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**Caldwell at Springfield.**  
Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall— You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball. Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run flow- ers blow Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. Nothing more did I say! Stay one moment; you've heard. Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word Down at Springfield? What, No? Come—that's bad, why he had All the Jerseys a flame! And they gave him the name Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge. For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George! He had cause, you might say! When the Hes- sians that day Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms, Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew But God—and that one of the hiring crew Who fired the shot. Enough!—there she lay And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away! Did he precede—did he pray? Think of him as you stand By the old church to-day—think of him and that band Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat Of that reckless advance—of that stragling re- treat! Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain in your view— And what could you—what should you—what would you do? Why just what he did! They were left in the lurch For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church. Broke the door, stripped the pews and, dashed out in the road. With his arms full of hymn books, and threw down his load At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots, Rang his voice—"Put Watts into 'em—Boys, give 'em Watts!" And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers bloom Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago. You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball— But not always a hero like this—and that's all. —Bret Harle.

**IN AND OUT OF LOVE.**  
How did I know she was a widow. Don't you give me credit for any common sense or discrimination at all? How do you know that a rose is red? How do you know lobster salad from sardines? I knew she was a widow from the very moment I took the corner seat in the car, opposite to her little black bonnet with its fluttering breath of crape veil and the Astrachan muff that held two tiny, black-gloved hands. How I envied that muff. Don't tell me of your Venuses, your Madonnas and your Marys Queen of Scots—they couldn't have held a candle to this delicious little widow. I never did believe in grand beauties! A woman has no business over-awing and impressing you against your will. And she was one of your dimpled, daisy-faced creatures, with soft brown eyes, long-lashed and limpid and a red mouth, which looked as if it was just ready to be kissed. And then there was a tangle of golden spirals of hair hanging over her forehead and braids upon braids pinned under her bonnet, until a hair-dresser would have gone frantic at the sight. Just as I was taking an inventory of these things, in that sort of unob- servant way that I flatter myself be- longs to a man of the world, she dropped her muff and of course it rolled under the car seat. Wasn't I down on my knees at once after it? I rather think so. "Thank you, sir," said the delicious little widow. "Not at all," I replied. "Can I do anything more for you?" "No, thank you—unless you could tell me what time we get into Glen- dale." "Glendale," I cried. "Why, I am going to Glendale." Of course, we were friends at once and the daisy-faced enchantress made room for me beside her, 'lest,' as she said, 'some horrid disagreea- ble creature should step in and bore her to death,' and I stepped right out of the musty, ill-ventilated world of the railway carriage into an atmos- phere of Eden. When a bachelor of forty falls in love at first sight—oh, what a fall is there, my countrymen. No half

measure, I tell you. Before we had been speeding through the wintry landscape an hour, I had already built up several blocks of chateaux d'Espagne, in my mind. I saw my bachelor rooms bright- ened with her presence. I fancied myself walking to church with her hand on my arm. I heard her dulcet voice saying, 'My dear Thomas, what would you like for supper to-night?' I beheld myself a respectable member of so- ciety—the head of a family. What would Bob Carter say now—I meant then. Bob who was always railing me on my state of hopeless old bache- lorhood; who supposed, forsooth, because he happened to be a trifle younger and better-looking than my- self that I had no chances whatever. I'd show Bob! 'What did we talk about?' The weather, of course; the scenery, the prospects—all the available topics, one after another; and the more we talked, the deeper grew my admiration. She was so sensible and so origi- nal and so everything else, that she ought to be! I discovered that she preferred a town life to the seclusion of a coun- try residence—so did I. Who would stagnate when he could feel the world's pulses as they throbbled? She loved the opera—so did I. She thought this woman's suffrage movement all ridiculous—with a be- witching little lisp on the last sylla- ble—I agreed with her. She thought a woman's true sphere was home; my feelings surged up too strongly for utterance and I merely bowed my assent. Here was a delicious unanimity of soul—a mute concord of sympathy. What would Bob Carter say when he saw this beautiful little robin lured into my cage. How I would lord it over him. How I would in- vite him to 'happen in any time.' How I would, figuratively of course, hold up Mrs. Thomas Smith over his envying eyes. I uttered an au- dible chuckle as I thought of these things which I had some difficulty in changing into a cough. 'You have got cold,' said the wi- dow sympathetically. 'Do, please, have one of my troches; they are very soothing to the throat.' I took the troché, but I did not swallow it. I would as soon have eaten a priceless pearl. I put it in my left hand breast pocket as near my heart as practicable. Her first gift. 'A bachelor like me is used to such things,' I said in an off-hand man- ner. 'A bachelor!' echoed my travel- ing companion. 'Bless me, then you are not married?' 'Unfortunately, no.' 'It's never too late to mend,' haz- arded the widow, roguishly. 'That is my sole consolation,' I answered, gallantly. 'There is nothing like married life,' sighed the widow, with a momentary eclipse of the limpid brown orbs, be- neath the whitest of dropping lids. 'But what's the use of my talking about it to you? You can't under- stand.' 'I can imagine,' I replied mod- estly. 'You must find a wife as soon as possible,' said the widow looking in- tently at the hem of her pocket handkerchief. 'You are living only half a life now. Ah, you cannot think how much happier you would be with some gentle, clinging being at your side—some congenial soul to mirror your own.' Instinctively I laid my hand upon my heart. 'Do not fancy that I shall lose an instant in the search,' I said. 'I have already pictured to myself the pleasure of a newer existence.' 'Have you?' The brown eyes shot an arch, challenging sparkle toward me. 'Tell me all about her.' 'Do you really wish to know?' 'Of course I do.' I congratulated myself mentally on the fine progress I was making, considering the small practice in love making that I had. Bob Car- ter himself, with all his ready tongue and good looking face could not

have carried on a flirtation more neatly. 'Is she fair or dark?' questioned the widow with the prettiest of in- terest. 'Neither, about your complexion.' 'Oh!' laughed my interlocutor, with a charming pink suffusion over her dimples. 'Is she young?' 'Yes, about your age.' 'Pretty?' 'More than pretty—beautiful.' The widow arched her perfectly penciled eyebrows. 'What a devoted husband you will make! and when are you to be married?' 'Are you acquainted with Mr. Car- ter, Mrs. Alverin's brother?' asked the widow, presently. 'Yes,' I answered, with a little gri- mace. 'A self-conceited, disagreea- ble puppy.' 'Do you think so?' asked the wi- dow, doubtfully. 'Of course, as everybody else. So will you, when you meet him.' 'Shall I?' 'A man who thinks because he's got a handsome face and a smooth tongue, that nobody else has any business in creation.' 'Dear, dear!' twittered my com- panion; 'that's very bad, indeed.' 'Of course, he will pay a good deal of attention to you, if you are to be his sister's guest,' I pursued; 'but it won't do to encourage him.' 'No?' 'By no means. He is a profession- al flirt.' 'Is it possible?' lisped the widow. And I mentally shook hands with myself for having thus deftly put a spoke in Bob's wheel. First impressions are everything, and I certainly had been beforehand with the pretty widow. Neither had I any compunctions of conscience, for hadn't Bob been playing practi- cal jokes of all styles and complex- ions on me ever since we had entered the bar side by side? 'Stupid Tom,' had been his pet name for me, always; but this wasn't so very 'stupid' a game, after all. While I was thus metaphorically hugging myself, the conductor bawled out, 'Glendale,' and I sprang up to assist my lovely companion out of the car, cheerfully burden- ing myself with bags, baskets, parasols and bulky wraps. As we stepped upon the platform, I nearly tumbled into the arms of— Bob Carter. 'Hallo, Tom!' was his inelegant greeting. 'You don't grow any lighter as you grow older.' I was about to retort bitterly, when a sudden change came over his face, as he beheld the pretty widow behind me. 'Gertie!' he exclaimed, clasping both her hands in his. 'Yes, Robert,' she answered, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. 'That gentlemen has got my parcels; he has been very kind to me.' 'Oh, has he, though? well, we won't trouble him any further. I am much obliged to you, Tom, and we'll send you cards to the wed- ding.' 'To what wedding?' I gasped. 'Didn't you tell him, Gertie?' 'Why to our wedding, the tenth of next month, to be sure. Au revoir! Tom, be careful of yourself for my sake.' And that was the last I ever saw of my daisy faced widow! For if you think I was mean-spirited enough to go to that wedding, you are mistaken in my character.

**A Terribly Real Story.**  
Nine days after a storm in the Gulf of Mexico, a traveler, finding his way from the salt-pans of West- ern Louisiana, took a little fishing craft. There was that fresh purity in the air and the sea which follows the bursting of the elements. The numerous 'bays' and keys that in- dent the shore looked fresher and brighter and there was that repen- tant beauty in nature which aims to soothe us into forgetfulness of its recent angry passions. The white- winged sea birds flew about, and tall water-fowl stood silently over their shadows like a picture above and be- low. The water sparkled with salt

freshness, and the roving winds sat in the shoulder of the sail, resting and riding to port. The little bark slipped along the shores and shallows and in and out by key and inlet, sealing its shadow on the pure white sand that seemed so near its keel. The last vestige of the storm was gone and the little Gulf-world seemed fresher and glad- der for it. The tropical green grasses and water-plants lung their long, linear, hairlike sheaths in graceful curves, and patches of willow-palm and palmetto, in many an intricate curve and involution, made a laby- rinth of verdure. The wild loveliness of the numerous slips and channels where never a boat seemed to have sailed since the Indian's water- logged canoe was tossed on the shadowy banks, was enhanced by the vision of distant ships, their sails even with the water, or broken by the white buildings of a sleepy plan- tation in its bow of figs and olive and tall moss-clustered pines. Suddenly the traveler fancied he heard a cry, but the fisherman said no—it was the scream of water-fowl or the shrill call of an eagle far above dropping down from the blue zenith; and they sailed on. Again he heard the distant cry and was told of the panther in the bush and wild birds that drummed and whirred with almost human intonation; and they sailed on again. But again the mysterious troubled cry arose from the labyrinth of green, and the traveler entreated them to go in quest of it. The fisher- men had their freight for the market—delay would deteriorate its value; but the anxious traveler bade them put about and he would bear the loss. It was well they did. There, in the dense coverets of the swamps, amid the brackish water-growths and grasses, they found a man and woman, ragged, torn, starved. For nine days they had no food but the soft pith of the palmetto, coarse muscles, or scant poison-berries, their bed the damp morass, and their drink the brackish water; and they told the wild and terrible story of Last Island.

Last Island was the Saratoga and Long Branch of the South, the south- ernmost watering-place in the Gulf. Situated on a fertile coral island en- riched by innumerable flocks of wild fowl, art had brought its wealth of fruit and flowers to perfection. The cocoanut-palm, date-palm and orange orchards contrasted their rich foliage in the sunshine with the pineapple, banana and the rich soft turf of the mesquit-grass. The air was fragrant with magnolia and orange bloom, the gardens glittering with the burning beauty of tropical flowers, jessamine thickets and voluptuous grape arbors, the golden wine-like sun pouring an intoxicating balm over it; graceful white cottages festooned with vines, with curving chalet or Chinese roofs colored red; pinnacled arbors and shadowy retreats of espaliers pretty as a coral grove; and a fair shining hotel in the midst, with arcades and galleries—the very dream of ease and luxury, as delicate and trim as if made of cut paper in many forms of prettiness. Here was the nabob's retreat; in this balmy garden of de- light all that luxury, art and volup- tuous desire could hint or hope for was collected; and nothing harsh or poor or rugged jarred the fullness of its luxurious ease. Ten nights be- fore, its fragrant atmosphere was broken into beautiful ripples by the clang and harmony of dancing mu- sic. It was the night of the "hop." The hotel was crowded. Yachts and pleasure-vessels pretty as the petals of a flower tossed on the water, or as graceful shells banked the shores; and the steamer at twilight came breathing short, excited breaths with the last relay, for it was the height of the summer season. In their light, airy dresses, as the music swam and sung, bright-eyed girls floated in graceful waltzes down the voluptuous waves of sound and the gleam of light and color was like a butterfly's ball. The queenly, lus- cious night sank deeper, and lovers strolled in lamp-lighted arcades and dreamed and hoped of life like that, the fairy existence of love and peace; and so till, tired of play, sleep and rest came in the small hours.

Hush! All at once came the storm, not as in northern latitudes, with premonitory murmur and fret- ting, lashing itself by slow degrees into white heat and rain, but the storm of the tropics, carrying the sea on its broad, angry shoulders, till, reaching the verdurous, love- clustered little isle, it flung the bulk of waters with all its huge, brawny force right upon the cut-paper pret- tinesses and broke them into sand and splinters. Of all those pretty children with blue and with opales- cent eyes, arrayed like flowers of the field; of all those lovers dreaming of love in summer dalliance, and of cottages among figs and olives; of all the vigorous manhood and ripe womanhood, with all the skill and courage of successful life in them, not a tithe was saved. The ghastly maw of the waters covered them and swallowed them. A few sprang, among crashing timbers, on a floor laden with impetuous water—the many perhaps never waked at all, or woke to but one short prayer. The few who were saved hardly knew how they were saved—the many who died never knew how they were slain or drowned. It has twice been my fortune in life to see such a storm and know its sudden destruction; once, to see a low, broad, shelving farm-house dis- appear to the ground-timbers before my eyes, as if its substance had van- ished into air, while great globes of electric fire burst down and sunk in- to the ground; once, to see a pine forest of centuries' growth cut down as grass by the mower's scythe. I do not think it possible to see a third and survive and I do not wish my soul to be whirled away in the vortex of such a storm. At noon or later, after the ruin of Last Island, a gentleman of a name renowned in Southwestern story found himself clinging to a bush in the wild waters, lashed by the long whips of branches, half dead with fear and fatigue. For a time the hurly-burly blinded and hid every- thing, and the long roll rocked and tore at him in desperate endeavor to wrench loose his bleeding fingers. The impules of the wind and storm at such a time is of a solid body and there is a look of solidity in the very appearance of the magnificent force. But as it abated he thought he heard a faint cry, and looking around he saw a poor girl in the ribbons of her night-dress, clinging to a branch and slipping from her feeble hold. Tired as he was, and wild and dangerous as the attempt might be, he did not dare to leave her to perish. Choos- ing his time in a lull, he struck out to the bush and reached it just as her ebbing strength gave way. He took her in his sturdy arms and clinging with tooth and nail, stayed them both to their strange anchor- age. Faint, half-conscious, disrobed as she was, in the sweet, delicate features, the curve of the lip and the raven tresses clothed in seaweed, he recognized the Creole belle of last night's hop. He cheered and encour- aged her, pointing out that the storm was abating, had abated. It could not be long until search-boats came and while he had strength to live she should share it. It proved true. Generous and hardy fishers and shepherds had come at once to the scene of disaster and were busy picking up the few spared by wind and wave. They found the two clinging togeth- er and to that slight bush and they took them off, wrapping them in ready, rough fishermen's coats. The reader can see the end of that story. A meeting so appointed had its pre- destined end in a love-match. So we leave it and them; the rest of their lives belongs to them, not to us.

The pair found by our fishing- smack were a wealthy planter and his wife. For nine days of starva- tion and danger they had clung to- gether. When I think of the hus- band's manly care in thus abiding by the wife, I find it hard to recon- cile it with the fact that he only valued his life and her at a few dol- lars—not enough to compensate the traveler for the loss incurred as de- murrage to the fishermen. Now Last Island is but a low sandy reef, on which a few strag- gling fruit trees try to keep the re-

membrane of its by-gone beauty. It is as bare and desolate as the bones of those who filled its halls in the cataclysm of that dreadful night—bones which now waste to whiteness on sterile shores or are wrought into coral in the undersea. —Lippincott's Magazine.

From the New York Herald.  
**Sketch of Jesse R. Grant.**

Jesse R. Grant, the father of Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, was a plain, hard working, earnest and honest man and enjoyed in his declining years the great consolation of having seen his son re- ceive and administer the highest hon- or and authority which the people of the American nation can confer on man, and this by almost unanimous repetition on two different occa- sions.

The family of Jesse R. Grant de- scended from Noah Grant, who came over to America from Scotland at an early period, but its authenticated record begins with Captain Noah Grant. He entered the United States service as Captain in 1775 and was killed in battle on the 20th of Sep- tember, 1756. He was the great-grandfather of General Grant. His son, Noah Grant, was born at Wind- sor, Conn., July 4, 1744. He served through most of the Revolutionary War, rising to the rank of captain. He lived for a time in New London county, it is believed, but he is known to have resided in Coventry. After the death of his first wife he emigra- ted from that place to Western Penn- sylvania, where he married again. The father of General Grant, now de- ceased, was born of this marriage in January, 1794, in Westmoreland county, Pa. He was named Jesse Root Grant, after Jesse Fisher Root, of Connecticut, with whom his father claimed relationship. The family moved to Ohio in 1799. At that time schools were almost entirely unknown in that country, and the only education Jesse Root Grant ob- tained was derived from a few months' schooling when he was about fifteen years of age. His father although tolerably well educated himself, took little interest in in- structing his children, and the family could not well afford to seek abroad for the advantages which they lacked at home. Young Grant had a matter of fact turn of mind, and seeing that he was destined to obtain his living by the sweat of his brow, he cast about for some remunerative employ- ment. He finally selected the tan- ning business. In 1820 he removed to Point Pleasant, a small village, twenty-five miles from Cincinnati. Here he became acquainted with his future wife. This lady, Miss Hannah Simpson, was born in November, 1798, in Montgomery county, Penn., where she was brought up and edu- cated. In 1818, she, with her father's family, emigrated to Ohio and set- tled in Clarmont county. In June, 1821, Mr. Jesse R. Grant and Miss Simpson married and settled at Point Pleasant. On the 27th of April, 1822, their first child was born. As is not unfrequently the case in such circum- stances, there was no little discussion on the subject of naming the illustri- ous stranger. Finally, the following method was adopted of solving the difficulty. The various names which had been suggested were placed in a hat and shaken together, and it was agreed that the first one drawn out should be adopted. That name was "Ulysses," and the future Lieutenant General was called Ulysses Simpson Grant, receiving for his middle name the maiden name of his mother.

About a year after the birth of the General Mr. Jesse R. Grant removed to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown county, where he settled him- self permanently in the tanning busi- ness. Here five other children were born to him. Mr. Grant, Sr., profit- ed by his own early experience and gave all his children a good educa- tion. Indeed, he did rather more than that, for we find him writing to a friend, a very few years, since that he had "divided \$120,000 among his four children, leaving enough for the support of himself and wife. He did not include the General in this divi- sion, as he was then in the receipt of a large salary from the Government.

Be patient in well-doing.