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At a Chapter of Sorrow of the Order  
of the Eastern Star, at Oswayo village,  
June 29, 1873, in memory of members

who have died, the following introductory remarks and response to the name of LUCRETIA E. LYMAN, deceased, were read by L. D. Estes:

It is the usage of the Order of the Eastern Star that one day in each year be observed as a day of sorrow and mourning in memory of members of our Society who have passed away from earth, that we may by solemn ceremonies and appropriate demonstrations express our feelings of regret and sorrow for the loss to us and for the places in our Society made vacant by death; and that something eulogistic may be said commemorative of their lives and character during the short period allotted to them in this world of joys and sorrows—of pleasures and afflictions.

We meet to-day in obedience to the custom of our Order, and with pleasure, though solemn and sorrowful, we contribute these heartfelt offerings in memory of the dead.

We are pleased to find with us friends who are not members of our Society, but were friends of our deceased sisters and brother. We give you a cordial welcome, believing that you, too, mourn with those who mourn for the loss of some of our best citizens.

In William R. Bliss's new book of travel in the Sandwich Islands, he describes as follows a Lepers' Village:

There is leprosy in the Hawaiian blood, but none of it is to be seen in Honolulu, as those who are afflicted with it are sent to the lepers' village, on the island of Molokai, which is about thirty miles east of Honolulu, we embark on a clipper schooner bound to windward to bring down a cargo of sugar from Lahaina—a town on the island of Maui, where lepers may be seen in its one broad street. After rolling to starboard and rolling to larboard all night long the schooner "heaves to" at sunrise off the southern coast of the island, and we are set ashore from a small boat in the little harbor of Kaunakakai. The island is green with vegetation, but is nearly deserted. There are less than 1,500 persons on it, although it contains 170 square miles. As we ride on horse back away from the shore, up the ascending plains, in a northeastern direction, we pass deserted garden patches, fallen walls and ruins of native huts, on which knots of long grass are waving like signals of distress. Crossing a succession of green hills we come suddenly to the brink of the precipice of Kalaupapa, which looks north to the ocean and is 2000 feet high. Below from the foot of the precipice stretches a plain, diversified with hills and vales and reaching to the distant shore, where it curves like a scythe into the sea, turning up a white swath against the trade wind. The plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation; but we see no life on it. Here and there a few brown huts catch the eye. Far on the right are dots of white houses. That is the leper village. A steep bridge path zigzags down the front of the precipice, and we must descend it. Under wreathing vines, white blossoms and swinging trailers which adorn and obstruct this descent into the valley of death, the horses step carefully and tediously. In an hour they reach the plain, when a gallop of two miles brings us to the settlement. It consists of detached houses, inclosed by low walls or picket fences, standing in open pasture lands and sweet potato fields. Papaya, papua, banana trees and a winding brook give a picturesque appearance to the village. Its horizon is bounded on one side by the flower-covered precipice, which shuts off the world, and on the other side by the ocean.

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Every person in this community is a leper. Of those who have not sore hands or feet, the men till the ground and women braid mats. Those who cannot take care of themselves are nursed in hospitals by leper nurses. The boys and girls go to school to leper teachers, learning the branches of a simple education which none of them probably can live long enough to appreciate. They leave the school with frolicsome shouts; they romp across the green fields, enjoying the air and sunshine like children in other lands, unconscious of their misfortune. In a grassy field near the sea-shore stands a little church, visited all day by

still, which led her angel spirit on—not to Jesus cradled in a manger but to Christ crucified and risen again, who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you—I go to prepare a place for you."

She still lives, and perhaps even now her spirit with others are very near us, hovering round these floral offerings, this gathering of tribute and respect to the memory of those who are not dead, but only gone before.

Where flowers like these, yea, brighter, ne'er decay,  
But still are blooming through that endless sunny day—  
Redolent splendor here, there and all around  
On that eternal, holy, heavenly ground.

Farewell, sisters! farewell, brother! thou art gone and left us; but we have an assurance that the spirit never dies and a hope that we will meet again. Then, till we do meet again, farewell.

Sitting for a Photograph.

Having a photograph taken is one of the great events in a man's life.

The chief desire is to look the very best, and on the success of the picture hinges in many cases the most important epoch in life. To work up a proper appearance time enough is used which, if devoted to catching fleas for their phosphorus, would cancel the entire national debt and establish a New York daily paper. When you have completed your toilet you go to the gallery and force yourself into a nonchalance of expression that is too absurd for anything. Then you take the chair, spread your legs gracefully, appropriate a calm and indifferent look and commence to perspire. An attenuated man with a pale face, long hair and a soiled nose now comes out of a cavern and adjusts the camera. Then he gets back of you and tells you to sit back as far as you can in the chair, and that it is a remarkably backward spring. After getting you back till your spine interferes with the chair itself, he shoves your head into a pair of ice tongs and dashes at the camera again. Here, with a piece of discolored velvet over his head, he bombards you in this manner: "Your chin out a little please." The chin is protruded. "That's nicely; now a little more." The chin advances again and the pomade commences to melt and start for freedom. Then he comes back to you and slaps one of your hands on your leg in such a position as to give you the appearance of trying to lift it over your head. The other is turned under itself and has become so sweaty that you begin to fear that it will stick there permanently. A new stream of pomade finds its way out and goes downward. Then he shakes your head in the tongs till it settles right and says it looks like rain, and puts your chin out again and punches out your chest and says he doesn't know what the poor are to do next winter unless there is a radical change in affairs, and then takes the top of your head in one hand and your chin in the other and gives your neck a wrench which would earn any other man a prominent position in a new hospital. Then runs his hand through your hair and scratches your scalp and steps back to the camera and the injured velvet for another look. By this time new sweat and pomade have started out. The whites of your eyes show unpleasantly, and your whole body feels as if it had been visited by an enormous cramp and another and much larger one was immediately expected. Then he points at something for you to look at; tells you look cheerful and composed, and snatches away the velvet and pulls out his watch. When he gets tired and you feel as if there was but very little left in this world to live for, he restores the velvet, says it is an unfavorable day for a picture, but he hopes for the best and immediately disappears in his den. Then you get up and scratch yourself, slap on your hat and immediately sneak home, feeling mean, humbled and altogether too wretched for description. The first friend who sees the picture says he can see enough resemblance to make certain that it is you, but you have tried to look too formal to be natural and graceful.—Danbury News.

the sun and sea-breeze. Here a native minister, a leper, leads religious services on Sunday for his miserable fellows. These poor people seem to be contented. A ration of five pounds of vegetables is issued weekly, in addition to what each cultivates with his own labor. This support is so much better than any Hawaiian ever has at home, that natives living on other parts of the island have desired to make themselves lepers in order to be taken care of in this village of death. As we turn away for our homeward journey, it is natural to wish, for the sake of humanity, that there might be in this beautiful valley a river Jordan into which these miserable people could dip and be cleaned. But the curse of Elisha upon his corrupt servant seems to be irrevocably fixed upon them:

"The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and to thy seed forever."

Put Flowers on Your Table.

Put flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it, or put two or three or a single flower, a rose, a pink, or a daisy. Bring a few daisies or buttercups from your last field work and keep them alive in a little water; preserve but a bunch of clover or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of God's creation and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose or a lily or a violet on your table and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common, for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers in season set upon his table, we believe, morning, noon and night; that is to say, at all meals, seeing that they were growing all day. Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please; never changes with silks and velvets and silver forks, nor be dependent on caprice and changes to give them importance and a sensation.

Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy waking of the creation, they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home, the graces of good morrow; proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves or those about us, some Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or in ourselves some masculine wilderness not unworthy to possess such a companion or unlikely to gain her.—Leigh Hunt.

CURIOUS CUSTOM OF BIRDS.

In W. C. Prime's lately published book, entitled "I go a-fishing," at page 325, I find a statement, given him by a friend in a conversation, which is evidently intended to be accepted as truth. I condense it somewhat as follows: "A—'s' birds yonder have, beyond question, means of exchanging ideas." "You would think so if you saw them at prayers." "Wha-at?" "Yes; at prayers. It isn't anything less. There are birds of every country under the whole heavens and with voices as various as the languages of men and you hear what a wild concert of delight they keep up all day long. But every day this entire group of birds assemble in silence and if it isn't a prayer meeting I don't know what it is. There is no forewarning that we can detect. While they are all chattering, singing, playing here, there and everywhere, suddenly one of them, sometimes one and sometimes another, utters a peculiar call, totally distinct from his ordinary note. Whatever bird it is, the call is much the same and instantly every bird stops his play and his noise. They gather in rows on the perches, shorten their necks so as almost to sink their heads into their feathers and make no motion of wing, head, or foot for a space of thirty minutes and often longer. It is almost a daily occurrence. Ordinarily, you cannot approach the aviary without frightening some of the birds and producing a sharp commotion; but while this exercise is going on nothing disturbs them. They are birds of every land and climate, as you see; but this is their custom and no one fails to attend, or behaves ill in meeting. You think it something like mesmerism, for the leader keeps up his curious call note throughout the service. The instant it is ended they break up with a shout of delight and rush around singing and having a jolly time of it, as if thoroughly refreshed."

My object is to ask whether this custom of birds in an aviary has ever been noticed before, or accounted for, supposing the statement to be accurate.

J. S. H.

[Of the accuracy of the statement we can assure our correspondent, having frequently seen the occurrence at the residence of the friend of Mr. Prime, whom many readers of his book will re-

cognize, and in the precise manner described. We are not aware whether it has been elsewhere noticed.—Editor N. Y. Observer.]

Grandmamma Kirke's Gift.

"How do you like it?" said Charley Clare to Millicent Kirke, as he pointed to the villa he had selected for them to commence housekeeping in when they should be married in a few weeks.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she whispered. "But, Charley, don't you think it is rather small?"

"Well—yes—perhaps so; but what do we want with anything larger? The bedroom up-stairs is really a good size, and—"

"But is there a bedroom on the ground floor?" asked Millicent, anxiously.

"No; why?"

"For grandmamma, you know."

Mr. Clare's countenance fell slightly at the reference to "grandmamma."

"I have made no arrangements for your grandmamma, Millie."

"But, Charley, she brought me up. Oh, Charley, we cannot settle down without her."

"We can't settle down with her, you mean?" said Clare, imperatively.

"When a man marries a girl he doesn't contract to support all the relatives she happens to have."

"I am all that grandmamma has," said Millie, her face all aglow, her eyes darkly coqueting. "Grandmamma has loved and cherished me more years than you have and I will not leave her to neglect and suffering in her old age."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Clare, quietly, "it is settled."

"Yes," said Millicent, in a firm voice, "it is settled."

And grandmamma Kirke, sitting alone by her fire, was astonished some five or ten minutes later by the sudden apparition of little Millie, flinging herself upon her shoulder and sobbing most bitterly.

Grandmamma Kirke listened to the poor girl's story with an odd working of her venerable features.

"Don't ask this sacrifice of you, child," said old Mrs. Kirke, stroking down the lustrous masses of disheveled brown hair. "I dare say I shall do well enough."

Millie looked up, loving and indignant at the same time:

"Do you suppose I could leave you, grandmamma?"

Mr. Charles Clare was a little surprised at the turn events had taken; it had never for an instant occurred to his mind that any girl in her sober senses could prefer the society of a crooked old woman to that of himself.

"She'll come to her senses after a while," was the reflection with which he was consoled. "All girls indulge in heroics now and then, but it won't last long."

Mr. Clare was destined to disappointment.

"Engaged to Frank Blakesley!" he cried about six months subsequently. "Why, he has been courting her this long time—sending her flowers, books, music and all that sort of things. And the old Witch of Endor is to live with them, I suppose. I wouldn't have stood it!"

went on Clare, growing more heated and angry as he talked; but Frank Blakesley never had any mind of his own. Well, I wish them joy, that's all!"

But the tone of voice in which Mr. Clare spoke indicated anything but the benevolent aspirations shadowed forth by his words.

Frank Blakesley and Millie Kirke had not been married more than a year when a sad messenger came to the door of their humble, yet infinitely-contented home—Asrael, the mighty and relentless angel of death!

"You've been very kind to me; Frank and Millie," said grandmamma Kirke, "but it's well-nigh over now. I only wanted to live long enough to see my little girl confided to the care of some good man who would value her as she deserves, and I have got my wish?"

And grandmamma Kirke, whose old eyes were growing dim, fumbled under her pillow for the old work-bag with the outworn little pocket which, with its paraphernalia of antique housewives, bodkins, scissors