The Potter Journal.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
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 strict 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 Tioga Counties. 9:13

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. 8:13

O. T. ELLISON,
SCRATCHING 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

CHARLES 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.

OLMSTED. . . . . S. D. KELLY.
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALERS 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

OLEAN HOUSE,
JAMES HUMPHREY, Proprietor, corner of Union and North Sts., 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 the Atlantic Monthly.

LOVED YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNEW.

It was the Autumn of the year,
The strawberry leaves were red and sere;
October's airs were fresh and chill,
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me.—
Me, whom your keen artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past,
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me.—
That every step of high emprise,
But left me lower in your eyes;
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face:
You did not hear my proud heart beat
Heavy and slow beneath your feet;
You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone:—
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue,
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of Fate:
The wise world smiles and calls you great;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness;
And you have blessings manifold,—
Renown, and power, and friends, and gold:
They build a wall between us twain
Which may not be thrown down again;
Alas! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,
Have kept the promise of your youth;
And while you won the crown which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you,
Across the ocean's yearning blue.
While, unremembered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star,
Through darkness struggling into view,
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years,
Of patient faith and silent tears,—
That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,—
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you:
But that is past.—If you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust,
Will half betray their buried trust.—
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
"She loved you better than you knew."

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And, with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That leads to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace:
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And, when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

[*Independent, January 20.*

Choice Reading.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

A NEW LEAF FROM A WELL-KNOWN HISTORY.

We recently published (says the *N. Y. Tribune,*) a letter in which Harlow Case, the defaulting collector of Sandusky, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title above, a missionary correspondent of *The Boston Watchman and Reflector* describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before the death of the mother and of the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?"

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, and irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand. These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but, coupled with what I afterward learned, were certain evidence that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous Island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide veranda, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere; but from the moment the words were uttered his sociability departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy far-looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lustrous yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet, as she greeted my new friend. Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently, but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes while her lip trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think" she added hesitatingly "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child, with a grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room. I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long, shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears. Why was it, I questioned myself, that painful thought took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me. At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Frances F——, from her devoted husband, Henry E. F——."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F——; had known him intimately for years. He was a friend toward whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time. His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had deserted a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love. How could I remain under this roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had reveled in such a conquest? I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was sometime before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.—O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of *his* hospitality?—the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee, as from a pestilence, his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which for a moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma"—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added gravely, as he motioned me to a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate. Obedient servants brought, on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before. But, the skeleton sat at the feast! I could not talk save in monosylables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies. Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from —— city, I believe," he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—H. E. F——?"

"I knew him Sir," I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man." With an ejaculation of anguish he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then"—he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "If I have sinned, God in Heaven knows what I have suffered; and if in F.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months and I have known it. It has been for me to see the failing step—the dimming eye; it is for me now, to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said, in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—I have repeated." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"O! if *he* knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

"She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led me, into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging, and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gifts, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! O pity! pity!

The eyes only retained their luster; they were wofully sunken. The blazing fire, kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself,

"Oh, how sorry I am for you!"

She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was,

"Are you going back to America, Sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told her that it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh, then who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, oh little enough—for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hoped, Sir, you might see him," she added, a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the shock first came. Oh, Sir, tell him my story; warn, oh, warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years—ah! God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what *has* come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. O, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O, my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join; or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but, wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, O warn everybody!"

Educational.

Potter County Teachers' Association.

Pursuant to adjournment, the members of the Association convened at Roulet, on Thursday, January 27th, at 1 o'clock P. M.

After the organization of the meeting, and report of the Business Committee, the resolution which reads: "*Resolved*, That the "word-method" is the best method of teaching pupils to read," was brought before the house. The first speaker compared the "word-method" to a good tool, and said that it required skill in its use. I thought it useless for teachers to make the farmer-like mistake of giving the dull axe to the boy because he cannot chop as fast as a man. He contended that, inasmuch as we know words by their complexion, and as soon as our eye catches them, before we have time to observe the characters that compose them, children should BEGIN in this way, then they have started aright. Scholars will learn four words to one letter. The difference is so many more associations can be made; in this method scholars WILL learn the letters. The teacher need do no more than to tell them the name of letters when curiosity prompts them to ask

The first speaker on the negative maintained that by this method much more time was required to conduct a recitation successfully than under the old method; and that the "word-method," to insure success, required to be managed by far more skillful hands than those into which it would fall if adopted by the teachers of Potter County. And if now adopted, even though it were an improvement, yet, on account of its novelty and seeming ridiculousness to those who have never been acquainted with it, it would receive a tenfold censure from those who regard the changes that have been made in our schools of late, in manner of teaching, &c. as retrograde movements. In respect to the so-called "new-fangledism," the speaker believed that as managed by many of our teachers, it had rather detracted from, than added to the real worth of our schools. Thought it policy not to recommend so strange a thing at present.

The next speaker said that innovations upon old plans always caused some smoke. It was not the part of a reformer to stop for opposition. He said we met this when blackboards were introduced, yet their great utility is not now doubted by any one. Sympathized with the last speaker in respect to "new-fangledism." Thought the lack of skill on the part of teachers no objection to the recommendation of this system. Teachers should prepare themselves for the adoption of any system that would tend to the advancement of their pupils.

A kind of compromise was strongly urged by several of the speakers. They said they would first teach the word "bog," and then teach that the word was composed of characters whose names were b, o and g. This was said by the advocates of the system, to be unnecessary, they would learn the names of letters without any help from the teacher more than to answer their questions.

An elderly lady asked when the orthography would be learned. A teacher answered that the sound of letters was learned at first rather than the name, and hence the very root of orthography was learned in the outset. Several short and pithy speeches were made upon the question.

C. H. Allen moved to amend by adding the words, "and we recommend its adoption by the teachers of our county, so far as is practicable."

The amendment carried.

The resolution, as amended, also carried. There were two dissenting voices, one of these, like the Missouri emancipationist, in voting for Speaker of the Senate, meant to be heard, not for *much*, but for *loud* speaking.

Next listened to an Essay by Miss Jane Hydorn; subject "Bible in School." I forbear comment upon this, and other Essays, as they were requested for publication. Adjourned to 6½ o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Crowded house, despite of storm.

Essay by Miss Rachel Taggart; "Teacher and his Mission."

Declamation by R. Z. Roberts.

Essay by H. P. Bird; subject "Geography."

Essay by Miss A. J. Spafford.

The President announced the discussion of a resolution as the next order of business. The Resolution read, "*Resolved*, that the County Superintendency is the right arm of the school system, and should be supported by every friend of Education." This Resolution was proposed for discussion at this meeting for the purpose of calling forth a debate from the inhabitants of the township. It failed to accomplish its object, although the invitation was urgently given. The discussion was carried on for about an hour by C. H. Allen, J. W. Bird, O. Dwight, Rev. J. Hendrick, R. Z. Roberts and H. P. Bird. The Resolution was unanimously adopted.

Adjourned to 9 o'clock A. M., Friday 28th.

FRIDAY SESSION.

Called to order, by the President, at 9 A. M.

Review of "McNally's Complete School Geography," by J. W. Bird.

There was a short discussion upon this review and the essay read Thursday evening, upon the subject of Geography.

The Essayist advocated the idea that beginners should first learn something of the shape, relative size and motions of the Earth, then its most general natural divisions, and, having these general impressions well fixed in the mind, begin with the more minute things of his own town or country. This plan for beginners was well supported. There were some, however, who argued that pupils should begin with their own town, learn its mountains, creeks, points of compass &c., and from this enlarge. The Essayist, Reviewer, and every speaker, were decidedly of the opinion that "Physical Geography" should receive far more attention than it had, both on account of its great importance and peculiar interest to scholars of all grades.

Declamation, by D. H. Judd.

Review of Weld's Grammar, by C. H. Allen. This review was impartially given and was very interesting; particularly so, as this is the work recommended by the Book Committee, and adopted by the Association.

The following Resolutions were offered:

1. *Resolved*, That we consider Associations of this kind of great importance to Teachers, and we cordially invite and urge all teachers and friends of Education to attend the next and all future meetings of the Association.

2. *Resolved*, That, to add interest to the meetings of the Association, all teachers be requested to produce at the next meeting, for discussion, as many practical questions in reference to teaching as possible.

3. *Resolved*, That we are happy to meet so many of the teachers of the county who, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the weather and bad roads, have, at a sacrifice of time and labor, attended the Association, and that we regret exceedingly that circumstances have prevented any in our immediate neighborhood from meeting with us.

4. *Resolved*, That we tender our thanks to the Essayists for their productions, and request a copy of each for publication.

5. *Resolved*, That we tender our sincere thanks to the inhabitants of Roulet Township for the kindness with which they have entertained the members of the Association, and for the interest they have manifested in our proceedings.

6. *Resolved*, That the thanks of the Association are extended to the proprietors of the County Papers, for their kindness in publishing our proceedings and notices, and that we request a continuation of that kindness by the insertion of the proceedings of this meeting.

The above Resolutions were separately adopted.

Moved, that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at the RAYNOND SCHOOL HOUSE, on the last Thursday in May next, at 10 o'clock A. M., to hold forenoon, afternoon and evening sessions, and to