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A Mother's Soliloquy on Decoration Day.

"On honored graves your garlands lay
Our country is at peace," you say;
"And this is Decoration Day."
We strew the flowers bending low;
Our hearts low down with weight of woe—
Once more the ashes are aglow.

The boy, with full exultant heart,
Went to his death, nor felt the smart,
For love of country dived the dart.

But me! ah, me! I see again
The burial flames—the flying train—
The Death that stalks the gory plain.

Stern war, relentless, raised the sign,
His iron heel crushed out the wine
And left the bruised and bleeding vine.

I will not think that God e'er gave
The impetus to that wild wave
That swept the dear dead to his grave.

Pie high! pile high the flowers! what then!
It will not give him back again,
And I am twice as years and ten.

The winds soon waft their fragrance by—
The green leaves wither up and lie—
The grass still lies beneath mine eye.

Could any wish to win renown
While we our bleeding hearts lay down
And at such cost the victor crown?

Ah, yes! 'tis well! scarce from fears
My country free, her flag appears,
While I but drown me in my tears.

Can any grow strong! Can love grow cold—
A mother's love, of wealth untold?
My boy was fair, and young and bold.

I'm old and lone; forgive, restrain,
Oh, God! the heart is burning pain,
That must, must with him back again.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

"A Perfect Plague."

Whiz—whew—rattle—slam—bang—
—clump, clump! Everybody knew
Fred was coming. His mother began
to gaze anxiously toward the
door, trying to imagine in what
plight her boy would enter. Aunt
Harriet dropped her work, ready to
run for rags, strings or plasters, long
experience having taught her to be
on the alert for wounds, cuts and
bruises. The door flew open with a
jerk and with two leaps Fred and a
big basket landed beside a table
where Lute was mounting autumn
leaves.

"See here, Lute!" exclaimed Fred,
pushing the basket on the table, hitting
the varnish bottle, which in its
turn, gave the maulage a friendly
push, till over they went together.

"O Fred, you are the biggest torment
I ever saw; you spoil something
every time you come near me!"
cried Lute, in her impatience.

It she had seen the look that
crossed Fred's happy, handsome face,
she would have been sorry for the
thoughtless words; but she didn't
look up. The hurt, sorry look
changed to a hard, defiant one as it
settled in his bright blue eyes, and
he took up the basket to go out,
muttering, "I guess she'll know it
before I go near her again!"

"O dear!" groaned Lute, as she
picked up the leaves and wiped up
the two streams of maulage and
varnish that were slowly trickling
down on the carpet, "that boy grows
worse and worse! he's a perfect
plague!"

"You ought not to speak to him
as you did, Lucy," said her mother,
gently. "I think Fred was sorry,
but you didn't give him a chance to
say so."

"Well, what if he was sorry? he
will do something else just as bad in
half an hour."

"I know he's a little rough," her
mother went on, "but he don't mean
any harm."

"Now, mother, how can you say so?
Only last week he threw the cat
into the soap barrel, and he must
climb that young ash after his cap
and knock off my hanging-basket
and break it. He could have taken a
ladder and not gone on the side of
the tree where the basket hung. After
he got his cap, instead of putting
it on he threw it at the cat and
broke the handsomest dahlia in the
garden. Then, last night, when Will
Schofield and all the others were up
here playing croquet—I suppose you
will think it silly—Will asked if I
got my roses working in the garden.
Before I had time to answer
Fred spoke up and said, 'I guess she
puts the roses on in her chamber;
that's why she is so late to breakfast.'
Of course, I couldn't say anything,
and I don't know what they all
thought. Then, just look at what he's
done now!" and the tears trembled in
Lute's eyes.

"You're somewhat to blame for
that yourself," replied Aunt Harriet,
"for you know I told you to spread
a paper on the table-cloth and another
on the carpet under the table.

As for what he said last night, it
isn't likely Will Schofield noticed it,
or, if he did, remembered it two minutes.
He'll out-grow such ways by
and-by."

"O yes, I know you and mother
always take Fred's part," sobbed
Lute. "I guess if mother would tell
father some of his tricks, he would
outgrow some of them pretty quick.
But if father finds out anything it is
all smoothed over."

It was strange how with a slight
difference in the subject, Fred's
thoughts were running in the same
direction as Lute's.

"She grows crosser and crosser,"
he muttered, digging his toes into
the chips behind the woodhouse,
"and since Will Schofield comes up
here, she don't want me round at all.
I s'pose I do plague her. I don't
see why I have to upset everything
before I fairly get near it." And the
boy actually sat with his cap over
his eyes full three minutes, resolving
he would be very careful next time.

"Plaze, marm, can mather Frid
go to the store for me?" asked
Bridget putting her head in at the
door, an hour later.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Randall.

"An' is he not back yet?"

"Why, isn't he about the house
somewhere?"

"Shure, marm, an' he started fur
Toompson's Pond wid half a dozen
boys an hour ago, but I thought
he was back afore."

"Thompson's Pond?" repeated
his mother, aghast. "Why, his father
has told him never to go there with
the boys!"

"You see now just how well he
obeys," said Lute, rather pleased
with an opportunity to show her
superiority in reading Fred's character.

"O marm," cried Bridget, putting
her head in again, "shure, there's a
man here as says the boys is all kilt,
and mather Fred drowndid wid both
his legs broke, fallin' out a tree!"

O dear! how still the house was!
Father and mother gone to find Fred,
and Lute left with Aunt Harriet and
Bridget, to get ready for their com-
ing home. What kind of coming
home would it be? They didn't dare
think. Tommy Witham, a sort of
Job's comforter, came in and fol-
lowed Lute as she went restlessly
about the house trying to do some-
thing. In one corner of the hall lay
the big basket that had made so
much trouble, but somehow Lute
wanted it now. As she lifted it up,
the cover slipped to one side and two
or three bright leaves fell out. The
basket was full.

"Yes," said Tommy, who found
the silence very oppressive, "me and
Fred's been away over to Brickett's
woods this afternoon to get them for
you. I should ha' thought he'd ha'
been too tired to go off again. I'm
about used up." A manly expression
Tommy was fond of using.

"And he was going to give them
to me when I drove him off," thought
Lute, with a sharp pang. "What a
wicked thing I am! Why don't they
come? He must be—No, she couldn't
bring herself to speak the
word; and catching up Fred's geo-
graphy, she turned the leaves from
sheer necessity of doing something.
On the fly-leaf was "Freddie Ran-
dall," in her father's writing. She
remembered when he wrote it; they
had all said it was hard to tell which
was prouder,—Fred of the new book
or the father that his only son had
advanced a step in learning. Would
he ever write his boy's name again?
Then there was the boy's scrawl and
here the name again in Old English
type, and on another leaf strange-
looking birds with banners in their
beaks, bearing that name so precious
now. And now his favorite picture
of a prancing horse. How hard he
worked over that with dirty fingers,
head on one side and tongue stuck
hard into his cheek,—and how Lute
had scolded because he abused his
books so! She would have been
glad at that minute to see him draw-
ing in Tennyson's poems, a present
from Will Schofield last birthday.
He had taken two or three of her
paints to color the illustrations in
the book. Here the Falls of Niaga-
ra were painted a bright red with a

dark green sky overhead. A party
of negroes in very blue shirts were
cutting yellow sugar-cane; and in a
picture of the arctic regions, a ship
was frozen among straw-colored and
scarlet icebergs, while orange and
vermillion Northern Lights streamed
over the scene. Out from the leaves
fluttered a bit of paper, upon which
Tommy again vouchsafed informa-
tion.

"Fred writ that right in—the
teacher had company—her feller, I
guess," he added, by way of explana-
tion. "He was going to put it in
the post-office, but had to get an en-
velope first. Read it." And Tom-
my glowed with pride at Fred's
skill. "I give him the paper," he
added, swelling with generosity.

The paper looked as if it had been
cut with a dull knife from the back
of an old letter; and Lute read:

"MR. SKOFIELD I do not want you
to think what I see about my sister
was true I toled it to plaze hir she
get up before I do she is the best girl
in the world and I guess you think
so two I rote this becavus I do not
want what I see too be a ly.

FRED. RANDALL"

"Teacher thought he was writin'
in his writin'-book all the time,"
resnikered Tommy, but Lute didn't
hear.

It was very still now. The early
twilight had fallen and it was almost
dark, but nobody had thought of
lamps. Aunt Harriet was slowly
rocking to and fro; Lute, having
cried herself so sick that she could
er more, lay on the sofa, trying
hard not to think; Tommy was
stretched beside her on the floor;
and Bridget, with her apron over her
head, was rocking back and forth on
the kitchen floor, moaning for the
"two eyes that werr the light of the
house." Was that the street door?
It shut with a slam. Gus Robbins,
probably. Why couldn't people stay
away just now! Somebody tumbled
on the stairs. How much that sound
like Fred! If we could only hear
him tumble up stairs again—

"Why, what are you all in the
dark for?" Everybody jumped.
There was no mistake this time, for
this was nobody but Fred.

In answer to Aunt Harriet's and
Lute's questions and Tommy's open-
mouthed wonder, he only said, "O,
Bridget is so stupid! We went up
on Thompson's hill after beech-nuts,
and Rufe Douglass did fall out of a
tree and break his arm. When father
and mother found me all right, they
thought they'd go round by Uncle
Job's. Father told me to come and
tell you, but I wanted to go round
by Lin Foye's and see if his doves
had any squabs yet, so I didn't get
along very quick. Been to supper?
I'm 'bout starved."

Supper! Who had thought of sup-
per?—and going after squabs when
they were suffering so! They didn't
know whether to give him all the
preserves he could eat, for joy that
he was safe, or send him to bed with-
out a mouthful, they were so vexed
at his not getting "along very
quick."

But I rather think joy triumphed,
for it was reported Fred had said at
school it was "first-rate to have folks
think you were drowned, it made 'em
awful clever to a feller"; and about
a week after, as Bridget was scolding
because Fred had left mud-tracks on
the clean floor, when he had been
told so many times to wipe his feet,
Lute wiped up the mud herself and
said, "you can't expect a boy to re-
member everything, Bridget."—Our
Young Folks.

A SMART YOUNG LADY.—The Ti-
tusville Herald has the following
"thrilling adventure" of a Warren
young lady:

A charming young lady of eigh-
teen summers, named Carrie L., of
Warren, paid a visit to this city a
short time since, and on Saturday
afternoon last, she went to the depot
of the Warren & Venango road, in-
tending to return home, but arriving
just in time to see the train disap-
pearing round the curve. Bent upon
reaching Warren that night, she
started out along the track with the
view of walking the entire distance.
On Miss Carrie sped at the rate of
four miles an hour, until 7 o'clock in

the evening, when she arrived at
Newton, which is twelve miles from
the city. Upon reaching the middle
of the trestle work at this point, she
saw the night train approaching; to
go on or recede, or step to one side
was impossible, so she jumped down
into the chasm twenty feet below.
Fortunately the ground was covered
with a snow drift into which she
sank up to her arm pits, thus break-
ing her fall and saving her life.
Carrie did not scream or cry for help
or anything of that sort, but quietly
dug herself out, and after an hour's
work regained the track and resumed
her journey. Two or three miles
further on a still more serious obsta-
cle presented itself, the track was
under water as far as the eye could
reach. Upon looking round she dis-
covered a light in the woods and
concluded that it must be a house.
This proved to be the case and the
hospitable family after hearing her
story, took her in and did everything
in their power for her comfort. The
next morning she took the train from
Newton for Warren and arrived there
in time for dinner.

Archaeological Research.

Among the many evidences of a re-
vival of the spirit of archeological
research in England—and the civilized
world is sharing it with England—is
Sir John Lubbock's bill in Parliament
for the preservation of ancient monu-
ments. The bill, we are told, is likely
to become a law; and it is well. The
spirit of antiquarian research is the
spirit of progress, paradoxical as it may
sound. Knowledge, be it of the past
or of the present, gives us the power to
step onward to that of the future. Gen-
eral Di Cesnola, among the tombs of
Babylon, exhuming the effigies and the
utensils of forgotten kings, nobles and
priests; M. Botta, laying bare the walls
and their frescoes of an Assyrian palace
at Khorsabad; Mr. Layard, burrowing
into the wonderful and wonder-filled
mounds of Nimroud; Mr. Wood recon-
structing the world-wonder temple of
Artemis, at Ephesus; M. des Vergers,
sketching the fading colors, forms and
contours of the ancient Etruscan war-
riors, lying in their sepulchral splendor
and paraphernalia of battle; Colonel
Jones, digging arrow-heads, urns and
savage gods from Georgia mounds—all
these, and these are not by any means
all, are contributing stones to build the
temple of the knowledge of the present,
and that temple is an observatory from
whose rising top we catch farther
glimpses over the horizon of the future.

A Nation's Disgrace.—The Wash-
ington Monument.

A Washington letter to the Chicago
Inter-Ocean says:

Somebody, a Frenchman, I think,
for Gallic wit always carries a sting,
has said that when a great American
dies, the first thing his countrymen
do is to propose a monument, the
next not to build it. And never was
epigram more forcibly illustrated
than by the melancholy pile known
as the Washington Monument. Sit-
uated on a barren common, with the
field stagnation of the canal on one
side and the marshes of the Potomac
on the other, its uncompleted summit
crowned with a crazy board roof, its
unsightly base affording grateful
shelter for the ubiquitous goat whose
convenient appetite relishes newspa-
pers as well as grass, to chickens, to
mules and cows, few if any of the
visitors who flock thither through all
seasons recognise in it the monument
which, according to Mr. Wintrop,
should "bespeak the gratitude not of
the States, or of cities, or of Govern-
ments; not of separate communities
or of official bodies, but of the peo-
ple of the nation—a national monu-
ment erected by the citizens of the
United States of America." What
it bespeaks at present is better left
unsaid.

In 1799 the idea of commemorating
by some permanent tribute Washing-
ton's memory was formally discuss-
ed in Congress, but not unanimously
favored, for Mr. Macon urged that it
would be establishing an inconven-
ient precedent. "If," said he, "we
decline to rear one to Washington
no one who succeeds him can expect
one reared to his memory. If, on
the other hand, we erect one, every
pretender to greatness will expect
the same distinction." Could Mr.
Macon have foreseen the present
structure he could have had no fears
that either pretender or lawful in-
heritor would ever yearn for a simi-
lar "distinction."

In 1799 the idea was revived. The
plan then was to deposit the remains
of Washington under a monument
to be erected in the Capitol. Mrs.
Washington consented to this, say-
ing that she was making a great sac-
rifice of individual feeling to public
duty. This sacrifice, however, was
not demanded of her, and thirty
years later, when South Carolina
proposed erecting a monument and
removing to it the body of Washing-
ton, Judge Bushrod Washington
very promptly and properly refused
to allow the remains of his illustrious
uncle to leave Mount Vernon for any
place save the capital of the nation.

Finally the idea of erecting a tomb,
as it were, was abandoned, and in
1833 the citizens of Washington, with
most laudable intentions and magni-
ficent generosity, decided to erect on
the site where, as a guide book I once
saw says, "Washington supposed he
was to be commemorated," an obelisk
which in proportion should eclipse all
previous efforts in that line. Statues
had been eschewed on account of
their destructibility. A mausoleum
would be inappropriate. An obelisk
was selected therefore as being the
most durable of all structures save
the pyramid. Looking back on the
enthusiasm of those days it is aston-
ishing our forefathers resisted the
pyramid. Moreover an obelisk was
supposed to portray the plainness,
simplicity and majesty of George
Washington's character. To a cer-
tain extent the supposition holds
good. The monument is not majes-
tic, perhaps, but it is severely simple
and in plainness baffles description.

The dimensions of the base are to
be 100 feet square; its height when
completed will be 517, 85 feet high-
er than the dome of St. Peter's and
230 feet higher than the dome of the
Capitol. Its present dimensions are
55 feet square at the base and 180
feet high. Inside there is nothing
to be seen. The janitor, I suppose
we may call him, turns the rusty lock
of an old worn-eaten door and we
step from the warm air outside into a
cold hollow shaft with chilly light
straggling through the loose boards
on top. We are glad to get out.

The most interesting thing con-
nected with the monument are the
stones presented by different States
and societies to be placed in panels
along the spiral staircase leading
through the interior of the shaft to
the summit. As the first step of
this staircase is yet unquarried these
tablets, about eighty-two in number,
are collected in a long room connect-
ed with the janitor's house.

Pennsylvania is nobly represented.
There are no less than ten stones
from that State. The last contribu-
tion to the collection is a large white
marble tablet, about 5 feet by 7, pre-
sented by the corporation of the city
of Philadelphia. It bears the coat
of arms of the State of Pennsylvania
surmounted by the eagle bearing a
scroll in his mouth with "Declaration
of Independence, Philadelphia, July
4, 1776." The class of '53-'54, of
the Jefferson Medical College of
Philadelphia, contribute a stone.
Another is from Honesdale, Wayne
County, Pa., 1853. By this is a very
large memorial from the "Subordi-
nate Lodges, I. O. O. F., of Philadel-
phia." A very handsome stone with
a handsome carved relieve of a loco-
motive is from the "Employees of R.
Norris and Sons' Locomotive Works,
Philadelphia." Then one from the
Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School,
dated July 4, 1853. The largest
stone or stones, for there are three
of them, are presented by the "Fire
Department of Philadelphia, 1854." One
coming from the Sons of Temper-
ance, of Philadelphia, declares that
"The surest safeguard of the
liberties of our country is total ab-
stinence from all that intoxicates." This
stone must have been quarried in
Maine.

We meet with New York seven
times, and she does herself honor in
the tablets of beautiful black marble
from the "State of New York." The
Athenian Lodge of I. O. O. F., Troy,
N. Y., is represented, and a hand-
some contribution is from the "Meth-
odist Episcopal Sunday School of
New York, February 22, 1855." "The
Memory of the Just is Blessed." The
Fire Department of New York
is a contributor, also the Eureka

Lodge, of New York, and the teach-
ers of the Buffalo public schools.
Another piece of black marble is
"From the Battlegrounds, L. I., 1776,
Kings County, N. Y., 1853."

Massachusetts has six representa-
tives. Boston contributed a beauti-
ful granite slab with the inscription
"Bostonia Conata. Sicut Patribus
sit Deus Nobis." The Washington
Lodge of free and accepted Masons
of Roxbury, Mass., is there too. A
handsome gray stone is from Charle-
stown, the Bunker Hill Battle-ground.
Another is from the First Regiment
Light Infantry, Mass. Another, an
oblong block of granite, has simply
Salen, Mass. Probably a score of
watches have been toasted on it. The
last from Massachusetts is from New
Bedford, 1851.

Virginia has three contributions.
One of these is from the Jefferson
Society of the University of Virginia
to the National Washington Monu-
ment, Jan. 7, 1860. By this is a
handsome gray slab from Richmond,
Virginia. One of the most interest-
ing reads: "From the city of Alexan-
dria, Virginia. The descendants of the
friends and neighbors of Wash-
ington, 1851."

Kentucky sends two contributions,
one from the Grand Lodge and the
other from the Addisonian Literary
Society of Drennon, Kentucky. "Non
nobis solum sed Patrie et amicis: To
the Father of His Country."

From North Carolina there is one
stone, and that was given by the
Thalian Association of Wilmington.
New Jersey sends one tribute from
the Catholic Society of New Jersey,
a white slab in a dark marble frame,
and another from the Washington
Erina Guards of Newark, N. J.
Maryland is represented by the pu-
pils of the public schools of Balti-
more, and by the Grand Lodge of
Maryland. Ohio and Illinois are
represented by the Grand Divisions
of the Sons of Temperance. Louisi-
ana has two delegates. The Conti-
nental Guard of New Orleans sends
a tremendous tablet. The more con-
spicuous of the two, however, is a
slab from "The State of Louisiana,
Ever Faithful to the Union and the
Constitution." And scarcely less
significant is the sole representative
of a sister State: "Tennessee. The
Federal Union,—it must be Pres-
erved." The dates of both are
nearly a score old.

A handsome white marble stone
is from the Grand Lodge of Florida.
Another of gray is from Warren,
Rhode Island. Next to it is one
from the Grand Lodge of Mississip-
pi, and that is side by side with an-
other from "Vermont; Freedom and
Unity." The District of Columbia
sends a tablet presented by the asso-
ciation of the oldest inhabitants,
4th of July, 1870. One comes from
the home of Stark, by the ladies of
Manchester, N. H. Next to this is
a small dark stone from "Deseret."
The inscription is "Holiness to the
Lord," and the device a beehive in
successful operation, which cannot
be a cheering sight to the latter-day
saints, for bees, notwithstanding their
hymn-book notoriety, are rather a
mistaken community, always gather-
ing what others enjoy.

A gray, rough slab with awkward
lettering is from the "Cherokee Na-
tion, 1850," and in whimsical con-
trast to it is one "Presented by Tus-
carora Tribe, No. 5, to Pater Patrie,
Seventh Sun, Hunting Moon, Grand
Sun 5615, Improved order of Red
Men, D. C." For a potpourri of
English and Latin metaphor and
fact it is quite unique, approached
only by that from a Hibernian Soci-
ety, on which an eagle with the na-
tional motto surmounts a harp with
"Memor et Fidelis" inscribed on it.
The marble and execution of this are
beautiful, but it recalled with irresist-
ible force the sign of the Irish tave-
rn-keeper, on which an eagle was
grasping a harp whence floated "E
Pluribus Erin, Unum go Bragh!"

At one end of the room is a stone
from Braddock's Field. One stone
looks like iron ore; it is rough, and
inscribed with the square and comp-
pass and inclosing the letter G. Its
donor or donors are unknown. A
large copper slab comes from Michi-
gan. There is a stone from the New
England Society of Montreal. One
small slab about two feet square has