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RESPONSE to the name of MARY L. JONES at the roll-call in the "Chapter of Sorrows" held at Oswayo, June 20th, 1873.—Read by Rachel T. Lyman.

"Death loves a shining mark," Ofttimes the young, the fair, the gifted, the dearly loved and fondly cherished must bow to the stern mandate that severs "the golden chain," loosens "the silver cord" and breaks the "pitcher at the fountain," as in the case of our dear departed sister, MARY L. JONES.

She was born in Poultny, Vt., Dec. 14th, 1859; removed with her parents to this County in the fall of 1855, where she resided till her death March 25th, 1873; endearing herself to a large circle of friends by her many noble qualities of mind and heart. None knew but to love her—none named her but to praise. Her untiring energy and zeal in every undertaking and earnest desire to excel, united with an amiable disposition, rendered her an acceptable and successful teacher; everywhere winning the hearts of her pupils, encouraging them to set their mark higher and live for a noble purpose. She possessed the kind and generous heart of an Electa. The poorest of her flock always found in her a sympathetic friend. For such she ever had kind words and pleasant smiles that left impressions on their young hearts never to be effaced.

Though warned by failing health that she needed rest she taught until the spring of 1872, when she left school duties to assume new responsibilities; left early associations and childhood's friends to gladden the heart and home of him she had chosen from all the world beside to be her life companion. Alas! how soon to meet her last great change. "Robbed for the bridal and robed for the grave" with only a few fleeting months between. Last year June's clustering roses crowned her a queenly bride—to-day they blossom above an early grave; while in the realms above, her freed spirit is wreathed with heavenly immortelles.

"How passingly sweet the transition From her Earth-home to Home in the sky. Surely 'death was robbed of its terror! To our sister 'twas Heaven to die."

As she faded, day by day, all that art could devise, or love suggest was added to arrest the full disease; but Jesus' love and claim was more potent than any earthly tie. While friends fondly sought to prolong her stay He beckoned her away, and angels sung a 'welcome home.'

Though we think of her now as wearing a stary crown, a shining, and tuning a golden harp with the angelic choir above, we sadly miss her earthly presence. When told by her sister "Life would be nothing without her" she said "O, live noble lives and sometimes think of me."

In the social circle, which she was so eminently fitted to adorn, the loss is deeply felt. The Sabbath-school has lost an earnest and faithful teacher. It was a dying wish that she might be remembered by the different societies of which she was a member. These, too, miss her genial smile, cheerful voice and energetic mind, and mourn the loss of one of their brightest ornaments. O, how the parents, brothers and sister miss their loved and precious one.

"Sadly, so sadly, our bosoms are swelling, Up from our lone hearts the tear drops are welling, She was our 'sunshine,' the light of our dwelling, Mary, our darling."

They can hardly realize that she is gone to return no more, and almost listen for the light foot-step, expecting to meet the warm presence of her life and see the sunny smile—yet are mocked by the remembrance that they have laid her away in the silent tomb. There is another, a stricken mourner, whose aching heart so sadly misses the fond, confiding spirit who, for a few brief months, was the light of his home and with whom he trustingly hoped to spend a long and happy life. Alas! how seldom are life's brightest fancies realized. To-day, sad and alone, he treads life's weary way. The strongest tie that bound her to earth was her love for husband and dear friends.

When she realized that these ties were very soon to be broken she said " 'twas not hard to die; the severing

of earthly ties was all that made it bitter." She thought this world "very beautiful," and to be happy one need only look through nature up to nature's God. Her last words were, "God! O, I love Him so much."

Let us emulate her example to persevere in every good work; remember her dying words and live pure and noble lives; ever keeping in view the "Star" that points to the "Land far away, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time; Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold."

And life is a treasure sublime; 'Tis the land of our God; 'tis the home of the soul; Where ages of splendor eternally roll; Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal On the evergreen mountains of life."

(From the Alta California.)
Dundreary on his Muscle.

We have already informed our readers that Mr. Sothorn, during his trip from New York, had got into some little trouble on the cars. Our reporter called on Mr. Sothorn, but was unable to see him. Our reporter then interviewed the conductor.

It appears that Mr. Towne had the thoughtful courtesy to telegraph to Ogden to the effect that Mr. Sothorn was to have the sole use of the directors' car. Mr. Sothorn appreciated the kind compliment, and telegraphed his thanks, &c. The following morning, however, he discovered a six-foot-twoer calmly stretched on his sofa, coolly smoking his cigars and sipping his iced claret. Mr. Sothorn suggested in gentle terms that the big stranger had made a slight mistake, as the car was a private one.

"Private be d—d," exclaimed the stalwart stranger. "It's big enough for a dozen thin devils like you."

"Possibly," replied Mr. S., "but as you have not even the politeness to apologize for the intrusion I request you leave it."

"Not if I know it," ejaculated the brawny stranger.

Enter the conductor.

Conductor—Now then, sir, please remove to your own seat.

Mysterious stranger—If either of you bother me any longer I'll knock your heads together and pitch you out of the car. It's only going twenty five miles an hour and it won't hurt you much.

Sothorn (coolly taking his coat off)—Come, this is getting interesting. Conductor, sit down and do a gentle smoke while I endeavor to bring our large friend to his senses.

Conductor sits and smokes. Gloomy stranger rises, glares and makes a rush at Sothorn, hitting him a heavy blow on the mouth.

"There, that settles the matter," says the stranger. "Not quite," replies Sothorn, and playfully giving him one, two, three on eyes, nose and mouth, closes with him, and with one wrestling "cross buttock" sends him spinning over the rail at the end of the car. The alarm is given and the train stops. The mysterious stranger is picked up insensible, bleeding at the nose, ears and mouth. Sothorn relinquished the private car to him. A doctor on the train attends to him and says, "A compound fracture." He still lies in extreme danger; but the verdict of every one is, "served him right."

The stranger's name is James Lawson, of Peoria.

(From the New York Tribune.)
G'LANG.

Gen. Horace Porter drives a good stepping team of small bays to a Victoria, an attractive family team. Gen. Babcock, Private Secretary to the President, drives two longtailed sorrel mares, good steppers, to an ordinary top buggy. He also has a family carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Paddock (Magie Mitchell) are often seen with their handsome little daughter taking the air behind a pair of strong, heavy, high-headed sorrels to a high-box, low seated, roomy family carriage—a very noticeable turn-out. Mrs. Paddock also drives a large, valuable black horse to a low-bodied driving wagon, with top.

Jay Gould has probably the most costly turn-out, but one of the most modest, to be seen on the road. His team is a pair of powerful thoroughly

matched bays, fine long tails, straight legs, high heads, and whose action is at once easy and strong. They are driven to a beautiful landau, very large and deep, and exceedingly graceful. His harness, although not showy, is in excellent keeping and very rich. The livery of the driver is very subdued, and the whole equipage would not attract as much attention as a single horse to a two-wheeled dog cart that parades with a footman up and down the avenue every evening.

John Hoye has probably the best stables at the Branch. Mrs. Hoye's carriage is a heavy English landau, drawn by a black and a bay, banded, white driver and footman in knee-breches. The team is a good one, and the carriage new and heavy. He has a brown and chestnut trotting team, which it is said has been driven in less than 2:50 to pole. It is probably the best team at the Branch. Miss Josey Hoye, his daughter, drives by all odds the most stylish and valuable turnout of any lady on the road. Her horses are of bright sorrel, perfectly matched, fast travelers and mettlesome. Her wagon is a very elaborate, long-geared basket phaeton, with high rumble. She manages her team with much grace and judgment. Mr. John Hoye, jr., drives to alight wagon his bay trotter Tom Thumb. This horse, it is said, can beat young Murphy's on the track but not on the road. A younger son of Mr. Hoye's has a team of Shetland ponies about three feet high, which he drives and rides.

Some of the accounts from Long Branch portraying the extent and value of the President's horses and carriages have been very much exaggerated. There are probably twenty stables worth more than his (I here use stable in the horseman's sense, meaning the horses) now at the Branch. He has four bays and a pair of colts. One team of bays, driven to Mrs. Grant's landau, is composed of Cincinnati and Egypt, one of which was Gen. Grant's war horse, and the other he has owned ever since he has been in Washington. Both horses are getting quite old, although they are yet good steppers. The other pair of bays are also driven to Mrs. Grant's carriage, and also to a high-seated phaeton. Sometimes they are driven four in hand to the heavy landau. The only thing that would attract attention to this team is the white lines and check-straps, which seem to be generally tabooed by persons of refinement. The carriages of the President are four in number, and are as unostentatious as any gentleman could wish. The family carriage has been driven ever since Gen. Grant became President. It is substantial but not showy. The high phaeton or drag is the same in which the owner drove from his I street residence in Washington to the Capitol when he first took the oath of office. It is, therefore, well worn, but is yet a very respectable carriage and that is all. He has also a good piano-box buggy, no better than a hundred farmers have within twenty miles of New York. To this the President drives his pair of colts, which are of excellent action and speed. This is the best team he owns. In addition to these carriages, Miss Grant has a modest one-horse basket phaeton to which she sometimes drives Cincinnati and sometimes a pair of black ponies. Gen. Grant never drives out in the family carriage, but instead prefers his phaeton or light buggy. This statement is in simple fairness due to correct an unjust prejudice on the part of a portion of the public.

The turn-out of all others at the Branch, which most reminds the beholder of the days of Fisk and Helmbold, is that of "Col." Charles H. Delevan, of New York, who says he is descended from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the land. The colonel is reputed to be worth several millions of dollars, and is a bachelor of eccentric habits and disposition. He is of gigantic proportions and must at one time have been an attractive figure. He is harmlessly prosy in conversation, dwelling rather too much at length on his horses. His height is so great that it was necessary to construct a

bed for his accommodation before he became a patron of the hotel. The Colonel's team consists of four well-matched, spirited blacks, which are well groomed and richly caparisoned. His carriage is an immense high Berlin phaeton—an exact copy, as the Colonel says, of the one the Emperor William drives in. The Colonel says he saw the Emperor in his carriage and he liked the style so much that he ordered a Berlin coachmaker to duplicate it, which he did at a cost of \$3,000. For a driver and footman the Colonel has two negroes of nearly his own size, black as Erebus, and as ostentatious as possible. Their livery is brilliant, if it is not in good taste. A broad gold band encircles their hats, and gilt buttons are as thick on their coats as crying babies and scolding nurses are in front of my room at this minute, which is going as far as the truth can. The neck-cloths are brilliant, and an artificial bouquet of crimson flowers is secured to the lapel of each coat. The driver is the same who drove for Fisk, and he manages his blacks, four-in-hand, with a great flourish—the Colonel sitting in the back seat as serenely as though he were, indeed, the Emperor of all Germany, and the owner of all the Jerseys. The Colonel says he has also four bays and four grays, all perfectly matched.

ABOUT WEASELS.

"Spy as a weasel" is a very common phrase; and yet I know of no family of animals concerning which it is so nearly impossible to get anything like accurate information from our natural histories.

The genus *Mustela*, or in straight English, the weasels, includes—as every one knows—besides the common weasel and the fisher, the ermine, the marten and the sable. But if anybody can distinguish these last three apart, from the printed descriptions, they will do better than the writer of this sketch, who has often tried and as often got muddled. What one naturalist affirms another disputes, till a mere amateur might well lose confidence in them all.

During the last four or five years, I have had personal dealings, by way of traps, with five members of this family; and I hope our boy readers will pardon what seems to me a very natural desire to say a few words about them, which I shall try to render plain and reliable.

The five to which I allude are the mink, the fisher, the stoat (ermine), the marten and the common weasel. These five are common in this state (Maine) and in northern America generally. They may be termed the American branch of the family, though found in the Old World as well. But the sable, properly speaking, is never found in America. Old hunters sometimes speak of trapping "sable," but they mean the pine-marten, which they by mistake confound with the Siberian sable, an animal which differs from our marten considerably in its looks and very much in the quality of its fur, the ears and nose of the sable being much the longer. And its costly fur, which I may briefly describe, consists of a downy wool next to the hide, through which grows a thick coat of short hair. Then, above both of these, there rises a third coat of longer hair. This last will lie in any direction you may stroke it, backward or forward. The value of the skin depends on this outside coat, according as it is abundant, black and glossy.

I find the American *Mustelidae*, as taken in our traps, to range in size as follows: first and smallest, the brown weasel; next and about twice as large, the ermine; then the mink; then the pine marten; and, largest of all, the fisher or fisher-cat; this last often growing from three to four feet in length and being without a very fierce, not to say dangerous, animal, more than a match for a hound. These have long, slender bodies, leap when they run and are alike wonderful for their courage, agility and grit. Indeed, I have often wondered that "sportsmen" have never pitted them in matched fights, since they are the most obstinate fighters in nature.

The little brown weasel is the smallest and perhaps the most warlike, of them all. Go out to where some noisy, fishy-smelling brook tumbles among great, mossy stones, shaded by dense hemlocks and you will very likely see one darting and peeping about. Don't be afraid of scaring him; he won't run for you; he will stay about those stones as long as he pleases in spite of you. Do your best to knock him over, and how easily he will dodge your blows. But look out; the little fellow may get mad after a while. If he does, he will begin to scold, a sharp intense sound quickly repeated. And the more you strike at him the closer he will contrive to get to you, darting and daring up nearer and nearer, till, if you exasperate him too much, he may make a leap for your windpipe, quick as a wink.

The body of the brown weasel will be found to measure about eight inches in length. The legs are quite short, the neck long, the ears large and open, the eyes small but bright, and set in the head nearer the nose than the ears. In summer, the color is brown along the back and white under the limbs. In winter, it is white over every part of the body and limbs, with the exception of the tip of the tail, which is always black for half or three-fourths of an inch. Draw out the tail and one of the hind legs straight; they will be found to be of exactly the same length.

From what I have observed, I do not think the weasel an animal that ranges very much, not more than the striped squirrel, at least. It has its home or nest in piles of loose, dry stones, ricks of wood and chips, particularly in heaps of dry rubbish near streams, brought by freshets and lodged against stumps or in hollows, sometimes in hollow trees and prostrate limbs. It makes a very cosy little nest for its young, of which it sometimes produces as many as fifteen in a single season,—three litters of five each. I never found less than four in a nest; generally, there are five. Circumstances may restrict the number of litters to two, or even one. Three, however, seems to be the usual number.

No bear or cougar ever defends its whelp with one half the courage shown by this little creature when any one comes upon its nest. I have often been obliged to back hastily off to avoid a bite on the leg, or a smart chance of being throttled. A person not acquainted with weasel grit would laugh at this; but, really, I had far rather take my chance in a fair fight with a bear than with three weasels, little as they are.

Some years ago, while fishing in company with a boy friend along the bank of a large brook, we accidentally stumbled on the burrows of several weasels. The first we saw of them, they were dodging and darting about us, making their low, scolding noise. There were four of them, but whether two pairs had their nest in the same place or not, I cannot state. We began to strike at them with our fish-poles to drive them off; but the more we struck the more they wouldn't go away; till, the conflict waxing hot, they would actually jump up three or four feet against our jackets in their attempts to get to our throats. We were obliged to run; and the resolute little warriors chased us some rods.

A neighbor also tells me, that going along beside one of his "double walls" one morning, he happened to espy three weasels coming toward him on the wall (returning to their burrow from some nocturnal foray, perhaps). He knew their temper and thinking to have some fun, ran back to where the double wall narrowed into a "single wall" and as they came along tried to stop them with his good-stick. He succeeded in keeping them back for a number of minutes. But ere long "they got so mad," as he said and came at him so hot, that he was glad to stand back and let them pass.

And I have heard the story of a little girl, who, in going to school, had to cross a pasture. One night she failed to come home at the usual time and after waiting awhile, her mother started out to meet her. Half-way across the pasture she came upon her child—dead; gnawed and

lacerated in the most shocking manner, while about her swarmed more than a score of weasels. Do you suppose they had observed the child passing day by day and deliberately banded together to attack her?

Weasels live principally upon mice; the red-backed mouse, the hamster mouse and the common house mouse—also the brown rat. They will eat bird's-eggs and often rob the nests of those building in the highest trees. Not infrequently they surprise the birds themselves. Unless pressed by hunger they rarely eat the flesh of their victims, but content themselves with the blood, which they suck instantly upon killing, and the brain, which they gnaw through the skull to get.

The enemies of the weasel are chiefly the hawk and the owl, that stoop and clutching them in their talons squeeze the life out of them without giving them an opportunity of using their sharp teeth. Unless seized firmly, they will soon bring down their captor by tearing and biting into its vitals from under its wing. Now and then one is snapped up by some passing fox; Reynard lays all tribes under contribution. Occasionally, too, a raccoon may pick off one; which recalls to mind a little rencontre I once saw between a raccoon and a weasel.

It was a dark and cloudy day in September. A raccoon would scarcely be traveling on a bright day. I had gone out into the woods to shoot gray squirrels and was standing at the foot of a tall rock maple, looking up into the top after one that was hiding there, when a great rustling of the fallen leaves and a snapping of twigs caught my ear. It seemed to be in the undergrowth which skirted the stream below and as I looked, a large raccoon burst into sight, running almost directly toward me. As he ran, he kept pouncing and grappling at something which I soon perceived to be a weasel.

A great beech-stub was standing near. The weasel, dodging and doubling, made out the stub and coming to the stub, whipped into a hole out of sight. I cautiously raised my gun to secure the raccoon, which, wholly unconscious of my presence, was clawing at the hole; but ere I could raise the hammer the weasel popped its head out of another hole three or four feet higher up, then dropped upon the nape of the raccoon's neck. I heard its sharp teeth grip as with a low snarl the raccoon darted back, snapping in vain at his wily little adversary that bit at the roots of his skull. Their evolutions had placed the trunk of another tree between us. I stepped out, when the raccoon catching sight of me, scuttled away among the bushes, the weasel still clinging to him. I went to the stub and tearing away the punky wood at the butt uncovered, as I expected, a nest of young weasels. But before I had fairly looked them over, a slight rustle from behind warned me to step aside. The brave little mother had returned unscathed, to her tiny family, ready to do battle again in their defence.

In the spring, when changing from white to brown, or late in the fall when again turning white, the color of the weasel is often very prettily mottled; and a very apt way of showing these changes is to stuff three specimens—a white one, a brown and a variegated. Ranged side by side, they illustrate the subject better than any description can.

Now and then a weasel will voluntarily leave the woods and come to the outstanding barns after the mice. Sometimes it will even enter the farm-house. It is a wonderful monster, far more expert than a cat, it will rid a house of rats and mice in an incredibly short time—also of the chickens, ducklings, pet canary, etc. No chick or knot-hole seems too small for it to penetrate and it will go up a smoothly plastered wall like a fly. It used to be a common thing when a farm-house was overrun with mice, to catch a weasel and turn him loose in the chambers. For the next day or two there would be a dreadful massacre of the vermin. Sometimes where there were rats, it would be impossible to sleep, for their dying squeals.

If any of the boys desire to witness some of these encounters, they can catch a weasel and turn him into a tight, unused room; then entrap mice and rats and turn them in. The writer, with several other boys, tried some experiments of this kind a few years ago. We found that a chipmunk or red squirrel was no match for our weasel. With a large rat there was sure to be a pretty sharp fight. But our best match was with a large gray squirrel. The affray lasted some minutes. In every case, though, the weasel was the victor and only yielded up its life at last to a big Thomas-cat that was let in to clear the arena.—Our Young Folks.