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The Angel of Pain.

Angel of Pain, I think thy face
Will be, in all the heavenly place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
And sweetest face to smile on me.
All other angels faint and tire;
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters, face to face with Fate,
And dies because it cannot wait;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
That sweetest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to mix.
But thou, O loving, faithful Pain—
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain—
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all day.
—Saxe Holm.

HER TWO HANDS.

Old Casper came home about sunset. His pick was on his shoulder; so was his old wool hat for he thrust it far back from his wrinkled front. Casper had a bend, as if he had been half persuaded these many years to go on hands and knees again, so heavily time sat on his back and so close to the earth did his daily labor draw him.

He was a good natured, trotting old fellow working his mouth eagerly and training his bleared eyes as he approached the town's draggled skirts, for very thinking of his old folks—his old woman and his little gal.

There were rows of dismal frame huts all around, built by railroad companies for the purpose of penning as many of their employe's families at a time as possible. They repose gloomy and barn-like, squat on that sandy foundation which scripture condemns, swarming with legions of tallow-headed children. Women, sharp at the elbows and sharper at the face, were raising clouds of pork smoke from their respective kitchen altars. In fact the whole neighborhood reeked with the smell of grease, and the evening was so warm a Lapslander might have resented it. But Casper's nose was not delicate. He trotted over the cinder sidewalk nodding this way and that, glad there was such a fine air and that his old bones were so near home.

"That's the little gal, as usual," he chuckled; as he turned a corner and found Madgie on her lookout at the gate. She was a comforting sign to see in that neighborhood, so tidy fair in calico and braids, and the pink flesh color of youth. You wondered why she had been no further up town and draped in something costly; why her deft fingers had never learned there were ten keys to unlock a soul which slumbers in rosewood and which rises at a touch like some blessed genie, to comfort all ills and fill all thoughts; you wondered why some high bred father was not coming home to her now. But then this old man would have found it so hard to do without her. Then, too, Madgie might never in her life have struck the royal heart which was now in her hands, which she held her bank against all the future and the interest of which was the only income which she wanted.

"There you are, grandpa!" cried Madgie.

"Yes, and there you are, Madgie; and here we both are, Madgie!" entering the open gate and casting down his pick.

He put his hands on both sides of her head and gave her a sounding smack on the cheek.
"Supper's ready."
"Yes, yes; just wait until I get a little of the smut off my hands and neck. It's been a powerful hot, dusty day."

Casper trotted through the little barn allotted to him, hailed his old wife, who sat ready to pour his tea, and after blowing and plunging through a deal of water, returned to his family with shining countenance and a handful of onions.

"I jist pulled these up for a relish. They're cooling, ingens is. You tended that ingen bed, didn't you, Madgie?"

"Grandma and I."
"And we wanted some of them ingens for market," said the old wife, eying the sacrifice severely. "We ain't got no ground to throw away raising luxuries for ourselves."

"Well, well, mother," pleaded Casper, dipping his fragrant sphere in

salt. "I don't calk'late to pull 'em all. I jist wanted somethin' refreshin' after a hard day. Taste 'em, Madgie," said he, insinuating the emerald tops toward her.

"Oh, no, grandpa, keep 'em yourself," shaking her head and smiling.

"I feel," replied Casper, filling his senses and his jaw with perfumed roots until a blind man would have pronounced him a Mexican, if his nose had sat in judgment over Casper. "I rally feel as if I needed somethin' refreshin' workin' hard day after day, for nothin' you might say. Sort of seein' your work go to pieces under your eyes and knowin' the danger to them on the road."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" cried Madgie, turning white as her bread and butter.

"Why, honey, you see we've picked and picked in that cut, and the sile's as unsteady as water. The stones and the earth just roll on the track continial. The company orto do somethin' to that cut. Stones as big as you is jarred down every train. But then the road's new, the road's new, yet."

"Men ain't got no sense," broke in the old wife. "Don't you see you're skeering that child to death for fear Charley'll get washed up. He runs on the road."

Two blades of keen remorse leaped from Casper's bleared eyes.

"Now, don't you be skeered, honey. Take an injen, honey."

He reached over to pet her fingers. "Charley didn't pass to-day when the dirt was rattlin' down so. He don't pass till half after eight this evening and we left the track as clear as this table. Yes, sir; then rails is as free and bright as new tin pans. So don't you be skeered, honey."

"I'm not scared about anything, grandpa," said Madgie tremulously, but smiling like a rainbow.

"There, now, mother," cried Casper triumphantly, turning to his onions, "you came down on me for nothin'. She ain't skeered a bit."
No, not a bit. She flew around the room like a bird, washed the earthenware, brought her grandfather his pipe and dropped at his feet to tell him some funny story afloat. In his enjoyment he wrapped himself in such a cloud that she could hardly see the clock.

Madgie slipped out to the gate. She was often there, looking up the road. The two old people sat inside thinking of the days when they were young.

She was restless and flitted over the cinder sidewalk, following a magnet which would have drawn her from the centre of the earth. To the road, of course. How often had she watched the rails converging horizonward until they sharpened themselves to a needlepoint. The railroad had a fascination for Madgie. When a baby she used to follow her grandfather to his work, and hide among the bushes to see the big freights lumbering by, and the express trains whirling into town like screaming land demons. She had heard of the sea and the spell it had upon sailors, but she saw the railroad and felt the spell which nobody seemed to remark that it cast over inland labors. She saw her boy playmates sucked up by the road; heard her grandfather tell of hairbreadth escapes from collisions, of cool courage in men placing themselves between the people they carried and most horrible death. She had learned the power and mission of 'the road.' In short, she was as loyal a daughter of the rail as any Maine skipper's child is of the sea. Madgie had affinity for an engine. To day her throat swelled, her eye kindled when the great iron animal swept past her. Charley drove an engine, and his engine was in her eyes a fitting exponent of the strength and beauty of his manhood. Such was the romance of her little dry life. Everybody must have his enthusiasm. She had been in the town's great depot at night arrived from a holiday trip, and had laughed aloud to see some busy engine hurrying up and down, picking up freight like a hen gathering her chickens; now breathing and panting away at the head of its charge. She had waked from sleep to hear them culling to each other through the darkness and translated to herself what they said.

It was a proper thing for Madgie to be an engineer's wife. She thought it a fitting thing to be Charley's wife under any circumstances, I assure you. There was now only a little strip of time between Madgie and Charley. She looked over that little strip and saw just how it would be. They were to have a cottage on a clean street; her grand-parents if they became infirm, were to have home with her; and these two little hands, said Charley, will make me the dearest nest; I'll be so glad to run into it at night!

Madgie's pink face took on rose as she thought of all these things, looking up and down the cut to see if the track was clear as her grandfather had said. She felt relieved and foolish about coming out there through twilight to spy for Charley's welfare and much inclined to hide from the smoke rising far off. But those unstable sandy walls towering over her way; Madgie watched them jealously. Just as the thunder of the train could be heard, her heart stood still to see them dissolve, like pillars ground down by some malicious Samson and piled upon the track until nothing could be seen for yards but one long hill of earth and stones!

Now, little Madgie, if there is heroism in you, it must meet and lasso that iron beast whirling a hundred people upon death! A hundred! The whole world was in the engine house. He would not try to save himself when he came upon the life-trap. She saw how he would set his lips, bend nerve and brain to the emergency; she saw how car would crush into car, the wreck lie over a burning engine, and Charley be ground and charred under them all!

O, sublimely selfish woman! She flew over the track like a thing of wings. It was life and Charley, or death with Charley. The headlight flashed up through the dark. There her grandfather's hut and cheered her 'last appearance.' So people froth up in gratitude.

She scraped them on a rail, and tore off her apron. Oh, they wouldn't ignite, and the cotton would but smolder. It is rolling down on her swift as air. Bless the loom which wove the cloth which made the cotton apron! She tossed it, blinking and blazing above her head, walking slowly backward.

She was seen. The engine rent the evening air with yells; the brakes were on—her lasso had caught it—it could now be stopped in time. She darted aside, but the current was too strong for her. She was dizzy; fell, and clutched in the wrong direction. Poor, poor little fingers.

Now the people pour out; they run here and there. Women are crying—perhaps because they weren't hurt. The engineer darts along like a madman, looking under the train. There, a dozen feet before the engine, rises a sand hill. Everybody wants to know how they were stopped before they rounded the curve.

"Here she is!" shouted Charley, striding up with a limp bundle, like a king who had sacrificed to the good of the state. "She showed the signal and stood up to it until I saw her—until we almost run her down! There's half the fingers cut off her left hand! There, what do you think of that now, for the woman who saved you all?" holding up the mutilated stump.

"God bless it!" prayed an old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Amen!" roared the crowd. With one breath they raised three shouts, which shook the sand hills until they came down handsomely a second time, Charley standing above their enthusiasm with the fainting child in his arms, like a regent holding some royal infant.

"Let me see her," sobbed first one woman, then another. So Charley sat down and let them crowd around him with ice water, cologne and linen for bandages. He even gave the men a glimpse of her waxy face, just unfolding to consciousness. Like all western people they wanted to pour out their hearts in 'a purse.' Madgie hid her face on Charley's blouse, and 'would none of it.' He carried her home at the head of a procession which stopped before an hour afterwards, when the

neighbors were dispersed and Casper stood convinced that an 'ingen' might not be the best brace for Madgie's nerves, when her hand was dressed and her grandmother was quivering a song in the corner, Madgie turned such a look on Charley as even that stout-hearted fellow could not stand. He leaned close to her, and not yet having washed the smoke off his face, was as Vulcan-like a lover as you could desire. But Madgie, always saw the god, not the mechanic.

"Oh, Charley! how can I make a little nest for you now? After the feeling of to-night is over you will wish you had married anybody rather than a maimed girl!"

"Unwise Madge! She drew her fate upon herself. I do aver that to this day her nose is much flattened by the vice-like punishment Charley made her suffer for that speech.

When he came in next evening he laid a paper in her lap and watched the pale face expand and blossom while she read a deed of gift to her of the prettiest cottage on the prettiest street in the city. The company which Charley served, and which could do handsome things as well as thoughtless ones, begged her, in a flattering note, to accept the gift as a small acknowledgement of their obligations to her.

"How could she make a little nest for him?" asked Charley, looking at her through brimming eyes.

"Why, with her hands, after all," answered Madge, crying.

"And this will always be the prettier hand of the two," said that foolish fellow, touching the bandaged one.

Star Drift.

One of the most remarkable discoveries supposed to be made by modern science is the drifting of the stars.

Richard A. Proctor, Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, claims the merit of first suggesting the possibility of there being in fact no fixed stars; but Professor Higgins is said to have first demonstrated the fact that certain of the stars, notably Sirius, are wandering through space with almost incredible rapidity. The undulatory light waves are the criteria by which this approach or recession is formed, and the rate at which they strike the eye of the observer gives the proof of the stars coming toward the earth or going from it.

If the waves come in quicker succession than from a luminous body at rest the source of light, according to a well known law, is approaching; if, on the contrary, they come in slower succession than from a luminous body at rest the source of light is receding. Not only does this "star-drift"—as Mr. Proctor calls it—take place with single stars, but groups, with rhythmic motion, are circling among themselves, sometimes drifting silently, swiftly, mysteriously in a common direction, sometimes intertolved in a manner at present unaccountable.

A Humane Invention.

A very accomplished young lady of Washington, daughter of Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, the well known writer, has invented and obtained a patent for an invention by which the driver of a street railway car can be effectually guarded against all inclemencies of weather and which is the realization of all that could be desired to effect so philanthropic an object.

This very valuable improvement has been carefully examined and highly approved of by various gentlemen competent to judge of its merits, and we trust will not only be generally adopted by our rail car companies, but will also prove a source of fair and just remuneration to the young inventor. We are informed that this patent can be applied with slight expense to any car.

The Dead of 1872.

The years of the present century hitherto remarkable for the number of their distinguished dead were 1832 and 1859. The twelfth month of 1872 must now be added to those memorable predecessors—perhaps, indeed, it surpasses them in the length of its catalogue of departed genius and worth.

In our own country we have lost such prominent statesmen and poli-

ticians as Wm. H. Seward; Messrs. Wall, of New Jersey; Bragg, of North Carolina; Van Winkle, of West Virginia; Davis, of Kentucky; Grimes, of Iowa; and Walker, of Wisconsin,—all of whom had been members of the United States Senate. Ex-Postmaster General Randall and Mr. C. J. Ingresoll, formerly Minister to Russia, have also passed away. The journalistic profession numbers among its departed James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, J. R. Spalding, of the N. Y. World, and Edward A. Pollard, the last being perhaps more noted for his connection with general literature than for his labors on the Richmond Examiner. The army has suffered the loss of Gens. Meade and Halleck, and their late opponents of the rebel service, Gens. Ewell and Anderson, have also died. Science mourns for Prof. Morse, and literature for Dr. Leiber, T. Buchanan Read, G. P. Putnam, Prof. Hadley, of Yale College, and "Fanny Fern." Sulley, Kensett, Duncanson and Ames will paint no more.

In Francis Vinton, Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, Peter Cartwright, Archbishop Spalding and Bishop McGill, the Episcopal, Methodist and Roman Catholic Churches have lost able representatives. David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, and Gen. Howard, editor of the United States Supreme Court Reports, are among the most eminent of the lawyers who have died. Lowell Mason lives only in his compositions. Joseph H. Scranton, Erastus Corning, Samuel N. Pike, John A. Griswold and James Fisk, Jr., are perhaps the most prominent men of wealth and financial ability whose career has drawn to a close. The stage has sustained no common loss in Hackett, Forrest and Eliza Logan.

In the old world "pale death, who knocks alike at the haunts of the poor and the palaces of kings," has summoned away Charles XV, of Sweden; Abrecht, of Austria, the Victor of Custoza; the Princess of Leiningen, half-sister to Queen Victoria; and the young Duke of Guise, the pride and hope of the House of Orleans; Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist; Juarez, President of Mexico; Earl Mayo, Governor-General of India; Sir Henry Bulwer, the Duke of Bedford; the former Postmaster-General of England, Lord Lansdale; Kisseleff, the Russian statesman; and the Duke of Persigny, one of the trustiest councilors of the Emperor of the French, have retired forever from the political world. Merle d'Aubigne, the religious historian, and Feurbach, the atheistical speculator; Babinet, a Frenchman of science; Theophile Gautier, one of the most graceful contributors of the Parisian journals; Sir John Bowring, an Oriental scholar and diplomat, hymn-writer and reformer; and Horace Maynew and Charles Lever, novelists, are the best known departed literateurs. The German stage has been deprived of Bogumil Dawson and Emil Devrient, and that of England of its former ornament, Miss O'Neil, who abandoned her profession to become Lady Beecher.

Our list is not a short one, but it is by no means complete, even with regard to those who have claims on public notice. Some of our readers will perceive omissions which they will fill mentally, at least, while very few will fail to call to mind some dear friend who, if unknown to fame, has left a wider gap in the social circle than many a famous diplomat or writer has done in the world at large.

Sewing Buttons.

The Danbury News is the best digestive pill that has yet been discovered. Here is an item concerning buttons that should be read immediately after a hearty dinner, or late supper, and is warranted to make the reader proof against dyspepsia: It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Some-

times the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle round the neck and, forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down in the street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for the lee way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing the needle point persists in bucking against the solid part of that button and finally, when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

It is often said that "dirt" is healthy, and that those children thrive who are sent out to make mud-pies. That may be true; but I incline to think that the "letting alone" should have a good share of the credit of health-giving. Put comfortable clothing on your little one. Give him room enough to experiment in the use of his arms and legs where there are no pitfalls to entrap him. Give him harmless things to play with, the simpler the better, and then judiciously let him alone and he will be more likely to be amiable than if you bedeck him with fine garments and put him into an elegantly-furnished room with delicately-constructed toys to play with and two or three grown people to take care of him.

THERE was once an old woman who, in answer to a visiting almoner's inquiries as to how she did, said: "Oh, sir, the Lord is very good to me; I've lost my husband and my eldest son, and my youngest daughter, and I'm half blind, and I can't sleep or move about for the rheumatics; but I've got two teeth left in my head, and, praise and bless His holy name, they're opposite each other!" It has been said that this old woman was thankful for small mercies.—St. Paul's.

THE gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler-manufactory, with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A ROW.—Walk along the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare with a ladder on your shoulder and turn round every two minutes to see if anybody is making faces at you.