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For the Journal and Item.
Fairy Dell.

Not in summer's heated glare
Shall you find its beauty rare,
Nor when springtime blooms are fair
Nor when autumn leaves drop there;
Only when the night-winds go
Wandering o'er the starlit snow
And the new-born moon is low.

This I know, these eyes of mine
Saw its beauty half divine,
Glimpse of fairy fires that shine
And its star-wreaths, pure and fine;
And the brook was hushed: its feet
Tartled in a land so sweet
I could hear its pulses beat.

Where the star-fires clearest gleamed
One sweet face in rapture beamed
(If I saw or if I dreamed—
True, I know not—but it seemed
As if some sweet, angel child,
By their merry song beguiled,
Listened lovingly and smiled.

Then the new moon's slender rim
Slept behind a mountain dim
Sudden silence closed the hymn
By the streamlet's frozen brim.
Each frail lamp—a golden spark—
Trembling, vanished in the dark:
Fairy Dell lay cold and stark.

Yet within my heart one light
Burned unquenched all the night;
Kept that pure child-face in sight
Circled with its aureole white.
Oh, that I might once more go
When the new-born moon is low
Shines across the wind-swept snow.
M. E. H. EVERETT.

[From the Independent.]
Bessie, the Sparrow.

I saw her one spring some years
ago in Odessa, Delaware. I was
looking at a friend's conservatory in
that pretty little quiet town and was
quite surprised to see in a large cage
two sparrows. They were evidently
entirely contented with their lot and
seemed to be enjoying themselves,
surrounded as they were by pretty
flowers and green plants, while out-
side the house all was cold and bleak.

Yet that they should be in a cage
and so lively and well led me to ask
how it happened that they were there.
My friend told me the following story
in explanation:

Four years before, late in the au-
tumn, and after all the birds had
gone away to their Southern homes,
when the air had grown chilly and
the season began to be dreary, one
gay little sparrow was seen to fly
against the windows of the conserva-
tory. The green plants and flowers
within, so in contrast with the faded
leaves without, had evidently attract-
ed her attention and she was trying
hard to get among them. One of the
family, noticing the earnest efforts
of the bird, opened a window as an
invitation to come in.

The sparrow did not wait for a
second call, but at once flew into the
room and with evident delight began
hopping about among the plants to
pick up her dinner, of which she
seemed sorely in need.

The family thought that of course
when her hunger was satisfied, and
especially when she found that men
and women and children were likely
to be near her, she would gladly take
her departure. Not so thought Miss
Sparrow. She evidently liked the
new quarters well, and when night
drew on she selected a nice place to
sleep and put her head under her
wing as if she felt entirely at home.

The next day the window was left
open so that if she chose she might
have liberty to go away again. But
she showed no disposition to do any-
thing of the sort. She might hop on
the sill and take an observation, but
she would go back to the plants and
flowers again and soon made her
friends in the house understand that
she had taken up her abode with
them. She was made very welcome
and spent the whole winter there.
She became one of the family and
was called Bessie.

In the spring, when the trees were
covered with foliage and the days
had grown balmy, it was thought
that Bessie would of course like to
go out. But to the surprise of her
friends she did not seem to care to do
so. If she flew out of the window it
was only for a few moments and she
would come back to her home. When
the birds began to sing and especi-
ally when the sparrows were flying
round and singing their songs, the
family supposed that certainly now
Bessie would be tempted abroad. But
no, she was contented to stay
at home.

So the days passed on; and it
seemed probable that while other
sparrows might build nests and be
twittering and singing round the
house Bessie would remain by her-
self in the conservatory.

Bessie had other thoughts. One
morning before the window was
opened she was observed to be in a
state of great excitement. Her wings
were fluttering, she was uttering loud
calls and flying against the glass, as
if all impatience to be abroad. The
window was opened and with a glad
cry she flew out and at once upward
and in a moment or two lighted by
the side of a sparrow who was singing
on the chimney-top. He was Bessie's
mate, just come from the south. A
hundred other sparrows had been
singing but not one of their voices
were recognized or cared for until
this voice was heard. At the sound
the little heart was all awakened and
Bessie must be by the side of him
who uttered it. It had a tone and a
sweetness that made it separate and
distinct from the voices of all other
sparrows that sang.

Her mate found, Bessie returned
no more to the conservatory, but re-
mained abroad with him, never seem-
ing to leave his side.

There came soon an incident which
showed that while Bessie loved her
husband she also had a will of her
own.

The spring and future nestlings
made house-building necessary, and
first there came a conflict of wishes.
Bessie had a favorite bush near the
house, where she proposed to build
the nest. Her mate had his favorite
tree in the lower part of the garden
on which he had concluded was the
proper place to build. He sat on his
tree and called loudly for Bessie to
come to him; while Bessie sat on her
bush and called as loudly and persist-
ently for him to come to her. Neither
was willing to yield and for some time
it seemed probable that in this conflict
of authority and will no nest at all
would be made. My friends watched
the contest with very great interest
wondering which of the two, husband
or wife, would give in. The ladies
more than half hoped that it would
not be Bessie.

But they were disappointed. Bessie's
mate gained his point. She at
last flew down to him and they went
amicably and diligently to work
building the nest. The gentlemen
of the house were in ecstasies. After
all the female will had not triumphed.

Alas! for them, however. The
nest was scarcely completed when to
the amazement of all it was aban-
doned and another was built on the
very bush that Bessie had selected
at the first! What arguments she
had brought to bear upon her mate
was never known; but she had her
way at the last. In the house they
said it was only what always hap-
pened in such a case—the wife might
seem to yield but she always had her
way in the end.

Bessie had a brood of little spar-
rows, which she and her husband
cared for well till they were grown
and the summer had gone. When
autumn came and the birds went
their way to warmer climes, Bessie
and her mate parted. He went his
way; she returned to the conserva-
tory. Entirely contented and happy
she spent the winter there.

The next spring precisely the same
occurrence took place. Bessie for
days heard the singing of the spar-
rows but seemed to take not the
slightest notice of them until the
voice of her mate was heard. Then
she could not be restrained but must
fly joyously to his side. No other
voice had any charm, nor seemed
worthy of even a recognition till this
one song was heard. True and faith-
ful, her heart responded alone to that.

The two sparrows spent the sum-
mer together. In the fall Bessie was
more successful than before and was
able to persuade her mate to remain
with her; and they went into the
conservatory together, making it
their home till spring came again.

When I saw them it was, if I re-
member right, the fifth season that
Bessie had been there. That was
some years ago and I suppose that
long since Bessie and her mate are
dead; but I think of her tiny form
and wonder now at her will, her af-
fection and her constancy.

THEY who make the best use of
their time have none to spare.

[From the Independent.]
What the Rope Means.

When the wretched Chicago mur-
derer, George Driver, was about
swinging off into eternity from the
gallows, it is said that he gave a
push to the rope which dangled be-
side him and said to a bystander:
"That rope can't a bottle of rum."
There is no doubt that the fatal
noose which slipped over Foster's
neck lately in New York meant pre-
cisely the same thing. The Foster
whom Dr. Tyng knew in the Sunday
school was not the malicious lad,
likely to grow up into a wanton mur-
derer; he was not naturally brutal.
The bottle made him a brute on the
night of his frightful crime. Strip
away all the volumes of argument,
appeal and apology that have grown
out of the famous Foster case, and
you will find that the rope which
ended the case "means a bottle of
rum."

That is what four-fifths of all the
murders mean. Even if not commit-
ted under the ferocious craze of drunk-
ness, the murderer was yet steeled
to his devilish purpose by the influ-
ence of strong drink. Booth never
would have put that pistol-ball into
the brain of our Lincoln if he had
not stiffened his nerves by that last
dose of brandy. I do not believe
that one deliberate homicide out of
twenty is ever committed without a
previous use of the conscience-kill-
ing dram. And if the hangman's rope
"means a bottle," so does many a
rope of the suicide. Nearly all the
strapped jackets in our penitentiaries
mean the same thing. Examine the
official reports of our prisons and
almshouses, and you will find that
run furnishes more "customers" than
all other sources of crime and pau-
perism combined. The brothel, too,
is bottomed upon the bottle. Every
house of infamy is a drinking-house.
Costly wines are both the bait, the
stimulant and the opiate to conse-
quence in all the fashionable resorts of
prostitution. "The likes of us," said
a poor street prostitute of London,
"could never live as we do without
the gin."

Who shall attempt to compute the
amount of crime engendered by the
bottle, when we consider that during
the year 1871 this country either
made or imported three hundred and
twenty-five million gallons of alcohol-
ic drinks! If all that liquor were
loaded on wagons—at twenty barrels
on a wagon—the horrid procession
would reach from New York to San
Francisco. At a fair estimate of re-
sults, about one wagon in every
twenty would contain the corpse of a
legitimate victim of this stupendous
amount of poison! Now the Chris-
tian nation which loads up such a
procession of liquor-casks as that
must expect to pay the toll. This is
in the line of God's inevitable retribu-
tions. If our nation manufactures
and imports 325,000,000 gallons of
drink, then we must be prepared to
read the undeniable fact that the
pecuniary cost of intemperance (say-
ing nothing of its moral waste and
havoc) will foot up each year a round
billion of dollars! This is the tax we
pay for the bottle.

But to return to "the rope." Who
hung Driver? Who hung Foster?
Who sent the two young drunken
car-thieves to prison for fifteen years
of last week in New York? The ready
answer is: "Society." The common-
wealth hung the murderers and
locked up the thieves in self-defense.
Those gallows were erected and that
prison built to punish crime and to
protect human life and property.
Society has a hemp-rope and a cell
for drunken murderers and thieves,
and yet society licenses the establish-
ments which manufacture the thieves
and the murderers. New York's law
permits and protects the traffic which
furnished to Foster his maddening
glass. New York's social customs
encouraged and tempted Foster to
become a drinker. A very large
proportion of New York's Christian
citizens set the example of using the
social glass, even though most of
them may be able to keep "within
moderation" in its use. And yet
New York stands agast around
Foster's gibbet, and perhaps piously
ejaculates: "The wages of sin is
death." Very true. Death is the
inevitable result of such sin. But

was the wretched man who was hung
the only sinner? Had the licensed
dealer who sold him the fiery stimu-
lant no partnership in that crime?
Have those who license the dram
shop no share in the crime? And
are all those who abet and sustain
the fatal drinking usages of society
entirely guiltless? If the drinking
customs are fattening the gibbet and
filling the prisons, then every sup-
porter of these ensnaring and destruc-
tive customs has his or her share of
responsibility for the terrible conse-
quences.

Those "ropes" that have lately
been swinging in the air at Chicago
and New York suggest several sol-
emn and weighty lessons. As one of
the poor victims well said: "This
rope means a bottle." He saw the
result of his first sparkling and ex-
hilarating glass coming back to him
in that awful draught of the gall of
the gallows. He must have cursed
the day that he touched it. But that
is the end of thousands of "first
glasses" drank as thoughtlessly as
Driver drank his. One lesson of
these gibbets is: Never touch the
first glass; never offer it to others.

A second lesson of these ropes is:
If the community will continue to
license and sustain the liquor traffic,
then the community must "foot the
bill" in murders, hangings, ropes
and prisons crowded to the doors.
And no man in such a commu-
nity is guiltless who supports
either the traffic or the drinking cus-
toms. The State of Indiana has
lately passed an admirable law in-
flicting the damages of drunkenness
upon the sellers of strong drink.
This is good as far as it goes. But
why not prohibit the drunkard-mak-
er's business entirely? And, when
all the good statutes have been put
upon the law book, there yet lies be-
hind them all that higher law of
Heaven which pronounces it woe on
every man who "puts the bottle to
his neighbor," and also enjoins that
none should "drink anything where
by our brother stumbleth."

Finally, those hideous "ropes"
dangle in the face of our Christian
churches and they proclaim to us
that we are not guiltless unless we
preach and practice abstinence from
the intoxicating cup. Come out and
be ye separate, and touch not the
unclean thing, saith the Lord.

A gentleman took the following
telegram to a telegraph office: "Mrs.
Brown, Liverpool street.—I announce
with grief the death of Uncle James.
Come quickly to read will. I believe
we are his heirs.—John Black." The
clerk having counted the words, said,
"There are two words too many, sir."
"All right; cut out 'with grief,'" was
the reply.

THERE was a sort of Providential
felicity, it seems to us, in a recent
concourse of "fair women and brave
men" at the house of Colonel Richard
Lathers, in Charleston, South Caroli-
na. They came together to do hon-
or to two famous Northerners, Ho-
ratio Seymour and William Cullen
Bryant, who were the guests of the
evening, and who, representing the
two old parties of the North, were
able to speak, in the name of both
parties, words of frank good-cheer
and good-will towards the people of
the South. The old strife is ended.
For every reason harsh words and
uncharitable memories should be
ended, too. "In my walks through
Charleston," said Mr. Bryant, "I have
not failed to note how, by the silent
processes of nature, the wrecks and
devastations of the war are covered
and effaced by growths of the fresh
spring-time, and I cannot help hop-
ing and believing that in the same
way, and by similar inscrutable divine
evolutions of the will of Providence,
the moral wounds of the war will be
healed and greened over with new
health-giving growths of moral sen-
timents and impulses which will
make the picture fairer than it was
before the rude shocks of war had
marred its beauty. I trust and be-
lieve that the chivalrous, knightly,
generous race which made Southern
society what it was before the war
has preserved, even in its overthrow,
the vitality which will produce from
the fallen trunk new shoots of life
and vigor which will restore, in more

than pristine beauty, the fair fabric
of 'South-in-commonwealths.'
These are words which every good
man and every good patriot can re-
peat with fervent approbation.

The celebrated appeal of the poet
to the woodman, to "spare that tree,"
grows every year more pathetic and
more inadequate. Already, from the
exterminations of our forests, a train
of disasters has followed, among
which are such unamiable items, as
drought, cold and fever. Evidently,
society has an interest in the ques-
tion of cutting down trees; and the
preservation of them must be taken
out of the hands of poetry and put
into the hands of law. The life of a
tree must come to have something of
the sacredness which attaches to the
life of man; though that, we fear, is
an amount of sacredness which does
not promise to the tree an excessive
security just at present. Clearly it
is a subject for statesmanship to
practice on. The woodman must be
compelled, not only to "spare that tree,"
but to plant two or three more trees
by its side. They manage these
things better in France. Along the
coast of the Bay of Biscay, for in-
stance, are vast districts which had
been denuded of trees and by the
partial drying up of streams had be-
come the prolific seat of swamp-
fevers. Years ago, Napoleon III.
directed the planting of trees there
in immense number. By one law
every proprietor who cuts down one
tree is obliged to plant two in its
place. Already these regions have
become comparatively healthful.
French providence has wrought
similar results in Algeria, where
many square miles of deserts have
been transformed into forests and
the rainfall doubled by the means.
There is no French monopoly of this
wise measure. When will America
apply it in earnest?

[From the American and Gazette.]
The White Branch of the Modoc
Tribe.

The tidings from Louisiana once
more attest the fact that savagery
knows no color and is peculiar to no
clime. The English-speaking tribes
of mankind can claim no exemption
from the rule that man, as he exists
today, whether in the torrid, the tem-
perate or in the frozen zones, is at best
in a condition of greater or less re-
move from a common state of barbar-
ism. The element of brutishness
may, by the restraints of law and the
influence of culture, be held in abey-
ance or made to disappear to a very
great extent for several generations
only to regain its dominating power
and shock human sensibilities by some
sudden outcrop at a later period. Tak-
en without reference to the early histo-
ry of even the most advanced races the
recent outbreak in Louisiana might
seem to establish the fact of human
retrogression. Fortunately man is
known to be advancing from barbar-
ism, slowly and with unequal steps
it may be, but none the less advanc-
ing. Men who labor and look for a
higher civilization will not suffer
themselves to become discouraged
because a semi-savage remnant of the
white race resorted to the tactics of
the red man of the forest and plain
and wiped out a whole neighborhood
with fire and sword the other day in
one of the sovereign states of this
Union.

Already we are told that this latest
horror is only the natural result of
putting an inferior and a superior
race on the same political footing.
There is a vast deal of wise gabble
about inferior and superior races in-
dulged by conceited politicians now-
adays and this gabble has something
to do with the situation in Louisiana.
To begin with, there can be no prac-
tical recognition of superiority or in-
feriority in a republic like this. In-
feriority has been the pretext for the
most inhuman tyranny the world over
and time through. The aristocratic
Norman enslaved the Saxon and com-
pelled him to wear a collar as a badge
of servitude. "Dog of a Saxon" was
a common salutation; and, sooth to
say, it was not so much misplaced.
Our progenitors were reduced to a
condition of hoggrishness and dog-
gishness by their Norman owners.
They were guilty of fairer skins than
their masters. But condition,

rather than color, fixed the status of
men in that age. The gulf between
the white slave and his dark-skinned
lord was very wide and apparently
impassable. But as time passed, the
gulf was seen to close and at last
what seemed utterly irreconcilable
was reconciled. The inferior gradu-
ally rose above his condition of in-
feriority and prejudice vanished as
he rose. Nor was the result excep-
tional. It is the natural consequence
of a political commingling of races.

The judgment of mankind is pecu-
liarly sensitive to the influences of
custom, and a certain education
which more or less modifies the char-
acteristics of the most vicious in
every civilized community. For ex-
ample, when the Indian wages war
and spares neither sex, age nor con-
dition, the civilized world is shocked
and horrified. Yet the Indian wars
in accordance with nature and tradi-
tion. The Modocs treacherously
slew General Canby and other unof-
fending citizens and the whole country
cried out in horror and indignation.
The horror was natural and the in-
dignation just. But reverse the pic-
ture. Suppose treacherous white
men had slain Captain Jack and his
comrades, what a difference of opin-
ion there would have been abroad in
this Christian land! The advocates
of justice and fair dealings, even with
savages, would have indignantly de-
nounced the treachery. But not the
less would a very large number of
men and women have applauded the
deed. At worst, public sentiment
would have condemned with many
qualifications. Coming nearer home,
suppose the colored men of Grant
parish, Louisiana, had driven the
whites into the court-house as a re-
fuge; and suppose the negroes had
then set fire to the court-house and
deliberately shot down the white
refugees as they attempted to escape
their fiery doom, do we not know
that such savagery would have filled
the country with horror and indign-
ation, and justly too?

But alas! The terms of this last
horror are reversed. It was the "su-
perior" race that made a funereal pile
of the Grant county court-house and
the hundreds of colored fugitives
therein gathered. It was by indi-
viduals of the race that boasts of its
civilization and refinement that this
more than Indian barbarity was per-
petrated. So there is a difference
of opinion among the gentlemen who
write so learnedly of the "superior"
and "inferior" races, and one portion
of the press of this Christian land
will do its best to cover up and con-
done this barbarous lapse. For the
Indian there is no excuse, though we
never hear him boasting his superior
civilization. But for the "superior"
race there is this excuse, that they
cannot tolerate the presence of a
people inferior to them in the ac-
complishment of civilization. We
should think not.

A school committee in a certain
New England town said encourag-
ingly in their report: "As this place
offers neither honor nor profit, we do
not see why it should not be filled by
a woman!"

Sages of old contended that no sin
was ever committed whose conse-
quences rested on the head of the
sinner alone; that no man could do
ill and his fellows not suffer. They
illustrated it thus: "A vessel sailing
from Joppa carried a passenger who,
beneath his berth, cut a hole through
the ship's side. When the men of
the watch expostulated with him,
'What dost thou, O miserable man?'
the offender calmly replied, 'What
matters it to you? The hole I have
made lies under my own berth.'"

The ancient parable is worthy of
the utmost consideration. No man
perishes alone in his iniquity; no
man can guess the full consequences
of his transgressions.

A certain religious paper has for
the heading of one of its departments,
"Religion in general." Somebody
says "Religion in particular is what
is wanted among the people."

NEITHER purity, virtue nor liberty
can long flourish where education is
neglected.