The Potter Journal.

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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 in 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 the adjoining Counties. 10:1

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes 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

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident landholders, 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 promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq. 9:22

COLLINS 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,
DRAPER 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.

E. I. OLMSTED. : : : : : : : : : : S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
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,
D. 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

OLEAN HOUSE,
JAMES HUMPHREY, Proprietor, corner of Union and North St's, Olean, N. Y. ☞A Carriage runs to and from all the Passenger Trains on the New York and Erie Railroad. 11:22.

Poet's Corner.

From Harper's Magazine, for February.

A WOMAN'S POEM.

You say you love me, and you lay
Your hand and fortune at my feet:
I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,
For love is sweet.

It is but little to you, men,
To whom the doors of Life stand wide;
But much, how much, to woman! She
Has naught beside.

You make the worlds wherein you move;
You rule your tastes, or coarse, or fine;
Dine, hunt, or fish, or waste your gold
At dice and wine!

Our world (alas, you make that too!)
Is narrower—shut in four blank walls:
Know you, or care, what light is there?
What shadow falls?

We read the last new novel out,
And live in dream-land till it ends:
We write romantic school-girl notes,
That bore our friends.

We learn to trill Italian notes,
And thrum for hours the tortured keys:
We think it please you, and we
But live to please!

We feed our birds, we tend our flowers
(Poor indoor things of sickly bloom!),
Or play the house-wife in our glove,
And dust the room.

But some of us have hearts and minds?
So much the worse for us and you;
For grant we seek a better life,
What can we do?

We can not build and sail your ships,
Or drive your engines: we are weak,
And ignorant of the tricks of Trade;
To think, and speak,

Or write some earnest, stammering words,
Alone is ours, and that you hate;
So forced within ourselves again,
We sigh and wait.

Ah! who can tell the bitter hours,
The dreary days that women spend?
Their thoughts unshared, their lives unknown,
Without a friend!

Without a friend? And what is he,
Who, like a shadow, day and night,
Follows the woman he prefers?
Lives in her sight?

Her lover, he: a gallant man,
Devoted to her every whim;
He vows to die for her, so she
Must live for him!

We should be very grateful, Sir,
That, when you've nothing else to do,
You waste your idle hours on us;
So kind of you!

Profuse is studied compliments,
Your manners, like your clothes are fine,
Though both, at times, are somewhat strong
Of smoke and wine!

What can we hope to know of you?
Or you of us? We act our parts:
We love in jest: it is the play
Of hands, not hearts!

You grant my bitter words are true
Of others, not of you and me:
Your love is steady as a star;
But we shall see.

You say you love me: have you thought
How much these little words contains?
Alas! a world of happiness,
And worlds of pain!

You know, or should, your nature now,
Its needs and passions. Can I be
What you desire me? Do you find
Your all in me?

You do. But have you thought that I
May have my ways and fancies, too?
You love me; well, but have you thought
If I love you?

But think again. You know me not:
I, too, may be a butterfly,
A costly parlor doll, on show
For you to buy!

You trust me wholly? One word more.
You see me young: they call me fair:
I think I have a pleasant face,
And pretty hair!

But, by-and-by, my face will fade;
It must with time, it may with care:
What say you to a wrinkled wife,
With thin, gray hair?

You care not, you: in youth, or age,
Your heart is mine, while life endures:
Is't so! Then, Arthur, here's my hand,
My heart is yours.

Choice Reading.

DOWN HILL.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Not long since, I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend, I heard the name of John Anderson called. "There is a hard case," remarked my friend. I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and he pleaded guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, spare and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt; and his bent form quivered with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved from my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movements and turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Will—"

I had half spoken his name, when he quickly raised his head, and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony, that my tongue was at once tied. Then he covered his face with his hands. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow,s benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see the man tried. Tears came into my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son. That was not his name, but you shall know no other. I will call him by the name that stands on the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school mate, and it was not many years ago—not over twenty, that we left our academy together—he to return to the home of his wealthy parents, and I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man.—His father was dead, and had left John a princely fortune.

"Ah C——," said he to me, as he met me at the railroad station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a perfect lark—a robin, a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sung sweetly."

He was an enthusiast, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too, so loving and so kind. Aye, she so loved John, that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband; for John Anderson was as handsome as she was. Straight, tall, manly, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever an artist copied. And he was good, too, and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and was happy all the time. John's mother lived with them, a fine old lady as ever lived, and making herself constant joy and pride in boasting of her son, "darling boy," as she called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me when I left. She said she kissed me because I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years. I arrived at his house late in the evening. He was not at home; but his wife and mother were there to receive me; and two curly headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were in bed and asleep, and happy, and then I could plainly see that Ellen was troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine could not wear sorrow concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eyes looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a hearty laugh—called me "old fellow, old dog," and I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow his wild oats soon. My darling can never be a bad man."

"God grant it," said I to myself; and I well knew that the same prayer was on Ellen's lips.

It was late when I retired, and I might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he, "that was nothing.—Only a little party. We had a glorious time. I only wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more, but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he did himself. His appetite and pleasures bounded his own visions. I knew how kind and gentle he was—alas! too kind, too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening, you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy!"—He stopped me with,

"Don't be a fool. Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I said.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No; I read it in her face."

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he added.

"I surely thought so when you came home last night," I replied.

I can never forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof surprise and pain.

"C——, I forgive you, for I know that you are my friend, but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill. You know better. That can never be. I know my power. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah, had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the wild oats which her son was sowing would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for sorrowing. But she loved him almost too well—or, as I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him, and we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time, his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding its way into a distant churchyard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

'Mrs. Anderson's' he said, and as he spoke I noticed a slight dropping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"

"No," he said, "it is his mother," and as he said this he turned away; but a gentleman who was near overheard our conversation, immediately took the theme himself.

"Our host does not seem inclined to converse on that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. Did you know John Anderson?"

"He was my school mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth."

He led me to one side and then spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town two years ago. This man opened a hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at the most of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly every one of them. Then he began to go down hill, and he has been going down ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop, but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came more dark and dreary than before. He said he never would get drunk any more, yet he would 'take a glass of wine with a friend.' That glass of wine was the gate to let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! That poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her 'darling boy' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now! Her 'darling' wore her life away, and brought down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh, I hope and trust this may reform him."

"But his wife?"

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only the shadow of that wife that blessed his home six years ago."

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and so I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, altho' I waited till after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with hope and love. But oh, she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C——, don't say a word of the past," John urged, taking my hand a second time. "I knew you spoke the truth to me five years ago, I was going down hill. But I have got as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Everything is gone but wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears. His wife followed suit, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man, so fallen—become a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore, a poor supplicant at the feet of hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife. And how I had honored and loved that man, and how I loved him still. Oh, I hoped, aye, more than hoped, I believed he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so loving, so trusting, so true, so hopeful still, and even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than ever that God would hold him up, and lead him back to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children, now grown up to intelligent boys, and thought they looked pale and wan, they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand and said,

"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a man henceforth, while life lasts."

A little more than two years more had passed, when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, for I might help some one. A fearful presentiment had possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad house last week."

"And the children?"

"Oh, they died before she did."

I staggered back and hurried from the place.

I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the churchyard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife, and two children in them.

"What has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered:

"The Demon of the Wine table!"

But this was not all the work. No, no! The next day I saw—oh God! far, far more terrible! I saw him in the court room. But this was not the last.

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung upon its huge hinges with a sharp creak—and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of J. Anderson there, but the face I had seen in the court was sufficient to connect the two, and I knew that this was all left on earth of him I had loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work; the last act in the terrible drama! Oh, from the first sparkle of the red wine, it had been down, down—down until the foot of the hill had finally been reached!

When I turned away from the cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of living men!

"A Sudden Death."

Of all incidents which it is the daily duty of a journalist to record, none so frequently attracts his attention as that of "A Sudden Death." Other incidents may be more frequent; assaults and battery and municipal quarrels are perhaps oftener among the items; but in the way of short, prompt tragedy, of a dire event in duodecimo, of a sensation story in six lines, there is nothing more marked than a sudden death.

"There's a woman just dropped dead in the Sixth Ward!" "This morning one of our most respectable citizens was found dead in his bed." "A gentleman, while walking in the street, was seized with sudden sickness and expired." One is found at his table; papers strewed around, a half finished letter before him. One, in delicate health, plunges into a cold bath—and had he been hurled into the middle of the Atlantic and left there, it could not have hurt him more—for an hour or two after, people hearing no sound, break open the door and find him killed as effectually by a few gallons as though a few bayonets had been employed. Talk of a bombshell exploding in the midst of a small tea party—of roaring gunpowder and riving, tearing iron masses, blood and smoke and shattered limbs, where an instant before all was tea-spoons and small talk—why what is such a bit of abruptness, compared to stepping out of Life into Death?

We are told that on New Year's day the Emperor of the French surprised Eugenie by opening a door in her bed-chamber. No wonder that he surprised her; for what she had always supposed was simply the entrance to a shallow closet, revealed a beautiful room, of exquisite oriential architecture, filled with thousands of costly ornaments and gifts, all in the same style; all appropriate to the new room. The Emperor had observed a great fondness in his wife for a peculiar style of art; and gratified it in this manner. Furniture, pictures, ornaments, jewelry, columns and carpets were all in her favorite "order." How much a sudden death seems like stepping at once from a familiar room, when we least expect it, through an unknown door into a mystic land; into all that is most different. Fearful change, tremendous transition!—what simile of rooms, what figure of doors gives the faintest approach to the greatest of all changes to which the created is liable—and this change in the twinkling of an eye!

It has been a favorite fancy of philosophers, fond of educing the unknown from the known, that the future life would correspond to our tastes and tendencies in this; in fact to return to the Imperial anecdote—that an Oriental hall would be opened to those of Oriental tastes, and the good or bad choice be its own reward or punishment. All speculation—all idle. Yet one thing is still true—there is a tremendous transition, an awful change—and all the catastrophes, plots and wonderful metamorphoses ever devised in novel, poem or play, shrivel up into paltry poverty, before the marvellous experience of the lady or gentleman just fallen dead, and it may be, just chronicled in the paper.—*Phil. Bul.*

Educational.

For the Potter Journal.

Letters on Phonetics.--No. 7.

The Benefits which would result from adopting the Phonetic Method.

We have only to reverse the censures passed upon the ordinary spelling to arrive at an estimate of the new. A child once instructed in the elementary sounds and the method of combining them, together with the characters by which they are conventionally represented, will know instantly, as soon as he sees a written symbol, what sound he is to utter, and as soon as he hears a spoken sound, what symbol he is to trace. Within three months may this knowledge be acquired by a child of four years, or an adult of forty. The gate of knowledge would be thrown open with both its valves. To read, would be to hear; to write would be to speak.

Other nations would be readily able to comprehend our language—the easiest in the world to acquire, but for its present orthography, and destined to be carried over the whole globe, by the energy of its speakers. The years now wasted by learning a dull catalogue would be saving.

A small portion of the time would be pleasantly spent at the commencement of a child's schooling, or before he goes to school, under the care of his mother, in acquiring the true sounds of language, putting them together and connecting them with the symbols for writing; thus giving him a practical acquaintance with analysis and sythesis, and a feeling for symmetry and law. He will also learn the advantage of knowledge and its test; he will find that he knows, because by applying the simple rules he has learnt, he can discover new results. He will thus be able to understand (vaguely of course, at first, as all children udderstand) the use of being taught,—the use of going to school. He will see the value of a teacher's instruction, and will yield him not a blind, but an intelligent obedience. Hence, we may look forward to such a change as a national blessing, to be earnestly striven for with heart and hand.

Mr. Editor, in looking over your paper I noticed a report of a "Teachers' Association," which to me is very interesting. The Resolutions adopted I heartily support. The Resoluton offered by Mr. J. W. Bird, ("*Resolved*, That the 'word method' is the best method of teaching pupils to read,") I should like to say a few words on. I am glad it is accepted, and as I, of course, cannot be there at the "Red School House in Roulet," I assume the right, or privilege, to say a few words on it. I take the negative of the Resolution—it is *not* the best method of teaching pupils to read. In one of my former letters I have adverted to this system, which is also known as the "look and say" method. The teacher points to a word and utters the sound, and proceeds in this way with every new word, until the child recognizes it when shown again. In this way the child learns to read without learning a single elementary sound, as such, or the letters, which are the representatives of sounds.

But this method does not fail to display the system of our orthography in all its native ugliness. Sooner or later *spelling* must be studied, and then contradictions, absurdities, inconsistencies, ambiguities, and a long train of evils present themselves to the learner. The *best* method of teaching a child to read is the *Phonetic method.* I speak advisedly when I say it is the best method *also* of teaching the present *unphilosophical*, cumbersome and difficult system. The transition from Phonetic to Romanic is easily made.

Dr. Stone, of Boston, a true philanthropist, instituted an experiment in order to *exhibit* the value of the phonetic system, of which he published the following account in 1851:

"Fifty children, of from two and a half to seven years of age, have been taught to read at a private phonetic school, by Miss Emma L. Lothrop, in the Warren-street chapel, where persons interested are invited to attend on any week-day from ten to eleven o'clock only. The first class is composed of twelve children who commenced the study of the phonetic system in September last, (about six months past,) since which time they have been absent from school on the average, three months each, in consequence of sickness. When in the school they have received about two hours instruction daily in reading and the analyzation of words; the remainder of the time having been devoted to other exercises, and to the rest of the school. In September two of the children knew their letters, and could spell out a few easy words; but the majority and those who are now the best scholars, could not then read at all, and did not even know their letters. *Three of the children, from three-and-a-half to four-*