# The Potter Journal.

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**Thos. S. Chase,**
to whom all Letters and Communications should be addressed, to secure attention.

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## Business Cards.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main st., opposite the Court House. 10:1

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity. Office in Temperance Block, second door, Main St. 10:1

ISAAC BENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office corner of West and Third sts. 10:1

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. 9:13

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER, Ravenscroft P. O., (Allegany Tp.,) Potter Co., Pa., will attend to all business in his line, with care and dispatch. 9:33

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landowners, upon reasonable terms. References given if required. P. S.—Maps of any part of the County made to order. 9:13

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

WILLIAM SMITH. E. A. JONES.
SMITH & JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa. 10:1

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR, and TAILOR, late from the City of Liverpool, England. Shop opposite Court House, Coudersport, Potter Co. Pa.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to CUTTING. 10:35-1y.

HENRY J. OLMSTED,
(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,)
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. 10:1

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa. 9:44

ALLEGANY HOUSE,
SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg Potter Co., Pa., seven miles north of Coudersport, on the Wellsville Road. 9:44


## Poet's Corner.

*From Harper's Weekly.*

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleigh glides like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go.
Over the crest of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell!
Fell, to be trampled as the filth of the street
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face,
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh,
For of all that is on or about me, I know,
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan,
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

## Educational.

*For the Potter Journal.*

**To School Directors.**

MR. EDITOR.—Through the columns of your paper I wish to state a few facts for the consideration of school directors. Being somewhat interested in the progress and welfare of common schools, I have taken the liberty (or availed myself of the *right*) to examine some of the reports of teachers—and in one of the most flourishing and populous townships in the county, I noticed a report that had the following recommendations:

From beginning to end, it had not a *single mark* of punctuation, although several abbreviated words and initials of persons' names were used, thus leaving the reader a fair chance to peruse it through *without interruption*. Neither was there much bother from capitals, for about one half the author's names began with small letters; and the possessive case was entirely unknown. As to spelling, when I said "*gramar*" "*midien*" &c., I concluded the policy was to *shorten* words—but next came "*arithmatick*" and some remarkably ingenious spelling of scholars' names, (specimens of which I'll not send now,) words to which my rule would not apply, and consequently I am still "halting between two opinions," with this philosophical question unsolved.

This, Directors, is actually *true*, and what I want to know is how such poorly qualified teachers happen to be employed, I hardly think it is the wish of our citizens who pay *only* thirteen mills school tax on the dollar, to have their children instructed by persons so deficient. Is the County Superintendent in fault for granting them a certificate? In this case the "certificate" certified that the teacher *was not* competent to teach, and the same, I am confident is the case with all those whose qualifications are so deficient that aspire to the profession of teaching. And this report is not, in all respects a "rare case," although I have seen some of a very different stamp—and again I leave the matter unsolved, still wondering "who is to blame." X.

*For the Potter Journal.*

**Is it Best to Punish Pupils?**

This is a practical question; and I am aware that it is a two-sided question. In spite of the glowing descriptions that the "Fathers" give of the schools they attended, where the master jerked from two to a dozen over the desk daily, and flogged as many more—for all they use to be so very still and fearful, and careful not to touch a slate and pencil before they were fourteen years old. Altho' it was thought necessary to read the "code" the second morning after letting the urchins have their way one day, or perhaps at noon if they got too bad, affixing to each article the dread penalty "come onto the floor, draw your jacket, settle the account." Notwithstanding all these things, there are some teachers who enter school now-a-days with the resolution that they will not enforce the government of the school through fear of physical suffering. They are willing that the scholars should know that there will not be a whip brought into the school house. They intend that every one in school shall not only understand what the regulations are, but shall know why they are made, and shall be allowed to pass his unbiased judgment on their utility. There are two systems, diverse from each other, each of which is sanctioned by teachers of true worth and merit, and I may add success. I, like many others, as a practitioner and impartial observer, find myself in a dilemma. The hand that pens these lines has wielded Esq. Hickory, whose recipient was the back of a rebel pupil. The motto "Do Right" enforced by gentle means and persuasiveness has also been my rule of action. From these considerations I see strong reasons for the belief, that, if the power of corporeal punishment were taken from teachers, our schools would be benefited. Here is my data:

1st. Every child has a sense of justice.

2nd. Every child whose inmate goodness is cherished will do all he can to enforce the principles of justice, whether it condemns or commends self.

3rd. The system of punishing can claim to do nothing more than to crush the evil of our nature, leaving the good alone, while the other plan is, in its very nature calculated to cherish a luxuriant growth of goodness, justice and self-government, amidst which the dread evils of wicked mortals soon vanish and are unknown. I may be wrong, but I do contend that every pupil has a sense of right and wrong and is a lover of justice, and that inasmuch as physical punishment rather crushes than cherishes these feelings, it should be discontinued, and the teacher should appeal to the highest and noblest thoughts of his pupils, depending upon these virtues and their cultivation for the government of his school.

Fellow teacher am I not right? W.

For the Potter Journal.

**Letters on Phonetics.--No. 4.**

*Our Present Orthography a Practical Failure.*

Did the bad effects of our orthography end in being a scientific failure they might be borne with. But this is far from being the case. A system of writing which proceeds according to no rule, ceases to be a system of alphabetic writing altogether, (using the term in its proper sense), is, in fact a system by which each separate word has a separate independent symbol, which must be individually committed to memory, so that the sound should recall the sign and the sign the sound, and the only advantage of having these symbols composed of portions of a series of 26 known and named forms, is the greater readiness with which the eye discriminates them, and the parts of each symbol may be described in words. In point of fact all the ordinary systems of teaching to read and spell, proceed upon this fundamental fact. One system, known as the "look and say" method, does so without disguise; the teacher points to a word, utters the sound, and proceeds in this way with every new word until the child recognizes it when shown again.

In other systems, the fact is more or less disguised by teaching first the names of the several constituent parts. But in all systems, the mode in which spelling is taught displays the principle in all its native ugliness. Column after column of dull symbols, have to be committed to memory by naming the letters of which the words are composed, the most tedious, most irksome, most irrational exercise of a child's memory which it is well possible to conceive.

If we then conceive spelling as a contrivance for rendering the communication of ideas and their preservation easy and rapid, we must condemn the present orthography as a *practical* failure.

*Our present orthography a moral failure.*

But there is a higher sense still in which our spelling is a failure. To give mankind the benefit of past ages, which mainly distinguishes him from the brute, it is necessary that one of the first things a child is taught, when he is educated, should be the art of reading, to be closely followed by that of writing. He has to learn how to receive and to communicate. Nearly the first thing, then, on which his mind is exercised under the present circumstances, is to commit to memory the strange and confused system of spelling which disgraces our language. He is therefore practically taught to regard the subjects on which he is exercised as subordinate to no rule. The meaning of *law*, or the constant relations of phenomena as respects similarity and succession, is not only withheld from him, but is rendered almost absurd.

Who would teach the idea of physical law from the changes of the weather?—Those of our spelling are only less numerous because the number of our words are limited. The child learns, therefore, practically, in its first lessons, to yield to authority blindly, to sacrifice all reason, all common sense, all knowledge, at the shrine of custom and routine,—to take his master's word and ask no questions. The mind is cramped, confined, sent back into its polyph cell, instead of evoked.—A great moral and logical injury is done to the child's mind, which it requires many years of other education, years of instruction in physical knowledge to eradicate, if indeed it ever be eradicated.—Hence, viewed in connection with education our spelling is a great moral failure.

PHONO.

**NO. 5.**

*Our present Orthography an International failure.*

But its faults do not end with the nation that uses it. It spreads to other nations. A great commercial people like the Anglo-Saxon race, which holds Britain and the United States, must be constantly brought into connection with other nations. It becomes of the utmost social and international importance that they should understand each other's language. This can generally be effected only through writing. A system of spelling, then, which is so difficult to acquire as the English, a system which affords no information whatever to the foreigner as to the sound he has to give the words in order to be intelligible to English speakers cannot but be regarded as a great international failure.

*Our orthography is an active enemy to education.*

It would be easy to show that our orthography is an esthetic and philological failure; that it prevents us from acquiring some uniform standard of pronunciation or from learning the real changes that have taken place in the course of ages during the formation of our language, that it throws great hindrances in the way of our study of comparative philology and the acquisition of foreign languages for the sake of practical intercommunication; but on these matters we forbear to dwell. They must occur to every thinking mind. They are borne out by constant experience; they are the things that admit of no doubt.

But it is necessary to recur to the educational effects of our present orthography for they are at once the most important and the most generally felt. The one great point is, that *with our present spelling, it is a very long and difficult process to learn to read, and a still longer and more difficult process to learn to write.* The consequence is that children are forced to waste years over acquiring the power to use the mere *tools* wherewithal to dig out knowledge. Now, although it by no means follows that those who can read and write, aye, read and write with the greatest ease and correctness, are in any respect *educated*, yet it is quite certain that those who can *not* read and write with some degree of facility are almost entirely uninstructed. The system of instruction at our schools does not admit of education being conducted without reading and writing.

In this country where every child enjoys the opportunity of instruction in the common schools, the time which is still wasted over the necessary preliminary of learning to read, detracts much from the education given, because it deprives the teacher of the opportunity to give that other instruction and that other training which constitutes real education, while the very circumstance of having to teach a subject of the nature of our orthography, gives the child a false training, a bend in the wrong direction, a something to unlearn in his very first learning. The process of instruction in reading is therefore not merely no assistance to other teaching, but absolutely a detriment. Our orthography is therefore an incubus which all educators must be desirous of discarding; not merely a passive obstacle to be overcome, but an active enemy which is perpetually leading the pupil into false paths.

The reader may possibly think that we have held up the subject in a rather unfavorable light, and exaggerated it somewhat. But all we ask is a careful and impartial examination of the subject and we will leave the conclusion to him who examines. In our next we will attempt to show the *remedy* for this deplorable state of things. PHONO.

## For the Ladies.

[We extract the following from a recent number of Mohammed Pacha's Letters to the Sultan from New York, which some satirist is supplying to the N. Y. *Evening Post*:]

MRS. GRUNDY.

And in the domain of politics Mrs. G. is watchfully potent. When that impracticable and terrible abstract young man, L. J. Brutus Smith, began to utter his unwise Phillipics against the baseness, fraud and injustice which seemed to him to be dominant in the federal government of the United States, the old lady, who was at that time in business in South street, assailed Brutus through the press and from the rostrum. She thought he was attacking the Capitol, and, like her prototypes, she began to cackle an anserine alarm: "O, Brutus, you wretched young dreamer, you iconoclast, you enthusiast, how dare you shake the pillars in the Temple of Liberty?" You are a smart young chap, and I like to have you make sport for me, but don't play Sampson and pull down the edifice about my ears. How dare you stir up sectional strife, and threaten the ruin of these states, when you know perfectly well that the Union is a beautiful balance between duty and expediency, expressly constructed to weigh out the profits of my trade, and that if you carry out your absurd schemes for the advancement of right, as you call it, my notes will go to protest in thirty days.

And when the abstract Brutus denies that he has any desire to dissolve the Union, and cooly asserts that the Union was instituted for the fostering of good, instead of the perpetuation of evil; that the constitution was framed, as its writers declare, for the promotion of justice, and not as a cunningly devised bargain with evil; that wrong, though it date its dynasty from the death of Abel, can never have the authority of precedent; that it is far better that the nation, being an aggregate of individuals, should be frugal, and honest, and religious, rather than rich, dishonest and cruel, with much else of the same sort, Mrs. G. ceases to cackle and commences to hiss. O Brutus! O Smith! you are a traitor, an infidel, an atheist, a poet; you must not teach my sons, dance at my Balls, marry my daughters, lecture in my lyceums, sit in my legislative halls—out with you, you bold, bad man!" And a large number of other old ladies believed these charges, and approved of this sentence; and so the enthusiastic Brutus Smith had to comfort himself as best he may. Do you think, my lovely Ben Hassan, that it was difficult for him to comfort himself under the circumstances?

But Mrs. Grundy is particularly interested in the matrimonial affairs of young people. In this sphere she generally assumes the feminine sex, and plays her part with feminine skill and persistence. You must know, my dear Abel, that in the western continent a man takes but one wife (of his own) at a time; and that the selection of this one is, evidently, a matter of more moment than in our beloved Turkey. A young man, therefore, is not considered capable of making for himself so important a choice; for if he should blunder, the consequences to society would be terrific. Hence, when the amiable and ingenuous Lorenzo arrives at years of discretion, society calls a Tea-Table Convention, and appoints Mrs. Grundy a committed of one, with full power, to arrange his affairs. She accepts the trust with alacrity. She takes her place in the best pew in the church, and from her commanding position she observes that the eyes of Lorenzo occasionally wander towards the slip occupied by the lovely and accomplished Jessica. She notes the fact that Lorenzo joins Jessica at the church door, and talks in his usual devoted style about the sermon and the weather. Mrs. Grundy smiles complacently, and makes her first report to the Tea-table Convention, briefly thus:

"Your committee respectfully begs leave to report as follows:

"Lorenzo is very attentive to Jessica—".

Which report is adopted, *nem. con.*

Mrs. G. then goes to the Philharmonic, and observes the fact that Lorenzo, quite oblivious of Beethoven op., 690, converses with Jessica in a delicious undertone. She thereupon makes her second report to the T. T. Convention:

"Your committee would respectfully reports as follows:

"Lorenzo is over head and ears in love with Jessica." Adopted unanimously.

The venerable lady next meets Lorenzo near Union square, and walks with him as far as Twenty-third street. She informs him, to his great surprise, that he is engaged to the fair Jessica. She congratulates him. He mildly disclaims the honor, and relates the trite story of the Barmecide, who made a large fortune by minding his own business. But the rumor rather flatters him. He says to himself, "Lorenzo, my boy, it may be that you have fascinated the fair Jessica. She is a charming young lady, and you, my dear fellow, are a sadly attractive dog."

Then Mrs. Grundy meets Jessica at the grand ball of the Ipecacs, and tells her that she (Jessica) entertains feelings of the most tender character towards Lorenzo. Jessica is considerably annoyed at this, and mentally accuses Lorenzo of great impertinence in spreading such a rumor. Her woman's pride (which our prophet wisely calls the Devil) is roused. Next time she meets him she is conscious and embarrassed, and the foolish Lorenzo attributes her behaviour to a passion for him that she is vainly endeavoring to conceal. He begins to believe the tales of Mrs. Grundy. He builds a huge palace in the clouds, in which he is to be Sultan, and Jessica sole Sultana. Like a great, vain, fond fellow that he is, he dreams and dreams until his visions seem veritable realities. Then he goes, with calm face and fluttering heart, to the mansion of Jessica's sire, and offers himself to the daughter of the house, who refuses him in the kindest and most delightful manner possible. He retires and solaces himself with billiards, fast horses and the opera, and arrives at the conclusion that Mrs. Grundy is a silly old liar. Meantime that interesting female makes her third report to the T. T. Convention:

"Your committee would report as follows, and would ask to be discharged:

"Lorenzo has been rejected by Jessica. He is in a desperate state of mind, and I regret to say is falling into habits of the most melancholy dissipation. Your committee is pained to observe that his clients (or patients or customers) are deserting him. Your committee would suggest the propriety of discouraging his visits to the daughters of the convention."

Report adopted, and committee discharged with a vote of thanks.

Oh, amiable and in-other-respects-sufficiently-wise Lorenzo, why did you study the gossip of Mrs. Grundy, rather than your own heart and the laws of Jessica's womanly nature? And O Jessica, my ox-eyed Houri, why did you allow yourself to be piqued by the interference of Grundy, and so nip the budding regard you had for Lorenzo, which might have grown into something large, leafy and fruitful?

You may deduce from what I have written, my dear Ben Hassan, that Mrs. Grundy is a mean, contemptible, unmanly, unwomanly scandal-monger, scoundrel, swindler and fool; that she emasculates the politics of the Americans, cramps their religion, saps their social life, estranges friends, deceives lovers, invades privacies, crushes hopes, blights prospects, wounds sensibilities; that her tongue is poisonous as the serpents of the Nile, and that she is only worthy of banishment to that unmentionable locality where, as the book significantly says, "*there are no fans.*"

But you must not judge thus hastily of the venerable lady. She is a power—an institution—in this land of the free. "When the Monkey reigns," says the Wise Man, "dance before him," and therefore if you ever visit New York, my precious nightingale, you must bow before Mrs. Grundy—cultivate her favor—bask in her smiles. She is a new avatar—an incarnation of the great Deity, Public Opinion—her lungs emit the *vox populi*. Worship Mrs. Grundy. Ever thine,

MOHAMMED.

☞ A correspondent of the *Boston Courier* tells how Daniel Webster offered himself to the woman of his choice:

"Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said: 'We have untied a knot; don't you think we could tie one?' Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics."

☞ A Lady's pocket was picked in Cincinnati in a very adroit and scientific manner. The lady had, in buying something, taken out a well-lined pocket-book; a stylish young man saw her and the pocket-book, and when the lady stopped next to examine some edibles, he dropped a dime in front of her. She though it came from her purse, stooped over to pick it up, and in so doing the pocket in her dress opened wide enough for the fellow to insert his hand and abstract the pocket-book. Before the spectators of this piece of audacity recovered from their surprise, the thief was gone.