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A Lesson in History.—A. D. 1900.

It was a summer evening,
Old Mr. Smith had come
From San Francisco, by balloon,
To his suburban home—
Where, by the shore of Klamath lake,
His pleasure he was wont to take.
He saw his grandchild, Colfaxine,
While playing at croquet,
Roll something large and smooth and round
To her brother, Henry Clay,
And ask her young sport if he knew
Where that queer paleozoic grew.

The old man Smith stepped up and took
The relic in his hand,
And shook it till it rattled out
A ball or two of sand.
"Tis some squaw Modoc's skull," quoth he,
"Who fell in the great victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Henry Clay inquired;
While on her mallet Colfaxine
Leaned with a look inspired,
"Come tell us who the warriors were,
And why they killed each other here."

"It was the Yankees," said old Smith,
"Who made the Modocs run,
Because they coveted the lands
The red men hunted on.
It's somewhat mixed, but all agree
That 'twas a famous victory."

"Men, babes and women, fifty-three,
Followed the Indian chief,
One hundred times as many whites
Brought Mr. Lo to grief;
And every red was killed," said he,
"In the great Modoc victory."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Asked gentle Colfaxine;
"Good? Why, we got their land, you bet—
The home you're living in;
And many a heathen scap won we
In that brave Christian victory."

"Great praise our Colonel Killen gained,
And also our flag, I sware;
"But did they read the bible then?"
Said pitying Colfaxine,
"Why, that I cannot say," quoth he,
"But 'twas a glorious victory."

[From the Philadelphia Press.]
Broad and Brown Throats.

What is "a leaf"?—Isa. lxxv. 6.

Of all the seasons, autumn is perhaps the least understood. In art it is rarely depicted correctly, and in religion it is fearfully obscured by morbid sentimentalism. "We all do fade as a leaf," is the great commonplace of the superficial and by them is made the text of lugubrious garb, as false in statement as it is degrading in influence. Because nature is not grace, it does not follow that untruth in science can become truth in theology.

MODEL OF BEAUTY.—Scrutinized under a microscope, or gazed at in the blueness of open sky, few objects are more charming than forest leaves. Simple in structure, graceful in shape, and rich in color, they form an exquisite veil between the ardent sun and coy earth, through the delicate network of which flickering lights and illuminated shadows give her homeliest features a wonderful fascination. Whenever a green leaf trembles in the ocean of transparent air, there the spirit of beauty presides; and, like the olive leaf in the dove's bill of old, gives assurance of present security and prospective peace. Where leaves are indigenous and keep the feast of tabernacles with that music and poetry which are spontaneous in their growth, the sterner forces of nature are unknown.

Leaves have as much human interest in their associations as of intrinsic beauty in their appearance; since upon them we depend for bowers of delight and beds of renown, wreaths for the brow of fame and chaplets for the tomb. The sight of them is a soothing cordial through our mortal career, and a blessed symbol of what lies beyond; trees that grow on either side of the river of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and under whose shade God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

EMBLEM OF HUMANITY.—Naturalists have done well in teaching us that a leaf is the type of a single person, while the whole foliage of a tree symbolizes a generation. When altogether stripped, standing bare in the wintry blast, the trunk and branches remain unharmed, so individuals and entire generations die but the race survives. The leaf is annual but the tree perennial; and man is perishing in regard to his phenomenal vesture, but mankind, as an immortal entity, independent of the earth it for a season wears, is an existence forever to endure. The trunk and branches of a tree grow from the outer and uppermost tips downward, all the solid wood being formed solely by the leaf. Walking in winter amidst woodland giants, you behold nothing but the majestic and useful monuments of buried leaves. And so was it designed to be with

man. He should employ all his life in works intended to survive him and calculated to reflect honor at once on his dignity of endowment and nobility of toil.

HOW DO LEAVES "FADE"?—To this question we need give especial attention, lest we misunderstand one of the most instructive and consoling lessons which God in nature gives.

SINGLY.—As each leaf is an individual organization, working out its own life-growth by itself, so it is separate from all others in its decay. The foliage of a landscape suffers no simultaneous stroke of death, nor does the multifarious vesture of any one tree fade alike or at the same time.

SILENTLY.—All the operations of nature are hidden. In every realm secret things belong to God, because they are not essential to our highest good; but things which are revealed to ourselves and our children are rendered profitable in proportion as with increased care they are scrutinized. This is better in the end than truth so transparent as to require no research. If a cloud of night veiled God's purpose from the Israelites at the Red Sea, by a yet more Heavenly interposition the miracle of mercy stood revealed in the succeeding dawn. In nature, as in grace, we are not to wait for processes to be explained, but humbly and promptly accept results. Spring steals with noiseless foot along the earth, and the bud expands into a full-blown rose, with an unfolding as secret as it is charming. "The star of evening sparkles like a tear in the spot where the sunset dies, but no one marked its falling from the dewy eye of heaven." As with the glory, so with the decay of earthly things. As fades the leaf, so silently do we all fade. No awful handwriting appears on the wall, flashing out to us in our rejoicing as to Belshazzar, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin;" but the quiet message from every October bough admonishes, as to Hezekiah; "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live."

SEPARATELY.—Leaves organize the tree that appears them, while they yet further elevate themselves by seeding all growth downwards. They constitute the great laboratory wherein, under the action of light and air, crude sap is transformed into diversified substances essential to the health of the tree and the growth of valuable products for universal good. Not until fruit is produced and perfected—the final end of all activities—is the leaf's occupation gone, and its gentle ministry being no longer needed it serenely drops off.

Defoliation is generally attributed to a deposit of earthly matter at the base of the leaf, by which the passage of sap into it is obstructed. It dies from want of food and is generally expelled from its resting place by the nascent vigor of the new bud. It is by the aggregate work of separate leaves that the entire structure is formed as well as the whole of its bearing crops. As the result of this every season sees an increase of height, a new layer of wood and a larger or smaller produce of fruit.

Leaves in their very decay, impart a richness to the soil which results in a new and vigorous growth the succeeding spring. We largely owe the bright green of fresh leaves to those withered ones which some months back lay unheeded about the roots. They were not shed like an untimely product on the earth, but have been in reality converted to the highest use, being made to utter their voice in another form to another generation, even as the withered leaves in the fabled island of the Hebrides were said to be changed into singing-birds as soon as they had fallen to the ground.

SUPERBLY.—Variety in unity is a prevailing law throughout creation, and is the most striking feature in autumnal foliage. To the critical observer, variety of tint enters into and variegates the most uniform tone of the vernal landscape. As summer supervenes this becomes more manifest, and, in autumn, the sunset of the year appears most capdivated. No two trees exhibit the same appearance. Each individual hidden until the ripening hour,

throws out a witching charm to the calm panoramic view and helps to form a commingled splendor which outblushes all the gorgeous banners of the most splendid Orient. This is not death, as stupid sentimentalists pretend, but life at its height of power and promise. All noble vitality bears a florid tone, not raw but rich. No relationship is more intimate and divine than that which ever exists between the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty; and this is best exemplified by the fading leaf at the culminating moment, when the brightest tints express the ripest life.

Thus it is with a departing Christian. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" precious and also beautiful. They come to their last hour like the mellow fruit that gathers into itself the entire life of the tree, all the dew and sunshine of summer; and, giving up to heaven the glowing wealth of priceless hues thence derived, at last bends and breaks the branch from which it hangs.

Such an exchange of being is utterly separate, at once its own glory and reward. Sadness is swallowed up in victory. It is not death that destroys, but life pressing from a lower to a higher sphere; the passing shadow between faith and sight, hope and fruition, transient and transparent as the last filmy cloud that veils for a moment the full splendors of sunrise.

SECRETLY.—A leaf, however symmetrical its form, lovely its hue and exquisite its texture, transcending all human inventions, is only organized dust. What you hold and the hand holding it, as material things, are alike subject to the doom; "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." But the plastic life which substantiates, stands under, the transient material, to mould its delicate fibers and etch its tender lines, is spiritual and knows no grave.

"The two-fold man
Holds firmly to the natural, to reach
The spiritual beyond it;
Some call the ideal, better called the real."

The falling of a leaf is preparation for a new life and is necessitated by it. It falls naturally only when that rising from the root, has first perfected and then pushed it off. Only the mortal portion goes down, the same that came up, and only to be succeeded by another exactly the same without a particle lost to the universe. It is the law of vegetable existence that no specimen shall be diminished until a new one has been fitted to take its place. Life, in fact never more abandons than the season of apparently universal death. Another year is hidden along the most naked bough, every tiny bud of which carries the sure prophecy of uninterrupted being in its bosom. With the great Apostle of analogous life each leaf may say, "I die daily," that I may live eternally. Nature, superabounding with vitality, is careless of her dead, and for the reason that her robing of life is ceaseless, she never puts on mourning.

The forest does not miss the falling leaf. So with ourselves. We die, but others will step into our places as we superseded those that went before, and the world will go on. The branch of society from which we depart abates none of its productive power, but is allowed to unfold a lovelier hue and diffuse a healthier influence. The most beneficent law requires the individual to retire that the growing aggregate may advance. Thus the humblest leaves in the ever-growing forest of humanity are made to contribute even the ashes they once wore to minister strength about the roots of coming ages. Death in every place and form subserves the interests of life, and, though vicissitude is the law of earth, thereby most permanently is the blessedness of celestial Providence displayed.

The tree, when most denuded of recent foliage, is least dead, because its roots are in the soil, and not just full of all its past life, but just replenished with new. It threw off the sere leaf to put on another and a lovelier garment. Infinitely better conditioned than plants of subinary growth, our life, emanating from the Supreme Sun, and vitalized by all

its divine warmth, will dress itself in another garb. For "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." And "we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made by hands, eternally in the heavens." There is no ground for presumption nor occasion for despair, if it may be truly said of our condition: "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God and when He who is your life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Be true to yourself, and like inferior creatures, honor your destiny. The falling leaf is Jehovah's honorable discharge to a faithful servant whose work is well done.

OUR BEST MEN FOR OFFICE.—To destroy the Republican party because a few dishonest men have crept into office through its power, would be as wise as the killing of a healthy individual because a few boils trouble him. The party never was more healthy than at present. The few officials that are proven dishonest, as to the great body politic what the spots on the sun are to the blazing orb that gives us light and warmth. As long as the masses of the people who compose the party are honestly inclined we have no fear of a party itself. Every Republican convention which has met thus far has placed itself on record as being determined to drive men from office who fail to practice economy and honesty in their public duties. We shall never free ourselves entirely from the influence of bad men. They will creep into power in spite of the greatest care and watchfulness. We can, however, throw an increased protection around the public service by a more thorough examination of the character of the men who present themselves for our support. A good citizen will generally make a good official. This is a simple rule which, if practiced in the selection of candidates, will greatly protect the public interests. Inquire into the private character of the man who wants your vote, and if you find him honest, industrious, charitable, a good neighbor and a public-spirited citizen, you can safely give him your vote and support. You may run the risk, even then, of being cheated; but the chances will be so small that you can well afford the risk. But to expect to secure an honest official in the man who never pays his debts, whose character is stained by intemperance or profanity, is to expect a clean balance-sheet in the other world without paying your printer's bills in this. Nominate your best men for office and the risk of finding dishonesty in high places will be exceedingly small.—Washington Republic.

Industrial Schools as Preventive of Crime.

Among the noted men whom the Evangelical Alliance has called to this country from the Old World is Rev. Dr. Robin, of Paris. This old gentleman has for years been engaged in the work of establishing, promoting and pushing forward industrial schools in his native city as a means of preventing crime and training young people in the paths of industry, virtue and morality, and on this subject he recently presented his views to the Alliance. They are of great value. They are the result of long, patient and exhaustive thought and study made eminently practical by vast experience in such a city as Paris, where boys and girls are subjected to varied and strong temptations; where crime is decked with flowers and crooked paths rendered alluring by countless attractions of a peculiarly tempting character. The Doctor's motto is: "It is better to prevent crime than punish it," better for the criminals, better for society, better in point of morals, better from a financial standpoint, and hence his attachment to industrial schools, which he contends are the best protection of crime that can be introduced and carried on by human agency and under the fostering care of civil authorities.

Dr. Robin divides children for whom education is necessary into four principal divisions. Those of the first

class, belonging to rich families, are destined to receive a superior education and to occupy a high place in society. Those of the second, the children of shopkeepers and small landholders avail themselves of the special instruction instituted for them, which excludes ordinary classical teaching. The third class comprises the children of an and farm laborers, who receive only primary instruction, more or less complete. Then comes the fourth class of children, in whose welfare Dr. Robin is especially interested. This class consists of deserted children, vagrants and beggars, who are allowed, on account of destitution or the neglect of their parents, to grow up in the most absolute ignorance, both of elementary and professional instruction, and who thus live exposed to all the temptations of want, idleness and vice. As compulsory education does not exist in France, the parents of these children cannot be compelled to send them to school, and yet Dr. Robin asserts "it is impossible to ignore the fact that it is imperatively necessary not to abandon to themselves and to the suggestion of destitution these children whom the absolute want of guidance or the pernicious influences with which they are surrounded must inevitably lead to vice and thence to crime and to prison. We must protect them against the misfortune of their birth, against the culpable indifference of their parents, were it but in the interest of social order. This must be done by insuring to them the benefit of instruction, thereby obviating the danger which they create for society. The question of which we are treating here is a question at once of charity and of public security." Boys and girls should not be allowed to become vagabonds and thieves. Christianity ignores such an idea. The welfare of society, especially in a Republic, is also vitally interwoven with the proper training of the rising generation.

The choice must be made between a prison for matured offenders and a school for youths where they can be taught the difference between good and evil, between virtue and vice, between industry and idleness. If those who need such instruction will not accept it, society must exercise the right of self-protection and enforce it by proper means. If a boy can be put in prison for stealing, he certainly can be put in school to prevent him from committing such an offense.

As to the particular kind of industrial schools that should be established, three points are not disputed. The inmates should be divided into classes so that merely refractory pupils would not herd with more hard-hearted offenders. The scholars should receive an education to fit them for the business walks of life and at the same time they should be taught some trade by which they could earn their living and add to the wealth of the nation. Dr. Robin stated in his address that in 1860 there were but forty industrial schools in England, while in 1872 there were over one hundred. At the same time the idea had taken root in France and produced the most satisfactory fruit. In the opinion of Dr. Robin "a child's education is not complete until he has been made fit to provide for himself by learning a trade or business. The apprentice school thus becomes the complement of the primary school. The city of Paris has recently instituted an apprentice school and has thus begun to make practical the idea that general instruction must be completed by industrial teaching. Various establishments, similar in kind, exist already both in Paris and in the departments known under the name of professional schools. The industrial school, founded for a special object, would unite the two classes of the establishments, i. e., the primary and professional school, but with this special characteristic that it would be designed for children who would not hope for admittance to the apprentice school, in accordance to the idea which led to its institution, is destined for, and can only be useful to such children as have already received good primary instruction, and are thus prepared to acquire general professional

knowledge, which may qualify them for the position of foreman in the workshops and for becoming—should circumstances favor them—masters in their turn. The children admitted to the industrial schools have, on the contrary, received only a very imperfect primary instruction and often none at all. The greatest number have passed the usual age of admittance to primary schools, and reached the age of learning a trade. They must, therefore, have the means given them for making up for lost time and for acquiring the instruction of the school and that of the workshop together."

It is this double character of industrial schools, combined with their correctional elements, which should recommend them to the people of all countries. If boys and girls could be taken from the streets, from the arts and influences of vicious men and women, and given such training as would mold them into useful members of society, certainly that plan should be adopted. Upon this duty there can be no difference of opinion.—The Age.

According to a San Francisco newspaper M. Alfred Paraf's new method of manufacturing butter from fresh fat is now in operation on a large scale in that city. The company manufacture butter out of suet from fresh beef, and assert that the article will in every respect equal that made of cream. The suet is first ground and thrown into a huge tank containing about one foot of water. The mass is next raised to blood heat, and after a half hour's stirring it is left to settle. The seraps fall and the pure fat remains. This is collected, wrapped in cloths and submitted to presses of tremendous power. The oleine oozes through the cloth and is conveyed into another tub, where, after the addition of a little milk and rennet, it is agitated in the ordinary manner of cream to produce butter.

In a western State there was occasion, in a suit before a justice, to require surety from two persons in behalf of plaintiff for cost of the prosecution of the action, and it was agreed by the plaintiff's two counsel that they should both sign themselves. The senior did so, and turning to his junior, whose reputation through the country was that of a jolly, clever, impetuous fellow, who never paid anything, remarked: "D., it is your turn." D. looked at the paper, and then in a quizzical way shook his head and remarked: "No; on the whole I guess I won't dilute the security."

REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERE.—The atmosphere of northeastern Spain is transparent beyond parallel. Across the desolate sierras every crevice in the distant hills is distinctly visible and the shadows of the clouds fall in clearest outlines upon the tawny desert. Far off, for miles, you can distinguish goats dwindled into flies and soldiers dwarfed to pigmies, whose colored uniforms and burnished arms are perfectly distinct, and long trains of mules, with drivers in brigand-like costume, reduced to the size of a child's toy. Things in the distance, so clear is the air, look as if cut by an engraver on a precious stone. I was told at Barcelona that, when General Savalls made his attack upon Mataro, fifteen miles distant, the movements of his troops, the riding of his aids, the dispersion of his scouts, and every minute change during the charges upon the town were as distinctly visible as if the panorama had been at the feet of the spectators watching on the cathedral tower.

A CERTAIN lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him." An old farmer, only dissatisfied. "Taint like?" exclaimed everybody; "Just show us where it ain't like." "Taint! no, 'taint!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see; he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody's."