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 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

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

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

W. K. KING,
SURVEYOR, DRAFTSMAN AND CONVEYANCER, Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa., will attend to business for non-resident 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

E. R. HARRINGTON,
JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's Store will carry on the Watch and Jewelry business there. A fine assortment of Jewelry constantly on hand. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired, in the best style, on the shortest notice—all work warranted. 9:34

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

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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

Original Poetry.

[*Written for the Potter Journal.*]

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

Stolen waters are the sweetest,
Hidden streams the softest flow;
Happiest hours are the fleetest,
Wayside flowers the soonest blow.
Darkest days have rosiest mornings;
Foulest thoughts the best adornings.

Sunny climes have storms and tempests,
Choicest trees bear bitter fruits;
Serpents lie in greenest bowers,
Poison lurks in sweetest flowers;
And the sweetest of our roses
Spring from ugly, tangled roots.

Shadows sit beside the sunlight,
And the brown shell sweetly sings;
While the sky above is weeping,
And the North-wind, onward sweeping,
Tokens from the far-land brings.

From the storm-cloud's pent up darkness
Darts the brightest lightning forth,
And the little fairy snow-wreath
Comes from out the frozen North.
Stars at night a watch are keeping;
Dreams come to us while we're sleeping.

SALLY THORN.

Notes of Travel.

For the Potter Journal.

MORE ABOUT

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.

"The former treatise which I wrote," I was obliged to quit in the middle, in order not to exceed bounds, and now I begin again. I said that the insects did not kill the animals, but learned afterwards that I had made a misstatement. There is a little fly which comes only in the Spring, known as the "Buffalo gnat" which sometimes kills horses. Three years ago they were so numerous as to do great execution and damage, by creeping into the nostrils and vitals of the horses, and so killing them. I could not learn that they were fatal to other domestic animals.

I spoke of bright spots in the dark land. One incident will exemplify the statement. Riding in the stage (Oh, *such* a stage!) over the indescribable calamity called by courtesy a road, which operates as a sort of disjunctive conjunction between Shawneetown *on*, or rather just now, *in* the Ohio river, and Grayville, which bears the same relation to the Wabash, a load of us were edified by the frequent sight of such farms and residences as were heretofore described. After being jerked, plunged, dragged and shaken over such obstructions as ornament roads in Egypt generally, we were informed that "the slough" wasn't crossable and we mustgo around; so around we went, right and left through the woods, dodging trees and logs, and jumping, stage and all, over a good many of the latter, I came to realize the oft vaunted fact that the western woods are not so dense as ours, and can be driven through, almost anywhere; but anybody who thinks it a blessing ought to try the experiment. For fear of breaking the vehicle the gentlemen alighted, but with an obstinate and immensely uncomfortable gallantry, they refused to let the ladies out, on the plea that nobody without big boots could achieve the crossing, supposing we preferred being pounded tender like beefsteak, and that at the risk of breaking our necks, to the alternative of getting our feet wet, with the probability of "miring down" and having to be pried out with handspikes and rails, like "*stalled*" oxen. John drove to the brink of a jumping-off-place, and paused to get "a good ready" for the Sam Patch-ish experiment before us. Down went the horses head foremost, of course, and a moment after we had beheld their hinder feet on a level with their heads, we were all pitched upon the forward seat, in spite of our preparations to the contrary. Before we had time to recover ourselves we went against one side, and as suddenly tumbled against the opposite one, and then felt ourselves jerked up a nearly perpendicular ascent out of the channel of mud and water we had crossed. After some miles of similar experiences we came to some comparatively good road, and soon emerged into the open prairie—one of the little ones which occur occasionally among these woods. A large, handsome white school house, with window shutters and play-ground—beautiful farms neatly fenced with well kept hedges—a nursery of Osage orange, and neat farm buildings met our delighted and astonished eyes.

"Hallo!" cried one of the passengers, "*This is a Yankee settlement ain't it?*" No—they were Ohio and Kentucky people. But as we came opposite the school house the mystery was solved, for there was a placard headed "REPUBLICAN MEETING!" on the door. As one of the passengers read it, I remarked, "That explains it!" whereat some smiled and some frowned, but nobody said anything contrary to it. I couldn't help feeling triumphant, as long as the good road lasted; to think how "Democratic" Egyptians had been endorsing the fruits of "Black Republicanism" without knowing it until it was too late to retract. There is hope for lower Egypt from several facts, whose existence they have faught desperately but are being obliged to yield to. The principal of these are the in-coming of the hated, but now indispensable Yankees, and the operation of the detested, but now operative free school system.

I have until lately always thought of large families as of other extensive nuisances, but I find myself frequently wishing that every genuine Yankee would follow old Dr. Beecher's example in that respect, so as not only to keep dear *old New England* full, but have an inexhaustable supply of her energetic, liberty-loving, industrial missionaries to send out, not only to build school houses and saw mills and make improvements, but to start the growth of those brave and hardy ideas which never do, and never will originate in enervating and sickly climates. Their active and intelligent presence, if tney don't say, or even think of the abstract truth their lives teach, is a constant refutation of that bondage-hating creed of laziness, *that it is degrading to toil.* The very fact that the slothful ignoramuses stand in mortal dread of being outwitted by Yankee sharpness, drives them to learn some of the common kinds of knolwedge which otherwise they would think they could get along without, as their fathers did.

The last stage ride I had in Egypt was one of the drollest. Our way lay thro' a district from which the water had but just subsided, leaving mud on the bushes in places six feet from the ground. Of course tho' it was bright enough overhead "it was rather boisterous under foot!" and the only other passenger and myself amused ourselves with pulling off as many varieties of oak leaves as come within our reach as we passed along. There were some five or six. There grew some brilliant flowers on the "barrens'" as the patches of open brushwood, neither timber nor prairie, are termed. One, a tuft of bright scarlet, was common, and we commented on its novel appearance and beauty. The stage driver alighted and gathered a handful and gave me; which simple courtesy I never should have expected, but which I appreciated and thanked heartily, you may well believe. They were curious tufts of scarlet bracts and leaves surrounding some inconspicuous flowers, and as beautiful as they were singular.

When I classify the varieties of the *genus homo*, I shall have a special place allotted to the queer tribe called *drivers.* Of these, Egyptians stage-drivers are a unique set of specimens. They are a kind of land sailors with all the virtues and views of the marine ones. Drinking, swearing, fighting and bragging are characteristics of which they are rather proud than ashamed, and a rough kindness and rowdyish generosity, with an occasional gleam of such unexpected phases of a gentler character, as making leaf toys for some tired child, or gathering a flower for a lady passenger, go to make up the complement of this type of humanity.

Within ten miles of the railroad we met a four-year-old specimen of humanity, attired in one exceedingly abreviated garment, riding a huge horse barebacked. A girl, near the beginning of her teens, was leading the animal, and instructing this juvenile specimen of the "unterrified" in equestrian matters. I think that "*sans culottes*" riding school was an original invention. They imported no teacher for that!

I have on one or two occasions found myself at a loss to know what was meant by what was said in my presence—I mean of things intended to be understood.

A minister presiding at the organization of a Sunday School said, "Next, you want for a secretary, somebody pretty *peart* with a pen, so he can record names as they can be read."

A young girl comes in from the field and throws herself in a corner, saying, "Oh dear! I'm *plumb sick!* we *holp* pappy all last week a plantin, and we've got another field to plant, and its a rainin'."

"The rain will make what you have planted come up," I suggested.

"Law sakes! I reckon it didn't need no rain, for we kivered heaps on't with *right mud!* The Wabash keeps a risin and a risin, and George's farm is all kivered so he could run the biggest kind of a steamboat over his truck patch, and now its rainin' again. He won't plant any this year for *he lives in the bottom!*" And yet though his sister seemed to assert that he lived in the bottom of water deep enough to float a steamer, George wasn't a merman, he was only a "*sucker.*"

When I reached the railroad and the prairies, and knew I was out of Egypt, I could have raised a shout worthy of a troop of Camanches, to find myself among things which seemed more "*human.*" I like northern and central Illinois, and can get on well enough with upper Egypt, but for the lower regions—Oh dear!

The Mississippi is now (June 12th) several miles wide and rising more than an inch an hour.

It is almost impossible to travel. Roads are washed away—bridges demolished—the river invading the land everywhere. The water is several feet deep in the stores on what was once the main business street in St. Louis, the street navigated by boats, the steamboats looking down on the houses and unable to land their freight. I heard a gentleman from Louisiana on the boat I came up on, say, that every plantation from New Orleans to the Balize was under water. People who had two story houses were living in the second stories, and the rest had gone off in boats, saving only the people, for nothing else could be saved. The cattle and horses stood and drowned *for want of land to go to.* Yesterday a steamer from St. Louis went down and carried up to the city, the inhabitants of a village below, every house of which was inundated. The water is running into the stores on 2nd street in Alton. Both of these cities lie mostly so high that it would take a Noahcian Deluge to flood them; but the river streets suffer. I saw a grove of young cotton woods and fields of corn and potatoes washing away as I came up. The flood is now nearly up to the climax of the past—the high water mark of 1844. The people here believe that these deluges occur in periods of seven years, the three last noticed being those of '44 '51, and this one in '58. I found the same general belief in a periodicity of high waters in the lakes, when I was in the region of them. I will try hereafter to hunt up reliable statistics, if there are any, on the subject. I have got off any subject, and out of Egypt, so will close, and next time write of something pleasanter. LIB.

Selected Poetry.

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame;
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing,
With his recklessness and sin;
Think if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never make their blossoms glad;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

—*London Journal.*

From the New York Illustrated News.

SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There's a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free!
In a grand, vaulted hall, where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-lights to eat up the oxygen there.
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They traveled abroad in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with unbounded success,
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share.
These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret:
They don't keep late hours for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voices, and make them grow old.
They invite you to come, if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn;
It was learned at heaven's gate, with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you, perchance, its own spirit of praise.

Communication.

Piscatorial Reflections.

For the Potter Journal.

If there is any season of recreation or rest from the toils and cares of business, for mankind of cities and towns, it has surely arrived now. Leigh Hunt says: "Everybody delights in being indolent, or in fancying that he shall have a right to be so some day or other."

Who that has ever doffed his business coat for a week in the hot summer and fled into the cool, quiet shades of the country, where, without fear of offending against the stiff conventional forms and ceremonies of society in the world, he has, to use a vulgar phrase, "laid around loose" and enjoyed, to full contentment, the beauties of nature in its rustic simplicity—has ever regretted it, or looked back to such a week's quiet happiness without heaving a longing sigh? Who does not desire occasionally

"To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,
And breathe the soft sweet air amongst the mountains?"

An old author describing the beauties of the country for the sick of mind, as well as body, says: "A sick man sitteth upon a green bank and when the dog-star parcheth the plains and dries up the streams, he lies in a shady bower—*Fronde sub arborea ferventia temperat astra*—and feeds his eyes with variety of objects, herbs, trees and flowers; to comfort his misery he receives many delightful smells and his ears are filled with the sweet and various harmony of birds; good God, what a company of pleasures hast thou made for man!" And if God has created these sources of pleasure for man, has he not also implanted a strong desire in our hearts to enjoy them? History and Biography of all eras has shown that he has—our own hearts tell us this. Men of nearly all professions and occupations require, and a great many of the city men who can afford it, take a week's recreation in the Summer. Some of those whom fortune has smiled on beyond their deserts, rush to the fashionable watering places to pamper their vanity, to admire riches and display, and to be admired for riches and ostentation by people precisely like themselves, whose God is the almighty dollar, and who care no more about Nature and her summer beauties than they care where the cream used in their coffee is *manufactured* when they are at home.

Many men of eminent piety and learning avail themselves of this season to wander in solitude through the depths of the forest, "far from the busy haunts of men" where

"——right and left, spread far away,
Fens only lit by fire-fly's ray,
Dark with a tangled growth of vine,"

in holy contemplation they may worship the great Creator at his shrine of Nature.

Again, there are thousands of city men who, when this season arrives, hie with pleasing anxiety—some to the country homes of their boyhood—others to favorite resorts on the sea shore—and others of a sporting turn of mind, to the cool trout streams of the mountains to angle, where (as Burton says of such men,) "they will wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that, to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. And if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook-side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the music of running waters and the melodious harmony of birds &c. which he thinketh better then any sport which can be made." To a great many men of this latter class, "little Potter" has become a favorite summer retreat, and is annually growing more popular as such. For the last ten years, numbers of men of the highest respectability have come here to stay for a week or two in Summer to enjoy the quiet rusticty which our county affords, and to have the fun of catching themselves sufficient trout for their own consumption while here. These men have expended hundreds of dollars annually in the county as an equivalent for this enjoyment, but notwithstanding this; they are to be prevented by law from fishing in certain streams in this county for the future.

In 1852 our State Legislature passed a law, at the instance of the Representative from this District, making it a crime for non-residents of this State to fish in Pine Creek, or any of the branches or tributaries of the Sinnemahoning &c. in this county, under penalty of ten dollars for every offence. Since its passage as a law, few persons ever troubled themselves about enforcing it—certainly none on the first fork of the Sinnemahoning—and it has remained a "dead letter on our statutes" until the 16th inst. when four gentlemen were arrested in Sylvania and only escaped the penalty by want of evidence to prove them non-residents of the State.

It is the opinion of an eminent lawyer, given at the request or the writer of this article, that the law is unconstitutional. Sec. 2. of Art. 4., of the Constitution of the U. S., reads thus: "The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." Sec. 2. of Art. 1., of the same instrument, reads thus. "This Constitution, and the laws of the U. S., which shall be made in pursuance thereof * * * shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Shade of Webster, what does this mean?

The international law between ancient Ephesus and Syracuse, upon which Shakespeare founded his "Comedy of Errors," was enlightened in comparison with this law against fishing, enacted by the Legislature of the Keystone State of the model Republic of the world, in A. D. 1852, because if it was absurdly severe, it was purely reciprocal; whereas, if any of us has a brother residing in any other State of the Union, if we visit him, we are entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the State in which he resides. If the law permits my brother to fish where he resides, it permits me also; but should he visit me here in Potter Co., where fish are so abundant in our streams, I must caution him not to amuse himself for an hour by fishing, lest he violate the statute; but if he is keen for the sport, he may walk with, and see me, one of the *resident sovereigns*, pull 'em out!—Surely, this is liberty and *equality.*

In your issue of May 20, one of your correspondents, ("J. S. M.,") writing from New York, after having heard the great H. Ward Beecher preach, in concluding his comments on the eloquent sermon he had heard, made the noble offer to pay the expenses of the Rev. gentleman's trip, if he could only be induced to come to Coudersport and deliver a sermon. The offer was a generous one, and was no doubt prompted by the truly christian desire to do good to others. I mention this because "J. S. M." could not have known when he was writing from N. Y., that H. W. Beecher intended to be in Coudersport this summer on his way to Mr. Carson's, in Sylvania, where he had promised to amuse himself for a few days in company with Professor Raymond, of Brooklyn, his near neighbor, and one of his most intimate friends.—And once here, and knowing how highly and sincerely he is esteemed by the people of this county, I have no doubt of his being easily induced to speak to us. But if he hears, as doubtless he will, of the arrest of the men for fishing in Sylvania, it is probable he will not come, and if he does, his friends must caution him not to indulge in the innocent amusement of trout fishing, lest he violate the statute and be arrested to pay the penalty, because every person knows where *he* lives.

In conclusion, I would ask: Is such a law as this relative to fishing, calculated in the end to be beneficial or injurious to the interests of the people of this county? If the former, then let some one "learned in the law" set forth the wherefore. If the latter, then let immediate steps be taken to have the law repealed.

SYLVAN.

SYLVANIA, Pa., June 25, 1858.

READ AND REFLECT.

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JUN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—The debt that sits heaviest upon the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every enobling sentiment, squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it drier than the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer out of a single red cent can never expect to enjoy the comforts of this world, and may well have doubts of finding happiness in any other.

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! If you have hearts moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation who has not settled his account with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold up your heads in society like a giraffe—be respected by the wise and good—free from torture of a guilty conscience, the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of lawyers, which is one and the same thing. If you are honest and honorable men, you will go forthwith and pay the printer.

You will not go to-morrow, because there is no to-morrow; it is a visionary receptacle for unredeemed promises—an addled egg in the great nest of the future—the debtor's hope, the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded sons of Satan, I dont suppose you will pay the printer, as you have no reputation to lose, no character to sustain, no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my dear friends, that if you don't do it, your path to the toomb will be strewn with thorns; your will have to gather your food from brambles; your children will die of dysentery; yourselves never enjoy the blessings of health.

I once called upon a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I inquired if he had forgiven his enemies. He replied, yes. I then asked him if he had paid the printer? He hesitated a moment, and then said he believed he owed him about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to be paid before he bid good-bye to the world. His desire was immediately gratified, and he from that moment became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of good health and prosperity; at peace with his conscience, his God, and the world. Let him be an example for you, my friends. Patronize the printer, take the *Potter Journal* and pay for it in advance, and your days will be long on the earth, and overflowing with the honey of happiness.