The Potter Journal.

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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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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 floor, 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*

C. L. HOYT,
CIVIL ENGINEER, SURVEYOR and DRAUGHTSMAN, Bingham, Potter Co., Pa., will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to him. First-class professional references can be given if required. 10:29-1y*

J. W. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, will attend to all business in his line promptly and faithfully. Orders may be left at the Post Office in Coudersport, or at the house of H. L. Bird, in Sweden Twp. Particular attention paid to examining lands for non-residents. Good references given if requested. 11:30

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. B. 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.

H. J. OLMSTED. H. 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

Poet's Corner.

A SICK BED.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Long hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor, aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smooth it yet again,
As softly as before;
Once—only once, and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain,
Through many a restless day
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee
My weary side to raise
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep.
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Good water from the spring.

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now.

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisey footstep, nigh;
Nor listen by my bed
To hear my faintest sigh;

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak
Yet turn to nide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest.
Thy loveing hands will set
The flowers I love the best:
Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the sleep I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, at eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou shouldst not grieve;

Who when the kind release
From sin and suffering came,
Passed to the appointed peace
In murmuring thy name.

Leave, at my side, a space,
Where thou shalt come, at last,
To find a resting place,
When many years are past.

Choice Reading.

THE TAIL OF A TADPOLE.

FROM "ONCE A WEEK."

A blade of grass is a world of mystery, "would men observingly distill it out." When my erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffling superiority:

"Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts?"

I energetically answered.

"As much as you find in Elzevirs."

"H'm!" grunted Gerunds.

"Very absurd, isn't it? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at 'one shilling each.' The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slacken my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value as the bookseller is of Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the tail of one of those tadpoles than all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash your Jew unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?"

"Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cell. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well known shape, and forming rudimentary blood vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment cells, which give their color to the tail, assume fantastic shapes."

"Very interesting, I dare say."

"You don,t seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase; here you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic of tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?"

"Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and Nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it."

"Yes, yes," added Gerunds, glad to feel himself in the region of things familiary known; "just like the lobster, or crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again."

"And would you like to know what has become of these tails,"

"Arn't they dead?"

"Not at all. Alive and kicking."

"Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!"

"Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them grow, not larger, indeed but develop more and more muscle, fibers appearing where no trace of fiber existed, and a citatrice forming at the cut end."

"Come now, you are trying my gulibility!"

"I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made this time last year by M. Vulpian in Paris, and I have only waited for the tadpole season to repeat the observations. He says that the tail constantly lived many days—as many as eighteen on one occasion; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only, grow as I have said, but manifest sensibility, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated. I have not seen this; but M. Vulpian is too experianced a physiologist to have been mistaken; and with regard to the growth of the tails, his observations are all the more trustworthy because he daily made drawings of the aspect presented by the tails, and could thus compare the progress made."

"Well, but I say how the deuce could they live when separated from the body? our arms or legs don't live; the lobster's legs don't live."

"Quite true; but in these cases we have limbs of a complex organization; which require a complex apparatus for their maintenance; they must have blood, the blood must circulate, the blood must be oxygenated—"

"Stop, stop; I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from the body."

"It can. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail will only live apart from the body so long as it retains its early immature form—that is to say, so long as it has not become highly organized. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will not live more than three or four days. And every tail will die as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition."

"But where does it get food?"

"That is more than I can say. I don,t know that it wants food. The power of abstinence possessed by reptiles is amazing. I was reading the other day an account of a reptile which had been kept in the Boston Museum eight and twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirt water in which it was kept."

"Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a deal of study to get at these things."

"Not more than to get at any of the other open secrets of nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"No."

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton like spots. Take a lense if your unaccoutomed eye isn't sharp enough There now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of *fluff* scattered about."

"That fluff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their rim or mouth a range of long delicate hairs, the incessant motion of which gives a wheel like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"Upon my word this is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again. What's the name of this thing."

"*Vorticella*. It may be found growing on water fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this Vorticella."

"Well, I never could have believed such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this; I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the sides of these parasites?"

"Those, my dear Gerunds, are also parasites."

"What, parasites living on parasites??"

"Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef and mutton and fish? don't these beefs, muttons and fish live on vegetables and animals? don't these vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten is one law; live and let live is another."

Gerunds remained thoughtful; then he screwed up one side of his face into frightful contortions, as with the eye of the other he resumed his observations of the Vorticella. I was called away by a visitor to whom I didn't care to show my tadpoles; because to have shown them would have been to forfeit his esteem forever. He doesn't think very highly of me as it is, but has a misty idea that I occupy myself with science; and as science is respectable and respected—our Prince Consort and endless bishops patronising the British Association for the Advancement of Science—the misty idea that after all I may not be an idiot, keeps his contempt in abeyance. But were he once to enter my workroom, and see its bottles, its instruments, its preparations, and above all, the tadpoles, I should never taste his champagne and claret again.

Communications.

NEW-ENGLAND GRANDMOTHERS REVIEWED.

Leonora Emwell Criticiseth "Our Grandfather."

For the Potter Journal.

ST. PAUL, MIN., Aug. 1859.

The readers of the POTTER JOURNAL will perceive that I have extracted the following quotation from a sermon delivered by the Rev. AMOS CHASE some sixty years ago, wherein he sets forth his views concerning women;—and I hope to be pardoned for offering some views concerning women, entertained by some of the New England sons of a later date, by way of counter-balance—hoping thereby to prevent some of our young men in this new country, who are now about taking to themselves wives, from taking on too many airs of superiority on account thereof:

"For a female, therefore, to realize her dependence is to build her strong tower: For when she is defenceless, then is she invincible. Hence the relation subsisting between husband and wife, is introduced as a just representation of that which subsisteth between Christ and the Church. The Church, through a heartfelt sense of her dependence, and by a cheerful acknowledgment of the same, secures the friendship and protection of the *divine Jesus*." * * "The female should exhibit those amiable and excellent graces, so becoming in women," &c.

MR. EDITOR—*I*, being a woman, am very sorry to have you circulate, through the columns of your very valuable paper, such views of women as, I trust, belong more particularly to the times in which our Grandfathers lived, than the present time. Recollections of New England grandfathers, associated with women and children, are to me very unpleasing; and *I* would have them buried with them, as quite unsuited to our day of peace and progress, if not altogether discarded. I cannot say of them as Dr. Johnson did of ghosts, when asked if he was afraid of them, that he had "seen too many to be afraid of them." It is just because I *have* seen so many of them, that I am afraid of them; and I would much rather meet a ghost, in the darkest night, at the witching hour of twelve, than some that I have known who were called *very good* men. I hope you will not feel shocked, when I tell you that it makes a terrible seething and boiling in my usually quiet veins, to hear about New England Grandfathers, and my indignation is especially aroused when they so complacently compare *themselves* to the "*divine Jesus*."

I, too, like yourself, had a New England Grandfather; one to be proud of to be sure, in some respects, and one to be ashamed of, in regard to his opinions of women and children. He was born, lived and died, in the village of B——; was of course well known by his neighbors, who freely and justly accorded to him the reputation of being honest and generous; possessed of good, solid sense, and excellent judgment; "his word," he seemed proud to say, "was as good as the law of the land"; and his Pennsylvania Granddaughter, found upon visiting her father's native town, that the name she had inherited was a better passport than gold to its "best society.

This man had inherited a small property (which had descended from father to son since the first settlement of the place,) sufficient to supply the moderate wants of an immoderately large family; so that it had not been necessary for him to wait till the arrival of that undesirable period which "the young man John" speaks of, before he could afford to take to himself a wife. He had accordingly selected, from one of the best families in B——, one who was possessed of piety, good health and a good mind, and was much beloved by her friends and acquaintances; and their union was, in due course of time, blessed with seven sons and seven daughters. He, too, likened himself unto the "*divine Jesus*" in being head and ruler; but instead of ruling in accordance with the laws of love, as did Jesus, it would be much nearer the truth to say he ruled with a rod of iron.

This man deemed it his duty to commence exercising his parental authority by punishing his children for crying, at the early age of six weeks, with severe blows faithfully administered with his strong right hand; and at a little more advanced age, this mode of discipline was exchanged for a vigorous wielding of Birch and Hickory rods; which parental authority was duly exercised on all fitting occasions, till these seven sons and daughters were grown men and women.

Mr. Editor, you will perhaps fancy that this must have been an unfeeling, heartless mother, to allow a tyrannical father to take a six-weeks-old infant from her arms for the purpose of punishing it for crying; but her silent tears on these occasions, bore attestation of both feeling and suffering. She had been taught to practice that "*heroic resignedness*" which your Grand-father recommends to wives, and in those days, what was preached was believed and practised. But men and things have somewhat changed since then, and now Man's practice is better than his preaching, in regard to Woman; men still believe in their superiority, but less in practical cruelty than they did fifty years ago; and it has come to pass that the word "obey," in the marriage ceremony, does not mean as *much* as it once did,—so that now we might almost as *reasonably* expect that a mother, under the above-mentioned circumstances, would cling to her child with such a death-grasp that it could not be taken from her, except by tearing it limb from limb, as to expect that she would unresistingly, submit to the will of her lord and master, "*exhibiting* only a heroic resignedness." It seems to me that I should have felt so strong in my indignation, and that my courage would have so increased with the occasion for its use, that I should not have suffered a child to be taken from my arms, for such a purpose, unless my life was taken with it. At least, I hope it would have appeared to me that reason was given us to use, and to be "a light to shine upon the road that leads us on to God."

But my Grand-mother endeavored to follow the example of the "Holy women of old" and tried to be such a christian as St. Paul required women to be—she "realized her dependence and her defencelessness"; but she did not thereby seem to build a very "strong tower of defence" and protection against her husband's cruelty and tyranny, though she adorned herself daily with the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, which St. Paul recommends as becoming among women and never questioned her husband's "divine right" to absolute sway over his household. For did not St. Paul say:—

"Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church: Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be subject unto their husbands, in every thing."——"Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman."——"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection."——"Let women adorn themselves with a meek and and quiet spirit; for after this manner the holy women of old adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their husbands, even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord."——"Man ought not to cover his head, for he is the image and glory of God."——"Woman was created for Man. Let woman see that she reverence her husband. Let her be chaste; a keeper at home. Let her love her husband's children; and if she would learn anything, ask her husband at home. Let *her* never *usurp* authority."

It would really seem that St. Paul has so well defined the position and duties of the wife, and made her inferiority to man so plain, that she must be very dull, indeed, if she do not feel herself *unworthy* of him; and that it is a degradation in him to love her; and folly in her to love a higher creature, whose feelings she can never hope to partake. This pitiless barrier of natural inferiority must always divide and torment them;—Man, by the knowledge that he must live and move in his earthly home, alone;—and Woman, by the feeling that if she should strive forever she can never reach him.

This is very discouraging indeed; but it seems to me that if God should speak directly to us upon this subject, instead of through the earthly instrument of masculine clay, named St. Paul, (or any other name,) he might more reasonably be supposed to say,: "That when he gave man a companion, he poured the same divine spirit into the frailer form; He denied it much that man has, and bestowed on it much that man has not; He established a difference, but no inferiority."—However, this may be, the wife of whom we are speaking found her belief in the truth of St. Paul's preaching, to be a great sustaining power in her many trials, for she was enabled thereby to "*exhibit* a combination of those amiable and excellent graces, so desirable in *woman*;" but I do not think it enabled her to avoid *feeling* those "poignant ills, which bite like a serpent and sting like an adder." Still we freely accord to him our sincere gratitude, inasmuch, as he, through her faith in the correctness of his opinions of women, rendered not only endurance of her trials possible to her, but enabled her, also, to preserve a uniformly kind and amiable deportment in all the relations of life. She was never known to speak harshly or unkindly to husband or children; and through, love and kindness secured the willing obedience of her children; she bore her part in life bravely and uncomplainingly,—"not as one who putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back,"—but nobly pressed forward in the path of duty she had chosen, no doubt feeling that the grievous tyranny to which her lord and master subjected her, must soon break the thread of Life, when she would depart and be with Christ, whose example of meek endurance, long-suffering and forbearance she had followed. And at length the rather long-drawn-out thread was, to all outward vision, suddenly snapped asunder;—and no one has, to this day, inquired why?

In her fifty-third year, one lovely morning in the beautiful month of June, she was able to "*exhibit*" her usual appearance of good health, attended to her household duties as usual, and in the afternoon of the same day called her family about her, bade them farewell, forever, and departed;—and I trust she has gone to a home where realities are more joyful than "*exhibitions*" are to admiring beholders in this world. A bereaved husband has been left to shed a few such tears as Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, and to pass 33 years wifeless, (we will not say companionless, for that would not be the truth, and if it were, it would sadly detract from his superiority and headship). My woman's curiosity has caused me often to ask myself whether any unflattering reflections came to him in those long years; but if it were, or were not so, they have never been given utterance.

You will probably conclude, Mr. Editor, that the portion of this world's work which this humble and obscure woman has done was very small, indeed; but according to my opinion, the humanizers are the greatest benefactors, and as it may truly be said, that the influence of her life and death has been successful in humanizing seven men, I conclude she has done about seven times as much as one man usually does! Yes, she has, all unconsciously to herself and them, taught her sons to feel such a respect for the name of *Woman*, as no Bible or Priest can *unteach*; she has invested the name of Mother with a sacredness, in their minds, next to that of God; she has implanted such a reverence in the hearts of these sons as will live in all time to come. These sons, like the German Jean Paul, and very unlike the Jewish Paul, "would consider that man *unhappy* for whom his mother has not made all mothers venerable." These sons are not seducers nor traducers of women. They do not consider licentiousness a matter of necessity, or boasting among men. They are not among those who entertain bar-room and club-room audiences with coarse and indecent epithets applied to women. They do not consider it vastly becoming in Man,—because he has known some silly women, and done all he could to make them such by his efforts to deprive them of occupation and opportunity for improvement,—to cry out, *self-admired*:—"Behold! behold, these poor, weak, silly women! All would be just as unvirtuous as they, if they were not protected by man;—wherefore, let us consider it our chief glory to protect the virtue of our wives and daughters; but we may hurry the rest to perdition as fast as shall seem to us good." They do not consider that because Man can, with the help of human laws, (which are mostly very unlike God's law), and public opinion, preserve a male and female standard of morals, they are adopting the best means to subserve the best state of morals; or that the masculine adulterer is any better than the female adulterer; nor, that at the final "Judgment Seat", one will be accounted less guilty than the other. Neither do they believe that Woman was created especially *for* Man's use and advantage—notwithstanding St. Paul and his co-believing ministers may assert the same to be a fact so long as this world shall exist.

I perceive here, Mr. Editor, that "God's ways are not man's ways." No doubt this man expected his sons to follow his example, and endeavor to exalt themselves by the abasement of their wives; but it appears to have been God's way to cause the memory of the wrongs and injustice done to this mother to work together for good in the hearts of her sons,—rendering them not only tolerant to Woman, but desirous to have justice done unto her. They are not ashamed to say that their wives are capable of being their companions, and admit that their daughters may possess as good intellecual and moral capacities as their sons. They see in their mother a being no less dear to God than their father, and no less created for happiness; and they believe that the Almighty, who is ever open to receive the last groan of the trampled worm, will not look on with indifference when creatures in His keeping are mur-