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

R. W. BENTON,
SURVEYOR 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 promptly 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. B. HARRINGTON,
JEWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoonmaker & 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

Selected Poetry.

From the National Era.

WOMEN.

BY PHEBE CAREY.

'Tis a sad truth, yet 'tis a truth
That does not need the proving.
We give our hearts away unasked,
And are not loved for loving.

Striving to win a little back
For all we feel, we hide it,
And lips, that tremble with their love,
In trembling have denied it.

We, foolish, deem the kiss and smile,
But life and love's beginning;
While he, who wins our hearts away,
Is satisfied with winning.

Or, thinking that we have not found
The right one for our mating,
We go on till our hair is white,
And eyes are blind with waiting.

The best of us, until we die,
Is less a saint than woman;
And while we pray for love divine,
Our hearts yearn for the human.

From the New York Excelsior.

BE CHARITABLE.

BY ADRIAN DE MONTFORT.

We look amid our friends, for one whose life
Is free from imperfections. Judging them
By what we think all men should be, we draw
No veil of kindness over faults of their's,
But with a reason guided not by sense
We question all their deeds. Our erring race
Find at our hands but little mercy; while
Their sins, viewed with a microscopic eye,
Assume in every case the forms of mountains!
Are *we* free from ill? Has not the Fall, on us
Entail'd a penalty as great as theirs?
Are we more bless'd with virtuous hearts
Than they whose acts we criticise? Ah, no!
We cannot claim exemption from a fault—
Then let us nobly yield to friends the same
Allowance that we give ourselves! We love
These frames of ours with perfect love, with all
Their faults. And can we not as well esteem
Those who are faulty like ourselves? Reverse
The judgements we so quickly form, and as
We hope for pardon, pardon those who err!
Do this! and brighter will our lives appear
When gilded by the holy light of love,
Attended by the beams divine of Mercy.

HOPE DALE, March, 1858.

Original Sketch.

[WRITTEN FOR THE POTTER JOURNAL.]

AN EPISODE
OF
FRONTIER LIFE.

BY HIDALGO.

RAGTOWN is situate on Carson River about twenty-five miles from Carson River Sink, and forty-nine miles from the sink of Humboldt River. The town consists of two stores with dwelling apartments attached, a blacksmith's shop, a barn and one or two fence-rail *correls*. The population may amount to fifteen men, five women, eight mules, five dogs, three cats, and probably a dozen half poisoned oxen fresh from Humboldt River.

This community lives on the chances of trading with immigrants to California—whose animals—when they reach the western side of the desert are so much exhausted by fatigue and alkaline water, that the trader gets them for "a song," and as there are some good grass bottoms along the Carson river—the water of which is excellent—the animals are soon restored and fattened, and are then sent to market in California where they are made to pay five hundred per cent more than they cost.

California in its infancy was the receptacle or land of refuge for murderers and robbers from every part of the world—a new field of enterprise for adventurers, too-well-known cut-purses and swindlers; as it was also the "El Dorado" for thousands of enterprising young men, who have realized fortunes by industry and frugality, and are now respectable members of society, many of them living in affluence and wealth. But there was also a class of men—who when they made their "pile," thought it too much to hold on to—and gave themselves up, intoxicated with their success, to the most expensive and foolish amusements and enjoyments; and when they found their "dust" diminishing rapidly after a time, they tried to make good what they had lost in debauchery, by risking what was yet left them at the gaming table; and not more than five per cent. of this class ever bettered themselves by this course, while the balance got utterly ruined not, only pecuniarily but also in health and character; and if they did not go "to the dogs" at once—they were worthless to themselves and society forever afterwards. Many of this class when ruined in everything, retired to the nearest "diggins"—shunned acquaintances and became, under assumed names, the most notorious scoundrals, either as gamblers robbers, or Funk swindlers; and not a few of them took up ranches on the outskirts of the State, on the various immigrant routes, and became cattle-thieves under the name of "traders."

Of this latter class were the men of Ragtown, and although I did not observe within the limits of the town, a court-house nor a single church, still it must not be presumed for a single moment that this community had neither law nor gospel to govern them—on the contrary, they respect both of these institutions very highly indeed—in their own peculiar manner to be sure—but a very effective one notwithstanding, as I shall endeavor to demonstrate if you follow me to the close of this sketch.

About noon of the second day's travel after leaving the Desert and Ragtown behind us while our train was rolling slowly onward through the heavy, sterile country, through which the Carson flows, after leaving its own valley, which spreads itself in beauty along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada—we were overtaken by two gentlemen, whom we recognized to be inhabitants of the town behind us.

They were both well mounted on steeds of Indian breed, highly caparisoned *a la Mexicana*; and from their appearance they seemed to be prepared for a journey. As they passed our train, they regarded each wagon with a look of enquiry, as if trying to find some thing they had lost.

On approaching the party, of which I was, one riding ahead of the train, they reined up; and the smaller of the two, a short heavy built man with a very round head, short neck and fat, red-whiskered face, dressed in buckskin unmentionables and vest, with black cloth coat rather seedy and slouched hat—addressed us with:—

"Mornin' gen'lmen."

We returned his salutation civilly, when he continued:

"When you passed our ranch I had no sort o'notion o'travellin' for some time—but circumstances has just so fixed it since, that I'm bound' to go through."

"To California?" we inquired.

"Wal no, perhaps not quite so far"—he replied, eyeing us individually and collectively, as if taking our moral and physical measure; and after coming to some mental conclusion as to our size in both—he asked:—

"Did you see ere a stranger, a young looking feller—yaller hair, pug nose, and *all*-mighty talkative—around your camp last night?"

We replied in the negative.

"Wal gen'lmen, the feller I'm a lookin' for, left our settlement yesterday and I'm after him with a warrant from the "boss," and I only hope I mayn't see him in the next week—but I'll try mighty hard to sight him. I tell you. There's a new ranch ben built down on the river 'bout three miles for'ad—if you'll come on we'll hev somethin' to drink and I'll tell you about the gen'lmen I am after—its too darned hot to talk and ride here jest now."

After a short consultation, three of us consented to go with the "Doc," as his comrade called him, and in less than half an hour we were seated in the "new ranch."

"There's no earthly use in denyin' it Jim" said the Doc addressing the host of the ranch, in whose ear he had whispered something, on entering the house, and after finishing his glass of "neat," he closed one of his keen dancing eyes, and looking intently at Jim with the other, continued: "And *you* had orter know better than to try to hide him from the law. He's in or about this ranch and there's nothin' will save him—so jest be wise and fetch him out—the sooner its over the better."

"Well, Doc, I suppose the law must be obeyed here as well as anywhere; but Doc give the critter a sight—give him a trial any how" said Jim, and opening a room door he continued in a louder voice "Its no use—your cake's dough, come out" and the young fair-haired fellow with the pug nose made his appearance, with a most rueful countenance, before the Doc, who, gazing at him from head to foot with a look of contempt, said, addressing us,

"Gen'lmen you see before you a feller who has violated not only gratitude, but also the laws of our settlement, and who stands under the sentence of Death, given by them as had a right to try him; and I am sent—and in fact I'm boun', as it fell to my lot—to hang him if I caught him within a certain distance of our settlement; and I have caught him, and I will hang him—he must die;" and he hit the table a thump with his big fist, which made the pitchers and tumblers dance, as if to assure the poor victim that his earthly doom was sealed beyond any hope of revocation.

"Jim, let's have another drink all round, and you Phil"—said he, addressing his comrade or servant, who was a tall raw-boned man, armed to 'the teeth' with bowie and revolvers—"get the lasso off my pommel for one can't delay;" and Phil. disappeared to obey orders.

During all this time we sat surprised and puzzled at the summary way with which the Doc. and his comrade were about to deal with poor "pug," and puzzled to learn the real nature of the culprit's offence, for the Doc. in his harrangue to us had specified nothing particularly against him. At this stage of the proceedings, Capt. C——, one of my comrades, ventured to put the question "Doctor, might I be allowed to ask you sir, what is the nature of the man's offence—is it murder?"

"Wal, Sir, I had orter in civility told you all 'bout it afore this, as you are gwine to see him hung. This feller you see, came to our ranch about a month ago, clean starved and almost naked. We gin him some clothes and employed him at good wages,—as we wanted a man at the time, to herd for us on the bottoms. Wal he done purty fair, except drinking and talking a little too much, until the day you passed our ranch. I suppose you remember having met a party of Californians going east that day?" he inquired.

We nodded in the affirmative.

"Wal," he continued, "they stopped at our ranch during the afternoon of that day, as they intended crossing the Desert by night, and during that time this hyar Mr. Sullivan gets to drinking and talking with them, and tells them confidentially like, that they had better look out for their animals, as he was employed by us to herd their cattle and riding animals down on the bottoms towards the sink, which we had stolen from emigrants and travellers passing. Of course they believed him, for sich things *is* done on these hyar roads by d——d scoundrels occasionally, and how in thunder are the travelling public to know decent folks from robbers, except by reputation? Shortly before they left, one of them takes me aside and tells me the hull story, that this rascal told them about us, and advised me to stop such practices, and so forth. Wal, gentlemen, you may guess when I heard sich lies as these—(enough to damage the good name of the hull settlement)—told by this mean skunk after what we had done for him, I biled right up, and of I had found him then, he wouldn't have to be hung to-day—you may bet your lives on that. Wal as soon as the party had left I wanted to see this individual privately, for I was then cool enough to talk the matter over with him. But he knew what he had done, and so he dug out. But, gentlemen, he couldn't outrun the law in this hyar country. In the old eastern and some of the western States you have regular law—Judges, Squires, Constables, Sheriffs and sich like varmint—and a right cute lawyer can make an old fat headed Judge and a jury o' common men believe that black is white. But we in the border settlements of this country hev no sich law. Hyar every man is a judge or constable as the case requires it—for the protection of our reputation as a respectable community,—or the punishment of great crimes,—we have no jails—don't want any—and whatever the majority of the people consider it proper to sentence an offender, the hull of the people are boun' to carry it through. Some folks would call this Lynch law but it ain't, quite—its all the law we hev, however, and we want no other kind—and by this law this man is sentenced to be hung, by a very great majority, for tellin a mean malicious lie; and," said he, turning his eyes on the victim, "what have you got to say against being hung inside o' ten minutes?"

The scene within the ranch at that moment was worthy a sketch. The shanty was one of the rudest efforts of construction. It appeared to have been put up in a great *hurry*. The roof was about eight feet from the ground and consisted of rough boards nailed flatly on cross-beams. At one end of the room in which we sat, an adobe fireplace and chimney appeared to be in the course of erection.

The furniture and ornaments of this apartment consisted of a deal table, four or five small benches, a camp kettle and frying pan—and hanging on pegs around the room were a few old garments, a long rifle, two revolvers—Colt's—an Arkansas toothpick—i. e. a long bowie-knife—and one or two buck-skins and otter-skins.

At one end of the table sat the Doc.—his revolver placed before him—contemplating the fate of his intended victim who stood opposite to him, and on whose fear-paled face stood large drops of cold perspiration. At the door stood the gaunt Phil.—as if to preclude the possibility of an escape, in case the condemned should take a notion to bolt. Jim leaned against the wall whittling a piece of a pine chip, casting a pitying glance occasionally around at us, and we sat at the table between the Doc. and prisoner upon whom all eyes were turned awaiting, in silence, for some words of self defence in answer to the Doc.'s last question. The poor man made several ineffectual efforts to speak—but, whether from a sense of fear or conscious guilt, failed; and finally burst into tears and sobbed an appeal to us to save him—to save his life and he would try to do better in the future.

We were not deaf to his supplications; we were all well armed and were determined he should not die for his alleged crime at that time, if we should have to resort to force to save him. My friend Capt. C——, used all the eloquence in his power to save him—which after a great deal of argument between the Doc. and us—succeeded, provided he should receive fifty lashes on his bare back, and promise, on oath, never to return to that part of the country again.

In accordance with this arrangement Phil took the lasso and making the proper noose adjusted it around the neck of the victim—then threw the other end of the rope over the lowest limb of a cottonwood tree which stood a few feet from the shanty, caught it in his left hand, drew it tight and commenced in a cool, business-like manner to punish. After inflicting about twenty lashes the culprit was so badly hurt that we insisted on his release—which the Doc. granted with a better grace than we expected, saying to us: "Yes, he may dig out now, and keep out o' the scent o' the wolves, or he may perhaps find a worse death than hanging before mornin'. The law and my conscience is satisfied. Good day Gentlemen." So saying, he and his friends mounted their horses and soon disappeared on their way to the settlement—while the victim wended his way by the nearest trail to Carson Valley—where on our arrival the following day, we heard he had reached in safety.

Political.

From the N. Y. Eve. Post.

The Motive of the Lecompton-lies—Pugh's Juggle.

Wise statesmen are enabled to foresee how people will act, by their discernment of the motives under which such action is to be determined. Much of the disappointment which has from time to time been encountered as to the course of events in Kansas, has arisen from the want of due attention to the motives by which parties were impelled to action. Let us look at the motives the Lecompton party are sure to be governed by in the coming few weeks, in which so many important points are to be settled.

The whole history of the popular struggle against the sectionalists of the South and their northern coadjutors, since 1852, shows that there was a powerful determination to extend slavery over Kansas, for the sake of securing the vote of the new state in the Senate, and with a view to preserve the institution in Missouri, and to prevent the formation of any free states in the south-west. It was only thus that the control of the government could be kept in the hands of southern leaders. This design they were resolved to effect at every hazard, and by any means that might be necessary It was a struggle for empire—a final one.

As this design was both selfish and unjust, it was not to be accomplished by any other than corresponding agencies. These may be divided into three classes—bullying, fraud and force—all costly in the end to those who employ them, and therefore demanding the economy of using no more at any given point than were necessary to carry that point, but all to be used in their turn, *to any extent that the occasion required*. The record shows that there has been no hesitation in employing the resources relied on, and the result shows that they have not gone beyond the necessities of the case.

We know that Walker and Stanton, two of the ablest supporters of the Administration, were appointed, for the purpose of effecting this object, and they went out with the expectation of achieving it as a great triumph. They were disgraced by the Administration only because they had failed to do it, and they failed because they were unwilling to use the prescribed means of fraud and force to the extent that had become necessary, and to which the Administration was prepared to go, rather than miss the object.

The Lecompton Convention was planned before Walker was appointed governor, and it came from the higher powers behind the curtain. But it was deranged, and apparently rendered nugatory, by the persistent refusal of the people of Kansas to vote for delegates—leaving the convention to represent a mere handful of partisans. The defeat was rendered more overwhelming by the immense majorities that, in spite of all frauds, elected a free-state territorial legislature.

If the Administration, or those for whom it acts, had been accessible to the influence of right, of justice, of patriotism, or of those prudential considerations which ordinarily act as restraints upon bad men, even when seeking bad ends, the struggle would have been abandoned after the territorial election had so exclusively shown where the people of Kansas stood. But it was not abandoned.

The Administration had other expedients in reserve. The convention was reassembled, a confidential agent of the Administration directed their proceedings, and under his influence the constitution was filled with frauds and wrongs, was withdrawn from the people and placed in the hands of Calhoun, a tool of the President, who had it in his power to alter the instrument, to authenticate its adoption, and to constitute, by his sole certificate, the entire government that should be organized under the constitution. And there is no check or supervision that can alter whatever he determines.

It is most unphilosophical now to suppose that such a machinery was contrived and created for any other object than that it might be ready for use if needed, nor without a purpose to use it to any extent that may be needful to make Kansas a slave state. He who makes himself believe that those who have gone so far will now stop at anything, is a simple self-deceiver. There is no way of defeating the conspiracy, but by the absolute rejection of the Lecompton Constitution, and the actual admission of the state into the Union, with the Constitution about to be formed by the new convention chosen this month.

Every one of the pretexts put forth by the Lecompton party is a fallacy, only fitted to screen or facilitate some intended trick of fraud or usurpation. It is said that the people of Kansas can alter their constitution at pleasure. But it should be remembered that the very act of admission under the Lecompton constitution determines that only the supporters of that instrument are to be recognised as the people of Kansas. They will have the legislature and the state officers by Calhoun's certificates, and the President will employ the army to maintain that government.

The people of New York or Pennsylvania could alter their constitution at their pleasure, without being bound by the forms or the old constitution; because, in the first place, they had already the control of their own government, and the favor of the Federal authorities, which the people of Kansas have not; and then, those states are too large and powerful to fear that impertinent interference of the National Executive, which might nearly overwhelm a small and unorganized state like Kansas.

The unofficial newspaper declaration of Calhoun, made, as he admits, before he has received the "official" intelligence from Governor Denver, which may ro-