

Hearts of the people against the odious and tyrannical Lecompton spindle—a bitter and loathing which rests also upon its supporters in the White House and in the halls of Congress. In the present state of feeling, it will not be healthy for John Calhoun or the other "refugees" in Buchanan's bosom at the Capital to return here. If they set foot on Kansas soil, they will probably be welcomed with a greeting such as was extended to the cowboys and Tories of the Revolution, after the close of that war.

In a few weeks the Leavenworth Constitution will be ratified by twelve to fifteen thousand majority, and a State Government elected under it. A special messenger will lay it before Congress, on or before the 1st June, and ask admission into the Union under it. Gen. Lane and Gov. Robinson will most likely be the first U. S. Senators, and may have their credentials before the 4th of July—if Congress be in session at that time. On the day the Constitution will be submitted, a vote of the people will be taken "inquiring" to the Legislature the popular choice for Senators. Admitted into the Union under the Leavenworth Constitution, the people's choice will prevail, agitation of the slavery question will measurably cease; peace will be restored, and prosperity and happiness will bless this vast and beautiful Territory—an Sovereign State. Why will the Administration keep the question longer open? Have they not had enough of Slavery agitation? Are they not anxious for a Republican secession?

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Potter Journal.

New York, April 21, 1858.

What an instructive field of research must be the physiology of the human pocket. A mysterious sympathy seems to exist between that cuticular organ and the central seat of life, which has been treated of nowhere in medical jurisprudence. I wonder that some enterprising anatomist, with microscope to eye and scalpel in hand, urged on by that daring spirit of exploration in untrudged fields which has won so many realms to surgical science, does not leave aside for a while his inquiries into the structure and functions of sacs and cells beneath the human skin, and turn his attention to the phenomena manifested in this wonderful secretory gland of the outer human integument. I wonder that some bold explorer, with an eye single to science, has not long since dissected the pocket, probed its seat of sensation, laid bare the delicate network of nerves that ramify from the pulse to the person, and defined the muscles that contract the whole system and force the blood back to the heart on the instant of any suddenly discovered depletion in that keenly sensitive part. I marvel that our medical libraries do not contain at least one volume setting forth the results of investigation in this inviting region of anthropological science. Sudden vacuum and collapse of the pocket! How terrible the convulsions that follow so critical a giving in. The stomach, now, is an organ that must always be kept to a certain degree of repletion to insure fair health and happiness, but sudden disgorging from that vital organ does not proceed to the hazard of human life—on the contrary, it often gives the patient manifest relief. Throw up even the bile, to say nothing of the roast and the toast which cause stomaclic distension, and a flush of joy often suffices the gouttance. But the pocket, however overloaded, causes an unaccountable and unlooked for "nary red"ness in that organ, and flutter, palpitation and panic seize at once the citadel of life. I have been a painful witness to hypochondriacs of that kind, and I would as soon accept an invitation to pre-empt the official tapping of the jugular of the next French conspirator as witness the agonies that flow from a tapped pocket.

On a train from Cincinnati to central Kentucky, one day last fall, the jolliest passenger that ever paid a fare kept his part of the car in a roar with his merriment and jokes. Even such fragments of his stories as reached my own ear above the rattle of the wheels, were irresistibly laughable to me. He was a prosperous stock-drover, and his experience without a doubt had his source and supply in a pocket full of \$1,300, with which he was going to decimate the cattle on a thousand hills and embark them for "Coves and a market." But suddenly, unaccountably, in the twinkling of an eye, the "tin" became intangible. The skill of a pickpocket in the crowd at the last station had prevailed over affection, gratitude and all the laws which bind purses to pockets, and the cash could no longer be considered in hand—at all events not in his hand. But didn't his hand, or rather a pair of them—and such hands too! powerful enough to fell an ox—didn't his hands make at the rate of sixty dimes a minute into every pocket in every garment on the person, in the vain hope that somehow the missing treasure would spring itself back again as mysteriously as it went? And then his cheek blanched, his tongue uttered incoherent ravings, and his eyes wandered under seats, over seats and into all sorts of impossible places, but the money had gone to that horrid from which no change ever returns. I saw him the next day at Lexington, and the starch of story-telling had gone clear out of him. The melancholy of Falstaff's "gibbed cat" was no touch to the sadness that pervaded every feature. Hauled, too, remembered me to exclaim—"Alas poor Yorick! Where be your gibes and jokes now? Here your gibes and bushes of merri-

ment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning—quite chop-fallen!"

Hurrying up Broadway yesterday, if sinuous elbowing among the crowd at the rate of two miles an hour could be called hurrying, I saw five women remonstrating with another woman in the most excited manner, and apparently holding her in from self-destruction. Presently her veil came off and I saw the cause of the trouble at once. I had seen the symptoms before, and diagnosed the case in an instant. The blanched cheek, livid lip, and wild, wandering eye told unmistakably of collapse and asphyxia of the pocket. One of the ladies seeing that I observed them, approached me, saying her mother had just lost a large amount of money, and inquired if I had seen any one picking a pocket? Poor woman, she was in no state of mind to remember that those things are seldom seen. She might as well have inquired if I had seen Signor Blitz putting his canaries into egg shells, or seen any gay Lothario picking a wed-lock. And so I kept on my way, musing on "The Variety of Riches," and the fringes which they take to themselves and fly away.

The U. S. Steam Frigate, *Susquehanna*, arrived at this port, last week, from the West Indies, with a crew of 400 persons and a fine cargo of Yellow Fever; and we are in a good deal of fright about it. We quite expect our panic to be followed with plague, this summer; but this is rather early to look for the terrible visitation. The ship was sent to Quarantine under strict supervision of the Health Authorities, and probably the contagion will not spread this time, as it is rapidly abating aboard the ship. Still it is a fair warning of what we may look for to other arrivals.

Lotteries and gift enterprises are very much under a cloud here just now. Police officials are coming down on them daily, or as fast as they can be smoked out, with those unpleasant little documents called warrants, not drawn in blank either; so the officer is very sure of a prize every time. The letters that pour in to these swindling and broken up concerns are detained at the Post Office, opened, and returned to the writers with a note of caution from Mayor Tiemann, to beware of Gift and Lottery concerns, as they are frauds of the worst order.

Our Devil is having a distressed time of it. The way of the transgressor is hard, even for a Street Commissioner, who surely, if anybody, ought to mend his ways, and make them easy to travel. He has not come within sight of possession of his office yet. He applied to the Courts to arrest the Mayor for contempt—which I have no doubt His Honor felt for the Commissioner. The Courts probably have a fellow feeling with the Mayor, and gave such an intimation of it that the application was quietly withdrawn. He then applied to the Supreme Court for a "writ of assistance," invoking the aid of the Sheriff to put him in possession of the office; which assistance the Court denied, deciding that the Court of Appeals judgment must execute itself. The Mayor, too, on behalf of justice and the people, is not inactive. He has removed the Commissioner "for cause," as provided in the charter, put his finger on the Devil street openings, where several hundred thousand dollars of the people's money went down, sent the conclusive document to the Board of Aldermen for concurrence, and they have referred the whole matter to a special committee. The Mayor has also presented Devlin to the Grand Jury for indictment. The people, moreover, are petitioning the Aldermen to concur with the Mayor in his removal. Devlin defends himself by writing imploring letters to individuals and the Aldermen, protesting his innocence and prating about his "rights," as though the people have suffered no wrongs at his hands. It is an interesting fight which will be likely to occupy the municipal ring for some time to come. The pickings and stealings of so fat an office are not to be dropped without a severe struggle.

Our great Central Park, the Arcadian grove of our city's future, the mingled Paradise of shade and shine, of lake and lawn, of vale and mound and glen, is slowly taking shape. The competing plans for landscaping rough, wild nature into tasteful forms are now before the Park Commissioners, and decision will be made for the best will be made in a few days. Meantime the rough work of javeling, excavating and grading is going on. Last week the official ceremony of breaking ground for the "Lake of Manhattan" was performed with heaving pomp and circumstance. The lake is to cover 100 acres, and will be at the same time an ornament to the Park and an immense reservoir of Croton, holding more than a thousand millions of gallons. By the way, it is curious—did you ever think of it?—our little Croton River empties into the sea through 600,000 mouths! That's a trifle more than the mouths of the Mississippi or the Danube.

The long waited for event of the election of Sackens of Tammany Hall came off last Monday evening, and the star that guides the destiny of Fernando Wood went down in bloom, as the regular ticket headed by Isaac V. Fowler, our respected Postmaster, was elected.

On Saturday evening previous to the election, the two hostile tribes assembled in their respective camps and held one big talk, to gather courage and nurse their wrath preparatory to entering upon the shock of battle. At the Mercer Street House, Fernando Wood made what may be taken for the last expiring words of his political life: "My peace, my happiness now begin to demand a share of my attention. I now declare, in the presence of God, that I am not now a candidate for

any office, nor do I believe I ever shall be." Good many voters in all that, but I am afraid they won't hold out long. By the next nominating conventions they will turn into them. I remember this is the man who was going to resign so fast, if the new Police law was declared constitutional, and then spent some blood and \$10,000 worth of treasure, in fighting it when it was so declared. He continues: "I am now a candidate for nothing." That's cheap at half the money, and he will probably get it.

At this point of writing, I learn that our Aldermen have just done unexpected justice to this tax enduring people by concurring with the Mayor in his removal of Devlin. On the announcement of this auspicious result, the Mayor at once sent in the name of Edward Cooper to fill the vacant commissionership, and the Aldermen unanimously confirmed the nomination. So ends, we hope, this long political scrimmage. WRATZ.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Potter Journal.

A PLEA FOR POTTER COUNTY.

No. VI.

Believing that quality is not determined by quantity, we feel little hesitation in putting in our "Plea" for those who own and publish a Country Paper. We do this the more freely, since there are those who seem, to us at least, to have a mistaken notion of the nature and office of a Country Paper. Our own opinion upon this subject is, that a Public Journal ought to be conducted by a person whose general knowledge is every way competent for the task; and he should present his readers with a paper every way worthy of their perusal. Let the articles be as pointed as it is possible for them to be, only let them be true. Let them sting men to the quick, only let the language be chaste and strictly proper, and we say go on. We say too, that a Country Paper ought to disseminate general information upon all subjects in which the people have an interest. No country paper can be sustained by advocating any one thing, no matter how important that one thing may be. This does not arise from the nature of the subject to be advocated, but from the paucity of those interested in it. In the country some are interested in Politics, some in Religion, and some one thing, some another. Now it requires all of them together to support a paper, and all ought to help in this. Should I indulge in strong drink, I think it would be a further mark of my folly were I to get angry at the Editor for publishing something in favor of temperance; and bluster out my thunder in telling him to stop my paper. If no man would support a paper unless it met his own views, and that, too, upon every subject, we ask who would subscribe? and for what paper? All that a man can ask is, that should the paper present anything in a false or wrong light, he have the privilege to correct the mistake through its columns. This is fair and we conceive all that ought to be required. If this be admitted we earnestly ask why not give a hearty support to papers published in our county. Multitudes send for Papers which are published at a distance; with this we have nothing to say, but home should not be forgotten. We confess here that we are not fully informed about the support which the county paper receives, but judging that it shares in the lot of other professions, we have spoken as above. The narration of a fact reported to have been done at a distance, is never clothed with the power, nor the interest of that which is done near by. Still further, every person in the county should feel him or herself bound to furnish for publication everything which can be of interest to the community or the public at large. Then give the paper your support,—give it the benefit of your abilities, and let it be a part of your business that the paper shall be a living reality; because, we look upon a paper as being somewhat of an index to the people among whom it is published; because, we look upon it in somewhat the same light as we look upon public buildings; they ought to be the pride of the people, so ought the newspaper; it ought to be looked at by the people as a child of their own, in which they feel the deepest interest. Sustain it then by all the means in your power, and its fruit will pay back with increase.

In order that there might be a right distribution of work we would put in our "Plea," also, for the Ladies. In the light in which we judge, we would assign to them the whole work of teaching the Common Schools in our county, not for the purpose of having the teaching done cheaper, but because they can do it just as well as men can; and, if so, they ought to have just as much pay for it. We confess our reason has often been bewildered when we have thought that a woman who teaches the same school just as well as a man, and he gets \$30 per month and she only \$18. Can any modern philosopher help us out of our difficulty in understanding this? It just looks to us, like getting a Tailor to make a vest for us; he charges us \$1 50, but gets a woman to make it, for which he pays her 75 cts.!! If the vest is worth \$1 50 to make it, why rob the woman by paying her only one half? Or if she gets enough why rob the person who gets it made out of 75 cts? So we reason with teaching school. If it is worth \$30 per month for a man to teach it is worth the same to a woman who does the same work equally as well. We have asked a reason for this and have been answered that women did not need as much money as men; that their clothes do not cost as much. But this is not true. Ladies' clothes cost as much as

men's, and I verily believe more, when you take a few years together, and certainly their education costs the same. Besides, we do not believe in this method of determining the value of things. There is exactly the same thing required by the School Directors from a female Teacher as there is from a male Teacher, and, if so, they deserve to be paid alike. But our design is to, that ladies should teach, in order that the men should employ their energies upon the sterner duties and business of life. Of course we are speaking of all who are able bodied. Whatever of capital is withdrawn in this respect is dead loss. So, too, ladies might be engaged in Stores. We think it will be conceded that they can do most of the business just as well as men. There are, if we are not mistaken, some twelve or thirteen men who spend their time in selling merchandise in the village of Coudersport. Now no one will say that it requires all this force to do the business, for we venture to say that six ladies could sell every article which is sold in town during the week, and that too by spending only 10 hours each day and six days in a week; nor would we be much surprised if, in addition, they would do considerable sewing or knitting, and keep a much cleaner and neater store. A lady can sell a piece of cloth as well as a book, a pound of sugar as well as a sheet of paper, and a quantity of hardware just as well as a box of steel pens and a bottle of ink. The merchant who would introduce the services of a lady into his store, would, we are aware, introduce something novel, but, as we conceive, nothing wrong. We think it is worthy of a fair trial on many accounts.

One thing more we set up our "Plea" for, and that is that every person should live up to all his engagements. By this we mean that every man should keep his word, up to the exact spirit and letter of it. Who can tell the amount of evil and bitterness which is occasioned by men making a promise to do certain things by a given time, and yet takes no notice of them, even after the time has long transpired. We admit that a man may be frustrated in his plans so that he cannot meet his engagements, but this does not absolve him from the obligation to go and make the necessary explanation to those to whom he was bound to fulfill his word. If he does not do this he has been guilty of falsehood, no matter what other name you give to it; call it slackness or anything else you please. Yet strange to say, there are those who would feel indignant at being thought liars, who promise to pay you upon a certain day, and will allow that day to pass without doing as they agreed, and who will meet and pass you afterwards a dozen times, and never say a word about the business. If they have not been false, we would like to ask have they told the truth?

And what a vast amount of time and money are spent in running after men to get from them your just dues. This is as if so much capital had been stolen from them. Let every one ask himself, if he is as honest in this respect as he ought to be.

This will end my Plea for Potter, not that everything is said that could be, but because I have said as much as may be profitable for your readers. We had thought of speaking about the Lumbermen, that worst of all paid class of men in the community. Their actual receipts are but a poor compensation for the actual amount of bona fide labor spent, but we leave this subject. What we have written, we have done it with the best intention, and the best of feeling to the people of this county. If we have said anything untrue, or by its fair interpretation adapted to give offence to any, we ask their forgiveness and beg them not to attribute it to any want of kindness toward me. I tender my sincere thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for the space which you have allowed me to occupy in your columns. Your indulgence, I trust, is appreciated. Yours, A FRIEND TO POTTER.

For the Potter Journal.

Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent, "A Friend to Potter," while saying many good things, and giving some excellent advice, has, in my opinion, been revamping an exploded theory. His advice—a part of it, at least—supposes a majority of Whigs, to say the least of it. He would have our farmers do all their trading with our own merchants, except that they should buy their plows, sleigh-shoes &c., of our own mechanics—for the sake, as he says, of keeping the money in the county. How would this keep the money in the county? Do not our merchants buy all their goods out of the county? and does not the money, except their profits, have to go out of the county to pay for them? Most certainly. Why do our farmers go to Wellsville, Olean &c., to buy goods? Why? "A Friend to Potter" says, because "they can do better. In other words, the farmer saves a profit, instead of the merchant." Where, then, is the mighty difference about the money being kept in the county? It is a well-known fact that the merchants of Potter county, in proportion to the capital invested, make a larger profit than almost any where else in the U. S. of America. The reason of this, is because Potter county is comparatively isolated—no railroad, canal, or navigable stream being found within its borders. It is new, and the first settlers being poor, are obliged to pay the merchants for goods whatever they choose to ask—and take for their grain &c., whatever they choose to give.

How does "A Friend to Potter" propose to remedy this? Hear! Hear! Why, put a rousing price on your grain, when you sell it to them, and make them pay it. Sharp, ain't he?—when we all know they go to Wellsville, or anywhere they can buy cheapest, to buy flour, pork, grain &c. I suppose it will right for them to buy "out of the county." The true remedy is, no doubt, for farmers to buy anywhere they can do best, until they can compel our merchants to sell at a reasonable profit; and then, I presume, no one will be fool enough to make a journey of from twenty to fifty miles when he can save money by trading nearer home. But he takes the merchant to do next for selling some things "too cheap!"—such as plows, sleigh-shoes &c. First,

the farmer must be taxed to support the merchant, and then an extra tax levied to support the mechanic. Such is the gist of his argument. But "A Friend to Potter" says that mechanics and manufacturers are a benefit to the community. Not unless they are self-sustaining. What benefit is it to a community to take from one to three dollars from every man who wishes to purchase a plow, and give it to another, merely because he wishes to spend his time making plows &c., when other employments are open to him? Are not the benefits which a manufactory indirectly confers on a community in that case more than counterbalanced? Suppose, for instance, that a gristmill in my neighborhood takes one-fourth or one-sixth of every bushel for toll, and another a few miles off takes only one-tenth,—what real benefit is the gristmill to my neighborhood? In my opinion, a business that will not support itself had better be abandoned. HOURS.

[We think both of our correspondents have taken extreme positions in this matter—the extreme whig doctrine of Protection to Home Industry, and the ultra cotton doctrine of free Importation. The great error of the Farmers in this county is, they allow their interests to go by default from lack of proper attention to them; while the Merchant, who naturally has more regard for his own pocket than the welfare of the community, takes advantage of the demand created by the Farmer's laxity, and by importing produce neutralizes the already small resources of the Farmer and adds to his own gains. Another error is, that Farmers go in debt to Merchants more than even extreme necessity requires, and suppose they are paying the Merchant a large profit on his merchandise, when, in fact, they are only promising in advance to pay him several years' interest. Both of these errors are most easily corrected by those most interested.—E.]

The Potter Journal.

COUDERSPORT, PA.

Thursday Morning, April 29, 1858.

T. S. CHASE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

The Legislature adjourned on the 22d, and Mr. Benson arrived at home on the evening of the 23d. He looks hale and hearty, and much as though neither the large amount of mental labor he has performed this winter, nor the domestic cares he assumed just before leaving last fall, had impaired his vigorous constitution.

Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, an Episcopal clergyman, well-known for his independence of character, and strong anti-slavery sentiment, died on Monday of last week. He met with a severe accident, a few days ago, and mortification ensuing, rendered necessary the amputation of his arm, from the effects of which he died.

A correspondent of the *Oswego Journal*, writing from Harrisburg in regard to the passage of the "Free Whisky License Law" through the House, has the following on dit in regard to the views the Members from this district have of modern democracy. We agree with them:

"Of the provisions of the bill it is not necessary to speak—you have received it ere this, and can form your own views. It is contented, however, to be much more liberal towards the dealers in poison, than the present. William, of Tioga county, and Benson, of Potter, say that if the Democracy won't go in for free will, they do go in for free whisky. Express no opinion as to the latter matter, but merely give the assertion of the gentlemen referred to."

The New Liquor Law is a powerful accession to the cause of murder, crime, prostitution and modern democracy. The Buchanan leaders of this State finding that the people were no longer with them in their raid against popular sovereignty in Kansas, have assumed the task of demoralizing them with bad whisky, with the hope of getting them ready for their political operations this fall. In furtherance of this scheme, they have passed a law which allows a doggery-keeper to sell any quantity of "blue ruin" by the quart, on application and paying \$10 to \$20 to the County Treasurer; while a hotel keeper is obliged to make application to the Judges of the Court, who have a discretionary power in the matter. Our citizens need not be much surprised at seeing a number of one-horse grocery stores established here in the course of the Summer. We have no fear of a hotel being licensed, as our judges are practical as well as theoretical Temperance men. We will publish the most important portions of the law next week—perhaps all of it.

The Sale of the residue of the State Canals is about the most important business transacted by the Legislature which closed its Session on the 22d inst. All along the line of the above-named works there is public rejoicing, and with reason. At Lock Haven 100 guns were fired in honor of the passage of the bill providing for their Sale to the Sunbury & Erie Railroad Company, and any quantity of congratulatory speeches were made. The upshot of the whole is, that while the public works will now be turned to some account, there is also a certainty that another link will complete the second great chain of American Railway diverging from Philadelphia.

But the best provision of the bill is that which abolishes the Board of Canal Commissioners, and thus removes the

great leprosy which so long sickened the Commonwealth's prosperity. The vitality of the people will no longer be neutralized by ponderous taxation to support and encourage political prodigality and debauchery. The abolishment of the Canal Board may be said to have the same relation to the prosperity of Pennsylvania as the fall of Babylon did to the advance of Religion; or as freedom to the Slave. We rejoice at this triumph of the interests of the People—which have already too long been subordinated to the selfish interests of political hucksters and tricksters; and we feel confident that we have not a reader but will heartily say amen to the sentiment.

Then, the Sunbury & Erie R. R. is a work of vast importance; far more important to the whole State than the North Branch Canal, on which millions have been expended. North-western Pennsylvania has never before received any aid from the State in the way of constructing public improvements, and therefore we think the Legislature did simple justice in giving this road the aid of the bill of sale of the Canals of the State. So we throw up our hats and rejoice. First, because a great competition fraud has been put away, and secondly, because the Sunbury & Erie Railroad has been put in the way of being completed.

We see in this measure also, sure indications of the final triumph of the anti-oppression sentiment in this State,—inasmuch as it removes the only means of political and partisan usurpation. Republicans have cause to rejoice—we say, great cause to rejoice—at the sale of the Public Works.

THE RECORD.

The Members of Congress from the Free States who have persistently voted so to allow the People of Kansas to say decisively by a majority vote whether they will accept and come into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, or, rejecting this, frame another which shall be satisfactory to them, are the following:

SENATE.
Rhode Island—Philip Allen.
New Jersey—Wm. Wright, Jno. R. Thomson.
Pennsylvania—William Bigler.
Indiana—Jesse D. Bright, G. N. Fitch.
Iowa—George W. Jones.
California—Wm. M. Gwin.
Ohio—Geo. E. Pugh.
*Barnes, *Duffing instructions, *Shuffling and putting.
Total (Senate) 9.

HOUSE.
CONNECTICUT.
Samuel Arnold, William D. Bishop.
New York.
John Cochrane, Erastus Corning,
Israel T. Hatch, John Kelly,
William B. Maclay, William F. Russell,
John A. Spear, Daniel E. Sickles,
George Taylor, Elijah Ward.
New Jersey.
John Huyler, John R. Wortendyke.

PENNSYLVANIA.
John A. Abel, William L. Dewart,
William H. Dimmick, Thomas B. Florence,
James L. Gillis, J. Glancy Jones,
James Landy, Paul Loidy,
Henry M. Phillips, Wilson Reilly,
ALLISON WHITE.

OHIO.
Joseph Burns, Joseph Miller.
INDIANA.
James M. Gregg, James Hughes,
William E. Niblack.
CALIFORNIA.—Charles L. Scott.
Total (House) 31.

Hunkerism, as it Affects the Judiciary.

Whenever a Judge of any court shows himself particularly active in the support of Slavery, the hunker press sounds his praise all over the land. No matter how many State laws he may violate, he is still praised. So, when E. G. Loring of Massachusetts retained his office of Slave catcher under the fugitive slave bill, after the Legislature had enacted that no person should hold any office under the State laws, while he was an officer under the fugitive slave bill, the hunker press applauded his bold defiance of the State law, and when the Legislature and the Governor vindicated their authority by removing the impudent violator of Massachusetts enactments, this same press set up a howl of rage at the removal of the offending Judge. Conspicuous among the papers thus acting is the *Lycoming Gazette*, which is equally conspicuous in its zeal for the abolition of Judge Wilmot's District. Contrast Wilmot with Loring and you have a perfect idea of hunker democracy. Judge Loring refused to comply with the law which made the two offices incompatible. It gave him ten days within which he could elect which he could hold. He bade defiance for three years to the law of the state and to the sentiment of the people, in order to serve the slave-holders. Wilmot has acted contrary to no law, and in accordance with the feelings of three-fourths of his constituents in his labors for freedom. Yet the *Lycoming Gazette*, and the papers of its party, are enraged that Loring was removed from his office as Judge of Probate, and that Wilmot was not removed from his Judgeship. Such is hunker democracy. It will do anything for Slavery, even to the forcing a constitution on a protesting people. Men of Potter County, how many of you will longer sustain such a party?