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## Poetry.

### Motherhood.

She laid it where the sunbeams fall  
Unscanned upon the broken wall.  
Without a tear, without a groan,  
She laid it near a mighty stone,  
Which some rude swain had haply cast  
Thither in sport long ages past,  
And time with mosses had o'erlaid,  
And fenced with many a tall grass-blade,  
And all about bade roses bloom,  
And violets shed their rich perfume.  
There, in its cool and quiet bed,  
She set her burden down and fled:  
Nor flung, all eager to escape,  
One glance upon the perfect shape  
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,  
But motionless and soundless, there.

No human eye had marked her pass  
Across the linden-shadowed grass  
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven:  
Only the innocent birds of heaven—  
The magpie, and the rook, whose nest  
Swings as the elm tree waves his crest—  
And the little cricket, and the hear  
And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,  
Looked on, when, as a summer wind  
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,  
All unappreciated, barefoot all,  
She ran to that old ruined wall.  
To leave upon the chill, dank earth,  
(For ah! she never knew its worth.)  
"Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,  
And dews of night, that precious thing!"

And there it might have lain forlorn,  
From morn till eve, from eve till morn,  
But that, by some wild impulse led,  
The mother, ere she turned and fled,  
One moment stood erect and fled,  
Then poured into the silent sky  
A cry so jubilant, so strange,  
That Alice—as she strove to range  
Her rebel ringlets in her glass—  
Sprang up and gazed across the grass;  
Shook back those curls so fair to see,  
Clapped her soft hands in childish glee;  
And shrieked—her sweet face all aglow,  
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—  
"My hen has laid an egg, I know;  
And only hear the noise she's making!"  
—C. S. CAVERLEY.

## Miscellany.

### Shoe-Binding and Music Lessons.

"Well, I am thankful it is the last scholar to-day," said Mrs. Lewis as she closed the piano wearily. "What a hard way to eke out a livelihood. If Charles could only earn a living support for us, what a comfort it would be. Only three dollars for three such tiresome lessons. She will never have any skill in it. It is only a waste of time, money and patience."

So, in a very dissatisfied mood, generally, Mrs. Lewis took up her sewing work and seated herself in a low rocking-chair by the window. Presently a poor woman called, whose husband had been much disabled by sickness, and who had a large family of little ones to maintain on half a week's wages. He had once been in much more prosperous circumstances and had filled ably the position of professor of natural sciences in a popular institution of learning.

Mrs. K. looked very weary, and had stopped at Mrs. Lewis's to rest a few minutes before resuming her long walk home.

"I have been binding a few shoes for the factory," she said, "but can get no more to do at present. They are not doing much work now, they say, and will not be until fall. I am very sorry for that," she said with a sigh.

"How much do you get a pair?" asked Mrs. Lewis with interest.

"Only four cents. It is small pay, but I wish I could get more of the work to do."

"How many can you do in a day?"

"Oh, sometimes only three pair, and at the very best only five. I can work only a few minutes at a time before I have the baby to take up or some of the children to look after. I could not do so much, but Ella washes all the dishes, and sweeps the house for me and attends to the baby a great deal."

"Did I ever repine," thought Mrs. Lewis, "at my work? Surely I never can again." Further conversation drew from the poor woman the fact that clothing for the children was the great want at present. It was that which made her so eager to do the shop work, for which she received such small pay; though it obliged her greatly to over-tax her slender, under-sized, little daughter of nine years.

"Mrs. King," said her friend, "I have some articles of Freddie's and Jimmie's quite out-grown but good. If you

would accept them, I should be glad to let you have them. Your boy can stop when he goes from school and get the basket."

"I should be very thankful indeed for them," said the other fervently and with a brightening of the eye which had been so downcast before.

She soon went on her way, far more hopeful than when she came in, and Mrs. Lewis thought over and over as she turned over her ample stores: "Can I ever repine again?" With a heart full of thankfulness to God that she had a gift by which she could earn such liberal wages, she laid out one and another little garment for the poor woman's children.

"It would take weeks of shoe-binding to earn even one of these," she thought. "What if I had to buy them at that slow rate?"

From that day, when tempted to repine at her tasks, she had but to think of binding shoes at four cents a pair, and she grew content. Ah, if we would oftener look at our mercies instead of our crosses, it would be a great gain to body and soul. Mrs. King conferred a greater good than she received.—*Lutheran Observer.*

OLD ROMAN BABIES.—I must also say a few words about the babies and young children. They are made bond-slaves at birth, for the first thing the nurse does after the ablution is to wind around the infant—arms, body and legs—swaddling-cloths, and these usually indicate the rank of the parents. Some are wrapped in very costly stuffs tied with a golden band; others with a purple scarf fastened by a glittering buckle; others with a fine white shawl, such as the wealthy ladies wear in cold weather in their houses, fastened with scarlet strings; while the poor wrap their babies in broad fillets of common cloth. The old Laedemonians seem to have been wiser, for they only wrapped a broad fillet of linen around the body, and left the arms and legs at full liberty.

These Romans put their babies into cradles of various forms. The most common are those of a boat and a hollow shield. Josephus, the Jew I have mentioned, tells me that the infant life of the great lawgiver of his people was saved by his having been concealed among the osiers of the Nile by his mother in a boat cradle. Sometimes, when the baby is a year old, the mother shaves its head and puts jewels in its ears, if it be a girl; and so soon as it begins to work an ornament called *balla* is hung about its neck. This is often only a disk of metal with the name of the child's family engraved upon it, so that the little one may be identified if lost; but oftener it is a hollow metal case, sometimes highly ornamented, which contains charms against evil spirits. The children of the poor have disks of leather so marked that the babe may be identified.—From the "Old Romans at Home," by BENSON J. LOSSING, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

### A Night in the State House.

It was a forlorn sight.  
A drunken father, bear-eyed and bloated,  
to whose hand a child of five years  
old clung with tenacious grasp.

"What's this man brought in for?"  
asked the Chief of Police.

"Disorderly conduct, throwing stones  
at people, cursing and swearing."

"Very well, put him into the cell—but,  
stop, there's the child."

The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had grave, blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the Chief's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears, was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries. His yellow hair curled thickly over a nobly shaped head.

"That man has seen better days,"  
said the chief to himself. "Come, bub,  
your father must go in the cell; we'll

find a place for you somewhere."

"No, no, sir; oh, no!" cried the boy in a terrified voice. "I go with papa. O, please don't take me from my papa."

"But, child, you must; see here, Colbert, you must take the child away. How can he cling to such a wretch?"

Easier said than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands, clung to his body which staggered at his touch, all the time screaming in heart-breaking tones that he must, he would go with papa.

"L' 'im 'lone," said the man at last, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment. "Don' ye see—he's got nobody bu' me? L' 'im 'lone."

"I can't allow the child to go into the cell," said the Chief, "but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there is nothing else to do—he must go. Put them in together, Colbert."

So they were put in together in the dark, stifling den, and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half-insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom: So they slept together.

The faint light looked in through grimy bars, when on the following morning the father awoke and bestirred himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was, and how he came there. The last thing he remembered he had gone into a saloon alone, and drank a few glasses, and then recollection ceased. Where was his hat? where his coat? and looking around he cried out in agony:

"God of heaven! there's little Benny!"

Yes, there was little Benny, the pure, fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was little Benny, and he had spent the night in this hole, the man fairly beat his breast as he looked down on that bright curly head. "Husband and child both," he muttered bitterly; "too bad, too bad."

At that moment the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but as he met his father's gaze he smiled like an angel.

"The bad man would put you in here, papa, but I wouldn't let them take me. You didn't know anything, papa, when I found you in the street. You lost your hat, I guess the wind took it and the boys were all laughing. You was sick, wasn't you, papa? And when the bad man took you off, I came too. Now let's go home and tell mama all about it; let's tell her we was stole!" and the dear little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.

But that father, God help him. His heart was touched as it never had been before. He could not speak—could scarcely think. What was the mother suffering that moment? And this awful sin that had led him into its toils—it never had looked as it looked to him now, within the unsightly cell, the light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.

And when they went out there stood the mother, who, half distracted, had been wandering and searching all night. O what a sight for her gentle, loving eyes! With a wild cry she fell upon the neck of the child, and drawing him away sank to the floor with him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Think of the bitter anguish so many good and gentle women are called to endure, and then look in the face of the respectable rumseller and call him gentleman if you can.—*Good Templar.*

### A Lesson to Parents.

When I was young, busy mother, like yourself, and Arthur was about your Willie's age, I was making him a little new dress. It was a soft, fine merino, of a delicate shade, and contrasted beautifully with his soft, black eyes, and I was so proud and happy in every stitch of the work. It was for Christmas, and when it was nearly done I called him to try it on for the last time.

The little restless, dancing fellow found

it hard work to stand still, and made it almost impossible for me to tell what changes it needed. Turning him round to see the back of it, I did not notice that he caught up the scissors from a chair. When I took a front view again I saw that he had taken the oily wiping cloth that lay on the sewing machine and had it pressed tight against the breast of his dress, trying to cut it. In utter vexation and dismay I roughly snatched the rag and scissors from his hand—just as you caught the book and pencil from Willie this morning—only giving them an additional unnecessary twist from loss of temper. A sharp cry of pain from my baby boy, and the stream of blood that poured from his little hand, sobered me instantly. In some way his finger had been between the blades, and my wrench of the scissors had brought them together, so that the tender little finger was cut through to the bone on both sides. I lost no time though my heart bled with it. The jagged wound was gaping widely apart on each side, and no doctor within two hours of us. I summoned all my senses to my aid, and succeeded in quickly dressing and binding it up, and then sat down, with Arthur on my lap, to find ways of beguiling him from the sense of his pain.

My heart was numb with the excess of suppressed emotion. I could see the cruel cut plainly as if it were open before me and I knew it would leave a lasting scar. I felt as though, in a fearful dream, that I, his mother, had mutilated his precious dimpled hand in a moment of causeless anger with a baby, and that it would remain a mute witness against me as long as he lived.

Kate, no one but God can ever know what I felt as I sat smiling to the darling on my knee. I told him stories—all of his favorites. I sang and laughed, even while I kissed the little swathed finger. But his lips quivered with pain and deep sobs heaved his breast long after he lay sleeping on my arm. Words cannot tell the agony of grief and shame that overwhelmed me as I knelt beside the crib when I laid him down. He slept the sound sleep of exhaustion, and I yielded to the tempest of remorse that utterly prostrated me. It swept away every defence, every subterfuge and palliation, and showed me the hideousness of the sin.

Had the scissors killed my boy I should have been no more guilty or responsible. It was the act of a passing moment—gone like a flash; but it was an ungoverned, blind temper, and the result would be life-long. This thought was absolutely insupportable. In unavailing penitence I kissed the poor maimed hand of the little unconscious sleeper, literally bathing it with my tears.

After a time the storm spent itself, and I took up the day's duties again. The little dress I gave away. I never saw it afterward—I could not have borne the sight. For weeks and months I watched the wounds as they healed, and the deep red of the scar slowly faded. At last it came to be white and distinct, like a thread tight-drawn across both sides of the finger. I saw it whenever I saw the baby—at the table, at his play, when he folded his chubby hands in prayer at my knee, that white, still witness of my sin was always before me. It seemed branded on my heart. At times, when my punishment was greater than I could bear, I implored God in His mercy to permit it to fade out as the child grew in stature.

My prayer was answered, but not in the way I asked; the scar was not hidden, but changed to one of the truest blessings of my life, by Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise him.

It has led me, each moment of my life with my children since then, to set a watch at the door of my heart and lips, and to pray constantly that each day's record may be such as I shall wish to meet before the great white throne.—*Watchman and Recorder.*

DEEDS ARE FRUITS—WORDS ARE BUT LEAVES.