction he had—he knew that the sufferer was not the little maiden but her brother Dick. But how could he explain it and pacify her? What would she think of him? Would she ever speak to him again?

His face wore a look of distress, that made Miss Briers inquire more anxiously about his bruises and hover nigh him with kinder devotion.

Frank now wondered that he ever saw anything in her face to dislike, and he resolved that if he hung a May-basket for her again it should be of the best. And he also resolved that he would never join with others to tease or trouble her again.

In a little while he was in a condition to go home. The family had retired to rest long before; but expecting that he would on this occasion be a little late, a door was left unfastened for him and a light burning.

In the morning the family discovered his bruises and he was obliged to explain, but only so far as to say that he fell against some timber, which was strictly true. And Miss Briers would suffer none of her family to tell what happened May-night at their house; so the story never got about much.

But still Frank was in great trouble; and he thought that there was no one who could help him out of it so well as his mother, therefore he told her all about his adventures on that evening.

He was quite right. She soon made peace between Frank and the little Miss with the brown eyes, who received, as an atonement for the mistake in the baskets, a beautiful ring that exactly fitted the finger on which she wanted to wear it.

Finally Frank came to consider the events of this day as very fortun-

ate after all, for he had found out the good and pleasant side of Miss Briers and he kept on that side ever after.

The Queen and Natives of Tahiti.

Queen Pomare iv. is a pleasant-looking woman, fifty-seven years of age, but so young in appearance that she might be taken for forty. She is a most estimable person and very anxious, by every means in her power, to insure the welfare of her people. She is very well informed, though she seldom reads any other book but her Bible. She is fond of discussing intricate questions of theology with her maids of honor, who frequently fall asleep during the *prelections* delivered late late in the evening, but her Majesty will go on talking all the same and gently remind them in the morning of their want of attention. She is extremely good natured and greatly beloved by all her subjects. The Prince Consort has been and is still a remarkably handsome man, tall and somewhat stout. The young princes, too, are fine-looking men and very prepossessing, but one of them indulges to excess in strong drink and is said at times to treat unkindly his wife, who is Queen of Raiatea, a gentle, kind-hearted creature of a most prepossessing appearance. The natives, who are evidently of the same race as the New Zealanders and the Sandwich Islanders, are superior to the latter in size and bearing; but the Maori, from a residence of five centuries in a colder climate, has a rougher and harder appearance. The Tahitians were not distinguished for cruelty even in their savage state; they are cheerful and good-natured, mild and gentle, with none of those harsh characteristics which mark other islands; they are easily led either to good or evil; do not possess much firmness or decision of character but are generous, kind-hearted and thoroughly amiable; and if it were not for the bad influences by which they are surrounded would be a much more moral people than they are. They always had the character of being honest; even in old heathen times the *tapi* or *rahu* was very effectual in preventing all kinds of robbery, for if they broke the *rahu* they supposed the gods would be offended with them. The men are mostly tall, with well-developed chests and muscles. The women, who are also tall, have a generally soft contour and incline towards embonpoint, which increases with age. The features of both sexes are very pleasing and their smile and address very engaging. Their gait also especially when seen from behind, is bold, stately and dignified and they have something majestic in their general bearing.

They are remarkably cleanly in their habits, always neat and tidy in their dress and pride themselves on appearing well. Their usual salutation is *Io rana*, "May you be happy," which is pronounced almost like a Patlander's "Yir anner." The men generally wear their hair short, sometimes grow a moustache but seldom a beard.

Their ordinary costume consists of a piece of printed calico of most telling design (generally indigo and white or red and white), which is called a *pareu*; it is wound round the body and reaches from the waist to the ankle. Over this they wear a shirt, either snow-white, orange, pale green or striped, over the *pareu*. Shoes and stockings are seldom used except by the chiefs and principal people on large occasions. Panama and other broad-brimmed hats are extensively worn.

It is difficult to describe the dress of the ladies. Their hair is very rarely parted from front to back and plaited behind into two tresses of moderate length; they always trim the ends, ensuring thereby a rich growth, which is enhanced by a profusion of coconut oil scented with essence of sandal wood. Both sexes are very fond of wearing flowers and also coronets (or wreaths) of leaves and plaited straw or bark trimmed with red seeds, the variety of which ornament is indescribable. Some of these coronets are designed and executed with a taste that would be admired in any salon in Paris or London. The usual dress consists of a loose morning

gown exactly the shape and cut of a French lady's *peignoir*, made of all sorts of material, generally muslin of some showy color, white, however, being the favorite. It is so thin and gauzy that it shows beneath it the white under-garments. Like the men they seldom wear shoes or stockings but, notwithstanding this, they have the smallest and prettiest feet imaginable.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine*.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]
River and Lake Terraces.

Travelers along the river-valleys of New England and in other sections of our Northern States, will observe that the banks in many places rise by a series of terraces, which at a distance resemble the steps of an amphitheatre. Carved with singular uniformity upon the slopes, they are everywhere a striking and beautiful feature of these most picturesque and beautiful landscapes. In the valleys of the Connecticut, Merrimac, St. Lawrence, Kennebec, Hudson and innumerable other streams, these levels have been utilized as sites for villages, county-seats, forest and cultivation.

Northampton, Brattleboro and Springfield are built on terraces; and part of the charming village of North Conway, at the gate of the White Mountains, stands upon a similar level. Dartmouth College is upon an elevated terrace.

Terraces occur on both sides of the Niagara River and on the east side four levels are described, the highest being 38 feet above the top of the American Fall. They occur also on the Hudson Highlands at Cornwall 180 feet and at Cozzens 130 feet above tide level. The Catskill Mountains are fringed with terraces almost to their summits; and on the east side of the Hudson, at Albany, eight distinct levels are passed on the line of the Boston and Albany Railway before reaching the summit station.

On Hoosac Mountain is a terrace 1813 feet above the level of the sea, and near it an ancient beach 200 feet higher. They occur at Quebec 500 feet; at Montreal 400 feet; and on the Genesee River 1410 feet above the ocean level.

But terraces abound on lake-margins with the same distinctness as on the banks of rivers. Prof. Agassiz counted fifteen on the shore of Lake Superior and the writer counted six, beautifully defined, at Portage Lake. Visitors at Watkins Glen may notice terraces sculptured on the amphitheatre of hills at the head of Seneca Lake, whose geological history is contemporary with that of the great gorge, the object of their visit. In Northern Utah lake-terraces are found, according to Hayden, nearly a mile above the ocean and on islands in Barrow's Straits they occur at 1000 feet elevation.

On some of the great Western prairies terraces extend like vast coast-lines bounding the plain.

Nor are they confined to North America. They have been noticed on the slopes of the Ural and Altai Mountains, around the Dead Sea, on the banks of the River Jordan, on the mountain-sides in the Great Sahara, and on the banks of the Nile above the first cataract.

The ocean, too, has its terraces. Darwin observed that around Patagonia the ocean had eaten deep into the rocky coast "a series of step-like plains." Roads are carried up the Cordillera on elevated terraces to a height of 9000 feet.

These formations, so widely distributed and so uniform in their aspects, have an important geological significance. They are evidently among the latest results of the dynamic agents which have modified, and are still modifying, the surface of the globe. Those along the banks of rivers have been formed during the erosion of the valleys. Their history, therefore, begins with the development of the present river-system and comprises what is known in geology as the "Terrace Epoch."

They are most abundant and perfect in the drift latitudes—that is, where the continental floors are deeply covered by the waste and debris of the Glacial Period, which closely precedes that of the Terraces. If we examine the valley of a gently-flowing

river, we may study all the processes by which it was formed and step-like terraces distributed along its banks.

There is the channel along which the stream is flowing. By the side of it, at intervals, are verdure-covered meadows and deposits of shingle and sand, overflowed during periods of rain and freshet. These constitute what may be termed the river-flats or flood-plains. Something is added to it during each overflow. Meanwhile the river-channel is deepening by the wearing action of the current and transportation of the materials of its bed. At length the waters are discharged along the channel and no longer overflow the flood-plains, which become at once a terrace, the last formed the newest of the series, the oldest of which may be more than a thousand feet up the bank.

The newly-made terrace now really forms the bank or banks of the stream, and is itself slowly worn away and distributed elsewhere by the abrasion of annual freshets. Portions of it may thus disappear but other portions remain.

It is obvious that terrace-formations occur in greatest perfection where the stream is not very rapid. Where it flows as a torrent a flood-plain or delta may form only at its mouth. Sometimes, however, a swift stream is checked by the accumulation of debris or by rocky gorges, forming lake-like basins around which terrace-formations occur with great uniformity and beauty. The Connecticut River is 1589 feet higher at its source than at its mouth; and, according to Prof. Hitchcock's excellent report on the Surface Geology of New England, twenty-two such basins or levels occur in its descent.

It is evident, as we have observed, that the highest terrace of a series is the one first formed and the oldest, but when formed was equally, with the last one, the flats or flood-plain of the river; whence it follows that the river was then much higher, as regards the general level of the land, than now. Its present deep valley was not excavated, but it by no means follows that the river was any higher as regards the level of the sea. A change of level has, indeed, taken place, but it has been of the land, not of the ocean. No truth in geology is better established than this perpetual oscillation of the crust of the globe and from the unchanging ocean-level is measured the extent of the movement.

The process by which a river-valley is excavated and terraces formed upon its banks is directly connected with this elevation of the land. Indeed, it could occur only during a period of elevation and may have commenced with the emergence of the land above the waters, for then would begin the flowing of streams and their concentration into larger ones, forming at last our magnificent system of rivers. During a period of subsidence, however, the rivers disappear as their valleys are filled and the land is overflowed by the invading ocean. Nor is proof wanting of submergence of a very large portion of this continent, especially that which is north of the fortieth parallel, directly following the Glacial and preceding the Terrace Epoch; and nowhere is this fact more apparent than in New England.

The occurrence of ancient beaches above the terraces on Hoosac Mountain and among the White and Green Mountains 2200 and 2500 feet above the ocean, proves its former presence and the movement of its currents and waves.

At that period the site of the present river was the bottom of an ocean. It was during the progress of that period of continental depression and submergence that the glacial drift was modified and re-distributed, forming enormous deposits filling old basins and river-valleys, so that when the land emerged from the waters it was comparatively level, a few mountain-peaks rising above the plain.

It is at this point, as we have seen that the present river-system with its terraced valleys begin and the phenomena way occur in the following order:

1. Elevated beaches, indicating ancient sea-shores.

2. The highest river-terraces.