

THE POTTER JOURNAL

Jno. S. Mann,
Proprietor.

AND
NEWS ITEM.

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What the Flowers Said.
A troop of maidens, with faces sweet,
Came brushing the dew with their flying feet,
Bringing flowers as Friendship's token,
"You would love them, if you only knew
How we've watched the hollows where they grew
(Where only the warmest south winds blow)
Till their petals are almost open."

The birds were bound in a shining sheaf,
With the glossy, dark magnolia leaf,
And a snowy spray of clover,
"So fresh," I said; "but their loving thought
Was dearer than the flowers brought,
And ever with sweeter meaning fraught,
As I counted the lesson over."
The day had been hard and full of care;
No light or beauty shone through the air,
And earth was too far from Heaven,
At night I wish and my 1 e room
Was bathed in a tender, faint perfume,
Like the spice of Arab's choicest bloom,
Or breezes from Beulah driven.

Morn broke—that pure and hallowed morn
With his risen Christ and the shining forms
Of angels beside his prison.
My voice of love—Lo, beautiful slight!
The roses had burst with the early light,
And magnolia blossoms of creamy white,
Like stars, and their dark leaves glistened.

Thus our little, careless deeds of love
May unfold in beauty and bloom above,
Where God's dear sun is shining;
Our human days, that were gray and cold,
May be lovelier with their radiant charm untold,
Till every cloud has a crown of gold,
As well as a silver lining."
FRIENDS OF THE JOURNAL.

A Sad Story.
"Vat you doin', auntie?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie,
who, with a bunch of envelopes
and a quire of paper before her, was
very deep in the business indeed.

Then a fat dimple finger stole cautiously
up, and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, three, four, amen!"
counted Tiny, who always cherished
the belief that "amen" stood for a
full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Vat for you write letters, auntie?"
"Oh, to send to my friends," replied
auntie, bending over her work,
and speaking in a voice that seemed
to issue from her eyebrows.

"Where is your friends?" persevered
the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who hap-
pened to be writing that word at the
moment.

"Does letters go every where?"
"Yes," responded auntie, absently.
"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said auntie, again, who this
time was in the very heart of a bril-
liant description, and did not hear.

"How does this letter go?" urged
she again, this time touching auntie's
elbow by way of experiment. This
experiment, so far as auntie was con-
cerned, resulted in a bold, upward
stroke, at an acute angle with the
last 'hair line,' and she looked up,
reality out of patience at last.

"Oh, Tiny," she said, "what a little
mis—" but she stopped suddenly.
There was such a look of appeal in
the soft blue eyes fixed anxiously
upon her, that she could not find it
in her heart to visit any indignation
on that small golden head, so she
only kissed the rosy mouth, and said,
"Auntie is very busy just now, dar-
ling, and you must not disturb her.
Another day she will talk to you just
as much as ever you wish. 'Here!'
added she, observing the look of dis-
appointment that stole over the sun-
ny face; "see, I will make a letter of
you, and send you to papa."

She took a postage stamp out of
the little drawer and parting the
flossy curls, pasted it right in the
center of Tiny's smooth white fore-
head.

"I don't know how letters goes,"
said the baby girl, chuckling de-
lightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,' said auntie,
laughing; "they go through the post
office. Now run along and put your-
self in a post-office somewhere and
papa will be sure to find you."

"Oh, yes! I know, I saw it—the
post-office—me and papa—one day.
It's down the corner and around the
ah'neh."

The clerk at the post-office heard
a piping voice and looking down, saw
a strange sight—a tiny creature, no
more than three years old, it seemed,
with jockey hat awry, its sweeping
plume tangled with golden curls, a
postage stamp shining conspicuous
in the centre of a polished forehead
and wistful blue eyes turned up to
him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the
voice.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your
papa?" asked he.

"Gone to God," said Tiny, sol-
emnly.

The smile died out. They had
sent many odd parcels to strange di-
rections through that post-office, but
never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go to
papa," pleaded the child, her yearn-
ing eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name," asked the
clerk.

But at that moment a blustering
business man, bound on some redress
of some grievance, pressed forward
and brushed her aside; she was
drawn into the current of people pass-
ing in at one door and out at the
other, and before she could say an-
other word, she found herself in the
street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her
heart ached with disappointment;
the passers-by jostled and bewildered
her she began to be afraid and her
eyes filled with tears. Suddenly
there was a great outcry. The
frightened crowd fled into doorways.
A pair of runaway horses came dash-
ing down the street.

The people on the crossings rushed
on to the sidewalk. No one noticed
an unprotected little one standing
there, with blanched face and eyes
wild with terror; no one heard a
feeble cry. A great burly boy, with
a basket on his arm, pressed forward
with blind speed, found something in
his pathway and bore it down—then
it was all over. The mad horses
were down the street and far away.

The relieved pedestrians came out of
their places of refuge. Only one did
not "move on."

A little lifeless figure, with wide
open blue eyes, long, soft golden
curls sweeping the curb-stone, and
dimpled hands thrown out—lay
where it had fallen. The jockey hat
had rolled from her head, its white
feather was dragged in the dust, but
the postage stamp still clung to the
shining forehead.

The crowd looked on and noted it with curious eyes.
It had done its work well. Ah, me!
the little "letter" had gone safely to
papa and to God!—*St. Louis Maga-*
zine.

George Henry Lewes has written
to *Nature*, complimenting Mr. Spald-
ing on his paper on "Instinct," in
the February number of *Macmillan's*
Magazine, and explaining his own
position on that vexing question.
Mr. Lewes holds that instinct is
lapsed intelligence; that is to say,
that what is now a fixed and fatal
action of organism, whether in the
bee, in the ant or in the man, was
formerly a tentative and discrimina-
tive action. He also attempts to dis-
tinguish between instinct and im-
pulse, regarding the one as a trans-
mitted part of organism, the other
as an individual experience. He has
a work in press fully developing
these views.

In his recent paper on the "Cul-
ture of Flax in Prehistoric Times,"
Dr. A. Oswald Heer, of Switzerland,
finds the original home of cultivated
flax to have been along the shores of
the Mediterranean Sea. It is found
among the remains of the oldest
pile-dwellings in the Swiss lakes, and
it is probable that the lake-dwellers
received the flax plant from Southern
Europe.

Boy Lost.—Here is a beautiful,
tender thought amplified with all the
feelings of genuine originality, indeed
so pure and effortless that we feel it
a duty to send it broadcast for the
"culture of the mind."

He had black eyes, with long lashes,
red cheeks and hair almost black and
curly. He wore a crimson plaid
jacket, with full trousers buttoned
on; had a habit of whistling and
liked to ask questions; was accom-
panied by a small black dog. It is
a long time now since he disappeared.
I have a very pleasant house and
much company. My guests say,
'Ah! it is pleasant to be here. Every-
thing has such an orderly put-away
look—nothing about under foot, no
dirt.' But my eyes are aching for
the sight of whistlings and cut pa-
per on the floor; of tumbling down
cards; of wooden sheep and cattle;
of pop guns, bows and arrows, whips,
tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery.
I want to see boots a-rigging and
kites a-making. I want to see crum-

bles on the carpet and paste spilt on
the kitchen table. I want to see the
chairs and the tables turned the
wrong way about. I want to see
candy-making and corn-popping, and
to find jack-knives and fish-hooks
among my muslins. Yet these things
used to fret me once. They say,
how quiet you are here! Ah! one
here may settle his brains and be at
peace.' But my ears are aching for
the pattering of little feet, for a
hearty shout, a shrill whistle a gay
tra la la, for the crack of whips, for
the noise of drums, fifes and tin-
trumpets. Yet these things make
me nervous once. A manly figure
stands beside me now. He is taller
than I, has thick whiskers, wears a
frock coat, a bosomed shirt and crav-
at. He has just come from college.
He brings Latin and Greek in his
countenance and busts of the old
philosophers for the sitting room.
He calls me mother, but I am rather
unwilling to own him. He avers
that he is my boy and says he can
prove it. He brings his little boat
to show the red stripe on the sail (it
was the end of the piece) and the
name on the stern, Lucy Lowe, a
little girl of our neighbor, who, be-
cause of her long curls and pretty,
round face, was the chosen favorite
of my boy. The curls were long
since cut off and she has grown to a
tall, handsome girl. How his face
red-ens as he shows me the name on
the boat! Oh, I see it all as plain as
if it were written in a book! My lit-
tle boy is lost and my big boy will
soon be. Oh, I wish he was a little
fired boy in a long white night gown
lying in his crib, with me sitting by
holding his hand in mine, pushing
the curls back from his forehead,
watching his eyelids droop and lis-
tening to his breathing. If I only
had my little boy again, how patient
I would be! How much I would
bear and how little would I fret and
scold! I can never have him back
again! But there are still mothers
who have not yet lost their little
boys. I wonder if they know they
are living their very best days; that
now is the time to really enjoy their
children! I think if I had been more
to my little boy I might now be
more to my grown up one.

A Tunnel from Jersey City to New
York.

A bill was introduced Friday, in
the New York Legislature (certainly
one huge enough in its scope and
intention), proposed by Senator Gra-
ham, providing for a tunnel under
the Hudson river, between New York
city and New Jersey, for the purpose
of allowing the transportation of
freight and passengers. The Hud-
son Tunnel railroad company is the
designator of the corporation autho-
rized in this bill, under the super-
vision and direction of three practi-
cal engineers, who shall be appointed
commissioners for the purpose, two
by the Governor and one by the May-
or, to commence a railway from a
point 3000 feet easterly of the North
river and between Chambers and
Fourteenth street, an underground
railway, to run under the bed of the
Hudson river and connect with a
similar railway on the Jersey side.
The railway is to possess all the
powers granted under the general
railroad law. Notably excellent pro-
visions of the bill require the approv-
al by the Mayor and Common Coun-
cil of all the acts of the commis-
sioners and the execution of a bond by
the company before work is com-
menced, holding the Company re-
sponsible for any damage to corpora-
tion or property holders.—*Newark*
Advertiser.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American*
Naturalist calls attention to the
second growth of trees during the same
season. Some trees make only one
growth. The horse chestnut, for in-
stance, as soon as it completes which,
makes a terminal bud and ceases
growth for the season. The scales
which form this bud are modified
leaves. If, however, the leaves of
the horse chestnut are plucked off
before this terminal bud is quite ma-
ture what would be bud-scales be-
come perfect leaves, and the horse
chestnut goes on and makes another
growth often ending in flowers in
the fall of the year, instead of the next

spring, as would be the case if the
plant had matured its first-born leaves
in the natural way. Other trees nat-
urally come nearly to rest by mid-
summer; of which the Norway and
sycamore maples are given as in-
stances. The leaves are nearly trans-
versed to bud-scales again; but be-
fore they quite reach this condition
they go on to a perfect leaf growth
again and make quite an addition to
the stem-length before the final grow-
ing season closes. There are yet
other trees which do not alter the
shape of the leaves about midsum-
mer but only produce them closer
together on the stem—that is to say,
in botanical language, the internodes
approach. But about this time the
leaves gradually increase in size and
the internodal spaces increase in
width. By the fall these leaves are
very large, usually much larger than
any produced in the first or spring
cycle of growth. The apple tree,
cottonwood and Carolina poplars are
named as instances of this kind of
growth. Some appear to make three
growths a year. Some pines do this.
When this occurs in the pines the
cones are borne on the ends of the
first cycle or wave of growth, one or
two other waves following. Some
pines make but one of these yearly
growths, and this explains the divi-
sion by scientists of pines which are
terminal-flowered and pines which
have the cones lateral. The writer
gives no explanation of the law of
these growths. He thinks it is hard-
ly extra nutrition, notwithstanding
it is the most vigorous shoots which
make the second growths. He con-
cludes this from the fact that two
English oak trees about twenty years
old, side by side, one usually making
two growths a year and the other
three, have trunks both of about the
same size.

The story of Rodgers.
One of our family papers preaches
a strong temperance sermon by
simply telling the story of a woman
who, after struggling with the pre-
ternatural strength of a loving wife
and mother for years against the de-
mon of drink which possessed her
husband, conquered it and made him
once more a free man. In his last
illness brandy was prescribed, which
he was strong enough to use only as
a medicine; but after his death she
"turned to it in her grief and died
not many months later, a hopeless,
helpless drunkard."

Let us tell a companion story as
true as this, but of as different a com-
plexion as daylight to night. A few
years ago, on any sunny morning, a
heap of filthy rags might be seen
stretched on some bales of a paper
warehouse in a neighboring city,
with a strong smell of stale tobacco
and whisky hanging about it. Turn-
over (which you could do as
though it were a log, any time after
10 o'clock in the morning), you
would find the swollen, purple face
of what had once been a handsome
young man, but there was little hope
that the bleared eyes or thick tongue
would give an intelligent answer.
The porters passing by would push
him aside, but not roughly. The
time had been when he had been a
jolly, generous young fellow and a
favorite in the office. "Young Rod-
gers," some one would give you his
history in five minutes: "Taken to
rum—no chance—poor devil. Stokes
(the proprietor) could not turn him
out to starve, so still gave him a
nominal salary and suffered him to
hang about the house lest he should
take to worse courses than drinking."
There were hints, too, of a widowed
mother, away off in the country, who
had been depending on him and a
sweetheart, a pretty, clinging little
girl, both of whom long ago he had
abandoned. But there was nothing
to be done. The end, through the
usual horrors of delirium tremens,
was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping
to the nearest bar for his morning
biters, a man whom he barely knew
by sight, took him by the elbow and
walked with him into a quieter street.
"They tell me you are Richard Rod-
gers' son," he said. "Dick Rodgers
was the only friend I had for years,
and for his sake I'd like to save his
boy. Are you willing for me to try?"
"Oh, you can try," muttered the lad

with an imbecile laugh. This name-
less friend, nothing daunted, took
him to a chamber in his own house
and put him to bed. There he and
his sons kept watch and guarded this
poor wretch for months, like a pris-
oner, keeping liquor from him and
trying to supply it by medical treat-
ment. A physician he employed, but
he was unable to pay for a nurse.
Any one who has had to deal with a
victim of mania-a-potu can guess how
difficult and loathsome a task he had
set himself.

Ungrateful enough it was at first,
for Rodgers struggled against his
tormentors with the ferocity of—just
what he was—a starving animal. As
reason began to return and his un-
natural strength to vanish, he would
beg them in his intervals of reason
not to fail him, but to work out the
experiment either to success or death.
"It is my last chance," he would cry,
"for God's sake be patient." This
friend, with his son, did work it
through all the foul, unmentionable
details, and the end was not death,
but success. "How soon," asked a
friend of Rodgers afterwards, "were
you trusted alone?" "Not for two
years," he answered, laughing. "I
was out of jail but in jail bounds.
Do you remember that lank, muscu-
lar young fellow who had a desk be-
side me in the office? He took it
with the condition that he could
leave it to dog me night and day, to
my meals and to my bed. That was
the son of the man who saved me.
He was taken from a lucrative situa-
tion in order that he might become
my jailer. God bless him! How I
used to curse him! 'Can't you trust
my honor?' I would cry. 'I'm not
convinced that your honor has not
the consumption,' the Scotch-Irish-
man would say. 'We'll put no bur-
den on it until it has regained its
health.'"

"Your friend was a wealthy man,
no doubt, and so able to give both
time and money to your case?" "On
the contrary, he is but the owner of
a small hat store and supports his
family out of that. He is rich or
noble only in the deed and spirit of
friendship." All this was years ago.
Rodgers is now an industrious, hono-
rable man, married to his old love,
with his gray-haired mother by his
hearth bringing to it the perpetual
benediction of benignant old age.
His friend sells hats—makes no
speeches nor bruit of any sort in the
world. Nobody has recognized in
him a hero. Yet, who for the sake
of a dead or living friend would go
and do likewise?"

Swallows.
A friend says, "I passed a great
part of my leisure, one summer, in
watching a pair of swallows. After
much consideration and reflection,
they commenced building their nest
under the projecting roof of a barn,
then suddenly stopped, held a sort of
consultation and began a new nest
under the same projection, but in
another place. At first I could not
understand why they did this; but
upon examination I found that over
the first nest there was a space be-
tween two boards through which
dust sifted from the hay that rested
on them. Of course this would in-
convenience the young housekeepers
and so they chose a better place.
House swallows usually leave but
one small opening for ingress and
egress, a necessary precaution
against storms and wind; but this
pair of swallows found these precau-
tionary measures unnecessary, for
they left the nest quite open. When
the young swallows had grown large
and strong they often mounted to
the border of the nest to await the
coming of their parents.

It was curious to see the anxious
mother or father drive them from
their dangerous position and hasten
to fill up the openings which tempted
the young family to the outer border
of their dwelling.

"The service rendered to us by this
little bird in destroying gnats, flies,
wasps, beetles, midges, &c., is almost
inconceivable. I became so much
interested in my swallows that I
took note of their ways and doings
day after day. I observed that each
swallow flew to the nest with food at
least once in three minutes; then I
calculated that they were on the

wing from 4 a. m., to 8 p. m.,—fif-
teen hours,—and brought food to
their young, twenty times an hour,
making six hundred times, and con-
sequently had destroyed that number
of insects. No doubt the parent
birds had consumed one hundred
each, making in the whole eight hun-
dred. In a month, twenty-four thou-
sand for the whole family. In the
first month when the pair were alone
they must have consumed six thou-
sand. Now, according to my esti-
mation, a family of seven swallows
would consume one hundred and two
thousand in the course of one sum-
mer, viz., six thousand in the second
half of April and in May, and ninety-
six thousand in June, July, August
and September. Need I say that I
feel that these dear little birds bring
joy, blessing and peace to the houses
under whose roof they build?"

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.—An inci-
dent that recently occurred in this
city, reminds us forcibly of Byron's
eulogy of his dog, wherein he says,
—"Man's truest friend,
First to welcome and foremost to defend."
A family residing near the railroad
allowed a girl, aged five years, to
play about the yard to their residence
on pleasant days with a Newfound-
land dog. One day the child ran
away.—all children do so,—and in
her wandering about was accompa-
nied by the dog, who apparently felt
in duty bound to see that no harm
befell her. It seems that the two
came to a railroad crossing; that a
train was coming, and that it looked
a little dangerous. The dog saw the
danger and quickly seized the little
miss by the skirts of her dress, and,
being the stronger of the two, pulled
her back upon the sidewalk and stood
over her till the train had passed.
The little miss scolded and kicked
his shins, but he didn't let her up
till the danger had passed, when he
trudged on behind her as though no-
thing had happened.

CAPTAIN JACK.
Our reporter has obtained from
Mrs. Joseph Knott, an old lady liv-
ing in this city, and nearly seventy
years of age, the following account
of Captain Jack;

In the year 1851, while living in
Canonville, Douglas county, an In-
dian boy came to their house and,
speaking the jargon, desired to live
with them. He was one of the Rogue
River Indians, and belonged to the
tribe then located on Cow Creek.
She noticed that he appeared to be
an active, keen, shrewd looking boy,
and with the consent of her husband
took him to raise, with whom he re-
mained several years. As soon as
the boy was assured that they in-
tended to keep him he insisted on
having a "Boston" name, as he
called it, and wished to be named
after the best looking of Mrs. Knott's
children. This being appreciated by
the mother she decided to name him
after her son—their ages, apparently,
being about the same—and this son
was J. Knott, better known as Jack
Knott, of saloon fame. The boys
grew up together, and many were
the days they spent in the sports of
chase. On one occasion, after he had
been with them some time, he became
offended because he was told to leave
the room, and loaded his rifle with
the intention of shooting Levi Knott,
but was discovered in season to pre-
vent his designs.

This circumstance led to his ex-
pulsion from the family, and from
that until the present time he has
not been seen by them, except in
1855, the year in which he murdered
Mrs. Harris, after which Jack went
to the Goose Lake country. His
mother was a full sister to Rogue
River John, who attempted to seize
the steamer *Columbia* while she lay
at anchor in the harbor of Crescent
City and also a half sister to the war
chief Sam, of the same tribe and
Chief Joe, who received his appella-
tion from having fought General Joe
Lane. All of these facts and many
others which we have no space to
mention were recently confirmed by
Judge Prim of Eastern Oregon, who
communicated these particulars to
Mrs. Knott, stating that the great
Modoc chieftain, Captain Jack, was
the boy she took to raise in 1851.—
Portland (Oregon) Herald.