

THE POTTER JOURNAL

AND

NEWS ITEM.

Jno. S. Mann,
Proprietor.

S. F. Hamilton,
Publisher.

VOLUME XXV, NO. 24.

COUDERSPORT PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1874.

\$1.75 A YEAR

The POTTER JOURNAL

AND NEWS ITEM.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT

COUDERSPORT, PA.

(Office Cor. Main and Third.)

TERMS, \$1.75 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Jno. S. Mann, S. F. Hamilton,
Proprietor, Publisher.

ARTHUR B. MANN
JOHN S. MANN & SON,
Attorneys at Law and Conveyancers,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

ARTHUR B. MANN,
General Insurance Agent & Notary Public.

DEL MCCLARY, M. D.,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

C. J. CURTIS,
Attorney at Law and District Attorney,
Office on MAIN ST., (over the Post Office,
COUDERSPORT, PA.)

Special attention given to his profession.

CHAS. T. SCHIVELY,
Notary Public, Chain Agent, Conveyancer
and Real Estate Agent.
(COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR NEW JERSEY.)
200 SOUTH SEVENTH ST.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Special attention and experience given to taking depositions in cases pending in the different courts and States. Properties rented and sold. Real estate made. Penalties and other cases prosecuted. Correspondence solicited.

D. C. LARRABEE
OLMSTED & LARRABEE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
(Second St. opposite Court House.)
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

SETH LEWIS,
Attorney at Law and Insurance Agent,
LEWISVILLE, PA.

A. M. REYNOLDS,
DENTIST,
(OFFICE IN BLENDED BEAKS.)
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Baker House,
BROWN & KELLY, Prop'rs,
Corner of SECOND and EAST Streets,
COUDERSPORT, PENN'A.

Special attention paid to the convenience and comfort of guests.

Lewisville Hotel,
Corner of MAIN and NORTH Streets,
LEWISVILLE, PA.

Good Stabling attached.

JOHN B. PEARSALL,
PAINTER,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Painting, Glazing, Graining, Calcimetry, Staining, Paper-hanging, etc., done with neatness, promptness and dispatch in all cases, and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOMPSON & MANN,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Books, Stationery,
FANCY GOODS, PAINTS, OILS, WALL PAPER, &c.,
Cor. Main and Third Sts.,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

S. F. HAMILTON,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER
(Corner Main and Third.)
COUDERSPORT, PA.

D. J. CROWELL,
D. H. Ball Printer & Binding Machine,
SINKING BOXING, Cameron co., Pa.
Has the SIDE CUTTING MACHINE
from 18 to 20 inches.
Sewing Machines and General Custom Work
done to order.

John Grom,
House, Sign,
Ornamental, Decorative & Fresco
PAINTER,
COUDERSPORT, PA.

GRAINING and PA. ER HANGING done with neatness and dispatch.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders left with BAKER HOUSE will be promptly attended to.

C. BREUNLE,
MARBLE WORK
COUDERSPORT, PA.

Monuments, Headstones, etc., built to order in the best and most durable manner, and reasonable prices.

Orders left at the office of J. S. Mann & Son will receive prompt attention.

A Country Walk.

'Twas earliest autumn: up the road
To where the shade trees bled,
And where the gaiting sunbeams glowed,
My willing steps I wended.

Around the burn the trodd'n way
Carved earnestly, and drifted
Whither in idles the roven lay,
By sea-ry hands uplifted.

And farther on, a little space,
It passed a neighbor's dwelling,
Where thrift bare sign of rustic grace,
A humble peace foretelling.

Up, speeding o'er the stony path
To gain the sun all side,
My foot, I'm sure, not often hath
Been sweeter persuaded.

And so we reached the bowser shade
Through which the sun was gleaming,
And in its dappled ambience
Yielded to pleasant dreaming;

And dreamed this dream—that he who will,
Finds peace in lowland places,
And if he seeks the sunniest hill
Alert, but for its grasses,

His eye, grown quick to nearest things,
Shall read the wider pages
Of distant vision, as though wings
Were his to span the ages.

Not idle then my morning walk,
That led me, by the sweetness
Of simple wild flowers' simple talk,
To learn of life's completeness;

To see that in the homeliest ways,
Which tend to higher glories,
God's love is there, and cheers the days
With myriad charming stories.

[From Godley's Lady's Book.] A Tale of Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve, and one of the loveliest of winter evenings. The streets were dry and clear, the moon shed her soft radiance over all objects, and the stars twinkled and winked joyously at each other. In the great city of C—the air rang with sounds of holiday merriment. Houses were brilliantly illuminated, and gorgeously decked trees were surrounded by wide-eyed groups of little ones. Stores were crowded with the representatives of Kriss-Kringle, where the patron saint of the day was supposed to cling to the good old-fashioned cut in of stocking filling. Smiles lighted faces that were grave or sad on other days, and happiness greeted the yearly festival in many scenes.

There was one house, however, where no lights illuminated the windows, where no Christmas tree was waiting for children's greeting, where only tears and sobs fell upon the ear of any listener. Not for poverty. The house was large and handsome, and within every room bore token of the wealth of its possessor.

But the grim destroyer who stays not for poverty or riches, who comes now stealthily, now triumphantly to high and low, had placed his chill hand upon the heir of the stately home, and a little coffin had only a fortnight before passed out of the wide door, leaving bitter grief and desolation behind.

He was the only child of a widowed mother; the sunny haired, blue-eyed boy of four years, who had sickened and died, though all that love and riches could compass was given for his recovery. And when he was gone, the world darkened for the pite mourning mother, who shut herself up alone to weep, refusing all comfort.

While the tide of merriment swept along the streets of the gay city, Mrs. Hilson, in her heavy mourning garments sought the room of her lost boy, and there sobbed and prayed for death, to bring her to her loved ones. She was young, not thirty, and very lovely, in spite of the traces of grief upon her pale face and as she knelt by her boy's little bed to weep and pray, the light falling upon her seemed to illuminate some saintly face and form.

The room where she knelt was a large one opening from her own, and had been fitted up expressly for the petted young heir. The furniture of delicate coloring and soft satin wood, was all small to suit the little figure of the boy. Running across one end was a shelf full of toys such as boys love: drums, horses, whips, and many more. A small bookcase held gaily colored books of nursery literature, tales of fairies and giants, Mother Goose melodies, and stories of good boys and girls. A little table and chair were standing near the window, as if waiting for the young occupant to come and draw childish pictures upon the slate in the drawer, or make wonderful combinations of paste and paper. Everything was here to make childhood happy.

The carpet was strewn with lovely flowers, pictures of children hung upon the walls, statues of children stood upon the mantle-piece, and on brackets. The small wardrobe in the corner held dainty suits of fine clothing, the fur trimmed coat and cap the boy had worn when he last walked beside his fond proud mother, the tiny tassel cane, the shining boots. In the bureau were piles of dainty linen, little socks, pretty pocket handkerchiefs, the gay little neckties that were worn with such a jaunty air.

Only one dark spot was in the room, and it had been its brightest sunshine; the kneeling mother. She had wept herself quiet, and was resting her white, beautiful face upon her boy's pillow, when the door opened softly, and a lady nearly her own age, and closely resembling her, came in softly.

"Is this well, Sybil?" she asked, kissing the fair sad face on the pillow.

Warily the mourner rose, and tried to smile a greeting for her only sister, whom she loved very fondly.

"He was my all, Elsie," she answered; "you have three, and I had but that one. Let me weep, for I am very desolate."

"Darling, I know it," was the reply, "but we shall lose you too, if you shut yourself up here to mourn constantly. I have come for you to take our Christmas drive. I am alone, and George will stay with the children. You will come?"

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Our poor folks will expect us. It is some years since we have spent Christmas Eve in visiting the poor, and it will comfort you, to think you went."

"Oh, Elsie, I cannot. I will give you the money, but it will kill me to go. Do you not remember last year we took Freddie? I can see him now as he gave my contribution to one and another, his face flushing with pleasure, as he said 'Mamma and Freddie wish you a merry Christmas!'"

"I remember dear. Try to think he will be with us to-night. Come with me! If the trial is too much for you, I will bring you home, and go again alone; but make the effort, Sybil, for my sake."

It required much urging and many tender, loving arguments to conquer Sybil's morbid desire to remain alone in Freddie's room, and even after she had submitted to have her cloak and bonnet on, she lingered there.

Opening a closet she said:—
"Here is the sled that was to be for Christmas, Elsie, and the pair of rubber boots to tramp in the snow, like a man! You shall take them for Willie, when you come back. I have not forgotten your little ones, though I could not promise to join you to-morrow. All their gifts are in my room."

Elsie thanked her with a loving kiss, and then led her to the carriage, which was piled with packages and baskets. It had been for many years the habit of the sisters to distribute personally a portion of their large wealth amongst the poor of their native city, giving money, food, clothing and orders for fuel, and giving what was as highly prized, gentle sympathy and kindly counsel. Since Sybil had last been amongst these humble friends she had lost husband and child, and many a rough hand trembled, many a tear dimmed the eyes of those to whom she spoke, as they proffered words of sympathy and comfort.

Yet, as her sister had hoped, it was doing her good to leave her home, and feel that there was work for her hands to do. She realized fully, as she passed from one poor home to another, that her generous gifts were increased fourfold in value, by the fact that in her own sorrow, she had remembered the wants of her fellow-creatures. Many a hearty "God bless and comfort you, ma'am," though it was answered with trembling lip and tearful eye, yet left its healing influence upon her heart. Elsie spared her too much talking, by a few whispered words to those who would have torn her heart by references to her grief, and she did not claim the promise to return if the effort overtaxed her strength.

It was after nine o'clock, and the carriage was lightened of most of its

load, when Elsie said:—
"There is one new family to visit, Sybil, and then we will go home."
"Who are they?"
"A poor woman living on the outskirts of the town, who has been doing some sewing for me. Her house is a tiny one, but she rented one floor to a widow, who is dying in consumption, if not already dead. It was her kindness to the suffering lodger, in the face of her own poverty, that drew me to the woman. Sewing hard to support an aged mother, and four little ones of her own, she has given this still poorer sister the rent, put food into her mouth, and nursed faithfully at her dying bed. I have comforts here for both, and some toys, fruit and candies to make Christmas for the children."

"What is her name?"
"Maloney! But her lodger I think has seen brighter days. She speaks like a person of refinement and education, and told me her husband had been a wood engraver. This is the house, and we are expected."

Entering the small lower room, the ladies found an Irish woman poorly clad, who was evidently watching for them. She spoke at once to Elsie.

"You are too late, ma'am. She's gone."

"Dead!"
"She died at four o'clock, as easy as a baby going to sleep. I'd have sent you word, if you hadn't said you would be here this evening."

She led the way to an upper chamber, where it was evident there had been many comforts added to the dying bed. Everything was decent and in order, the wasted form upon the bed clothed in clean white garments, the hands folded, and the fair hair smooth. But Sybil gave a quick gasping cry, and would have fallen, but for her sister's arm. For across the dead figure, asleep as if in the utter exhaustion of weeping was a golden-haired boy, who seemed her own lost darling restored to her.

The long fair curls shaded a face beautiful as a cherub's, and the poor clothes covered a noble little form. He was four years old, and alone in the bleak world. All that had been his of love and tenderness, lay dead under his extended arms.

"Dear, dear!" said the kind Irish woman, "if the poor boy ain't up here again. It's three times the night I've put the poor creature to bed with my own childer, and he slips up here again, when I think he's slapping. Oh, ladies, if ye could have heard the prayer he made this Christmas night!"

"What was his prayer?" asked Elsie.

"He heard the childer all talking of Kriss-Kringle, ma'am, and see their stockings all hanging from the fireplace, and he knelt down and sez he,

"O God! please send Kriss-Kringle to give me a warm room and some clothes, and make dear mamma alive again."

"What will become of him?" asked Elsie.

"Indade ma'am, I'm afraid it's the almshouse! I'll try a spell, but I've more mouths to feed than I've food to give already. I'm fearful it will be the almshouse at last."

"I do not think so," whispered Elsie, and they both looked towards the bed.

Sybil was bending over the boy, softly unclosing the baby fingers from their clasp on the dead mother's hand. She had lifted her heavy black veil, and in her sweet face was a look of heavenly mother love as she gently loosened that hold. Then, still so softly that the weary child slept on all unconscious of her tender touch, she folded the round limbs, so cold in their ragged night garments, in her own heavy shawl, and lifted the boy to her own mother's breast.

"I will care for the child, Mrs. Maloney," she said, in a sweet, low voice. "God has surely sent us to each other this Christmas night."

Still sleeping heavily, the golden-haired child was carried to the luxurious room of the dead son of his ben-factress, clothed in a dainty night dress and put in the little snowy bed. When the pillow was pressed once more by a child sleeper,

and Sybil had folded the soft covers over him, she knelt where she had bent a few hours before over the vacant bed, and prayed God to aid her to fill a mother's place to the little one she had taken under her roof that night. Tears fell as she prayed, but in her heart was a new peace, a new hope, and Elsie softly crept away, sure that the cure she had hoped to effect, was already proving a blessing.

Many times in the night Sybil came to the bedside of the orphan boy. Upon the little table she spread Christmas toys and books. From the wardrobe and bureau she prepared warm, pretty garments, and already her heart was planning for a future, she had thought must be spent in tears.

When the sun streamed in at the window, she rose, and dressed herself and went again to Freddie's room. Sitting upright in the bed, with flushed face and large wide open blue eyes, the child was trying to realize his new surroundings. Sybil had learned his name; so she said, in a sweet winning voice,

"Charlie!"

"Oh," he cried, with a long deep breath, "did Kriss-Kringle bring me here to stay?"

"Should you like to stay, and be my little boy?"

"Won't he bring my own mamma?"

Charlie asked, with a quivering lip.

"No, darling, God has taken mamma to heaven, and He has taken my little boy there too. I am all alone, Charlie, with no little boy to love, unless you will let me be your mamma!"

The child pondered a moment with a great gravity upon his sweet baby face.

"Are they angels," he asked, "mamma and your little boy?"

"Yes, dear!"

"It is very nice here, but will you kiss me and love me as my own mamma did if I stay?"

For answer Sybil took him in her arms and pressed warm loving kisses upon the trembling lips, till the boy clasped her close and said,

"I will stay and love you dearly, mamma."

It Hasn't Any Mother.

A few years ago, a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house to stay a few weeks. There was a little kitten about the house continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times it had been sent whirling through the yard. One day, when it had thus been treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in all his tones when he said, "You must be kind to the little kittle now, for it hasn't got any mother!"

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet, in one hand a knife, and in the other a half eaten apple. Directly the kitten came in, and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when, without delay, it ceased its piteous mewling, crawled up close to his bosom, and went to sleep too.

"A Rough World, My Masters!"

"Two children named Mary Brady and Joanna Dunn, seven and nine years old, were charged with stealing lead pipe from an unfinished house. Being proved old offenders they were committed. Neither of them could read, and they evidently belonged to the lowest rank of our dangerous classes."

This edifying paragraph we copy from the public report of a daily journal. We have not heard whether it is proposed to exhibit our prison system at the Centennial, as the bright consummate flower of American justice, statesmanship and humanity. If it be, we suggest the production of Mary and Joanna as its perfect illustration. There remain early three years of preparation, during which they may be safely warranted to become as hopelessly bestial as a lively alternation of gutter, court-room, and prison can make them. Moreover, the happy certainty exists that in due course of time, though too late, unluckily, for the

interests of the Centennial, they will mature into the fruitful mothers of a long line of Mary and Joannas, heirs to a like inheritance.

Malthus is popularly regarded as a calculating King Herod. But that gentle country clergyman at least gave much prayerful thought and a most humane answer to the social questions that beset his conscience; and if the polite world still insist that the subject of the reckless multiplication of the pauper class must not be discussed, it is certainly bound to see that that vast population is not born to the alternative of starvation or crime. Yet this is precisely the only future which beckons thousands on thousands of American children to-day. In the state of New York the depredations of criminals are reckoned greatly to exceed the sum of thirteen millions of dollars annually. This loss represents the injury through one form of crime only. The number of "jail-birds" represents ten per cent of the actually dangerous classes. Our three state prisons discharge over one thousand prisoners annually. Our six penitentiaries send out nearly nine thousand. The yield of the workhouses and county jails is vastly greater. The Bridewells of this one state cost some three millions a year.

Inhumanity is a costly laziness truly. For it is because we permit Mary and Joanna and Tim and Terence to be born to the nature of the street and the gin-shop, and trained in the schools of thieving and vagabondage, that they come to demand the higher and dearer tutelage of jails and penitentiaries. Societies assume that crime and degradation are alien to it, and legislates for them with ignorant indifference. In reality, they are the wretched fruit of its loins, claiming parental consideration and help as other deformed and dreadful births claim it of natural parents. The Children's Aid Societies, noble and successful as they are, can do little more than point the way which the state should take. Their usefulness is limited; first, by narrow means; second, by their attitude of charity. For the kindly service that they do is the true birthright of every pauper child, guaranteed not by generosity but by justice.

Mary and Joanna educated to no nice perception of *meum and tuum*, barter what seems to them useless lead-pipe for useful bread. Society holds up its hands at such juvenile depravity and, at best, packs them off to the Reformatory. This huge dreary barrack where an army of graceless children goes through a tedious routine of moral and industrial drill, is to these wild little Arabs, an abomination of desolations. Ever afterward virtue, industry, respectability, stand for the symbol of this doleful place, and are scorned and feared of them. They come back to the outer world of busy occupation. Virtue has no use for them. Vice wants them and will pay a certain wage. To thieves and pimps and swindlers of all sorts they have a market value. More crime, more short sentences in merciful consideration of their youth, more vengeful hate of that law and that society which to them seem simply tyrannous and vindictive, and by-and-by state prison for them and evergrowing taxes for ourselves.

The First Result under the New Constitution.

The New Constitution, ratified as it has been by the people, becomes the supreme law of the State and goes into effect on the first of January, 1874—"for all purposes not otherwise provided for therein," as stated in the schedule attached to the instrument. Among the immediate results will be the following:

The Legislature, which is to assemble on the first Tuesday of January, 1874, must be governed by it. Upon that body will devolve the passage of the necessary laws to put the New Constitution in complete working order and effect. It will thus be one of the most important sessions held for many years.

The General Assembly is required at its "next session after the adoption of this Constitution" to designate the several judicial districts of the State under the new instrument; also to determine the compensation of the judges of the Supreme Court and of the District Courts; when the judicial apportionment is completed, the Governor will appoint Judges in all new districts entitled there to, these to serve until the next election, the question being referred to the people next November. Also to apportion the State into Senatorial and Representative districts agreeably to the provisions of the New Constitution, which provides for fifty Senators and two hundred Representatives.

The members elect of the present incoming Legislature when sworn into office will take the old oath. The article on legislation generally and prohibiting special legislation, goes into effect at once.

The first election under the New Constitution will take place on the *third Tuesday of February next*, for city, ward, borough and township officers throughout the state. No election for local or municipal officers can be held at any other time, (except to fill a vacancy) in any city, borough, ward or township of the State.

The general election for State and county officers is changed from the second Tuesday of October to the *Tuesday after the first Monday in November of each year*. This fixes the next State election on Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1874.

The voting is to be by ballot, as heretofore, but each ballot, as presented, is to be numbered by the election officers in regular order, so as to correspond with the number on the tally list. The voter may, if he chooses, write his name on the back of the ballot before voting.

All present officers are to serve out the terms for which they were elected. All new elections for officers are to be under the New Constitution.

At the general election in 1874, and 1875, Senators shall be elected in all districts where there shall be vacancies. Those elected in 1874 to serve for two years, and those elected in 1875 for one year.

At the general election in 1876, Senators shall be elected from even numbered districts, to serve for two years, and from odd numbered districts, to serve four years. We may remark here that the terms of State Senators, Elisha W. Davis, A. K. McClure, Francis D. Collins, Lafayette Fitch, Butler E. Strang, William A. Wallace, James M. Weakly, William McSherry, James L. Graham, M. S. Humphreys, and Harry White

zens instead of jail-birds, we should save money, not to speak of that higher saving which few of us count as of equal moment.

Nearly half of our convicts are mere youths. At Mettray in France there is a juvenile reformatory which saves over ninety-five per cent of its inmates. And it pays as it goes. Surely then the family system could rescue the whole pitiful multitude of destitute vagabonds whom now only their father, the devil, looks after with observant care. That there should be "dangerous classes" in the nineteenth century of the Christian era is an amazing scandal. That they should exist in America is a grave peril as well, for our institutions finally rest on the virtue of the whole people.