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AND

NEWS ITEM.

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Gull's Signal.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal to the engineer—
That was the signal that Gull, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence.
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out on the night,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped.
As a husband's greeting, sent, no doubt,
Yet, to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serene side,
Love-sung or midnight romance,
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true
So, love, to you,
Working or waiting, good night!" 'tis said.

Brick young ladies, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Breakers and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled at the signal, sharp, intense,
Broke through the shadows of Providence—
"No! no! no!
Nothing—'tis
Only Gull calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
Daug's 't a below of twining grots,
Pierced through the building boughs overhead,
Flew down the track when the red boxes burned
Like living coals from the engine's spout:
Sung as it flew:
"To my trust true,
So, love, to you,
First of all, Duty—good night!" 'tis said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stationer over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence said and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew
To his trust true
Gull lay under his engine—head.
—Bro. Herbe.

The Moss Preacher.

Away upon old earth's bald crown
haloed with ice peaks and veiled
with frost, smoke and snow, lives a
nation, or rather a race of scattered
tribes of dwarfed snow-men, at least
of men who burrow in snow and
reign over those desolate, wintry
wastes, with the pride of rule man-
kind ever feels, when possessed of
power, though over but a barren
rock, a desert sand drift or a field
of ice.

Among these strange people, with-
in the shadowy circle that limits the
Arctic zone, at the foot of a high,
sharp, mountain peak, stood a low
cabin built of great rough stones and
the trunks of pine trees drifted to
that coast by the winds and waves.
Outside of this rude frame of wood
and stone the hard flinty soil of this
sterile region was piled up and spread
over to keep out so far as possible
the dreadful frosts of the long, ter-
rible night of winter, which loved to
spread dark, and stormy, and resis-
tless over this its native land.

But on the day of which I am go-
ing to speak, the whole north land
was wondrously beautiful in its
short-lived summer garb. The hoary
mountain tops glittered and flashed
like great white jewel-crowns on the
heads of a host of Titan kings stand-
ing vast, grim and glorious above
the surrounding plains and waters.
Their bare, sloping sides and all the
brown rocks and beetling cliffs and
crags were glowing and golden in
the slant yellow sunshine that gilded
and glorified that rugged mountain
scene.

How lovingly that long excluded
sunshine revelled and nestled in every
cradling nook and cranny and seemed
longing to make up for its long, long
absence.

The inmates of that buried cabin
were freed at last from their long
winter imprisonment, and that low,
heavy door open to the blessed light
and air of Heaven once more and out
from its cave-like interior came a joy-
ful thanksgiving song from a full
heart, thanking the Great Source of
light for the return of sunlight to the
outer world and for a sunlight with-
in that never knew any long, chill
shadowing; that warmed heart and
home when there was no day—the
light of Divine and human love.

And while thus the missionary
mother sang away the hours of labor
before the return of the father, one
of the children walked quite away,
silent, and moody, and thankless. He
found no pleasure in the joys of doing
good, he knew not, though he had often
been told, why his parents had left
their pleasant father-land, and come
to this inhospitable shore to live in
poverty for others, when they might
have lived in affluence for themselves,
under the smiles of a more genial
sky, where he might have been afford-
ed more of pleasure than he could
find here. Alas! poor Ernest! He
was selfish, selfish as others are, and
the daily and hourly examples of un-
selfishness his parents set before him
were lessons he had not learned to

understand. He murmured and re-
pined at his hard lot and wished that
his parents had never been Moravians
or missionaries, and never had put
impassible ice and ocean barriers be-
tween him and the rest of the civil-
ized world. He preferred that he
should be pleased, rather than that
the ignorant around him should be
taught.

Full of murmuring and discontent,
he walked along until he came to a
sheltered shelf of rock overgrown
with lichens and moss, where he lay
down and thought.

Just before his eyes where he lay,
grew a cluster of pale yellow-green
lichens cups, lined with scarlet,
flanked upon either side by tufts of
moss. One of these had a shield
crowning its stem, while the other
seemed to be headed or capped on
the top, reminding Ernest of the pic-
tures of monks and friars he had
seen in some old book of legends.

"Yes, here is gold, and table and
priest," mused the discontented boy,
"but never a soul to keep one good
company, suppose you give me some
ghostly counsel good Father Moss,
to benefit my loneliness!"

"I will counsel thee!" whispered
the spirit of the Moss, so low that
only his spirit and not his ear could
hear. "Thou who hast a soul in
mortal searching eagerly in thought
over the face of the earth for the sat-
isfaction of its human restlessness, in
finding some human resting place for
its unused loves and hopes and sym-
pathies. Thou who hast rushed forth
in the path of thy desires, past thy
lowly homestead, and all the good-
ness, and beauty, and love in which
thou hast been crowded out among
those unknown ones who care not for
thee—thou shalt not come in vain
for companionship to the Moss of a
lonely rock. Thou art longing for a
more genial clime than ours? Look
up, dear Ernest, and see how glor-
iously beautiful the fair, deep sky
shines on us now. There is no other
land where the sun fingers in the sky
through the midsummer nights, re-
volving in one great wheel of light
through east, and south, and west,
and north and east again, marking
the difference between night and day
only by the changing place of its
sphere of light. Only here does a
"midnight sun" ever smile on the
silence of a sleeping world, trustfully
silent and dreaming in his beams.
And only here in the long, long win-
ter night do the spirits of the air
hold their wild revels by a light
visible to mortal eyes. Hast thou
never been hidden under an arctic
snow-drift, perhaps thou wouldst
never have seen the northern lights
leap out from their polar caves and
blaze across the sky to light the
fairer air dance and the north-man's
winter nights' work. Ah, Ernest!
there is beauty and poetry, even in
this rugged land of storms! Thou
seekest companionship too? Aye
seek it, child, as every child of earth
has sought it before thee, then wilt
never be able to find, or enjoy it, un-
til thou canst find it in thyself! Her-
mits have always been happier than
revellers, because they could use the
joy offered them by all things, and
were dependent on none for inward
enjoyment, they had it themselves.

"They must have had it born in them
then," said Ernest, unconsciously
"for if everybody could do it every-
body would."

"Yes," resumed the Moss, "every-
body would if they could, but then
they could if they knew how."

"O tell me how! Dear little Moss,
tell me how to find contentment and
enjoyment in myself, and you will
be a greater preacher in my eyes
than all the sages and divines I ever
heard of!"

"Look then around thee and try
to count all the sources of happiness
in thy reach at this moment."

"I see," said Ernest "what you
have told me of, the sky, and sun-
shine, and home."

"The sky and sunshine and home
repeated the Moss" and if you knew
what those words meant, you would
wonder at the abundance of your bless-
ings. You can see the sky, and there
you can look through space from one
world to a million, for stars are suns
and worlds. There is no limit to
what you may see, except that which
exists in your eyes—sunshine—then

you can behold the world about you,
can you tell me anything of that?"

"Yes, I see the ocean and the land,
the mountains and the valleys, and
the native tents."

"And is not the ocean full of won-
ders and the land full of strength?
Do not the mountains point thee to-
ward Heaven, and the valleys shelter
thee from the storms, and are not
these tents a blessed assurance that
even in this black solitude other hu-
man souls are performing their life
pilgrimage, so that thou art not
forced to be alone. But the best and
highest of these good things in thy
reach is the one thou callest home."

"Home is not blest to all, 'tis a
prison house of toil and sorrow to
some of earth's children, but 'tis a
nest of love and peace for thee, if
thou wilt carry these pure spirits
ever safely in thy own heart. O Er-
nest! it is in thee and not in the
world about thee that thou art not
overflowing with a great and perpen-
etual joy!"

The sweet voice of his mother from
the cottage door, called him, and he
rose to go, but ere he did so he
kissed the lowly Moss tuft that had
taught him a lesson of life.

He was very gentle and kind that
day and at the hour of even his
prayer his eyes were full of grateful
tears—and then he told the sim-
ple story of his lesson in gratitude and
happiness, and ended with a whisper
in his mother's ear: "O mother! why
are we not all good and happy al-
ways, when even the little Moss will
preach to us and tell us how, if we
will only hear?"

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.—
Don't expect too much of them; I
have taken forty years, it may be, to
make you what you are, with all the
lessons of experience; and I will
dare say you are a faulty being at
best. Above all, don't expect judg-
ment in a child, or patience under
trials. Sympathize in their mistakes
and troubles; don't ridicule them.

Remember not to measure a child's
trials by your standard. "As one
whom his mother comforteth," said
the inspired writer, and beautifully
he does he convey to us the deep,
faithful love that ought to be found
in every woman's heart, the unflin-
ing sympathy with all her children's
griefs. When I see children going
to their father for comfort I am sure
there is something wrong with their
mother.

Let the memories of their childhood
be as bright as you can make them.
Grant them every innocent pleasure
in your power. We have often felt
our temper rise to see how carelessly
their plans were thwarted by older
persons, when a little trouble on their
part would have given the child
pleasure, the memory of which would
last a life-time.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless
because it betrays some very bad
habits. We have known children
that seemed to have been born thieves
and liars, so early did they display
these undeniable traits; yet we have
lived to see those same children be-
come noble men and women and or-
naments to society. We must con-
fess they had wise, affectionate pa-
rents. And whatever else you may
be compelled to deny your child by
your circumstances in life, give it
what it most values—plenty of love.

FORESTS.

"We can scarcely estimate," says
a recent agricultural report in one of
the western states, "the value of fore-
sts and wind-breaks to the growing
crops of grain and fruit. Many of the
present generation remember when
the lowlands and valleys of the Mi-
ami and its tributaries produced an-
nually large crops of all kinds of
fruit, superior in every respect to any
produced at present even in the most
favored localities. The little rivulets
and streams then afforded a constant
supply of pure running water and the
Miami furnished a never-failing sup-
ply for manufacturing purposes. A
rude stone-dam, the work of a few
days, was sufficient to hold water
enough to drive the mill wheel during
the summer months. The increasing
demand for the land for agricultural
purposes required the removal of the
forest, which has been going on for

years until scarcely anything remains
of the majestic forest that once adorn-
ed the hill tops and made beautiful
the valleys. Even the steep hillsides,
that are of little value for agricul-
tural purposes, have been denuded of
the forest trees that should have been
preserved to protect the growing crops
from the wintry blasts that pour un-
resisted over the hill-tops, nipping
the tender fruit buds and injuring the
growing grain crops. The climate is
sensibly affected by cutting away the
forest. The country is more subject
to extremes of drought and wet weather.
Small streams are dried up or
furnish a less quantity of water dur-
ing the summer season. Creeks and
rivulets rise more suddenly after a
heavy rain storm and floods are more
common and destructive. The capac-
ity of the rivers for carrying off the
increased volume of water has been
diminished by the annual deposits of
earth, gravel and stone that are car-
ried into them by their tributaries.
The water in the Ohio and other na-
vigable streams in the older sections
of the country has been greatly di-
minished of late years from the same
cause. It is said that the water sup-
ply of the whole of New England is
gradually failing and it is predicted
that the Connecticut River will cease
to be navigable to Hartford in a few
years. Streams which formerly flowed
into that river year in and year out,
are now actually dry like mounds in
the year."

S. L. Goodale, Secretary of the
State Board of Agriculture of Maine,
says: "From all parts of the state
comes up the same complaint of the
diminished volume of water in the
streams, occasioned by clearing off
the forest and denuding the hills of
trees. Many of the old trout streams
of twenty years ago are now comple-
tely dry. The pench has retired from
Maine, quit southern New Hampshire,
Ingersol for a time in Massachusetts
and has finally been driven from New
England, except some favored spots
where shelter has been provided."

Dr. Sheffer, Secretary State Agri-
cultural Society of Iowa, says: "Fore-
sts for timber and for protection
from cold winds of winter are really
the great want of the state."

The committee appointed by the
National Agricultural Congress, that
met at St. Louis last May to report
on Forest Culture, says: "It is vital
to the future welfare of our people
the reproduction of the forest should
at once begin." They recommend
farmers to plant their waste lands
with timber and ask the Congress of
the United States to require all per-
sons or companies receiving donations
of lands from the government to plant
one-tenth of the lands so donated with
timber. The U. S. Commissioner of
Agriculture also makes the same re-
commendation. The President of the
United States, in his last annual mes-
sage, calls the attention of Congress
to above recommendations.

PERHAPS the most impressive pas-
sage in Emily Faithfull's farewell
address at Steiway Hall was that
in which she referred to a conversa-
tion which she held with Horace Gre-
eley not many weeks before his death.
Mr. Greeley expressed surprise that
such a man as Jacob Bright should be
so active in the House of Com-
mons on behalf of woman suffrage,
since it did not appear that there
were any practical benefits to come
to English women from their having
that privilege. To this Miss Faith-
full replied that the latter assump-
tion was a mistake; and there was at
least three practical benefits which
English women might derive from
the possession of the vote. First, in
rectifying the injustice done by the
perversion of the great educational ad-
vancements of England which, though
originally made for the benefit of
boys and girls, have been applied to
the use of boys only. Second, in
rectifying the injustice of the prop-
erty laws in relation to married women.
Third, in giving women a fair chance
with men in getting possession of
valuable leaseholds; for at present
many landlords refuse to have wo-
men for tenants because they want
tenants who have votes. Mr. Greeley
admitted that he could never again
deny that the suffrage would be of
practical use to the women of Eng-

land. Now, if Mr. Greeley's opposi-
tion to woman suffrage represents
the mental posture of most noble
minded opponents of that measure,
Miss Faithfull's temperate, logical
and practical way of meeting such
opposition certainly indicates the
successful way of doing it.

A SUPERIOR WASH FOR WALLS AND
ROOFS.—Slake lime in a close box to
prevent the escape of steam, and
when slaked, pass it through a sieve.
To every six quarts of lime add
one quart of rock salt and one gallon
of water. After this boil and skim
clean. To every five gallons of this,
add, by slow degrees, three-quarters
of a pound of potash and four quarts
of fine sand. Coloring matter may
be added, if desired. Apply with a
paint or white-wash brush.

This wash looks as well as paint
and is almost as durable as slate. It
will stop small leaks in a roof, pre-
vent the moss from growing over and
render it incombustible from sparks
falling on it. When applied to brick
work, it renders the bricks utterly
impervious to rain, it endures as long
as paint and the expense is a mere
trifle.

(From the Buffalo Commercial.)
The "Ebenizers"—their new Home
in Iowa.

In the year 1842 there came to
this section of country a colony of
people who had emigrated from Geis-
en, in the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt,
Germany, numbering about 500 souls.
They purchased 5000 acres of land
for \$10 per acre on Buffalo creek, a
few miles from the city, and settled
thereon. Subsequently they added
1000 or more acres to their original
purchase. This was the co-operative
communion known as the "Ebenizers,"
the four little villages which they
planted bearing the name of the
"Ebenizer settlements," and all be-
ing within eight miles of Buffalo.

They were a frugal, industrious,
moral people, being entirely free from
those objectionable features which fre-
quently characterize what are termed
"Communities." They went to work
with a right good will—even the wo-
men and children assisting at the
severest tasks—cleared their lands,
and soon the results of their labors
became apparent in the greatly im-
proved aspect of the entire region.
Working systematically and intelli-
gently, their farms brought forth
abundant crops and success attended
their efforts. Nor were their energies
devoted entirely to agriculture.—
They erected cotton and woolen fac-
tories, four or five saw mills, tannery,
two grist mills, wagon shops, black-
smith shops, bakeries, etc.

The products of their fields and
factories found a ready market in
Buffalo, and such was the reputation
of the members of the community
that no other recommendation for a
commodity was needed by city pur-
chasers than the assurance that "it
came from the Ebenizers." If a citi-
zen bought a cord of wood it was
sure to be a full, honest cord; if a
bushel of potatoes he was sure to get
every potato to which he was entitled
—and this principle was observed
throughout all their dealings. Their
religion was similar to that of the
Quakers.

For reasons which were satisfacto-
ry to themselves but never fully un-
derstood by those outside, the com-
munity resolved to dispose of their
possessions in this vicinity and go
West; and having sold out to differ-
ent parties they left in 1856 and 1857
—going at different times in detach-
ments—and went to Iowa. At this
time the number of the community
had increased to about 800.

Those of our citizens who know
and appreciate the merits of these
worthy people will be pleased to hear
how they have been getting along in
their new homes and we therefore
give interesting facts concerning
them from an article recently pub-
lished in the Missouri Republican.
They now own 30,000 acres of beau-
tiful land consisting of woodland and
prairie, mixed, situated on the banks
of the Iowa river about seventy miles
from the Mississippi. They are known
as "Amenes," and the colony has in-
creased to about 1300. As was the
case when living near us, everything
in the way of property is held in

common but each family has its own
habitation. Those who join the com-
munity contribute their property to
the common stock and if they become
dissatisfied they receive back just
what they put in, without wages or
interest, and leave. So property
cannot well become a bone of con-
tention, and no one can regard him-
self a prisoner when he is free to go
to go where he pleases.

As heretofore, the members dress
plainly, build plainly but substan-
tially, and are in no way ornamental.
They have extensive vineyards, make
and drink wine and lager-beer, but
drunkenness is unknown among them.
They appear to have no vices what-
ever, commit no crimes and have no
use for courts. There is, however, a
committee of arbitration to settle mi-
nor disputes when they arise, as they
sometimes do. The government is
administered and the whole business
of the community is supervised by a
board of fifteen trustees, who are
elected by the votes of all the adult
population, and hold the common
property. Each department of in-
dustry has its manager who is re-
sponsible to the board of trustees by
whom he is appointed.

The property they purchased was,
of course, wild land and they were
obliged to commence where nature
left off; but they have done wonders.
They have bridged the river, made
good roads, planted hedges of white
willow, built a canal nearly nine miles
in length, nearly parallel with the
river, to supply their needed water-
power; several flouring mills, woolen
factories, machine shops, starch, sug-
ar and vinegar manufactories, all
fitted out with machinery made by
their own mechanics. They have
built five villages on the tract and
two of them are stations for the
Rock Island and Pacific railroads,
which come to their doors. They
have good school houses and plain
churches and two grain elevators at
the railroad stations, each of a capac-
ity for storing 80,000 bushels of grain.
The children are kept at school until
they are fourteen and then are taught
a trade or agriculture and their edu-
cation is continued in night schools.
English is taught but German is the
medium of communication in business
and social life.

It would seem, indeed, that this
colony has come nearer to the dem-
onstration of the problem of succes-
sful "association" than any of its
predecessors. They certainly des-
erve all the success and happiness
to which a worthy, Christian, exem-
plary people are entitled.

THE man who ate his dinner with
the fork of a river has sprained his
foot while attempting to spin a moun-
tain top.

A DARKEY WHO UNDERSTANDS THE
NATURE OF AN OATH.—The other
evening at a meeting of the Grand
Army several good stories were told
around the camp-fire. Captain Jesse
Taylor told the following of the times
when our forces were stationed at
Beaufort, South Carolina: "There
was an old darkey by the name of
Lige Jackson who, deserted by his
master, was left to take care of him-
self as best he might. Lige was ex-
ceedingly awkward in his attempts
to play the servant. He smashed
and destroyed nearly everything he
laid his hands upon and, having wait-
ed on nearly every officer at the post,
each in turn, after giving him the
benefit of some hard swearing for his
stupidity, turned him adrift. It hap-
pened that Lige was a witness in a
case that came before a court-martial
and being called to give testimony
was objected to on the part of the
defendant, who stated that he didn't
believe the nigger was of sound mind.
'Stand up, Lige,' said the court.
'Do you understand the nature of an
oath?' Lige scratched his wool for
a moment and then, turning up the
white of his eyes, replied: 'Look
a-year, marse, dis nigger has waited
on 'bout half the officers since they
cum to 'dis place, and if he don't un-
derstand the nature ob an oaf by dis
time den dar's no virtue in cussing.'"

A PARTY hearing of "a dog after
Dusdeer," wanted to know what he
was after him for?