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AND

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AND

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The Wind and Stream.

A brook came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream.—
A pretty stream, a placid stream,
A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream:
He put the overhanging grasses by,
And gaily stooped to kiss the stream,—
The pretty stream, the flatterer's stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream.—
The flattered stream, the hopeless stream,
The straggling stream, the simpering
stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,—
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem;
But on its melancholy track
Complaining went that little stream,—
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever murmuring, moaning stream.

Written for the Journal and Item.

DEAR JOURNAL: I hear so many
sighing for rest, even in this beauti-
ful May, that the thought is sugges-
tive to me.

"How to do the most work" has
been the problem of the age, and the
results are startling. Almost every
weekly paper records the death of
some great worker whose name is
spoken tenderly, reverently, because
of the work he has done.

One is arrested suddenly by the
snapping of the "silver cord;" another,
with enfeebled brain-force, sinks
through every grade of imbecility
till death is made welcome. In how
many homes, whose inmates once
thought most of the work to be done,
there is a reaction now; they only
sigh for rest—rest for the aching
head and bewildered brain—rest for
the weary feet. A revival of lost
energies is eagerly sought in sunny
foreign lands and in the bland air of
our own Florida. It will be sought
by thronging thousands the coming
season, among the cool sweet moun-
tain shadows and down by the great
sea, where the waves wash the silver
beach. Under such influences many
an invalid will be refreshed and
strengthened.

But the problem we need most to
solve is how to do life's great work
and yet rest as we go; how to make
each day turn to the most account
and yet feel that delicious sense of
repose that so fits one for the higher
enjoyments of mind and spirit.

To attain this must not life be
symmetrical? If all the energies
are bent to bread-getting our sphere
is narrowed, the mind is dwarfed,
the affections are cramped, the wings
of imagination clipped and the high-
er nature is left trailing in the dust
when it should be soaring Godward,
exultant in freedom—rejoicing in the
light.

I think our work should be more
varied—something to soothe when
we are irritated, to inspire when we
are sluggish. We should have some-
thing daily to lift us into a purer,
surer atmosphere—above petty
cares that often fret and corrode.
Every gift of the mind and spirit
wants improvement and appreciation.
They each cry out with pain
if life is cold and unlovely. Our
work then should be three-fold; the
brain wants work as well as the
hands, the affections want work.

There should be time for reading
and for gracious neighborly ways.
Man's life needs the kindling, elec-
trical influence of discussion—even
of the brisk skirmish in politics.
The spark, the light flashing back
and forth when mind meets mind all
aglow with the conviction of some
great truth, quickens and ennobles
manhood.

Woman, in her gentler life, needs
the vivifying influence of beauty—of
taste; the plainest suffer if life is
bleak and unadorned. All want time
to get a view now and then of the
great world outside. How it sweetens
toil, gives freshness and vigor to
thought and inspires to nobler plans
and purposes!

But the young man says, "I must
earn a competence and then see the
world at my leisure." Woman
sighs, "It takes an outfit too heavy
for my purse just now," and so we
all work on for years without those
beautiful pictures, hung by memory

in the soul's gallery, while even the
play of the lights and shadows there
grows dimmer and fainter.

Oh, how much of the higher life
we miss for want of the plain good
sense that would reduce money to
its proper value and would make
dress subservient only to the uses
and needs of intelligent, sweetened
and elevated human nature!

I remember a home into which
very little money was ever brought
—where each one toiled for the daily
bread; but that toil was ennobled by
affection, it was guided by intelli-
gence. There was ever some fresh
delight that accompanied the daily
task; the book full of fresh wonders,
like Hartwig's Life in the Frigid
Zones and the Tropics; the hasty
botanical excursion into the damp,
fern wood or a sail on the pond
where the delicate water-lilies were
all afloat.

There was no elegance in that
home only the grace and charm that
refinement gives; no adornment but
the simplicity of nature; flowers
blooming and vines trailing in the
windows; sea-shells half hidden in
mosses and pictures framed of crag-
ged twigs varnished and set together
curiously by their own hands. But
life developed harmoniously. It was
grand and free. Every one who
went through that low, vine-covered
porch felt the freedom. Life was
sweeter and dearer when he went
forth again—not so much for the
warmth of the welcome as for the
nearness of communion.

One of the neighbors who had been
so diligent in early years that his
family rode in fine carriages, hung
their walls with costly pictures and
went to the Springs summers, with
several large Saratoga trunks, won-
dered that people so intelligent and
genial should be so unambitious.

But the wealthy man, who had
worked at first only very late on
week-days and afterward on Sundays
(in his office), was interrupted in
his work and obliged to rest when
he should have been in the prime of
his days. His mind broke its fetters
and took leave of the body, where it
had been so cramped and defrauded,
and for five years his wife and daugh-
ter, confined to the sick room scarcely
entered their beautiful parlors.

How bleak and barren is such a
life! It stands out like the pillar of
Lot's wife on the salt plains! How
full of joy, and hope, and courage
was the other beside it!

The father is vigorous still. His
gray hair is a crown of beauty. His
children are all in places of trust and
honor. They achieve much because
they know how to vary their work
and adopt it to the moods and needs
of the hour. Their strength and
vigor prove that

Rest is not quitting
The busy career—
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere;
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best—
'Tis onward, unswerving!
And this is true rest.

Scattered through the country
where you will go, dear JOURNAL,
are many young men and maidens—
the dew of the morning in their
hearts—who want to grow into the
perfection of manhood and woman-
hood. They mean that their lives
shall be glorious as the sun, giving
light, and warmth, and help to all
about them.

But the country is new, and by the
sweat of the brow must the means of
life be brought up from the damp,
productive soil—hewn from the
rough trees. If one would acquire
means for future usefulness the work
must be done.

Just here is the danger. Little
by little the attention may be ab-
sorbed, the books that would cheer
and elevate be laid aside and the
delicate chains of sympathy in social
life neglected.

How often the young heart, girding
on the armor of self denial, says: "I
must gain a fortune and position
now, and in all after time I shall find
delight in books, in study of nature
and in warm, genial intercourse with
others." There is a pitiful mistake
in such a plan. When the cry of
the soul for better and higher living
has been long suppressed it does not
waken readily at the voice of a bird
or the beauty of the morning. Books
lose their interest and friendship its

delicacy—its sweetness.

The soul, like the prisoner of Chil-
lon, turns back to its dusty cell, and
to the companionship of spiders.

"So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are."

And this is not the gloomiest shad-
ing of the picture. Often, as the
channels of thought and action grow
narrower, the higher principle rebels;
there is a break in the play of life;
the triple nature, body, mind and
spirit, will not work together and no
rest can restore the equilibrium again.

For those living retired and some-
what isolated there is no antidote for
all this, like a dear and intimate
communion with the heart and na-
ture and with the written thoughts
of the best and freshest minds.

Happy are they who see some-
thing more than an arch of bright
colors in the rainbow, so softly, se-
renely self-erected over the summer
cloud while great drops are plashing
against the window panes.

They who are astir before the ear-
liest bird-song is afloat on the sweet
air, while the grass blades are heavy
with dew, can afford to pause in their
work, wipe the sweat from their fore-
heads and rest in the freshest, cool-
est room before too weary to enjoy
an instructive book and feel uplifted
by it.

An hour a day so spent would, in
a year amount to over forty-five
school days of eight hours each; ten
years would furnish the discipline of
two years of academic training, and
the habit persevered in for thirty
years would give six solid years of
study and improvement—equal to
the best college course. It would
be without the benefit of living in-
structors, it is true, but richer in
good because enjoyed so leisurely as
to be received into the life as a spark
of it.

All this culture is clear gain; for
the time so full of recreation (re-cree-
ation) would sooner or later be wast-
ed, from exhaustion.

Rest for the literary worker, the
student and teacher would form the
basis of another letter.

At present I am
Yours very truly,
FRIEND OF THE JOURNAL.

CHRIST AT THE TABLE.—It was in
John Falls' Orphan House, in Wei-
mer, one evening, when one of the
boys had said the pious grace:
"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest,
and bless what thou hast provided,"
a little fellow looked up and said:
"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus
never comes. We ask him every day
to sit with us, and he never comes."

"Dear child, only believe and you
may be sure he will come; for he
does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set him a seat," said the
little fellow; and just then there was
a knock at the door. A poor frozen
apprentice entered, begging a night's
lodging. He was made welcome—
the chair stood empty for him. Eve-
ry child proffered his plate; every
child was ready to yield his bed.

The little one had been thinking
hard all the time. "Jesus could not
come and so he sent this poor one in
his place—is that it?" said the child.

"Yes, dear child—that is just it,"
answered Falls. "Every piece of
bread and every drink of water that
we give to the poor, or the sick, or
to the prisoner, for Jesus' sake, we
give to him. 'Inasmuch as ye have
done it unto one of the least of these
my brethren, ye have done it unto
me.'"

THE AVALANCHE.

"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I
TRUST IN HIM."

"Open the window, Rene, my dear
son," said the grandmother with a
faint voice; the sun shines beauti-
fully in the valley and the air must be
soft and mild. I long for a breath
of fresh air."

"I will gladly do anything you
say, dear grandmother; but that
ugly cough of yours! The air is not
so mild as you think; the wind blows
cold enough from the mountains."

The grandmother smiled faintly
and raised herself in the bed.
"You need not be afraid, my dear
boy," said she. "I feel that my end is
near; nothing can do me much harm
just now.—Open the window; my
chest feels oppressed; my heart beats

slowly and as if something was try-
ing to stop it. Rene, dearest child!
my old eyes will not see much more
sunlight upon earth. I feel that they
will soon—very soon—be closed for-
ever. You will be glad, my darling,
that you no longer have to watch
over and wait upon a poor helpless
old woman who can be nothing but
a burden to you."

"Grandmother! O, dear grand-
mother, don't talk so!" exclaimed
the boy, bursting into tears and
kneeling beside the bed. The ex-
hausted old woman put out her hand!
he clasped it in both of his. "You
break my heart when you talk so!
You know I love you dearly, grand-
mother, don't you? O no, no! you
will live a good while yet, to let me
show you how much I love you!"

Old Gretna looked into the fresh,
open, honest face of the handsome
boy, who had just completed his
twelfth year. It was the freshness
and open honesty of look that made
him handsome.

"Not for a world, my dear boy,"
said she, "would I distress you. How
could I, after the years of true and
loving care that you have given me!
But I feel—I feel sure—I can't tell
why or how—but I feel sure that my
end is near. And who will take care
of you, my boy, when I am gone?—
But I am wrong to ask that; God
will. I have prayed for you, Rene—
prayed earnestly—and I know that
God has heard me. Don't cry, my
child! dry up your tears. You have
comforted my declining years; don't
embitter my last moments."

The child tried to choke down his
sobs.
"But I can't help it, grandmother.
When you are gone I shall be all
alone; not one in the whole world
to love me! And I love you so
much!"

"No, no, dear child!" said the old
woman, "not all alone; you have a
Father up in Heaven! Give Him
your heart, my son. Raise your
hands and your eyes to Him and you
will soon find that you are not for-
saken. Be honest, truthful and in-
dustrious, as you have always been
and His eye will look upon you in
love. He will bless, guard and keep
you. Now open the window, my
son."

Rene got up and did as he was
told.—Cool and refreshing the wind
from the Alps blew into the room
and seemed to breathe new life into
that old and feeble frame—She in-
haled it with delight.
"O how delightful it is, Rene?"
said she, with a faint smile. "Now
draw back the ivy branches that
hang before the window. I want to
take one more look at my dear native
valley. O how beautiful the dear
God has made it! See! And she
pointed out to him the snow upon
the mountains glittering in the sun-
shine, the broad ice fields upon their
sides, the roaring, rushing river that
poured down the cleft, the sun-tipped
summit of Mount Blanc towering
above all, and the flocks feeding so
peacefully beside the wild streams.
At last she drew her breath. "That's
enough," said she. "Now bring the
stool and sit here beside me."

The boy obeyed. Taking his
hands in hers, she told him that she
was dying; that her death would
leave him all alone; and she wanted
him to promise that all his life long
he would keep God before his eyes,
as far as he was able to obey all
His commands and to do nothing
contrary to them. The boy promised
and added, as the tears rolled down
his cheeks:

"And I will never forget, dear
grandmother, what you have taught
me."
"I hope not, I hope not," said old
Gretna, earnestly. "And remember,
Rene, God has heard your promise
now. Don't forget my dying words!"
"O no, no, not dying!" exclaimed
Rene in alarm. "You will not die yet,
grandmother!"

"Very soon, very soon, my child,"
said she feebly; and even as she
spoke she sank back pale and ex-
hausted upon the pillow.
"God bless you. I can—say—no
more.—God—"

The words died upon her lips, her
eyes closed and she breathed so
faintly that Rene thought she was
gone. Sobbing aloud, he dropped

on his knees beside the bed, took
her old and wrinkled hand and
covered it with tears and kisses. But
suddenly, with a strength that was
supernatural, she sat erect and in a
clear, firm tone cried out:

"Boy! Rene! my child! Fly! Fly!
There is danger at hand! A cloud is
hanging over our house! Danger is
approaching! fly! I hear thunder in
the mountains!—Hark! a crash, too!
It is coming nearer! Quick! Fly!
fly! or you are lost! God help you!
my child, my child!"

Wondering and astonished, the
boy sprang to his feet. A new hope
filled his heart—his grandmother had
received new strength. Poor child!
it was but for a moment. One look
of unutterable love, one smile and
again she closed her eyes as she sank
back upon the pillow. She was dead
he could no longer doubt.

The child was now, as he himself
had said, "alone in the world." His
parents had died long before and he
had not, as far as he knew, a relative
on the earth. He sat down on the
side of the bed, the tears rolling down
his cheeks and the last words of his
grandmother passing through his
mind. Then he got up to go to the
pastor of the village church—the
father as well as the minister of his
people. He must ask his help to
bury the dead. But his steps were
arrested by a strange sound—a fearful
roll of thunder among the moun-
tains. Then there came a crash—a
crash that shook the hut and made
the window frame rattle. "Then the
sun was darkened by a stormcloud
that rolled down the sides of the
mountains and there came a thick
darkness over the whole valley.
Nearer, nearer—thunder, and crash,
and darkness and storm-cloud, all
came on together.

"An avalanche!" exclaimed the
terrified child, clasping his hands.
"Dear God, save! Dear grandmother,
that was what you were warning me
of! What heard it coming! How
strange! God take care of me! I
cannot fly now."

Louder and yet more fearful came
the mighty mass of snow in its thun-
dering leap. He heard it approach;
he heard the roof crash beneath it;
he heard the glass splinter into frag-
ments; he gave one cry, and paralyzed
by fear, fell senseless upon the
floor.

It must have been for hours that
he lay there. When he opened his
eyes he was in thick darkness and
everything was still as death. He
could not see, but he humbly thanked
God that he lived.

"How strange!" he murmured
"What a mercy it is that I am saved.
The roof crushed in, everything about
me crushed and broken and I saved!
Ah! you dear, good grandmother!
It was for your prayers for me that
the good God did it!"

Raising himself, he felt around
him as far as his hand would reach,
but all was a mass of ruin. The
broken roof and the fallen rafters
had formed a sort of shed over him
which kept off the snow. He felt his
way to the bed; he took the cold
hand of his grandmother and then
lay down on the floor beside her, for
the whole room was clear of snow.

He said to himself, "Well, if I must
die here, it will be with her; and if
the good people of the village—if any
of them are left—ever come to look
for us, they will put us in the same
grave. That is a comfort."

He was not at all frightened or
anxious. He thought quietly over
the past and made plans for the fu-
ture, if he should get out. Most
strange of all, it seemed to him, that
his grandmother should have known
of its coming so long before, for it
was nearly an hour.

"Truly," he thought, "it is even as
the good pastor said the other day,
'The dying see things we do not
dream of.' And she warned me,
too! Dear, good grandmother! But
I didn't understand her, so it was of
no use. Maybe God will make the
neighbors think of me and come to
help me—that is if the avalanche has
not buried them all."

Again he lay still for a long, long
time; then he began to feel hungry.
He groped his way to the place where
the cupboard had stood; it was
shattered, and so was everything in
it. But he found a bit of bread and

a jug of milk. With these he refreshed
himself and then went back and lay
down on the floor again beside the
bed.—Soon he fell asleep and slept
as though nothing had happened.

He was awakened by a tumult
over his head. "There!" said he after
listening a moment, "the neighbors
have come to help me. I thought
they would. Grandmother said that
God would never leave me in trouble
O, I am so glad! Now she will have
a decent grave!"

The noise over his head increased;
soon he heard voices. Then he
heard the clearyman say:

"Here it is, my children. We have
hit upon the right spot. See, here
are the rafters. Now, courage! Per-
haps we may find the living!"

"Yes, sir!" cried the little boy as
loudly as he could. "God has saved
me! I am not even hurt!"

A cry of joy rang through the air.
"Quick, my friends, quick!" said
the good pastor, eagerly. "That was
Rene's voice! Noble boy! God be
thankful for this blessing on our
work!"

The men redoubled their toil.
Snow and beams and rubbish were
thrown aside and a ray of light
streamed in upon the child. A mo-
ment more and he sprang into the
extended arms of the dear old pastor.

"O thank you! thank you!" said
he. "I wasn't at all afraid. I knew
you would come as soon as you
could!"

"But your grandmother, Rene!"
asked the pastor. "Is she killed?"

"No, sir," said the boy; "not by the
avalanche; she died a little before it
came. I was just coming to you
when it stopped me. My dear, dear
grandmother! all help is too late for
her!"

"Poor, poor child!" said the old
man, with tears of pity. "It is hard
to lose all at one blow—parent, home,
land, everything! But take comfort;
God will not forget you, my child!"
"O, I know he won't!" replied
Rene. "My grandmother told me so
with her last breath; so I am not at
all anxious. But I am sorry, very
sorry!"

The good pastor looked at him
with surprise; such faith in one so
young! He thought the child did not
realize his situation; but he found
he did fully. He knew well that he
was not only alone in the world, but
very poor. His house was in ruins
and his field and garden desolate and
worthless. But he had formed his
plans, with a full and childlike confi-
dence that God would take care of
him just as his grandmother had
done. He said that he was poor, to be
sure; but God was very rich, and
was not he God's child?

He proposed, in full reliance upon
the clergyman's kindness, too, to
stay with him until he should see
his grandmother buried and then go
to Paris, or some other large city
and find work. His father had done
so, he said. He had worked hard,
lived sparingly, and saved carefully,
and so had gathered money enough
to buy that land and build the hut
on it. That was what he meant to do.

The worthy clergyman told him he
was too young to bear all that and
offered him a home—at least until he
was old. But Rene gratefully de-
clined the offer. The pastor was not
rich, he said, and beside his own
children had to give to all the poor
and sick of the town. Besides, if he
waited it would be losing time, for
there was no work to be had there.

"But, said the pastor, 'it will not
all come out of my pocket; the whole
town will help.'"

To that Rene again objected. He
said that the people were poor; they
had to send away their own children
because they could not support them
and he had no better claim. He was
quite right and the pastor told him
so, but bade him come and stay with
him as long as he remained there.

Rene would stay only until he had
seen his grandmother buried; nor
would he go home with the pastor
until he had seen her taken out of
the ruins. At a sign from him, there-
fore, the kind-hearted men again
went to work and soon the bed and
its occupant were carefully lifted
out.

Poor Rene, first thanking them,
knelt beside it and wept bitterly;
and at another sign from the clergy-