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[From the Independent.]
The Forbidden Walk.

"I can't let Arthur go," said his mother, decidedly.

"Why not?" asked Nannie and Mabel, both in a breath.

"He's too little. Besides, it looks like rain," and the lady turned and went into the house, leaving three discontented little faces behind her. "It's too bad," said Nannie, indignantly.

"So it is," echoed Mabel. "Arthur can't go anywhere but a few steps off—never!"

Arthur's black eyes had been gathering tears all the while. Now they overflowed.

"Your feet are big enough, ain't they?" inquired Mabel.

"Yes."

"You could walk a mile, couldn't you?" asked naughty Nannie.

"I des so."

"Well," exclaimed Mabel, "we must go, at any rate, or those children will eat up all the berries. I don't believe it will rain; but p'raps we'd better wear our shawls."

Nannie ran into the house and got them from the hall table. As she passed out, she stooped and kissed Arthur's tear-stained cheek; the action implying an amount of compassion for his forlorn condition which caused the little fellow to cry aloud in his affliction.

"Come, Nannie," called Mabel, impatiently.

"Just hear him cry," she exclaimed, pityingly.

"Well, we can't help it," replied philosophical Mabel. "We ain't his mother. 'I'd let him go if I was.'"

"Mabel, do you s'pose we could take him?"

"And not let her know?"

"Yes."

Mabel was evidently staggered. She stood lost in thought for at least half a minute.

"I guess we could," she said, at length, hesitatingly.

"Come on, then," said Nannie, taking the little fellow's hand.

"Must det my sawl," said Arthur, his face brightening.

"Oh! you don't want a shawl?"

"Yes, I does."

"Be quick, then."

The little feet pattered into the house very softly, for alas! Arthur was taking his first lesson in deception; and he soon emerged from the side door, arrayed in a square of faded calico, evidently a piece of an old apron which had seen better days.

"Nannie, do you see what he's got on?" inquired poor Mabel, horror-stricken.

"Did I ever! Such a little fright! But we'll make him pull it off when we get started."

That was easier said than done, however, for Arthur insisted upon wearing the obnoxious garment, holding it together in front with his scrap of a hand. Expostulations and entreaties were of no avail. At length Mabel, with a sly wink at Nannie, threw off her own shawl, declaring that she was nearly melted. Nannie followed her example; and the little strategists soon had the satisfaction of finding their ruse successful, for Arthur's "shawl" was also taken off and carefully folded.

The old mill was reached at last, though it seemed as if the little boy's feet would never get there. And, as he was a young gentleman of strikingly independent disposition, scornful to avail himself of the assistance of their outstretched hands, there was nothing for the girls to do but look and wait.

"The berries are not so awful thick up here, after all," said Nannie, in a disappointed tone.

"I've found some pretty good ones, though," replied Mabel. "Oh! Arthur, don't eat that green one, it will make you sick." And she fed him from her own little store.

They were sitting under a large maple tree, and did not notice the lowering sky, until Arthur, peeping out to look at a bright-eyed robin, to whose merry chirping they had been listening, drew back quickly.

"Water dropped onto my nose," said he, with a merry little laugh.

"Oh! I guess not," replied Nannie.

"Yes, 'twas' very positively."

Midget turned her chubby face

skyward, and down came two tiny drops upon her forehead.

"Nannie," said she, decisively, "we must go right straight home."

"Do it shower an' rain?" inquired Arthur, anxiously.

"Only a little bit. It won't hurt us." And the two started.

Here their trouble commenced; for, as the little girls wrapped their shawls about them, to keep off the fast-falling drops, Arthur donned his calico again. What a "saw!" that was—so hard to fold and so much harder to put on properly, getting the ends nice and even as Nannie's were.

It seemed as if the very elements conspired against it, for it flapped helplessly right and left in the rain (it was coming faster now), and the fierce wind almost tore it from the little shoulders.

"Nannie!" cried the little fellow, imploringly. "I'm dettin' wet. I—"

"Take off that old shawl," said Nannie. "You'll be dryer without it now."

"No."

"Let me pin it, then. I can make it stay on beautifully. So."

But Arthur didn't want it pinned. Just then it seemed as if the heavens were opened, indeed, and the rain descended furiously upon the unprotected little figures. Arthur began to cry, and his companions felt very much like following his example. That would never do, however; for what would become of their little charge if they were to lose heart. Mabel, becoming suddenly solicitous about the state of her hat, threw her shawl over it and walked along, looking like a funny little "Mother Goose." Of course, then, Nannie's hat must be covered, too. So they went on for a moment without speaking, until, hearing a cry of distress some distance behind them, they turned, and behold! Arthur was vainly trying to cover his old straw hat with the dripping calico.

"Did you ever see such a little goose?" cried Nannie. "I wish we didn't bring him."

A conclusion to which Mabel had arrived some time before.

"Come on!" she called, at the top of her little voice.

"I can't. My hat'll det wet."

"Don't hurt your old hat any; screamed Nannie.

"Yes 'twill. It showers an' rains."

"Just as if we didn't know that!" said Mabel, laughing, in spite of her fears. "Come, Nannie," said she, at length, seeing Arthur was still working hard with his refractory garment. "We must go and get him."

"Arthur," said she, as they approached, "you must be a good boy and take hold of my hand. Dinner'll be all ready before we get home; and—"

"But it showers an' rains," pleaded Arthur, his lip quivering. "My hat'll det—all—"

"Your hat's spoilt now," cried Nannie, impatiently. "It's an awful looking thing, any way. I'll do it good 'n' get washed. Here, take hold of my hand."

But Arthur's black eyes looked defiance at her from under their long lashes. She had insulted his clothes, and he would have none of her. Going over to Mabel's side of the road, he placed his small hand in hers, saying, coaxingly; "You'll fite me up, won't you, Mabel?"

And Mabel tried, but all her efforts to fasten the wet calico satisfactorily over the little hat were unavailing; so, though it was raining still, off came her own small shawl again.

"It didn't do her a speck of good, really," she said to Nannie; "it was so wet."

And in half a minute came Arthur's little piping voice:

"I des my sawl tan tum off. I des so. Don't do a speck o' dood, do it?"

So, hand in hand with his faithful "Mabee," he trotted along as fast as his two small feet would carry him. It was slow traveling, however, and the little girls had plenty of time to think upon their homeward way. As they drew near the house, Arthur's face brightened, while theirs grew sad and troubled; and theirs were the weary footsteps that lagged behind at last, while he ran gaily into the yard, shouting gleefully:

"Mamma, Mamma, I dot home!"

It was a very grave face that met

his, however.

"Does my little Arthur know that he has been very naughty?" said she, as she led him into the sitting-room and took the dripping little figure upon her lap.

"I'm all wet as anyfing," was his evasive reply.

"Mother told you not to go," she continued, seriously; "and now she must punish you."

Arthur understood that. His face became very sober, and the salt tears mingled plentifully with the rain-drops, which still stood upon his rosy cheeks.

Meanwhile the little girls looked quietly on; but the lady took no notice of them.

"What are you going to do with him?" whispered Mabel, at length.

"Put him to bed," was the reply. At which Arthur's distress became audible.

"I wish you wouldn't," begged Nannie, earnestly; "because, you see, we made him go."

"He disobeyed me," said the lady.

"But we told him to," said Mabel, the tears standing in her gray eyes.

"You ought to send us to bed."

"You're not my little girls. I can't send you to bed."

"My mother isn't here," said Nannie, apologetically.

"Mine isn't, either," echoed Mabel; "and Aunt Eliza never does anything to us unless we break something."

"Very well. You can have a good time this afternoon, then," replied the lady; "but Arthur must stay in bed until teatime."

A good time, indeed! Never were two little faces more utterly crestfallen and disconsolate in expression.

"You'll give him some dinner, won't you?" sobbed Mabel.

"Oh! yes. And you had better go now and get off your wet clothing before the bell rings."

They crept slowly up the stairs.

"Oh! I wish mother was here," cried Nannie, vainly trying to untie the knot in her boot-lacing. "Arthur wouldn't have gone one step if it hadn't been for me; and now—be—"

Here the little voice gave way utterly; and, notwithstanding her hurry, she indulged in a good hearty cry.

"I s'pose," said Mabel, thoughtfully, "his mother thinks he might go off with some other girls some time; and that's the reason she put him to bed."

A wise thought, as Mabel's generally were; but, somehow, it brought no consolation. After dinner, the rain continuing, the little girls went to their room again and, finding books and games equally dull and uninteresting, drew themselves upon the bed, apparently sick at heart and weary of the world; but after awhile (though how it happened was never satisfactorily explained) were fortunately enough to forget their sorrows and remorse in a long, sound sleep.

When they awoke, Arthur's mother stood at the bedside, with her little boy in her arms. He looked smiling and happy (perhaps kind-hearted Morpheus had done something for him also); but his first question showed that he had not quite forgotten the morning's adventure:

"You dot all dwied up?"

"Oh! you cunning little thing," cried Nannie. "If you're ever naughty again, it won't be my fault; at least, I don't think it will."

"Nor mine," rejoined Mabel, decidedly.

The lady seated herself upon the bed, and Arthur crawled over to Mabel's side and laid his little head upon the pillow beside her.

"I'm dood now," said he, complacently.

"Arthur thinks he shall always be a good boy in future," said his mother. "But I'm afraid he may forget sometimes; so I want you to try and help him while you stay here. Will you?"

Both the children gave an unconditional promise.

"I know I can trust you," (She was really touched at the traces of tears upon the little round cheeks.)

"Let us all try to be good now. We know who loves us and takes care of us always; don't we?"

"Yes," whispered Mabel, "we know."

"Perhaps He loves us better when we are away from father and mother."

"I des He do," replied Arthur, promptly.

"If we try to be good, we shall

lady. 'It will make us so much happier, too.'

Just then the supper-bell rang, and the mother, taking her boy in her arms, prepared to leave the room; but, as she turned to go, two pairs of rosy lips were raised, each supplicating a caress.

"She's almost as good as my mother," exclaimed Nannie, when the door had closed upon her. "Isn't she almost as good as your mother, Mabel?"

"I—don't—know," hesitated Mabel; "but she's good. We won't never take Arthur away again when she doesn't say so; will we?"

"No, siree!" replied Nannie, emphatically.

Her assertion was more decisive than elegant, as was frequently the case with impulsive little Nannie; but that both children were thoroughly in earnest and meant just what they said was abundantly proved by subsequent events.

From Japan.

Miss Kate Hequembourg of Dunkirk, formerly of Warren, went to Japan last fall as a teacher. She writes interesting letters to her parents, some of which are published in the Dunkirk Journal. We clip the following from one to her mother describing her arrival and reception in that strange land, that her friends here may see how she is situated. Their ship having come to anchor off Yokohama, October 26th, after a passage of some twenty-five days from San Francisco, she says:

At half-past ten the boat came for me. I was favored above all the other passengers in going in such style and comfort. The house boat, which is the property of the P. M. S. S. Co., bearing about the same resemblance to the sand-pans that a rough looking cart would to an elegant carriage. Mr. Blanchard being in the employ of the company he had the use of the boat.

Several Naval Captains came on board in their gigs, with fine looking crews. The crew of the P. M. S. S. boat was entirely Japanese, but dressed in uniform European dress. With Mr. Blanchard was Dr. Elliott to whom, you will remember, I had a letter of introduction from Morris-town. Dr. E. informed me that he was sent by Miss Kidder to escort me to his house where I was to remain as a guest. In less than ten minutes we were at the English Harborage or landing, where our carriages stood waiting for us. Such carriages. I could hardly control my laughter sufficiently to get into mine. There on the wharf stood two large baby carriages on two wheels, one for the Doctor and one for myself, and we were to get into these. *Jim riki shewu* they called them—translated, man horse-power carriage. After some maneuvering I managed to get into mine, and as it was raining hard E. Blanchard enveloped me in my pretty rug, the top, made of oiled paper, was drawn right over and tied down so that if I had been put in a paper box and the cover put on I could not have been more completely shut in from everything external, even to the rain.

One Coolie stepped into the shafts and another pushed behind and then started off upon a run. At the head of the wharf stood a long low building swarming with Japanese officials.

Some in national dress and some in foreign, and good looking policemen, though not quite equal in stature to those on Broadway. This was a branch of the Custom House. They just glanced at my trunks, did not ask to open them, and handed them over to some Coolies who tied a rope around each trunk, put a long pole through the edge and the pole upon their shoulders, two Coolies to each trunk, and then started off upon a dog trot with their heavy burdens.

As I preferred seeing a little of the city if I did get wet, the top was put down and with an umbrella I managed very nicely. We passed rapidly through fine, broad paved streets in the foreign quarter, passed long rows of business houses, by the English and American Consulates, then into some queer narrow streets swarming with Japanese men, women and children on foot, clumping along in wooden sandals and long dresses, so that it was impossible for me to distinguish the men from the

women, though nothing is easier now, for the manner of dressing the hair is very different in the sexes—their dress is the same. They all carried large paper umbrellas and were generally very neatly dressed, and all with bright pleasant faces. They did not stare at us half as much as the foreigners we met did, and were invariably polite and respectful in their manners. The houses and stores were very small—like play-houses, but as neat as wax. We crossed the wide canal on a beautiful bridge and began to ascend the long hill to the top of the bluff where most of the foreigners reside. We passed such beautiful homes, large houses of a peculiar kind of architecture and surrounded by well-kept grounds. The hedges here, frequently of camellias, are in first bloom, some scarlet, some pink and a very few white, as it is still early for that variety. Such magnificent chrysanthemums, they are simply magnificent, and of all the colors of the rainbow. It is the hedge of the Mikado or Royal Flower, and I do not wonder that it is so. For nearly or quite a mile the street wound round the top of the bluff, from every point of which we had a view for miles, the mountains, bay and villages, and was an exquisitely beautiful street. We suddenly turned a corner. The Doctor pointed out to me a very lovely, home-like place, as belonging to Mrs. Bruyn, the next a handsome gothic residence as Dr. Brown's, and the next a beautiful cottage in the Indian Bungalow style of architecture, with large grounds, as his own and my future home. Mrs. Elliott met us at the door and gave me a kind welcome. Soon after dinner Miss Kidder came to see me. I liked her immediately. She is a young lady of great cultivation and very agreeable manners. She looks like Jessie Kennedy and is quite as pretty.

Dr. Brown's house being full Dr. Elliott has very kindly consented to make me one of his family. He is a Christian of means and position in society. His wife is lovely and cultivated. Both are young, the Doctor being only a little over thirty.

They have five servants, two women and three men, boys they are called. The cook is a man over thirty. The table is waited upon by a "boy," the door attended by a "boy." The nurse is a woman, and also the chambermaid. The sewing is done by a tailor who comes daily, and the washing and ironing is taken out of the house and done by men; "boys," I should say. The bread is also brought to the house daily. The cooking is done in a detached building back of the house, where are also the servants' quarters, where they eat, drink and sleep, for in Japan servants always board themselves.

We have no apples, but as oranges are so very abundant, I do not miss them. A kind of hard pear, not fit to eat raw, makes a very good substitute for apples in cooking. Persimmons as large as very large apples and as yellow as gold are very insipid, something like bananas. I believe the taste for them is usually cultivated by foreigners. They certainly are very beautiful. We have oranges at every meal, and as many as you can eat at any time. They keep me well better than any medicine; I only wish I could send you a box of them. Sweet potatoes of excellent quality are very abundant, and you know I am very fond of them. The beef is good. You can see I am in no danger of starving. My room is pleasant, with an eastern exposure, and so situated that I can have the sun all day. It is handsomely furnished; has a grate where I have a fire built every morning to take a bath and dress. My servant brings me a warm bath in a tub every morning. Truly my lines have fallen in pleasant places. I have not written you half I wanted to by this mail. There are so many things to say. I have received and returned a great many calls; have been invited to dinner several times, and have attended one evening musical party.

"The right path is that of a virtuous and noble education."

CHEERFULNESS and faith in the right, are better than great riches.