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AND

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nal & News Item will receive prompt attention.

PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT.

DEACON ADAMS ADMINISTERS HIS KICK.

What's them things in your pocket, Jack, a bung-
lin' out set? Hey?
What? Apples! After all my good advice, you
mean to say
You've been stealin' apples ag'in on the Sabbath
day!

A stealin'! Haint I told ye 'tis a sin to steal a pin!
And stealin' apples Sunday is a blamed sight
meaner sin;
But you will keep stealin' 'em 'em, time and time
agin.

Sweet apples, too, I'll venture! The stickliest
kind of trash!
Such condemned foolish wickedness beats pa-
tience all to smash,—
I wouldn't had it happen—not fur fifty cents in
cash.

To steal sweet apples Sundays, that no way to
believe;
If you dodge the cholera morbus you'll live to be
a knave
And bring my wig and nat'ral hair in sorrow to
the grave.

I've tried to fetch you up to go in a religious way,
And keep the sabbath holy. You've often herd
me say
I'd rather steal all through the week than on the
Sabbath day.

You'd make a party deacon, wouldn't you? Why,
look at me!
Did I get to be deacon by petty larceny?
No! Stealin' is too risky fur genuine piety.

This is a wicked world and pious men in self de-
fense
Must circumvent the wicked and cheat with di-
ligence,
And make bad men the victims of misplaced con-
fidence.

We needn't allus tell the truth to spite a trade
that's a bewin'
For if you didn't take strangers in to trade, why
they'll take you in—
But stealin' apples Sunday is the road to moral
ruin.

I don't see, Jacob, where you got your stock of
theives;
It ain't the Adams' style. The Adamses was just
like me;
And on your mother's side, the Browns was fam-
ed for honesty.

Hope, I nelly hope, that you wont steal agin,
my lad.
Fur if you should get ketch'd at it 'I would make
me very sad—
Haint! Jacob—haint you got a good sweet apple
fur yer dadd!

LOVE ON A LOG.

'Miss Becky Newton.'
'Well, sir.'
'Will you marry me?'

'No, I won't.'
'Very well; then don't, that's all.'
Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away a
chair and putting his feet upon the
plaza unfolded a newspaper. Miss
Becky Newton bit her lip and went
on with her sewing. She wondered
if that was going to be the last of it.
She had felt his proposal coming for
a month, but the scene she had antici-
pated was not at all like this. She
had intended to refuse him, but it was
to be done gracefully. She was to
remain firm, notwithstanding his
most eager entreaties. She was to
have told him that though respect-
ing his manly worth and upright
character, she could never be to him
more than an appreciative and ear-
nest friend. She had intended to
shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knelt
writing in an agony of supplication
at her feet. But instead, he had
asked the simple question, without
any rhetorical embellishment, and on
being answered, had plunged into
his newspaper, as though he had
merely asked the time of day. She
could have cried with vexation.

'You will never have a better
chance,' he continued, after a pause,
as he deliberately turned the sheet to
find the latest telegraph reports.

'A better chance for what?' she
asked, shortly.

'A better chance to marry a young,
good-looking man, whose gallantry
to the sex is only exceeded by his
bravery in their defence.'

Fred was quoting from his news-
paper, but Miss Newton did not
know it.

'And whose egotism is only ex-
ceeded by his impudence,' retorted
the lady sarcastically.

'Before long,' continued Fred,
'You'll be out of the market. Your
chances are getting slimmer every
day.'

'Sir!'

'It won't be a great while before
you are ineligible. You will grow
old and wrinkled and—'

'Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is
monstrous,' exclaimed Miss Newton,
rising hastily; and flushing to the
temples.

'I'll give you a final opportunity,
Miss Becky. Will you mar—'

'Not if you were the King of Eng-
land,' interrupted Miss Newton,
throwing down her work. 'I am not
accustomed to such insults, sir.'

So saying she passed into the
house and slammed the door behind
her.

'She is never so handsome as when
she is in a rage,' thought Fred to
himself, after she had gone, as he
slowly folded up his paper and re-
placed it in his pocket. 'I was a fool
to goad her so. I shall never win
her in that way. But I'll have her,'
he exclaimed aloud. 'By Heaven
I'll have her, cost what it may!'

Very different was the Fred Eck-
erson of the present, pacing nervously
up and down the piazza, from the
Fred Eckerson a few moments ago,
receiving his dismissal from a woman
he loved, with such calm and imper-
turbable exterior. For he loved
Becky Newton with all his heart.
The real difficulty in the way, as he
more than once suspected, was not
so much with himself as his pocket.
Becky Newton had an insuperable
objection to an empty wallet. The
daughter of a wealthy Louisiana
planter, reared in luxury and the
recipient of a weekly allowance of pin-
money sufficient to pay Fred's whole
bills for a month she had no immedi-
ate idea of changing her situation
for one of less comfort and indepen-
dence. Besides, it had been intimated
to her that a neighbor planter of
unusual aristocratic lineage had
looked upon her with covetous eyes.
To be sure, he was old and ugly, but
he was rich, and, in her present mer-
cenary state of mind, Miss Becky
Newton did not desire to allow such
a chance of becoming a wealthy wid-
ow slip by unimproved.

But, alas for human nature! If
Becky was really so indifferent to
Fred Eckerson why did she run up
stairs after that interview and take
the starch all out of her nice clean
pillow shams by crying herself into
hysterics on the bed? It was not all
wrath, not all vexation, not pique.
There was somewhere deep down in
Becky Newton's heart a feeling very
much akin to remorse. She was not
sure—but she would not one day be
sorry for what she had done. She
had no doubt she would be very
happy as Fred Eckerson's wife, after
all.

she felt herself lifted up and placed
somewhere in the sunshine, though
precisely where she was as yet too
bewildered to know. Getting her
eyes open at last, she found Fred
Eckerson's whiskers nearly brushing
her face.

'Well!'
'Well!'
'Where am I?' asked Becky, shiv-
ering and looking around her.

'You are in the middle of the Mis-
sissippi,' replied Fred, 'and you are
in the forks of a cottonwood tree and
you are voyaging toward the Gulf of
Mexico just as fast as this freshet
can carry you!'

'How came you here?'

'In the same conveyance with
yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you
and I and the tree all came together,
to say nothing of a portion of your
father's plantation, which I fear, is
lost to him forever.'

Becky was silent. She was think-
ing, not of the accident or their peri-
lous position, but of her appearance
when she was lying asleep on the
grass.

'How long were you there before
this happened?' she asked.

'As long as you were. I was up
in the tree when you came.'

'You had no right to be up there,'
said she coloring—a spy upon my
movements.'

'Nonsense!' he replied. You in-
truded on my privacy and while you
slept I watched over you, like the
sweet little cherub that sits aloft.'

'Thank you for your services, I'm
sure,' she said, bridling.

'You snored awfully.'
'Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm
from around my waist.'

'Then put yours around my neck.'
'Indeed I shall do no such thing.'
'You will fall into the river if you
don't.'

Becky was silent for several min-
utes, while their unwieldy raft
whirled along in the current, rolling
from side to side, and threatening
every instant to turn completely over
and tip them off. At last she said:

'What are we to do?'

'I think, now that I am started, I
shall go on to New Orleans,' he re-
plied.

'New Orleans!' exclaimed Becky,
'It is a hundred miles.'

'Yes, and the chance of a free pas-
sage for such a distance is not to be
neglected. You can go ashore if you
prefer.'

She burst into tears.

'You are cruel,' she said, 'to treat
me so.'

'Cruel!' exclaimed Fred, drawing
her closer to him, quickly; 'cruel to
you?'

There was no help for it and she
relapsed into silence, quite content,
apparently to remain in Fred's arms
and evincing no disposition to rebel.
For once in her life she was dependant
on a man.

'I want to go to New Orleans,'
continued Fred, after a pause, 'be-
cause there is a young lady of my
acquaintance residing there, whom I
have some intention of bringing into
this neighborhood.'

'O!'

'If we don't go to New Orleans,
and if we get safe out of this scrape,
I shall write to her to come any
way.'

'Ah!'

'I shall obtain board for her in St.
Jeane, which will be convenient for
me as long as I remain your father's
guest. I can ride over after break-
fast every morning, you see.'

'She is an intimate friend, then?'
said Becky.

'I expect to marry her before long,'
he replied.

'Marry her! Why, you—you pro-
posed to me this morning.'

'Yes, but you refused me. I told
you then you would never have an-
other chance.'

Becky was silent again. It is a
matter of some doubt whether had
Fred at that moment, sitting astride
that cottonwood log, with his feet in
the water and his arms around her
waist, proposed to her the second
time, she would have accepted him
or not. To be sure a marvelous
change had come over Becky's feel-
ings since her tumble into the river.
She felt just then that one strong
arm like that which supported her,
was worth a thousand decrepit

planters; and she recognized the fact
that a man who could talk so coolly
and unconcernedly in a situation of
such extreme peril was one of no or-
dinary courage. But she was not
yet quite prepared to give up her
golden dreams. The dross was not
quite washed out of her soul and
she did not yet know how much she
loved Fred Eckerson. Besides, she
did not half believe him.

Their clumsy vessel floated on,
now root first, sideways, and now
half submerged by a boiling current.
Their precarious hold became more
uncertain as their frames became
chilled by the cold water, and every
plunge of the log threatened to cast
them once more into the river. In
vain Fred endeavored to attract the
attention of some one on shore. The
cottonwood retained a course nearly
in the middle of the stream, too far
from either bank to make their out-
cries of much avail. As it grew dark
their situation seemed more and
more helpless, and to Becky there
appeared to be no escape from cer-
tain death, either by drowning in the
darkness or by exhaustion before
daybreak.

Yet to die in this man's arms
seemed not wholly a terror. She
could hardly think if death must
come, of any way in which she would
rather meet it. Was it possible she
loved him, and needs be brought
within the valley of the shadow be-
fore she could know her heart? Had
she loved him all along? While she
was thinking about it, chilled by the
exposure and night air, she fell
asleep. When she awoke the stars
were out, but she was warm and
comfortable. Raising her head she
found herself enveloped in Fred's
coat.

'Fred!'
'Well!'

'You have robbed yourself to keep
me warm. You are freezing.'

'No, I ain't; I took it off because
it was so awful hot; and taking out
his handkerchief with his disengaged
hand, he made pretense of wiping the
perspiration from his brow.'

'How long have I been asleep?'

'About three hours. We are drift-
ing in shore now.'

'Shall we be saved?'

'I don't know. Put your arms
around my neck, for I am going to
take mine away.'

Becky did this time as she was
bid. She not only threw her arms
quickly around his neck, but she
laid her head upon his breast with-
out the slightest hesitation. In the
darkness, Fred did not know that
she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt
bosom.

'Hold fast now,' he cried. 'Hold
on for dear life.'

The log had been gradually near-
ing the shore for some time and now
it shot suddenly under a large syc-
amore which overhung its banks and
trailed its branches in the brown
flood. Quick as thought Fred seized
the limb overhead and pulled with
all his might.

The headlong course of the cotton-
wood was checked; it plunged heav-
ily and partly turned over, its top be-
came entangled in the sycamore and
a terrific cracking of limbs ensued.
With a sudden spring Fred gained
the protecting branch, dragging his
clinging burden after him. In another
instant the cottonwood had broken
away and continued its voyage down
the river while the bent sycamore re-
gained its shape with such a quick re-
bound that the two travelers were
nearly precipitated into the stream
again. Fred half supporting, half
dragging Becky worked his way to
the trunk by a series of gymnastics
that would have done no discredit to
Blondin, and in a moment more both
had reached the ground in safety.

'That's a business we are well out
of,' he said, when he had regained
his breath. 'Now, where are we?'

He looked about. A light was
glimmering from a habitation behind
them, a short distance from where
they stood. Becky could not walk
without great pain and Fred lifted
her lightly in his arms and started
for the house. It proved to be the
dwelling of a small planter, who was
not lacking in hospitality. Here
their wants were quickly attended
to and, under the cheerful influence
of warmth and shelter, Becky was

soon herself again.

They drove home the following
day, Fred having procured the loan
of the planter's horse and chaise for
that purpose, promising to return
them by Mr. Newton's servant the
day after. The morning was bright
and clear and the fragrance of the
orange groves was in all the air.
Becky, who had maintained almost
utter silence since their escape from
the cottonwood, was no less silent
now. Fred himself did not appear
particularly communicative, and ma-
ny miles of the long ride were taken
without a remark from either. It
was Becky who spoke first.

'Fred,' she said.

'Yes?'

'You have saved my life, have you
not?'

'Happy to do it any day,' remark-
ed Fred, not knowing exactly what
else to say.

'I thank you very much.'

'Quite welcome, I'm sure.'

There was another long silence,
broken only by the sound of the
horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred
himself seemed to have lost some of
his habitual ease, for he kept his
whip in constant motion and held
the reins nervously.

'Fred!'

'Yes?'

'Are you going to write to that
young lady in New Orleans?'

'I s'pose so.'

'Haint you—better—try—again
—before you—write?'

'Try again! Try what?'

'I've been thinking through the
night, said Becky, bending low to
hide her face, and carefully separat-
ing the fringe of her mantilla, 'that
—perhaps—if you ask me again the
same question—that you did yester-
day morning—I might answer a lit-
tle different.'

Becky's head went against Fred's
shoulder and her face became imme-
diately lost to view.

'You darling!' he exclaimed, 'I
never intended to do otherwise. The
young lady in New Orleans was
wholly a myth. But when, may I
ask, did you change your mind?'

'I had never changed it,' she mur-
mured, 'I have loved you all the
time, but I never knew it till last
night.'

And to this day, when Mrs. Becky
Eckerson is asked where it was that
she fell in love with her husband, she
answers, 'On a log.'

Dr. Channing and His Writings.

The republication of Dr. Chan-
ning's complete writings at the low
price of one dollar, not long since,
called forth a sneer at "the cheap
estimation in which the Unitarians
hold them." But his reputation will
take care of itself.

The eminent service which he did
for the cause of human freedom, at
a time, too, when it required no or-
dinary degree of moral manhood, would
alone ensure him undying remem-
brance. The individual never lived
who had a more exalted sense of the
rights of man, and few have ap-
proached the subject with such can-
did and reverent spirit. And in
reading his essays, lectures and let-
ters on slavery one is forced to ad-
mit that he went over the whole
ground and made use of all the ar-
guments. Subsequent writers and
the reformers who helped prepare
the way for emancipation drew large-
ly from him.

In answer to the statement that
the slave-holding States bore the
same relation to the North that a
foreign country did, and consequent-
ly must be treated with the same deli-
cacy, he said:

'The position is false that nation
has no right to interfere morally with
nation. Every community is respon-
sible to other communities for its
laws, habits, character; not respon-
sible in the sense of being liable to
physical punishment and force but
in the sense of just exposure to re-
probation and scorn.'

Such was his appeal to eternal jus-
tice. A retired and scholarly man,
sitting by his own fireside, uncor-
rupted by the world, he showed the
keenest insight and the greatest sa-
gacity, and wrote as his own tend-
erness of conscience moved him—and
always with sincerity and courage.
He was thoroughly aware that he

might, by statesmen, be deemed in-
capable of seeing the various bear-
ings of the question; but he ground-
ed his conclusions upon the truth
that principles never change, that a
moral evil cannot be justified on the
ground of expediency. In closing
a letter on this subject he says, "We
are soon going where the disturban-
ces of time will never reach and to
the presence of Him in whom all the
interests of humanity are safe."

The range of his subjects is very
limited. With the exception of ar-
ticles on Bonaparte, Milton, a Na-
tional Literature and the Union, his
writings are in comparatively few
channels. Yet who that has read
his discriminating suggestions on
Wordsworth, Scott and Dickens can
doubt his ability—could he have
spared the time from more vital
themes—to have made wise criticisms
upon literature, and who but must
wish that he had so done? His
clear vision would have seen in its
true relations whatever he turned
his attention to; and his elaste and
elegant style would have invested
any subject with attractiveness.

But after all that can be said about
the charm of his productions we must
always come back to the one thought
which runs through them all like a
brilliant thread shot in and out, and
never lost sight of,—his lofty sense
of the intrinsic nobleness of the hu-
man soul. It is this which is first
in his close analysis of the character
of Bonaparte; remembering this he
gauges the enormity of his crimes as
a wholesale shedder of blood. This
lies at the heart of his religious in-
dignation against slavery.

And this, we must be persuaded,
influences him in his radical opposi-
tion to Calvinism. For this cause
its tenets looked darker, its bounds
narrower. To him the doctrine of
original sin and its transmission from
generation to generation was mon-
strous; consequently he saw no need
of the new birth, made possible only
through repentance and faith in the
atonement, when the soul in itself
possessed elements by which, through
prayer to the Father, it could go on
to perfection. And yet, if he failed
to see the necessity of the gospel
plan of salvation on the one hand he
would, on the other, have shrunk in
horror from many of the theories of
modern radicals.

Dr. Channing's character was one
of unusual sweetness, nobleness and
simplicity. Those who knew him
bear witness to the beauty of his dai-
ly life; to his sympathy with the
common people and his great respect
for them; and to his charity towards
all who differed from him in religious
opinions, not at all inconsistent, how-
ever, with independence in the ex-
pression of his own.

He is described by one of his as-
sociates in his college days as hav-
ing been a grave and melancholy ex-
pression of countenance which seldom
relaxed into a smile.

In conversation, although not re-
served, he was always serious and
rarely attempted a witticism. There
seemed about him many indications
of feeble health.

One who knew him later in life
says: "He was a very small man—
very thin, went out but little, put
his feet on his fire-fender and there
sat and thought. After Dr. Gan-
nett was settled as his colleague Dr.