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A WIND.
Sweet autumn wind, whose breath with whispering flow
Visits softly my overworn brow;
Not the fierce north, whose frosty trumpets blow
Defiance to the earth, o'ercomes me now.
Thou, like the mist which softens into peace
The fading forests, with thy kiss serene
Givest my long shut tears a sweet release,
Yet with no voice to ask what tears may mean.
Gentlest of all dear Nature's ministrants,
Who, laden with mild odors from the sea,
Comest at evening to my shadowy haunt,
Rustling as if a spirit stirred the tree
And shed its dry leaves softly to the earth,
Take grateful thanks from me and sighs more
Sweet than mirth.

For the Journal & Item.
Bread and Milk.
Chubby little children,
Hair as soft as silk,
Sitting in the doorway
Eating bread and milk,
Will grand dinners ever relish
Like this bread and milk.
In the summer gloaming,
Tired feet and head—
Glad the sleep is coming
And the quiet bed;
And mamma is gently feeding
With the milk and bread.
—Nobody.

"DR. ANTONIO."
BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.
The golden August sun was casting long slanting rays upon the wheat fields, and evening shadows were gathering about the mountain tops, when a shrill whistle broke the silence of Rivertown, and the evening train wound its way slowly through the encircling hills and entered the town. Such a sleepy little place as it usually was! but now the streets were filled with women and children and not a few pretty girls, who had sauntered down to see the cars come in, for it was a part of Rivertown life to welcome the train after its fifty miles' run, as though it had been around the world.

While the citizens delighted and returned the salutations of their friends, the freight, consisting entirely of baskets and bundles ordered by the feminine part of the community, was unloaded, and as the engine began to back the crowd turned slowly away, the sight was over, the railroad directors had returned to the bosom of their families, and supper was the next question. But this evening their homeward progress was stayed by an unusual sight. A stranger appeared on the platform of the last car. He was rather short, and appeared to be dreadfully misshapen; this last defect was partially concealed by a large cloak wrapped around him. His face was hidden by his hat. This much the crowd saw he paused, with a nervous glance around him, then slipped down a side street. A murmur of "Who is he?" swept through the crowd, which question was answered by the conductor, who addressed himself to the magnate of the town, Mr. Arnold. "He got on at the Point, sir, and kinder looked as if he didn't want no one to see him; he sat in the last car, all bundled up in his cloak, and when he paid his fare he asked me to send his trunk to a hotel."

"With that the man touched his hat and stepped back, while a buzz of excitement rose upon the air. He brought a trunk, that meant he was going to stay; he paid his fare, that proved he was not poor!"
What lent additional interest to this last item was that the greater part of the populace were deadheads, and the remainder too impoignant to ride—they had actually taken a fare!

After a little idle speculation upon the stranger the crowd dispersed, and not a few sauntered slowly—by accident of course—down the path he had taken. Among those who went in an opposite direction were Mr. Arnold and two young girls, his daughter and niece, both pretty, but strikingly unlike. Lydia Grey was the shorter of the two, a brunette with great dancing brown eyes and a merry, laughing face, pretty in spite of her decidedly irregular features. The other, Rosalind Arnold, was like another Rosalind, "more than common tall," with a pair of clear, wide-open gray eyes, and a quantity of golden-brown hair, that was drawn back from her broad white forehead, and fell in a shower of curls over her shoulders; features so regular as to seem almost cold until she smiled or spoke, when you saw what a lovely face it really was. She was Mr. Arnold's only child, and had been his housekeeper since she was fifteen.

As the trio turned into a narrow lane, a gentleman raised his hat and stood aside to let them pass. Mr. Arnold returned the salute and they passed on, but not until Rosalind had met the stranger's eyes, which were fixed earnestly on her face. With the color deepening on her cheeks, she turned her own away, and after he was out of hearing, Lydia exclaimed:

"That is the gentleman who came up on the train this afternoon. Don't you think he is awfully handsome, Rosalind? I'm sure he is some one!"
"Evidently he is. He certainly is not a ghost."
"That is just like you! You know I mean some one great—some one of importance."
"In his own opinion, Liddie? No doubt he is," said Mr. Arnold, laughing.

"No, in mine. You'll see if I'm not right in the end. Did you notice he was lame, and how he was muffled up in his cloak, exactly like a bandit? Of course he is a great general on some important secret business."
"What a jumble! A bandit and a great general! But, Liddie, your imagination is vivid if you can conjure up 'business, secret and important' in Rivertown."
"A general is he, Liddie? Then all I say is, he has made a conquest—not military!" said Mr. Arnold, pinching the girl's cheek mischievously as they entered the house.

Rivertown discovered the next day that the stranger was not only lame, but terribly deformed; still his face was splendidly handsome, and several young ladies would have given a good deal to obtain an introduction, but no one knew even his name—he gave none at his hotel.

Rosalind and Lydia met him several times while out walking; but, after a quick glance, he would let his eyes fall and limp rapidly away. Lydia's romance went out like a flash when she discovered that he was deformed, and she shuddered and turned her eyes away when they chanced to meet. Meanwhile, Dr. Mulet, surgeon and news-gatherer-in-general, resolved to call on this stranger; he was out, but the doctor settled himself in the gentleman's private parlor to wait his return. There was little in the room beside the usual furniture; the doctor's eager eyes saw nothing but an odd globe, a volume of Ovid, and a copy of Jerusalem Delivered; this last he pointed on, and a card fell to the floor; picking it up he read *Dr. Antonio G.*, then followed several mysterious stars.

Dr. Mulet's face grew luminous with a great idea—so great that it demanded utterance; "Antonio G.—num! An Italian name—an Italian in appearance—reads Italian and there's war in Italy!" A solemn pause, and then—"He's crippled—very good!" Rather an inhuman conclusion. "And does not want to be known. I have it! He is a famous refugee; the great!"—a step in the hall reduced the doctor to silence.

At that moment the stranger entered. He paused a second on the threshold, with an annoyed look; then waited quietly for his visitor to announce his business. Dr. Mulet launched forth, and in a grandiloquent manner bid him welcome; the stranger listened to this oration impatiently, and at its close, thanked him grimly. At length, like all other ill, it had its end; the doctor rose to take his leave; "Good morning, for the present, Dr. Antonio," he began, when he was interrupted by—

"Excuse me, but you mistake my name. It is—"
"I understand—I understand, my dear sir; your name is not Antonio, but—" the doctor paused, with a solemn nod.
"My name is—" again attempted Dr. Antonio.
"Antonio, for the present. Your secret is safe with me; the incognito shall be strictly preserved."
"But, Dr. Mulet—"
"You can trust me sir. I will introduce you as Dr. Antonio. We mean to make you at home among us." With that he left.

Dr. Antonio stood motionless for at least ten minutes, his face an odd mixture of anger, consternation and amusement.

Dr. Mulet was as good as his word—nay, better! That afternoon he introduced a number of citizens to his protegee, who shrank strangely from all intercourse with people; perhaps it was his deformity—Dr. Mulet attributed it to weightier reasons. But whether he would or not, he found himself in the centre of society; there was left but flight or submission; he, for some reason, chose the latter. Old Mr. Arnold and the young doctor were soon firm friends, but the latter always avoided being introduced to the ladies of the household, making his visits when they were absent. About two months passed in this way, and their end found Dr. Antonio domiciliated in Mr. Arnold's house; he had at length accepted an often-repeated invitation, with a mixture of eagerness and unwillingness that greatly puzzled his host.

The evening he arrived Rosalind and Lydia waited on the piazza to receive him. As he limped up the steps leaning on Mr. Arnold's arm, Lydia gave a little gasp of dismay and shrank behind her cousin. The doctor saw the action, and his face flushed half from mortification, half from anger. As he raised his large, brown eyes to Rosalind upon being introduced, there was in them a kind of angry scorn, as though their owner asked neither pity nor kindness because of his misfortune. Meeting hers they softened, for there was nothing in her face but a pleasant welcome for her father's guest.

Toward the close of the evening Lydia had recovered sufficiently to listen to Dr. Antonio's brilliant conversation, and watch how his face, lit up by his own eloquence, lost the look that usually characterized it—a look morbidly restless, as though he were trying to forget something that refused to be forgotten.

One evening, a short time after his arrival, there was quite a large party gathered in the library. Lydia made some jest about the town, calling it "Sleepy Hollow."
"I think after a person once comes here he is like the lotus-eaters who lost all power, all ambition to proceed—the air must do it. I defy any one to account in any other way for the number of people who bury themselves in what Miss Lydia has yelped 'Sleepy Hollow!'" joined in a young barrister.

"I can, Mr. Holt!" a number of laughing faces were turned upon Rosalind as she spoke. "Whenever an unwary mortal puts his foot in Rivertown, a select delegation waits on him and elects him railroad director. After that resistance is vain; the railroad encircles him, so to speak, like a monstrous cobra against which nothing can prevail!" After the laugh which this hit caused had subsided, Dr. Mulet said—

"You may laugh at our road, Rosalind, but you cannot find a better. Why, we never have an accident and just the other day there was a total smash-up at Cappee."
"Talking of accidents, that was a fearful one at Bayou Christian last week," said an old gentleman.
"Bad management, sir. Let me see, it was about a year and a half ago, that they almost had what would have been the most horrible on record. You remember the one, Arnold; it was the old story, some ties loose, a rail gone, a steep embankment and a train at full speed," remarked Dr. Mulet.

"You mean the time that doctor was killed in warning them?" asked Mr. Holt.
"Yes; his first name began with A, his last, I remember, was Gamonti. It was the noblest thing on record. He saved the train but lost his own life," said Dr. Mulet. Dr. Antonio paused suddenly to listen.
"No, sir, he was not killed but terribly, completely crushed, I heard," said Rosalind, whose cheeks had flushed as the recital of any noble deed always made them.

"Yes, I remember now, and he disappeared suddenly as soon as he could be moved; his admirers say to escape being thanked, I say to be peculiar," added Dr. Mulet.
"I think it was very noble, Dr. Mulet, and the world would be better if there was a little more peculiar-

ity of that kind," said Rosalind, warmly. Mr. Arnold looked across at his daughter with a smile she could not understand while Dr. Antonio leaned back in his chair, his handsome face very white and stern. Shortly after both gentlemen left the room.

The next day when Dr. Antonio entered the breakfast-room the girls were discussing a croquet party; he stationed himself beside Lydia and they fell into a conversation, while Rosalind and her father watched them very earnestly.

She had half fallen into the habit of doing this lately; watching them with sorrowful perplexity in her gray eyes. Dr. Antonio did not talk much to his young hostess but he would watch her while she talked with others, his eyes softening strangely and then changing quickly as they met her eyes. After he and Mr. Arnold left the house that morning Lydia began abruptly, "I like that man and yet I dread being near him. Poor fellow, no woman would ever marry him."

"And yet—Lydia—" Rosalind's voice sank into a whisper, "I think he loves you."
"Me! Goodness! I hope not. Dear me, Rose, you do conjure up dreadful things! Now if you have anything else of that stamp to say just let me know and I'll stop up my ears," she returned, pettishly, but Rosalind said nothing more.

That afternoon Rosalind, Lydia and Dr. Antonio stood on the piazza after the rest had started down to the laan.
"I must go. Are you not coming, Doctor? Of course you can't play but you had better come look on. Rosalind will follow suit, she is a heathen and despises croquet. Au revoir, if you won't come," and nodding good-bye she ran down the steps.

Dr. Antonio winced at her heedless words, then said abruptly—
"Do not let me detain you. Your cousin is right—I cannot play, but that must not keep you."
"I am going to stay here with you if you will let me," she said, quietly seating herself on the step below him, adding, "This is my reward for my day's work, a little quiet before all those people come up," she sighed a little wearily, and his eyes that had followed hers now came back to her face pityingly, as he said hurriedly:

"Reward! You are not weak enough to expect reward on this earth, I trust! You may sacrifice yourself to the bitter end, and at that end no one will recognize the sacrifice. The only time I struggled to do a duty that God placed before me duty and sacrifice proved synonymous and these my reward. Were not they worth striving for, Miss Rosalind?" He looked mockingly at his crutches; the girl's face was white as his own as he went on bitterly: "And yet they tell us that God is merciful. He has been so to me, and I—I suppose I am thankful that He made me an eye-sore—a thing, not a man, without one single hope, one single thing to live for."

When the mocking voice ceased Rosalind rose pale and trembling, a great fear coming into her face. He raised his eyes to her, saying quietly: "I am not mad, Miss Rosalind, but there comes a time in every one's life when he cannot be silent, he must speak. And I have ended now; it only remains to say that to the number of my sins I have added that of loving." With a sudden groan he bowed his head upon his hands, muttering: "God! my burden is greater than I can bear."
Rosalind, standing there with the sunlight streaming over her and the gay voices from the lawn mingled with the buzz of locusts sounding on the still air, forgot herself and her own sharp sorrow in a tender pity for this man's suffering. With a steady voice she began:

"You have not told her; perhaps Lydia—"
"Lydia! You do not know—you have not guessed whom I love? Not Lydia, but yourself. I have dared to love you. Are you not proud of your conquest?"
Then there fell a silence like death; the world seemed to swim before Rosalind's eyes, a strange jumble of

earth, trees and sky. By and by with crimson cheeks she knelt softly at his side, saying:
"Dear friend, I love you. Will you take me?"
He raised his head with a great start and seizing her hands looked in the face turned toward him in a kind of delirium of doubt and joy. For a minute they looked into each other's faces without speaking, then a change came over his face and loosening her hands he pushed her from him almost rudely as he groaned:

"God forgive me—I did not mean to speak! You pity me, you could not love me, and I am not wretched enough to take advantage of that and sacrifice you. I will go now. God bless you and your pity, forget what I said, I was mad, and now—good-bye."
He reached down to pick up his crutches but she held out her hands to him saying, simply:
"I do not pity you, I love you dearly. Please do not send me from you."

Well—it was only a very old story repeated, and then the twilight fell upon two people as happy as people are permitted to be on this planet!

Rivertown was crestfallen and Dr. Mulet felt ill-used! They had fondly imagined that they had among them the great A—G— (we suppress the name for reasons private and political, and especially out of regard for Dr. Mulet) they now discovered their mistake and naturally the town and surgeon felt cross. "Dr. Antonio" turned out to be "Dr. Antonio Gamonti" who, morbidly sensitive after the noble act that had crippled him for life, had sought a place where he was unknown and might be alone. Chance sent him to Rivertown and threw in Dr. Mulet's hands a card hastily written bearing the young doctor's first name and the initial of his last; upon this Mulet built his noble structure. Mr. Arnold had known the truth all along and toward the end Dr. Gamonti discovered to what rank they had raised him. No doubt he would have undeceived them had not that necessitated telling who he really was; besides about that time he fell desperately in love, and the Rivertownians were left to enact, undisturbed, their Comedy of Errors.

By and by the doctor and the town became pacified when they discovered that the stranger was a hero, if not a refugee, and smiled upon him once more. Of this we are sure, Rosalind did not love "Dr. Antonio" a whit less for the discovery.

From the Independent.
"Not One Woman Saved."
Four hundred men saved, but not one woman! One boy saved, but not one woman! While we look for some silver lining we are confronted with this fringe of intenser blackness to the "Atlantic" horror.

Others may draw their more obvious morals from the disaster. It may be that a vessel whose length is ten or twelve times its breadth is too slender for strength. We only know that the disaster proves nothing on the subject; for a Spanish galleon would go to pieces if driven at unslackened speed against a sharp ledge. We only know that for speed and for comfort at sea the larger vessel is the better. It may be that the captain was careless and reckless, though we have seen no absolute evidence of it as yet. It may be that the vessel was sent to sea with a short supply of coal and provisions, although this is denied; and the possibility of putting into Halifax at any time for supplies, as some steamers regularly do, should not be overlooked in assigning blame. We suspect that contractors failed to supply a full amount at the present high price of coal in England, and that the officers of the company did not discover the failure. It must be, and this only seems the certain cause of the accident, that there was some fatal error in the reckoning and that the officer in charge, now passed beyond our judgment, somehow mistook the lights. Nor can we fail to deplore that the point was not probably protected by a lighthouse.

But all this does not explain why

four hundred men were saved and not one woman. We do not believe, as a correspondent has charged, that the hatches were closed on the women of the steamer. Certainly one of them got into the rigging. Being in the stern, which sunk first, they hardly had time to escape. But this was not true of the women in the cabin. They had the same chance of life as the men. They came on deck, or might have done so. They were lashed to the rigging. For some of them everything was done that devotion could do, and one man died beside her rather than leave his bride, though entreated by her to save his own life.

To us this awful catastrophe suggests a lesson of dire import than any one man's carelessness or any one company's recklessness. Our women are brought up to be physically feeble and incapable. There is no reason why a woman should be sicker than a man. Her different organization is no excuse for it. Indeed, of the two, the female possesses the strongest vitality in plants, among the lower animals and in infancy. A vigorous pine tree will produce a redundancy of the pistillate cones; a depauperate one can nourish only the staminate catkins. Statistics of three countries prove that boys succumb to diseases more readily than girls during their childhood. We have never heard that among savages the women are less hardy or healthy than the men. Does any one believe that among a cabin full of Esquimaux or Modocs there would have been "not one woman saved"?

It is one of the saddest blunders of our modern civilization that it discriminates against woman's health, while assuming to spare them. It should be the aim in the culture of the human race to secure to our men all the best qualities of women and to our women all the best qualities of men. Physical strength is one of the grandest possessions of man, because it is the foundation of mental and moral power. The education which disparages it in women is radically wrong. Our boys are growing up to be athletes and our girls to be invalids. A young man who cannot march from twenty to forty miles in a day is regarded with disdain. A young woman who can do it is a prodigy. These things ought not so to be. The trouble is in a vicious public sentiment, which thinks it degrading for a girl to run barefoot, like a boy, to be colored by the sun, to ride and shoot and fish and swim, in short, to live out of doors and feel as friends the wind and the rain, the sunshine and the frost. Unless the present vicious culture of girls be corrected we shall have in a generation or two, if we have it not already, in the civilized variety of the human race, the "delicate" health of its females developed as a genuine instance of what Darwin calls secondary sexual characters, as constant as the mane in the male lion or the penciled feathers in the female Hamburg fowl.

The strength of women at the crisis of their life depends on their physical culture while children. Let parents be no more ashamed of their girls' brown faces and fists than of their boys'. Let them train, and clothe them so that they can run and climb and care for and protect themselves. Let them take them with their brothers into the harvest field. A boy is not ashamed of work; no more should be a girl. The refinement that shuts a girl out of God's sunshine and allows her no rougher work in-doors than to embroider worsteds, or tap ivory keys, or dust a marble mantel, is refining her off the face of the earth to give place to the daughters of the servants in the kitchen. Their coarse work is healthy and honorable. We honor it; and among our occasional contributors there is hardly one of whom we feel more proud than of a woman—a lady—who is not ashamed to earn her living as cook and housemaid, working for month's wages.

Nature's Lessons.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness and God.