

THE POTTER JOURNAL

AND

NEWS ITEM.

Jno. S. Mann, Proprietor.

S. F. Hamilton, Publisher.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 12.

COUDERSPORT, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1873.

\$1.75 A YEAR

The POTTER JOURNAL

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NEWS ITEM.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT

COUDERSPORT, PA.

(Office Cor. Main and Third.)

TERMS, \$1.75 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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The Old Couple.

They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stepped o'er the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city
Whose builder and maker is God.

Perhaps in that miracle's country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished springtime
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angel imprinted there.

We'll hide them away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the west,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date arise
Over the two who are old no longer
In their Father's house in the skies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for October has a very interesting account of the "Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute," a college for colored people at Hampton, Virginia, which is and has been since its establishment a very successful and flourishing institution.

It is one of the schools of the American Missionary Association—

or was in the beginning.

The charge for personal expenses

—board, washing, lights, etc.—is ten dollars a month and as this would not be met by the regular weekly labor every student is liable to be called upon at any time during the term, as the exigencies of the farm may require, for any number of days not exceeding twelve. And they have the further opportunity to pay off all arrears by labor during the summer vacation. About forty are expected to remain this year. Usually not more than half of the personal expenses is paid by labor, the opportunity being left for the most destitute.

The farm is steadily improving in

productiveness. It has thirty-six acres of corn, sixteen acres of oats, and ten of clover and a plantation of over two-thousand fruit trees—peach, pear, cherry, plum and quince, in a thriving condition. Three acres of asparagus and a hundred and fifty Concord grape vines have been set out in the past year. Temporary barns and a blacksmith's shop have been built. The market-wagon runs daily with milk and vegetables, and the meat wagon three times a week, to Hampton and Old Point Comfort. Peaches, potatoes and cabbages are shipped to Baltimore and the North with very satisfactory returns, and the boarding department is principally supplied from the farm. Its report for the past year shows a gain of receipts over outlays more than sufficient to cover the salary of the manager. Student labor costs about one-fourth more than that of hired men, because work is sometimes given them at a disadvantage to enable them to earn their expenses.

Next to the farm the most prominent

industry of Hampton is the printing-office, opened in November, 1871. The report of this office after the first eight months of its operation showed that it had more than paid expenses, besides giving the students employed in it the opportunity of learning a useful trade. One of them has acquired sufficient knowledge of the business to pay his way in school by his work in the printing office out of the school-hours. The students are employed in both type-setting and press-work, and with the exception of one boy and, for a short time during the sickness of the foreman and extra press of work, one man, no outside help has been employed.

The first number of the Southern

Workman, an illustrated monthly paper, edited by officers of the school, and devoted to the industrial classes of the South, was issued January 1, 1872. It began its second year with a monthly circulation of fifteen hundred, and a paid-up subscription list of over eleven hundred. Over three-quarters of its issue goes to the freedmen. Avoiding politics, it gives them intelligence concerning their own race and the outside world, interesting correspondence from teachers, and practical articles upon

science, agriculture, housekeeping

and education. It is well printed on good paper and is supplied with first-class illustrations by Northern friends, among whom are the publishers of the *Nursery*, the *Christian Weekly*, *Every Saturday* and *Harper's Magazine*.

But one should read the whole

article to get an idea of the amount of work that this institution is doing and providing for.

A MATCH FOR THE TOWN CLOCK.

Yesterday was a hot day, an uncommonly hot day even for July, and an outrageously hot day for the cool end of September. Everybody knew it and said so. You knew they told the truth by the way they silled along in the shady strips on Main street about noon time. But there was no use of getting up a panic about it. The only thing to do was to keep as cool as possible and tide the thing over until a turn came. But it was just this critical time that the red-nosed thermometer in front of Barnes & Bancroft's chose to try and stir up an excitement. In spite of its being the Lord's Day, and in spite of the commandment against bearing false witness, this wicked old instrument hung up there and kept its fluid up 94 degrees in the shade, and a cool breeze blowing at the time. All the other thermometers said 80 degrees, and thought it was uncommonly hard lines at that. Now what is to be said about such an incendiary concern? The very least that can be done is to put it on the retired list along with our blessed old town-clock and let it go ahead. It will then amuse the children perhaps, and certainly won't hurt anybody.—*Buffalo Express*, Sept. 29.

Death-stricken Shreveport.

Philadelphia has done well for the people of Shreveport, Louisiana, still writhing in the grasp of the worst form of yellow fever, the Mexican vomit; but Philadelphia can do better. There is not a comfortable citizen of our happy metropolis who cannot spare a little for the sufferers, and there are thousands of wealthy men and women who should send more. To all such we would say, "pay over to Anthony J. Drexel, banker, 34 South Third street, what you can afford, or send it to the *Press*, and we will at once record your generosity." If any further proof is needed of the fearful desolation of Shreveport, the following letter, written by a noble husband, now at that place, to his wife in Philadelphia, which we are permitted to publish. Not intended to be seen by strangers, it will thrill every heart by its earnest and self-sacrificing devotion:

SHREVEPORT, September 18, 1873.

MY OWN DEAR LITTLE WIFE: YOUR loving and comforting letter of the 10th inst., I received this A. M. and now attempt a short reply, to ease your anxious mind. In the first place, let me say I am as yet in good health, but suffering somewhat from fatigue, having been constantly "on the go" since the epidemic. I am nursing, watching, laying out the dead, and doing all I can to alleviate suffering among our afflicted people. Verily we are a scourged community, and God only knows, if the pest does not abate, whether there will be any left to nurse the living or bury the dead. It is horrible!—taking them off in three or four days. On my way to breakfast this morning, I dropped in to see a poor family. I found that the father had been buried the day before, and the mother and children down with it. I pulled off my coat, got some hot water, and gave the woman a mustard bath which got her into a perspiration. I then went to the Howard Association (of which I am a member), and got them some nice things. I am going to nurse them this evening. Men, in many instances, are nursing women—women nurses being scarce—and have to perform offices which, in ordinary circumstances, would be out of place. I mention this to give you some idea of the suffering here. I brought Ned through all right, and now I am in demand. Tell John that many of his old friends have gone to "the spirit land"—William Smith, H. H. Lee, Leon Frankel and others whom I cannot recall. Should the death-rate per day continue, Shreveport will be a charnel-house. It is the genuine Mexican vomit—a pernicious type of yellow fever. Many of my acquaintances are gone. I keep up my spirits and have no fear. If it is God's will that I shall

die, I will die doing my duty.

What little I have, my wife, is all yours; it is not much, but it is yours. I see the Northern cities are responding nobly to our cry of distress. I often shed tears when I see the distress. It seems as if a black pall hung over our ill-fated city. I am heart-sick and broke for want of rest, but don't worry for your "old boy." My little wife, all will be well. As you truly say, I am in God's hand. Human help and experience amount to little in checking the scourge. So with love to you, to mother and the children, I am ever your own loving husband. Please don't worry about me; attend to the children and home.—*Philadelphia Press*.

WE GIVE below the most of an

original letter from Europe, dated Edinburgh, 4th May, 1873, thinking it will be found interesting whether or not, in all respects, correct:

We left the Irving House in Philadelphia at 6:30 a. m. on the 9th of April, arrived at 10 a. m. and went at once on board the Cunard Royal Mail Steamer *Algeria*, and at 3 p. m. left our wharf for Liverpool, but came to anchor off Sandy Hook on our arrival there, on account of a gale blowing at the time, accompanied by a thick fog, and did not leave our anchorage until 5 a. m. of the 10th, when we proceeded to sea. From this until the following Sunday afternoon everything went on pleasantly, but about 3 p. m. a heavy fog set in, with falling thermometer. This was rather unpleasant, as it was utterly impossible to see an object the width of the vessel. At 11:30 p. m. the temperature of the air went to 33° and the water to 31°, so there was not the shadow of a doubt that we were in a field of ice and probably near one of the large bergs. However, our fears were soon put to flight, for soon after midnight it got suddenly warmer and at 4 a. m. the fog had disappeared and the remainder of our voyage was both pleasant and smooth.

On the following Saturday night

near midnight we arrived off, and landed at Queenstown, Ireland, and by 2 a. m. of the 20th of April we were fast asleep in a quiet bed on terra firma.

20th—rose at 7 a. m., took a hearty

breakfast, and then the train for Cork, distant some 12 miles; put up at the Imperial Hotel (first-rate) and soon after were in a carriage driving for the far-famed "Blarney Castle," distant some 7 miles. After visiting this and inspecting it from bottom to top and on all sides, we went into the grove, a fine garden of some twelve to fourteen hundred years standing, but kept in good order, thence back to Cork where a good dinner awaited us. After we had done ample justice to our host's hospitality we went for a walk and did not return till after 10 p. m., having visited the docks, principal churches, some benevolent institutions and nearly every back street, or what we sometimes call the "slums," as I was anxious to see how the poor lived, and we had a good opportunity for it was Sunday and the poor were all at home.

There is some dissipation but not

as much as I expected to see, but they live very dirty and in miserably bad tenement houses. The city of Cork is large, has fine docks for shipping and has a very large business, the streets are generally wide and well paved, but it is badly furnished with drinking water. Everything looks old about Cork, even the children. I thought not so much as their churches. From here we went to "Killarney," and saw about everything there is in the town, on the lake, on the mountains and in the neighborhood. Among other things the asylum for the insane, the prison, all the churches, etc., etc. The lakes and scenery around Killarney are very beautiful, and very delightful to all Americans, especially those who arrive there from steamers fresh from the United States. There is not much industry in this place or its neighborhood, so after a few days we left for and arrived at the old town of Limerick. Everything here is old as in Cork. Guide books and hasty travelers will tell you that Limerick is the place to get hose, fish-hooks and gloves. Now you will, I think, give me credit for not taking anything for granted that I read or that is told me; (for it has never been my

practice.) I determined to visit these

manufactories, and I assure you that there is not one inch of lace, nor a fish-hook nor a glove made in this or any other place in Ireland, nor has there been for the last 20 years. I sifted this to the bottom, and yet an American lady boarding at the same hotel we did, namely, Cruise Hotel, (not a good one, although I believe the best in Limerick) spent the day before our visit twenty-seven pounds sterling for Limerick lace and then left for Brussels the next day where she would have to pay duty on it—in the place where it was manufactured. If we were disappointed in this, for my wife wished to buy some, we were more than repaid by a drive out to Castle O'Donnell and other places of note and beauty, in the suburbs, among others the beautiful mansion of the Countess of Clare. My good fortune, with a little assistance of the tongue and perhaps some boldness, got me a note of introduction, and we were shown through all the principal rooms of the residence, and the garden, all of which are perfectly beautiful and equally wonderful for their state of preservation.

TEA.

The more enterprising proprietors of the tea gardens send out their hand-maids as runners, who nab you as you pass the boundaries of the garden and give you a card inscribed: "Mrs. Crumple's World-famed Tea Garden, No. 10 Rose Cottage. Tea and shrimps, one shilling; tea and crosses, ten pence." The runners secured me, of course. I went to Rose Cottage first. You pass through a little porch whose stones are white-washed every morning, through a tiny hall-way to the back yard, ten feet square, and a perfect wilderness of shrubs and creepers. Tiny trellis partitions divide off little arbors in which the tea is served. It is very nice tea, by the way, and with it you get a plate of butter, a big loaf of bread, that fills up most of the arbor, and the beautiful little cockroaches so dear to the British tea-drinking female. I had no sooner emerged from this place than the runner for the next cottage seized me. It was useless to tell her that I'd had my tea; she knew how many cups a woman could bear, and she toted me right into her garden. There were twelve cottages in this row, and I drank tea in every one of 'em. Finally, however, beginning, like Dickens' fat boy, to swell visibly and feel uncomfortable, I waited in the last den to which I was lured till the shades of evening fell, and under cover of the night I fled, escaping that most awful of fates, drinking myself to death.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Seattle, Washington Territory, speaks as follows about the agricultural productions of that locality:

"Our fir timber grows to a height of from 150 to 250 feet, and is of a peculiar character, being harder than Eastern pine; readily worked while green, but, when seasoned, it becomes almost like flint, while its durability and strength are nearly equal to oak. Many of the buildings in this country are put up without any studding whatever. The fir boards, one inch thick, being placed upright and battened on the outside, are of sufficient strength to hold up the roof, the upper floor, with all its ordinary weight of furniture, etc., and, when covered with cloth and paper on the inside, are considered sufficiently comfortable for winter.

"The valleys are covered with a growth of vine, maple, alder, ash and cottonwood, with some cedar, spruce and hemlock intermixed; but, as the timber is not usually heavy and roots follow near the surface, the land is not very hard to clear—the work of which is usually done by Indians at from \$12 to \$15 per acre. The soil, being either of a clayey loam or sandy deposit largely mixed with decayed vegetation, is extremely rich. The bluffs are all covered with heavy timber, chiefly fir and cedar, and are hard to clear—the soil being of a light brown or yellowish clay and quite stony, presenting

to an Eastern farmer the appearance

of being worthless, but which have been found to produce forty bushels of fine wheat to the acre and from fifteen to twenty bushels of apples to the tree, on trees six years old. Vegetables, cereals and fruits of all kinds yield largely, except corn, melons, peaches and grapes—the nights being too cool to grow those products to perfection; while, in the prairie country east of the Cascades, they are grown in abundance; and those prairies, or sage-brush plains as they are generally called, which have been heretofore pronounced worthless, have proved to be the very best lands for crops of all kinds, yielding from fifty to seventy bushels of wheat to the acre."

Good Manners a Duty.

Men often speak of good manners as an accomplishment. I speak of them as a duty. What, then, are good manners? Such manners as the usages of society have recognized as being agreeable to men. Such manners as take away rudeness and remit to the brute creation all coarseness. There are a great many who feel that good manners are effeminate. They have a feeling that rude bluntness is a great deal more manly than good manners. It is a great deal more beastly. But when men are crowded into communities, the art of living together is no small art. How to diminish friction; how to promote ease of intercourse; how to make every part of a man's life contribute to the welfare and satisfaction of those around him; how to keep down offensive pride; how to banish the raspings of selfishness from the intercourse of men; how to move among men inspired by various and conflicting motives, and yet not have collisions; this is the function of good manners.

It is not effeminate to be refined.

And in this land no man should plead inability. There may be a peasantry in other countries; there may be a class in foreign lands who have no opportunities; there may be those whose toil is so continuous, opportunities for knowing what constitutes good manners are so few, and whose ignorance is so gross that they are excusable; but this is not the case with any within the sound of my voice.

I affirm for every American citizen the right to be not simply a man, but a good-mannered man.

Not only is the violation of good

manners inexcusable on ordinary grounds, but it is sinful. When, therefore, parents and guardians and teachers would inspire the young with a desire for the manners of good society, it is not to be taught that they are accomplishments which may be accepted or rejected. Every man is bound to observe the laws of politeness. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty and should be part of religious training.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

The Waiting Mother.

Of the terrible disaster which happened on the first of April, 1873, I suppose you have all read; how a great steamer struck at night on the rocks off Halifax, and carried down to a watery burial some six hundred people. Many bodies have been found and identified, but many more will never be seen again until the sea gives up its dead.

Among the number marked as "missing" is one widow's son, who lived in Detroit. She still clings fondly to the hope that her Willie will yet come back to her. The papers have never told her that he is "lost," and she feels that by some means he was saved. Every day she sets his plate on her table, that all may be in readiness if he arrive; and every week she searches the papers for tidings from the sea.

"I haven't heard from Willie yet," she says, in answer to the neighbors' queries, "but I hope I shall this week." How long her faith will hold out we cannot tell, but doubtless for years to come she will be still an anxious watcher. A sudden knock at her door will make her

start and her heart throb quick;

and when the door opens she will almost unconsciously look for Willie to come in.

Oh! how many other mothers are watching, hoping and praying for their boys to come back—boys who are wrecked almost as hopelessly and fearfully as were the passengers of the *Atlantic*—wrecked on land in the fearful drams that destroy more bodies and souls than the most cruel reefs on our coast! But a mother never forgets them. Said an aged mother to me of her intemperate son, now a gray-haired man: "There isn't an hour of the day that my poor boy is out of my mind." And the bitter tears coursed down her furrowed cheeks.

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, don't

hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right; then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town, I would give the boys a good spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees, and fountains, and a broad space to run, to jump, and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.—*Sunday School Scholar*.

THE BOBOLINK.—Throughout the

northern and eastern parts of the Union the lark would find a dangerous rival in the bobolink, a bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere—standing quite alone, unique, and in the qualities of hilarity and musical tintinnulation, with a song unequalled. He has already a secure place in general literature, having been lauded by no less a poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny pages of Irving and in the only one of our songsters, I believe, the mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He affords the most marked exuberant pride and a glad, rollicking, holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gaily into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and all the matches settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say, "Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart the meadow—see, see, see!"

The telegraph brings news of the

death of one who nine years ago, off Cherbourg, performed a most important and timely service for this country. We refer to Admiral Winslow, who died Monday night at Boston Highlands, Mass., and who was in command of the *Kearsage* when she put an end to the piratical career of the *Alabama*, probably saving scores of American merchant vessels from destruction. Semmes was heroic enough in burning unarmed merchantmen, but the very first armed enemy he met put an end to his valorous exploits. The victory was attributed in some part to Admiral (then Captain) Winslow's device of covering the exposed parts of the *Kearsage* with chains.

THE NEW YORK Tribune, in refer-

ence to the Liberals of New York who are surrounding John Cochrane, says: "We do not share the belief some of them express, that they are about to form the coming new party. New parties are not made in that way; in fact, they are not made at all—they grow."