The Potter Journal.

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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 corner of West and Third streets. 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 on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets. 12:1

ISAAC BENSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st, near the Allegheny Bridge. 12:1

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

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

D. E. OLMSTED, B. S. COLWELL, A. C. TAGGART.
D. E. OLMSTED & CO.,
DEALERS 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

M. J. 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

CHARLES MANNING,
BLACKSMITH, Fourth street, between Main and West Streets, Coudersport, Pa., is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on the most reasonable terms. Produce taken in payment. 12:39

EZRA STARKWEATHER,
BLACKSMITH, would inform his former customers and the public generally that he has reëstablished a shop in the building formerly occupied by Benj. Rennels in Coudersport, where he will be pleased to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on the most reasonable terms. Lumber, Shingles, and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for work. 12:34.

Z. J. THOMPSON,
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKER and REPAIRER, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa., takes this method of informing the public in general that he is prepared to do all work in his line with promptness, in a workman-like manner, and upon the most accommodating terms. Payment for Repairing invariably required on delivery of the work. ☞All kinds of PRODUCE taken on account of work 1 :35.

L. BIRD,
I am prepared to do jobs of Surveying in Ulysses, Hector and Pike Townships, and anywhere within 8 or 10 miles of my home, and can undoubtedly give satisfaction, having had over 6 years experience.
L. BIRD.
Brookland, (Cushingville), *Potter Co. Pa.* Oct. 24, 1860. 7tf.

POETRY.

For the Potter Journal.

NO SURRENDER.

[The following lines are from a Quakeress in a distant part of the State. She evidenly thinks that the best way to get peace out of treason is through firmness and if necessary war. We are with her—no compromise with treason in arms.—ED.]

Men for the Union how can you stand gazing,
On Anderson's peril, nor stretch forth a hand;
The enemies fires around him are blazing,
Is there none for his rescue, no Chief in command?

Oh, my loved country, say what shall restore thee,
To peace and tranquility ever again,
The maddest confusion isrife now before thee,
Produced by the ungoverned passions of men.

The godess of liberty bows her head weeping,
Humanity mourns o'er the deeds being done;
Near, and more near, are the combatants meeting,
Alas for the day when the victory is won—
Stain not your hands with the blood of each other,
It proves unavailing a wrong to redress;
And widens the chasm 'twixt thee and thy brother,
Rendering the cause of contention no less.

God grant our "Elect" may be wise in his steering,
Our tempest-tossed "Ship" with its turbulent crew,
His strong armour-bearers no taunting foe fearing,
Safely encompassed by bold men and true.

For him have our earnest petitions ascended;
In view of rebellion and treasons' foul aim;
The wide spreading breaches that have to be mended,
E'er from our Nation is washed the foul stain.

Hope whispers true patriots will not surrender
Our country to traitors, but form a bold line,
Coming up from the North and the South to defead her,
Marching still "onward and upward" through time.

Jan. 27, 1861.

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Leader.

CAPRICES.

OR,

A Woman's Talk About women.

I remember having been smuggled in to the drawing-room of a lady, once, when I was a very young child, by a pet daughter of the house. In the room were a number of elegant, fashionably dressed, and—as my taste then went—beautiful women.

My little friend whispered me that it was a musical soiree given by her mother to some friends, and drawing me into a corner we both seated ourselves where we could see and hear all that went on. After a short lapse of time, the male portion began to arrive from another room, I supposed; though I dared not make any inquiry in a tone loud enough to be heard lest I should lose the enviable position I then held.

Why the memory of that little episode should return to me now, after many years together with nearly all that I saw and heard that night, I attribute to a few words incidentally dropped in conversation a short time since: "Women are no judges of each other's beauty," I heard a gentleman say yesterday.

It was the very same thought that had been in my mind on that evening after I had been seated in the room for a couple of hours, and had heard the comments passed by the ladies of the party upon each other; and the very remark which I would have made to my little companion had I understood what I felt or known in what words to touch the feelings that another might comprehend it too.

Since then the same thought, though I think I never gave it expression, has been in my mind, "Women are no judges of each other's beauty." Every time I hear one woman criticise the personal appearance of another, I am more convinced than before of the truth of the remark I have quoted.

Mrs. Lawrence Fitzgibbon speaks to me in terms of the most rapturous admiration of her friend, Miss Ella Clarence. The sweetness of disposition, the charms of mind, the elegance, the wit, the brilliance—all appertaining and belonging to that charming person are almost incredible. "But la! my dear," continues Mrs. Fitz, "she isn't handsome, you know, and that is her weak point—that and her age. You wouldn't think it but dear Ella is well on to thirty, and there are people, who knew her a long time ago, who declare that for some years it has been on the shady side that her claims even to that age were to be found. But I don't believe it! People are so unnatural! She can't be more than thirty—perhaps thirty-one—possibly thirty-two But then as to beauty! Oh! Bless your innocent little heart! I could tell you some queer things about women who think themselves beautiful, and even contrive,—Heaven and themselves best know how, and perhaps I know too, slightly—to pass for beauties. When Ella was ten or twelve years younger than to-day she is, it is no harm to say that her claims to beauty were rather more striking than at present they are. She may perhaps have been quite a pretty girl."

Mrs. Fitz herself hovered somewhere between thirty-five and forty; wore delicate pretty colors, short curly hair, dressed girlishly, and acted the youthful woman with more or less success, as she would have said in speaking of another.

When she had, for that moment, concluded her observations, Mrs. Fitz smiled slightly, toyed with the strings of her hat, and glancing into the looking glass opposite, smiled pointedly and then wondered if it wasn't time for her to bring her visit to a close. However, before deciding afirmatively upon that momentous question she thought she would afford me a little amusement by just lightly running over the chief deceptions practiced by Miss Ella Clarence, to make Art, well fitted on, pass for Nature.

Was I aware that darling Ella rouged? Oh, dear! Why do I look so incredulous? Did I think she would assert an untruth? No! Then why look so astonished? Though, to be sure, to those uninitiated in the mysteries of Ella's toilet it was no great wonder that astonishment should be shown on learning that the delicate rose pink that lay so softly upon her smooth fair cheek, and which an inexperienced eye would have declared natural, for it almost seemed to fade and flush as nature only could—was rouge! But she knew—she was Ella's most intimate friend; was admitted to her room at all hours of the night or day, had seen her apply cosmetics—had even seen her prepare the rouge, for it was no ordinary substitute for true roses, but a preparation so exquisite that not the most practiced eye could detect the artifice, nor would even Mrs. Fitz herself have discovered it, but for the confidence dear Ella reposed in her—she trusted her entirely and concealed nothing from her.

At this point my visitor paused a moment to allow the full significance of her last statement to sink into my mind, and then went on to observe that it was true Ella had beautiful hair of her own—at least she supposed so—but why, if that was the case, why would she persist in wearing false braids and a false roll of hair done up in the French twist style?

Did I think Ella's eyes particularly beautiful? I must pardon the question, but she rather valued my opinion, and upon this particular point she was a little anxious to know if our opinions coincided. Did I really think Ella's eyes be utiful? To be sure, they were bright, they were capable of a great variety of expression; they had a wondrous power in bewitching people; they seemed to attract even men; but if I had ever examined them closely I must have perceived that they were of no decided color, it was impossible to class them under the head of grey, blue, brown or hazel—they were such queer eyes. Did I think the nondescript eyes pretty? Could I consider "queer" a complimentary term to apply to an eye—did I, in short, think Ella's eyes beautiful?

Oh, I did! Ah! very well. She was delighted she was charmed to agree with me, and to know that I agreed with her. She too, thought them beautiful, but there were people in the world more wanting in good taste who would have disputed with us both. Then followed a series of questions as to the merits of Miss Clarence's nose. Didn't I think it a little, just the least degree in the world, retrousse, Mrs. Fitz said, because the horrid English word, once applied to a nose, ruined it forever, ruined the face, ruined the woman, and utterly and forever ruined her reputation as a beauty, however faultless she might be in all other respects; for would not the public turn away in disgust even from Wertmuller's Danaë if told that its nose was a pug!

And yet, if I could only credit it there were people who had not scrupled to assert that Ella Clarence's nose was a pug!

But that was wandering away from the original question. Dind't I think that Ella's nose was slightly,--ever so slightly, retrousse?

Yes. I did think Ella's nose was ever so slightly retrousse; but that in my opinion did not detract from the beauty of her face, on the contrary, I thought that a nose of that type on such a face as nature had blessed Miss Clarence with, gave to it a certain piquancy of expression, without which it had been almost too perfect.

How delighted was Mrs. Fitz that here again our opinions coincided; but what had I said about a countenance almost too perfect? Was it possible that I tho't Ella handsome?

Beautiful!

I considered Ella beautiful! How strange! Well, she was more enraptured and enchanted to hear me say so than she could readily express. How pleased darling Ella would be! Poor Ella! Every one knew she was charming and sweet, every one knew that she esteemed herself beautiful; but to learn that another and more disinterested person warmly seconded that opinion--ah! that was indeed delightful; and the knowledge pervaded the gentle bosom of Mrs Lawrence Fitzgibbon with sensations of the most delicious joy.

But, then, didn't I think Ella's mouth might be improved?

No!

Was it possible that I admired the pouting mouth? Well, I astonished her a little! She had thought my taste more consonant with her own, but perhaps I was right.

Of course I agreed with her, though, in thinking that Ella's lips were too red—that, however, was her own fault; she used too much carmine in coloring.

I didn't think the lips in question too red? How strange! How extraordinary! Well, there was no accounting for taste! I surely thought her teeth too white, and too perfectly regular? Why, every one knew that real teeth were not regular as pearls upon a string, like Ella's so of course people thought them false; and in strict confidence she would tell me trusting to my discretion that it should never go a step farther—they were false!

And would I still persist in declaring that I thought Ella handsome? Well! well! it was very funny. But perhaps I was right; perhaps Ella was handsome—beautiful! But then she need not remind me again--oh! of course not—there was no danger of my forgetting—that Ella was rapidly approaching forty, that her complexion was entirely a make up, a compound of rouge, powder and other ingredients known to Ella: but the names of which, having no need of them herself, Mrs. Fitz was not acquainted with; that she wore false braids and a false roll, and I need not be foolish enough to believe that they were all made of her own hair, and worn for convenience; that, despite all I might urge against it, her nose was a decided pug; that green was the only name that could with any degree of accuracy be applied to the color of her eyes; that her lips were thick, that she used carmine to color them, and that her teeth, beautiful as they looked, were false. And having thus concluded the category of deception used by Miss Ella Clarence, Mrs. Lawrence Fitzgibbon departed, leaving me to solve two questions

First:—Why, if Ella's hair were false, it corresponded so exactly with her own—while her barber had once, in my presence, spoken of having made that same golden colored roll, and those same sun tinted braids from hair that he himself severed from that lady's superb head:—Why, if her complexion and the hue of her lips were made up by art, they bore the test of water plentifully applied:—Why, if her teeth were false, she always slept with them in, and used her tooth-brush in a manner vigorous enough to have displaced the setting of any dentist that ever lived:—Why, if her eyes were green, women envied them, men raved of them, and poets wrote sonnets to them; and why if she was fast approaching forty, the statistics of her native city should prove beyond a doubt that she was exactly twenty-three?

Second:—Why is it that women are no judges of each other's beauty?

Thirdly:—Can it be that Envy and Jealousy have aught to do with it?

Of course from the entire sex comes the indignant response—No!

LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

Artemus Ward on "Forts."

Every man of intelleck has his Fort.

Daniel Websters Fort was to speecherfy in the Hauls of Kongriss & make Dickshunaries.

Shakespeer rote good plays but he woodent have bin wuth a pint of old Sider as a stennergraphic Reporter. Wood he? Hey? He bet 2 dollars he woodent

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev any public man of the present day resemble him to any alarmin' extent! Where bowts can George's ekul be found? I ask, & boldly answer no wheres, or anywhares else.

Old man Towsen's Fort was to make Sassyperriller. "Goy to the world! another life saved!" (Cotashun from Towsen's advertisement.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay sub-masheue tellergraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun & then ave it Bust.

My Fort is the moral show biz & riten choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with me.

Etc., etc., etc. So I mite go on to an indefinet extent.

Twice I've endevored to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The Fust time was when I undertook to lick a oudashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & crawled threw. Sez I my jentle sir, go out or I shall fall onto you putty heavy. "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the head & knoct me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursued the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze and wrung out my drencht garments I konkluded fiten wasn't my Fort. He now rise the kurtin upon Seen 2nd. It is rarely seldom that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a certain town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick of the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, and I thawt Ide hist in a few swallers of suthen strengthenin. Konsequents was, I histed in so much I didn't zackly no whare bowts I was. I turuned my liven wild beests of Pray loose into the street and upsot my wax wurks—I then Bet I could play hoss. So I harnist myself to a Kanal bote, there bein two other hosses hiched on likwiz, 1 behind and anuther ahed of me. The driver holered for us to git and we did. But the hosses bein onused to such a arrangement bgan to kik and squeal & rare up. Konsequents was I was kicked vilently in the stummuck and back and presently I fownd myself in the Kanal with the other hosses, kickin and yellin like a tribe of Cussearorus savvajis. I was rescood and az I was bein carried to the tavern on a hemlock Board I sed in a feeble voice, "Boys, playin hoss ain't my Fort."

MORAUL:—Never don't do nothin which ain't your Fort, for if you do you'll find yourself splashin in round a Kanal, figgeratively speaking.

WM. HEMPHILL JONES, who went South as the Special Agent of the Treasury Department, to try and save revenue cutters at the South from seizure by the Secessionists, has arrived back to-day, from New-Orleans. He is preparing his report to Secretary Dix, and it is expected to be communicated to Congress to-morrow. He says that the people of the South are wild with excitement and madness. He lays all the blame to the Collector of New-Orleans and the officers of the cutter, Robert McClelland, which was the best cutter in the service. He thinks all the States will be back in a short time, with perhaps the exception of South Carolina, which will probably come back in the end. He was treated well there, with one or two exceptions. He thinks Davis and Stephens will favor re-construction and have been elected with that purpose. The news of Gen. Dix's orders to him by telegraph, published recently, created most intense excitement in New Orleans and Mobile.

EDUCATIONAL.

Objects and Methods of Recitations.

The object of recitation is, at least, three fold; to examine, to explain and to instruct. Without recitations a teacher cannot tell whether his pupils are studying diligently or not; from their general appearance and conduct he may judge, and often judge correctly; yet without regular recitations, at which he examines the scholars and observes their familiarity with the studies, he cannot *know* that they either are, or not, faithfully employing their time.

In every lesson there are points which require explanations. No text book anticipates all the difficulties with which different minds meet. These explanations can be made to an entire class as easily as to a single individual, and for this reason should be given at the recitation and at no other time. Connected with every subject there is much which the scholars ought to know, and which they cannot learn from their school books. Text books, if properly written, give the general principles of the sciences, but leave the minor details to manuels and to extensive works of reference. The teacher can and should give his scholars much valuable information on such points, and information which ought not to be in the text books. He can point out the relation of the subject in hand to other subjects, and make known the best means of pursuing it farther.

There are in common use three modes of conducting recitations, known as "the pouring in process," the drawing out process," and "reciting by sections," each of which is objectional when pursued to extremes.

The first method consists in excusing the class from all participation in the recitation, and spending the time in talking upon whatever subject may occur to the teacher. The object seems to be, to give the scholars as many new ideas as possible; but, as they are generally presented without any connected order, and forced upon the attention of minds unwilling, and if willing unprepared to hear them, the scholars are injured rather than benefitted. This plan has aptly been compared to a man "who should provide himself with a basket of sweetmeats, and every time he should come within reach of a child should seize him and compel him to swallow—regardless of the condition of his stomach—whatever trash he should happen first to force into his mouth."

The "drawing out process" consists in asking "*leading questions.*" It can be best illustrated by an example, and I take one from the "The Science of Education"

Teacher. You cannot add fractions that have not a common denominator, can you?

Pupil. No, sir.

T. Well, when you wish to add fractions of this kind they must be reduced to a common denominator, must they not?

P. Yes, sir.

T. Very well: Now to reduce fractions to a common denominator, you must multiply all the demominators together for a new denominator, must you not?

P. Yes, sir.

T. Well then; to find the several numerators, don't you have to multiply each one by the product of the denominators, except its own?

P. Yes, sir.

T. Then to add, you must find the sum of these, must you not?

P. Yes, sir.

T. And then you place the common denominator under this sum, do you not?

P. Yes, sir.

T. *Very well! That will do.*

Here not one of the purposes of recitation are answered, and the sooner such a system is abandoned by any teacher who may be practicing it, the better for his school.

When "reciting by sections" the teacher asks no questions, but requires the pupil to rise and repeat the substance of the lesson, article by article.

Though excellent in some respects, it has its objections. When followed too closely it attains but one of the ends proposed, that of examination. Besides, scholars sometimes fall into the habit of reciting words without ideas. I knew a young man to learn a book of 400 pages through, and recite it accurately article by article, and yet who confessed he did not understand anything about it. Unless the text book is very systematic and logical, the pupil is liable to connect this or that idea with a particular section, and not perceive its just relation to the subject in hand. The plan is a good one for some studies, and some classes of scholars, but like other good things, is sometimes used to excess, and often resorted to by ignorant teachers to hide their own deficiency. I remember such a teacher whose only question was, "Well, what does the author say next?" He esteemed repeating an unimportant note, or section of irrelevant, matter as highly as familiarity with the principles of science. Explaination or instruction, he never attempted. Other teachers are liable to fall into similar errors when pursuing this system too closely. Another method called the "topical" is coming into use, and is excellent for all except the smallest pupils.

The teacher announces a topic as the subject of the lesson. If the subject is extensive it is sub-divided. The class understand that they must acquaint themselves with the whole subject, and recite without questions, each one having a certain amount of time in which to treat of the subject. When called to recite, the scholar defines the terms used, gives an analysis or outline of the subject and explains each point in full. The members are expected to criticise each other upon the manner of reciting, style of expression, fullness, accuracy, pronunciation &c. After the class have given their views and criticisms, the teacher mentions all the omitted points, explains those not thoroughly understood, and gives them such information as they are not likely to meet with in their text books. Then he assigns a new lesson, and perhaps gives them the outlines. He should always remove such difficulties as they would not be likely to surmount, and point out the true sources of information. Students thus become logical, systematic and thorough, and seldom mistake words for ideas. They cultivate a taste for original investigations, acquire a desire to know the truth, and are more ready to obey it.

J. A. COOPER.

Ulysses, Jan. 7, 1861.

A Leaf from my Note Book.

One afternoon three of the larger girls spent half an hour in whispering, much to the annoyance of the other scholars. I took no notice of it at the time, but told the school room after that I had something to lay before them. I said, "This afternoon some of the scholars neglected their books and spent a considerable of time in whispering. How many think they acted rightly?" None tho't so. I asked Henry to tell why it was not right. "Because it is against the rules of the school." "John, have you another reason?" "Because it was wasting time which should be employed in study." "Has Mary another reason?" "Because they were forming bad habits." "Has any one another reason why they were doing wrong?" Susan replied, "Because thep were setting bad examples." Then I said, "Suppose some benevolent person should entrust to my care a fortune, with directions to invest it for him, and that I should by carelessness lose the whole of it. Would that be right?" "No." "Why?" "You would be false to your trust" "Well! now each of these scholars has received a treasure from a friend. I shall not say who that friend is, but a friend has provided them with opportunities for self