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### A White Day.

The air was thick with falls of winnowing bees. The honey harvesters. A gold green shiver touched the trembling trees: The murmurous firs Spent their sad, odorless sighs for you and me. Do you remember, sweet? The meadow-turf spread soft and fragrantly Under our feet.

On the gray pebbles surface lightly thrown Fern-shadows quivering lay, As when fern-substance settled into stone, That earlier day.

We took the home path through the hazel copse, Beset with crimsoned briars. Low in the west gleamed o'er the far hill-tops The sun's last fires.

I put vain questions—talked of scene and sky; You answered "aye" and "no"; With face averted—answered randomly—Till, all aglow,

The open field lay once again in sun, And on your lashes' curve The tell-tale, happy tears stood one by one; Your sweet resolve Vanished before my pleading, and for aye Your hand was clasped in mine. You blushed, and mately gave, on that white day, Love's countersign.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

### From the Keystone Good Templar.

#### MALT LIQUORS.—Their Nature and Effect.

There is consumed annually in the United States not less than 44,572,188 gallons of the strongest alcohol that can be made, of which 12,014,953 gallons are drunk in the form of malt liquors. It is not the alcohol alone in ale and beer that makes them hurtful, for the malt liquors of this country do not undergo perfect fermentation, so that after they are drunk a slight fermentation takes place, which injures the stomach, especially of persons having weak digestive organs. Again, beer, ale, and particularly porter, have their narcotic power greatly increased by the bitters, that are necessary to their preservation, which by long usage injures the nerves of the stomach, causing dyspepsia, etc. Malt liquor drinkers are prone to apoplexy and palsy.

In health the nervous system is neither too active nor depressed—the circulation of the blood is in the condition best adapted for carrying on the process of waste and nutrition. Malt liquors act directly upon the circulation and nervous system by unduly stimulating and then depressing it, which is decidedly injurious. Every physician of much experience among the laboring classes, or those who drink large quantities of malt liquors, such as teamsters and other out-door workers, must have observed that, though they may be large men, and capable of great physical exertions while in open air, yet they are not in a condition of real vigor, for they break before they are far advanced in years, even if they do not fall victims to diseases and injuries, that appeared at first of the most trifling character. The regular users of malt liquors are the most unhealthy class of drinkers, for a very slight injury or a simple disease often proves fatal. "A conspicuous London beer-drinker," says Dr. Grinrod, "is all one vital part. He wears his heart upon his sleeve bare to a death wound, even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat." The worst patients in the Metropolitan hospital are the London draymen. Though they are apparently models of health and strength, yet if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellar. Sir Ashley Cooper was called to a drayman. He was a powerful, fresh-colored, hearty-looking man, who had suffered an injury in his finger from a small splinter of a stave. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found, on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time.

Dr. Gordon says, "The moment beer-drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die." Dr. Edwards says of beer-drinkers, "Their diseases are always of a dangerous character and in case of accident they can never undergo even the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They most invariably die under it." Dr. Bachan says, "Malt liquors render the blood sily and unfit for circulation; hence pro-

ceeds obstructions and inflammation of the lungs. There are few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical, brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter.

### Scotland.

MELROSE, Scotland, Aug. 19, 1871.

DEAR G—: I do not know whether I have written you or not. I have intended to do it, at the least. From Galunder we took stage for the first time, riding nine miles through the Trossachs, very celebrated in Scotch history and song, to Lake Katrine, where we embarked on a small steamer and sailed to the other end of the lake. This, you know, is the scene of Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake. It is but ten miles in length, and is more beautiful than Seneca Lake only because of the rugged mountain upon either side. The city of Glasgow is supplied with water from this lake, conducted through the highlands for sixty miles. Every mountain glen and cave in its vicinity has its legends of romance or real history. From Lake Katrine we rode five miles to Lake, or, as it is called in Scotland, Loch Lomond, taking another boat at Inversnaid. A little way above is the celebrated cave of Rob Roy, a bandit chief, who was leader of the clan of McGregors, and ruled this part of the Highlands and defied the King's armies for years. The government outlawed the whole clan and attempted several times their entire extermination. Last Sunday I heard in Edinburgh, from the pulpit of the Tron church, a powerful and spiritual sermon from one of these outlaws, Rev. Dr. McGregor. Presbyterianism never amounts to much in valleys, but it is the church of the mountains. Loch Lomond is about thirty miles in length. We sailed down it for eight or ten miles and landed at the Rowardennan Hotel, at the foot of Ben Lomond, the father of the Highlands. It was a clear day, and seizing the opportunity, we started at once for the summit, with a guide, up a five-mile ascent, nearly every foot of which is as steep, I judge, as the roof of your house. Neither one of us would have dared undertake it if we had foreseen the real difficulty of the ascent, and I suspect that before we were half way to the top each one taxed his strategy to get from the other the first offer to back out. By the time we were half-way up, a storm had burst upon the highlands to the west of us, while for fifty miles to the east the magnificent landscape was reposing in sunshine. Upon the top of one of the mountains below us, there was just the end (apparently straight and about two feet in length) of a rainbow, the most brilliant, by far, in color, either we or our guide had ever seen. With Ben Lomond standing before us, as the officiating high-priest, wearing a breast-plate of quartz-rock and flowering heather, and Ben Voirlach, Ben Cruachan, Benmore, Ben Lawers and the Cobbler and Grampian Hills gathered behind and around as attendant priests, solemn and with uncovered heads, this piece of rainbow seemed like the flame of a praise-offering upon a great altar of unheaven stones. We stood in almost speechless awe till the storm overwhelmed us also. But we had seen too much to stop now and toiled on in the rain, discovering that the rocky crests of the "Cobbler and his wife" had torn the clouds asunder and the sun was coming to our relief. We reached the summit in about three hours and a half, wet completely through with rain and perspiration, and more dead than alive. The storm had passed and the sky was almost clear. The view from the summit is altogether indescribable. Any attempt to picture it would seem to you like high-falutin. The crest of the mountain is not so large as the floor of your sitting-room. Upon one side of it there is a perpendicular rock, I should judge five or six hundred feet in height. Directly at the foot of the mountain rises the Forth, which we could follow with the eye, till it becomes navigable and widens into the Frith of Forth, and becomes a part of the German Ocean. On the south-west we could follow the Clyde till it reaches the Frith of Clyde and

reaches the Irish Sea. We could dimly see Ireland and the Atlantic to the north. Loch Katrine seemed almost at our feet. Loch Long and several smaller lakes, the country of Rob Roy, Arthur's Seat, the Sault-bury Crags, Dundarton Castle, Sterling Castle, with the fields of Sterling bridge, Falkirk and Bannockburn, the Wallace monument on Abbey Craig were plainly in view. Glasgow and Edinburgh castles were only hidden by smoke. Clouds to the north hid Ben Nevis, which may sometimes be seen, but all the other noted highlands answered to roll-call. All around them till the view was intercepted by clouds on the north and the sea on the west, arose a thousand lofty crags, some of the most beautiful symmetry of outline and some in most fantastic shapes, until we realized the meaning of the expression that Scotland was made "of the remains of a former world." Directly at our foot lay Loch Lomond, the most beautiful of Scottish lakes, the northern half pent up by the highlands, the southern widening into a broad expanse, with twenty-four islands of surpassing loveliness with the ivy-clad ruins of six castles upon its islands and shores. I enclose some heather from the side of Ben Lomond. I would send you some of his "top-knot" but for the fact that like other old gentlemen he parts his hair very wide in the middle. How we got down the mountain and what of fainting and cramps before morning, never ask me. It paid nevertheless. We had a fine view of Dumbarton castle from the cars. It is like Edinburgh and Sterling Castles, upon the summit of a rock which seems inaccessible. It is said to contain the two-handed sword of William Wallace. The Doctor has timed our visit to Melrose to "see the Abbey, right by the pale moonlight." Leaving here in the afternoon we went to the keeper's lodge and arranged for admission and a guide when the moon arose, and drove to Dryburgh Abbey, about five miles distant. Southern Scotland surpasses in fertility and beauty any part of England I have seen.—Adjoining the village and in a fertile plain reaching to the Cheviot hills there are within the distance of a mile, and in a straight row, three hills a little higher than East hill, symmetrical in shape and uniform in shape, height and intervening distance. They are strikingly beautiful, owned by the Duke of Buccleuch, whose country palace is at their base. From these hills the Romans called this place Tremontium. Dryburgh Abbey is on the Tweed, a large river even here 30 or 40 miles from the sea. It is a noble ruin—the cathedral and monastery, covering, I should think, more than an acre of ground, perhaps two. Some of the rooms are perfect, most of them unroofed, and in some places the walls are entirely gone. In the centre of the room, called the Abbot's room, there is a great tree, which may be four or five hundred years old. I send you a sprig from the celebrated Yew tree by the entrance, known to be eight hundred years old. Walter Scott, you know, is buried within the ruins of the cathedral, near the high altar, with his mother's family. The idea prevails that these English and Scotch ruins are sadly "out of repair." The fact is quite otherwise. They all belong to noblemen, and are kept, with lawns and walks with in and without, with as much care as Eldridge Park. What a burthen these monasteries must have been to the country (although richly endowed) one may judge from the fact that Melrose Abbey and Dryburgh Abbey are less than five miles apart, and Dryburgh Abbey, I judge, would accommodate one hundred monks. Its chapter house still contains stone benches for more than one hundred.

### A Perilous Canoe Voyage.

A party of six armed men arrived at this place yesterday from Fort Benton, making the trip in canoes in ten days. The simple announcement of such an exploit conveys very little idea to the general reader of what the journey really is. The distance is some twelve hundred miles, through an unbroken, wild and hostile country, and the way is beset with dan-

gers from the outset to the close. Just before the party left Benton, news was brought to that fort that British troops had entered the "Whoop-up" country, and that trouble with the American trappers there was imminent. Old trappers here are conversant with the fact that this section lies upon what is known as the disputed country, and any encroachment upon their tramping ground by the red coats will stir up the bad blood among the American hunters, who are men inclined to fight first and run afterwards. Fears were entertained of serious difficulties.

The little party met a thousand Indians sixty miles below Benton, but further than following the whites down the river for some distance and improving their lungs by yelling, there was no disturbance. Our informant, John McKinney, who don't look like a man on the scare, says the affair caused a very airy sensation in the vicinity of his scalp-lock.

### [From the Evening Post.]

#### A Ramble in Dauphiny.

PROVINCE, FRANCE, July 12, 1873.

"I have a splendid dressmaker here," said a pretty young American lady to me, "and I mean to keep her so by not introducing her to Yankees." I am tempted to apply the principle to a beautiful district of country through which I have lately passed, remarkable for fine scenery, honest landladies and reasonable hotel charges. How can such a condition of things be maintained except by keeping it secret? Americans with full purses, coupled with their liberal dispositions, prove so demoralizing! But I will be generous. There are some Americans, with purses not so full, who love nature for its own sake; who are satisfied with a tolerable degree of comfort; who are, in short, neither exacting nor extravagant; it would be a pity not to make known to them an unbackneyed region like this, in which their tastes can be gratified without peril either to their pockets or their habits. Let me, however, caution ladies. Those who expect rooms with elegant curtains, carpets, gas and large wash-bowls, had better not visit it. It is at present conditioned only for those who are strong enough to walk, and, when fatigued, to enjoy stone floors, fair beds, ordinary bougies and a pint of water to wash with in the morning.

The country I refer to is Dauphiny and the upper part of Provence, or, according to the administrative divisions of French territory, the departments of Isere, Drome and Vaucluse. It includes the western slopes of the Alps and the intermediate plateau between them and the river Rhone, forming the eastern division of this section of its valley. The Isere and the Drome, two important tributaries to the Rhone, have their sources in the Alps, and, flowing down through gorges of remarkable grandeur, irrigate and enrich the country through which they pass. Everywhere there is great beauty of landscape, snow peaks, crags and precipices, lovely mountain sides, cascades, picturesque ruins and habitations, and extensive prospects.

The country abounds with remains of antiquity and of mediæval and renaissance life. Some of the finest of Roman ruins are found here. Its towns contain vast theatres and amphitheatres, with temples, aqueducts and triumphal arches. The great theatre at Orange, constructed against the side of a hill, conveys almost as good an idea of the architectural genius of the Romans as the Coliseum at Rome. Nearly every hill and crag is crowned with the ruin of a castle or fortress, some of them indicating structures as extensive as those of Warwick and Windsor. Occasionally a castle has escaped the devastating rage of reformers and is still occupied. This region is the land of the fierce strife between Huguenot and Catholic, as well as the triumph of Richelieu, the great Unionist, the Bismarck of his age, who, in suppressing the power of the nobles for the benefit of the people and the monarchy, established centralization, which is not deemed such an objectionable political fea-

ture. Every square mile of its surface bears some important monument of interest in connection with the civilization of France. In traveling through this region one sees at a glance the source of the immense wealth of France. In the valley of the Isere, for instance, the noyer or Madeira-nut tree is found, and grows so thickly as to make the valley look like an immense forest; nowhere else, I am told, does the fruit grow so large. Between the rows of trees the vine is trained on trellises, while the intermediate areas are planted with grain. In addition to these crops there is the mulberry tree, which is cultivated to feed silkworms. And again, farther south, the garance or madder is produced, and likewise the olive. All these crops, nuts, wine, silk, madder and the olive, to say nothing of grain, bring higher prices in the world's commerce than any other staple products. The income from them is probably greater, considering the labor bestowed on them, and the ground devoted to their cultivation, than that derived from staple products in other lands. How much greater may be estimated by the fact of a small estate of forty acres bringing in a revenue of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars per annum. When one considers that the soil is largely owned by peasant proprietors, and that they all raise these valuable crops, it is easy to account for the ready payment of our immense war indemnity. It is said that Bismarck, familiar as he was with French resources, looks back upon his opportunity somewhat like Warren Hastings, who, considering the chance he had to plunder the treasures of India, was astonished at his own moderation.

Some of the picturesque and social features of this region can be imagined through a sketch of two or three pleasant excursions. The first one is a picnic. The scene a crag crowned with a mediæval ruin, situated on an amphitheatre of mountains, with an outlook on more level country. A village of low gray houses is built on the lower slope of the crag, while the square walls of a roofless tower grow out of the precipice facing the mountains; various walls, arches and vaults with a greenward, once a courtyard, connect the tower with a high rock on which stands the chapel now serving as the village church. On our way to this place we bought a gigot and roasted it at the village cafe. As soon as it was done it was brought up to the top of the crag, where our table was spread beneath the dilapidated windows of the old banqueting hall. At this moment a boy appeared with several bottles of wine and a message from the chef conveying his compliments. We of course accepted both and in turn invited the cure to join us. He came in about twenty minutes. I was surprised to find him young, good-looking and wearing a full black beard, presenting such a contrast to his clean-shaved brethren of Paris. He was very polite. He talked politics with us and discussed other topics. He told us the history of the ruin, took us to various interesting points of view and showed us into his chapel perched on the neighboring rock and commanding an exquisite prospect. The chateau had belonged to the Montauban family and was last besieged and taken by Lesdigueres in the wars of religion. Until the revolution of 1789 it was complete. At that time it was purchased by two of the villagers for a mere trifle and soon afterwards burnt by the rest out of jealousy of their ownership. One cannot avoid associating this historical incident with others of the same sort in our generation, illustrative of the sentiment of Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite.

"This ruin," said the cure, "can now be bought for two hundred francs, (forty dollars,) subject to an annual tax of four sous." To any one fond of solitude, scenery and a good companion in the cure, who, it may be mentioned, is fond of hunting, it is a good opportunity.

WRONG-DOING is a road that may open fair but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

### Sunshine.

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, life and strength.

When in London some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those maladies in which prostration and nervous derangements were prominent features. I found in the use made of sunshine the secret of success. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story had been divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering his little apartment, removed all clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over, from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians confessed to me that many cases which seemed waiting for the shroud were galvanized into life and health by this baptism of blessed sunshine.

Many years ago a clergyman who had for years been a victim of dyspepsia, and who had prayed for death as the only door of escape, at length, through the advice of a mutual friend, came to consult me. I advised the disuse of all medicines, the generous use of cracked wheat and good beef and much exposure to the sun.

To secure the last-mentioned influence, I directed him to build a close fence, covering a space twenty feet square in his garden, and plant the earth within with something to occupy his mind. Then, when the weather was warm, he was to busy himself quite nude with the cultivation of his vegetables from ten to sixty minutes each day, always indulging in a thorough bath and vigorous friction before leaving. He was radically cured.

I was practicing my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., during 1849 and 1851, those memorable cholera seasons. I saw five cases of cholera on the shady side of the street and houses to one on the sunny side. One eminent physician in New Orleans reports from his own practice eight cases of yellow fever on the shady side of the street to one on the sunny side.

Who has not read Florence Nightingale's observations in the Crimea concerning the shady and sunny side of the hospitals? In St. Petersburg the shady side of the hospitals was so notoriously unfavorable to the sick soldier that the Czar decreed it into disuse.

The shade trees about our dwellings have done much to make our wives and daughters pale, feeble and neuralgic. Trees ought never to stand near enough to our dwellings to cast a shade upon them; and if the blinds were removed and nothing but a curtain within with which to lessen on the hottest days the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor. The piazza which projects over the lower story always makes that less healthy than the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I am sure that I have cured a great many cases of rheumatism by advising patients to leave bedrooms shaded by trees or piazza and sleep in a room and bed which were constantly dried and purified in the direct rays of the sun.—To-Day.

FAMILIARITY with American geography, remarks the Baltimore Gazette, is not the strongest point of the literary Briton, and particularly of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. In her romance, "Too Strange not to be True," Charlotte of Brunswick, early in the last century, settled on the Lower Mississippi, where the Rocky Mountains are visible from her windows and where, amid the gambolings of monkeys and the tumbling of buffaloes, she gathers the lotus flowers from out the tropical luxuriance, and in the twilight rows her canoe to the falls of Minnehaha, narrowly escaping the alligators but returning in time for tea and to amuse herself quoting Longfellow's song, "Hiawatha," which she had heard the Indians chanting in the forest palaces.