

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

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For The People's Journal. WIDOW BARSTOW.

When Deacon Goodman returned from his visit to the widow's, his two daughters met him at the door with a paper, and requested him to subscribe for the purpose of raising a fund to fit up a box of clothing to send to the Home Mission, in the city of New-York.

"Now, father, you must put down something handsome," said Jane, the eldest; "I am sure you ought to subscribe at least ten dollars. Mr. Silwell has, and you are as able to do it as he."

"Yes, father, you must subscribe," said Jane and I have each put down one dollar," said Louisa, taking him by the arm coaxingly. "It is so bad for the poor people in a great city to be without the comforts of life. Won't it make them so happy to learn that they have friends here, way out in the country, who love and are so willing to help them? Come, now, father, you will subscribe ten dollars, won't you?"

"Why, girls, you seem to be really in earnest," said the Deacon, laughing. "What has so wrought upon your charitable feelings?"

"Oh, you remember our minister preached such a beautiful discourse upon Charity, last Sunday," said Jane, enthusiastically. "I would like to spend my life in charitable works, if only I lived in a city and were rich. But here, in the country, we can only show our good will by sending each year to the Home Mission a new box of clothing."

"So there is no one in our own neighborhood who would be grateful for a present of one or two of those warm dresses you propose sending off," said the Deacon, his thoughts recurring to widow Barstow. "Perhaps, if we tried, we might find those whom our charity would reach, nearer home. Do you know widow Barstow, girls?"

"Yes," replied both, wondering.

"She is poor, and has herself and boy to maintain by her own labor."

"But she can get a plenty of sewing," said Louisa. "O, I know I could get along very well were I in her place. I'd work hard before asking charity from anybody."

"If you should be sick, what would you then do? Mrs. Barstow is sick and unable to work. How think you she gets along?"

"O, there are enough to help her. I dare say. Dr. Phillips will not ask anything for his medicines; he never does poor folks, who are unable to pay; and somebody will see to the rest. I never knew anybody to suffer for want of help in this neighborhood. Ma, ma, n't pass sign this paper?—it would look so stingy!"

"Yes, daughters," replied Mrs. Goodman, looking up from her sewing. "I think he ought to set a charitable example to our Church, as he is the Deacon."

He seemed to be convinced somebody would certainly see that Mrs. Barstow did not suffer; and had she not just told him that the Doctor's timely aid would enable her to get along until she could resume her duties?

He signed the paper as requested; and Jane said she would take it over to the Doctor's, but she did not expect to get anything, as he never seemed to care for the poor people in the great city, and was always saying that our own poor people should be first provided for before giving to those somewhere else. He knew that there were no one here who was suffering, and needed help—she thought he said it because he was stingy to give anything.

"Doctor, here is a subscription paper, which I have called to see if you would not subscribe," said Jane, handing him the paper, which he took, and, having read it, said—

"I don't know, Miss Goodman. I am always willing to give all that I am able to charitable purposes. In fact, I always make a point of giving something whenever any such subscription is taken up. But, cannot we give some other way with more certainty of rendering real assistance?"

"Then you will not give anything?" said Miss Goodman, seeming not to notice the Doctor's question.

"Yes," replied he, significantly, "I will give ten dollars, but must insist upon its going to a Home Mission not so far off as New-York: Look here," he continued, taking out his pocket book and going to a writing desk, pulling out a little drawer, and placing in it a ten dollar note, "this is my missionary box; whenever a subscription is taken up, I deposit here what I can give, as a sinking fund, to relieve any of my poor neighbors, who, by sickness or misfortune, are reduced to want. Several years' experience has proven satisfactorily that my Home Mission works well, and is doing much good."

Displeased with the Doctor, Miss Goodman returned home, thinking him decidedly penurious, and so she expressed herself to several young ladies who had called during her absence; and, of course, all agreed.

About a week after this event there was a meeting at Deacon Goodman's, of nearly all the ladies in the neighborhood, for the purpose of making up the box of clothing. As usual on such occasions, the day previous had been spent by Mrs. Goodman and her daughters in cooking and preparing for the occasion.

In course of the day, Dr. Phillips' case was taken up and thoroughly discussed. All finally, seemed to agree upon one point—that he was decidedly penurious, they did not believe that any of the money he put in his Mission box, as he called it, ever found other hands without his receiving its equivalent. Some of them had a great many times been ashamed for him, when the contribution box was passed around at Church for taking a collection for the Missionary Society, to see him shake his head, and look as though he was afraid of losing a penny. Others thought so stingy a man undeserving of their patronage, and were glad that another Doctor was about locating in the neighborhood.

Mean time there was also a party assembled at Doctor Phillips', consisting of the wives of several poor neighbors.

While Mrs. Phillips and Margaret, her little daughter, were preparing supper, the company were busily engaged in sewing and discoursing on the difference between Dr. Phillips' ways of being charitable and that of many others.—Each had some little tale of his kindness to relate, until their work was finished.

After tea, the Doctor entered their room and requested that they would come again on the morrow, and said his carriage would be sent around to fetch them.

When the morrow came, the box of clothing, for the Missionary Society in New York, was packed and sent to the railroad station to be forwarded. And, while this was being done, the Doctor's carriage was bringing some half dozen poor women to his house. When all had arrived, the Doctor proposed that they should accompany him to Widow Barstow's, as she was sick and lonely, and would be so glad to see them. He was going to take down a few things which she might need.

The carriage in which they came was exchanged for lumber a wagon with a high red box, in which they were soon seated, and rattling down the road.

"Charlie, you may make some porridge for dinner," said Mrs. Barstow, as she sat before the fire in an arm-chair. She was getting much better, and could now sit up most of the time.

Charlie set about making the porridge as handy as any little girl. First he put some water in a kettle and hung it over the fire; when the water boiled, he stirred in some meal and added a little milk. Then he set out the table, and placed on it a couple of bowls and spoons, then dipped the porridge out into a large dish; and when all was in readiness,

helped his mother up to the table. Just as they were to partake of this humble repast, a wagon stopped before the little gate, and Doctor Phillips descended and assisted several ladies to alight.

"We like to have been too late," said he, rubbing his hands together gleefully as they entered. "We have come to dine with you, Mrs. Barstow. Come, Maggie, help bring in the box."

In a few minutes a box was set down in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Phillips and Maggie commenced unpacking it. First came a several dishes of choice eatables, cooked and ready for the table, then there were several packages, tea, sugar, rice, crackers and other groceries used in the family, next two loaves of white bread, a roll of butter, and lastly was a large smoked ham. The other ladies assisted in placing the victuals on the table, one making some tea, and dinner was soon ready.

While this was transpiring the widow sat a silent spectator. Her heart was too full for utterance, and sought relief in a flood of grateful tears. Charlie was all surprise, and looked on as though it was all a dream.

"Let me help Mrs. Barstow to the table," said Mrs. Phillips, drawing the widow's chair up to a place where a couple of dishes suited to an invalid's diet were placed. Doctor Phillips, placing himself at the head of the table, asked a blessing, and then carved and waited upon the company.

Dinner passed off with much good feeling. When all had been cleared away, a couple of hours was spent in pleasant conversation. Maggie and Charlie were seated by a window, reading and talking to one another like brother and sister. When the time for departure had arrived, the Doctor went out to the wagon and brought in another box and presented it to Mrs. Barstow as a present from his Home Mission.

When they were gone, Charlie opened the box and took out two dresses for his mother, a couple of new bed quilts, and a complete suit of clothes for himself. There were happy hearts in the widow's dwelling that night; and when they retired, a grateful prayer to the Giver of All Blessings went up for the benevolent who could remember the poor in the hour of their severest trials.

On a bright May morning, as the express train was about leaving the town of —, a group of four persons took seats for the village of —, which had sprung up at the terminus of the newly-constructed road. Two of these passengers had apparently passed the meridian of life; the others were a young man and woman about twenty-five. There was a satisfied smile upon the countenances of the older couple; but the young people seemed to be wholly engrossed with contemplations of the future, which seemed to surround them with a sweet, sad melancholy.

As the trains flew along, many of the stupendous structures on the road called forth from the elder exclamations of wonder and admiration for the genius which had constructed and executed such enduring monuments of utility to bequeath an appreciating posterity.

When he was speaking, the eyes of the young couple were sure to meet, and a blush would mount the temples of the young man as he read in the gaze of his companion such undisguised admiration.

Reader, this young man was the engineer who had planned and executed this master-work of science.

It was nine o'clock the next day when the party alighted from the cars and took an omnibus, which the young man directed to drive to No. 26, a neat white cottage in a rather retired part of the town.

As they alighted from the omnibus, an elderly woman, whom he called mother, met them at the gate and welcomed them in.

Next day there was a wedding at the white cottage. Many distinguished men were present, who congratulated the young engineer upon his happy union, and joined in making the bridal party one of much gaiety and innocent enjoyment.

The following evening, when the

young couple and the elderly ladies and gentlemen were seated in the parlor, the young man took the occasion to pour out their thanks to their benefactors, who had sought them out when in distress, and helped them to rise from want to honor and respectability.

It was widow Barstow and Charlie (thanking Mr. and Mrs. Phillips for the disinterested kindness they had shown them).

Maggie, who had read and talked like a sister to Charlie when at the little donation party, was now his wife.

Dr. Phillips' kindness had helped the widow's son to an academic course of studies, and when he left school, furnished them with means to go to the west, where he might find employment as an engineer, for which he had prepared himself. Long before Charlie left school, a warm friendship sprung up between himself and his benefactor's daughter, who was about his own age.

The completion of the road on which he was employed as chief engineer, had been appointed as the time for the union.

When released, he at once hastened to his native town, and prevailed upon Dr. Phillips and his wife to accompany him and Maggie to his western home; that their nuptials might be celebrated in the presence of his mother.

We need not add, that this formed a happy episode in the Doctor's life. Here was the fruit of his sowing—a ten fold reward—a crowning work of his Home Mission.

Before taking leave of the reader, we would say that Deacon Goodman is still much the same sort of a man as when you last knew him—only a little more devout and fond of talking of foreign missionary labors. He has the same reliance upon somebody taking care of the poor in his own neighborhood, and seldom opens his hand to give; but of his spiritual consolation he is not so sparing.

Correspondence of the Potter Co. Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

MARCH 18, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—Residing so near the line of the State of New York, we are constantly hearing the empty boasts of our conceited neighbor on their fancied superiority. I would therefore briefly call your attention to a few facts culled from our census, premising that I may resume the subject at some future period. Assuming the acres of improved lands upon the farms of each State as the basis of calculation we find that upon the same number of acres in N. Y., as in Pennsylvania, with half the number of Oxen, an increase of only one-ninth of the number of Horses, of Mules, and with \$635,000 less value of Farming Implements, there is an increased value upon the farms of Pennsylvania of \$22,250,000. Also, upon the same number of improved Acres we raise 4,000,000 bushels more of Wheat, 3,000,000; bushels more of Oats;—7,420,000 bushels more of Corn, 1,925,000 bushels more of Rye, double the quantity of Clover Seed, 1,500 bushels more of Rye, double the quantity of Flax Seed, and 19,000 gallons more of wine than in the State of New York; whilst, upon the same basis, an increase of 35,000 upon the produce of market grains seems to indicate a greater value in the market of the interior of the State.

In addition to this, let me say that the ratio of increase of Population is 64 per cent. greater than in New York; and that the number of Paupers is 7,740 greater in New York, upon the same amount of population contained in Pennsylvania, and the vanity of their boasting will be apparent.

Yours truly
"A PENNAMITE."
MR. J. M. HAMILTON,
Cor. Sec., Arg. & Hol. Soc.

It is hoped that the above letter will induce other farmers in this County to address us upon subjects connected with their daily occupation. If one or more residents of each township would furnish us with the amount of the different kinds of Grain and Hay raised, the amount of stock bought and sold and on hand &c., for the year 1863 in their respective districts, it would, when combined, constitute a statement of great importance and interest to every farmer in the County
CORR. SEC.

The Honorable David Wilmot.

The following letter was written to the Anti-Nebraska Committee of Philadelphia, and does honor to the head and heart of the writer:

TOWANDA, March 11, 1854.—Gentlemen: Your favor of the 7th instant was received last evening on my return from Sasquehanna, where I had been for the purpose of attending a general county meeting, called to protest against a repeal of that part of the Missouri Compromise which forever prohibits slavery north of 36 degrees 30 minutes in the territory of the Louisiana purchase.

I rejoice that the metropolis of our State is about to speak in condemnation of this wicked and profligate measure. From the time of its introduction into the Senate, I have looked with deep anxiety for some adequate expression of indignation from the city of Penn. and the home of Franklin. Oh! that Pennsylvania would again, in this evil day, when the fanaticism of Slavery knows no limits and respects no law, proclaim her revolutionary principles, and that our public men would imitate the exalted virtue which so eminently distinguished those whose names honor and adorn our history. Has Pennsylvania no honored son, eminent by his services and position, who in this hour of most imminent peril to liberty, will speak boldly and manfully for his country; for freedom; for humanity?

Will this great and free Commonwealth lend her powerful influence for the extension of African slavery over the American continent? Or will she stand firm in support of her early faith and true to the mighty interest of the future? Pennsylvania, by her political voice, can give security to freedom, or she can crush it out for centuries, if not forever. Our representatives in Congress hold in their hands the fate of this Nebraska bill. Let them ponder well the voices they give upon it. The issues involved in it are vital, reaching to the very foundation of our institutions of government.

Africanize the heart of the Republic open Nebraska to Slavery, and surrender its vast and fertile territory to the servile labor of the black race, thereby effectually excluding from its borders the free white laborer, and the work of revolutionizing this democratic government into a slave oligarchy is accomplished; the blood and treasure and sacrifices of the revolution will have been expended in vain. We will have exchanged the tyranny of a foreign despotism, for the galling rule of an aristocracy at home; and aristocracy founded on property in slaves—the most exacting and relentless, as it is the meanest and most timid of any, on the face of the globe. The present effort to repeal a solemn compact, held as sacred for more than thirty years by the whole American people, illustrates the insolence and faithlessness of this aristocracy. There is not a tyrant in Europe who would so boldly and unblushingly forfeit his honor and plighted faith.

This bold attempt to subvert the free institutions of our country must be resisted to the last extremity, at every hazard, and at every cost. He who aids in the consummation of this stupendous wrong, or counsels submission to it, is a traitor to the principles of democracy, and to the highest interests of his country and mankind. To submit would be to encourage further aggressions, while it would deprive us of the power to resist in the future. If with the four additional Slave States to be carved out of Texas, we allow ten or fifteen more to be formed out of Nebraska, (and it is large enough for six of the size of New York) where the power to resist successfully any demand that our rulers and masters might see fit to make upon us? We would be powerless—chained, hand and foot, in the bonds of a degrading vassalage.

What a mockery was the pretended settlement of the slavery question by the peace measures (so-called) of 1850! How impotent our party platforms and the pledges of the Presidents, to hold in check the insolent and aggressive spirit of slavery! The truce of 1850 was declared final and perpetual. The Baltimore convention resolved against any further agitation of the questions connected with slavery. The President, in his inaugural, gave high assurance that this peace should not be disturbed; yet, under all these guarantees, and when the free States were resting in confident security, that no further concessions to slavery would be required of them, suddenly the groundswells of agitation shake the country. Slavery is not satisfied; the vast territory of Nebraska, solemnly set apart to free labor by the compromise of 1850, must be wrested from the laboring man and his posterity, and given up to an aristocracy of 300,000 slaveholders, in order to make room for the labor of their slaves, and to preserve the value of their property in the blood and sinews of men.

Very respectfully, your obt. serv't.
D. WILMOT.

The Indian's Promise.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives some deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh.

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, (a Frenchman) who was lame and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and walking up to him, said:

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you \$100 for them, and that is far more than they are worth; but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian Agent, Col. Elliott, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying: "We are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh. "He won't pay it, will he? Stay all night, and to-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivard and went down to see the Colonel. On meeting him he said: "Do you refuse to pay for the oxen that I bought?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, and he reiterated the reason for his refusal. "I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I shall not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the master of life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; to them they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service, and without them they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the Colonel, "if I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money—any bills."

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Colonel, "Give me one dollar more." It was given; and handing that also to Rivard, he said: "Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

NEW DEFINITIONS, AS FOUND IN THE DOUGLAS DICTIONARY (LAST EDITION).—Non-Intervention.—The extension of laws from slave States into free territory.

Self-Government.—The giving of a constitution of political organization to territories, after the manner of hereditary monarchs in Europe; not the formation of a Constitution by the people themselves.

Sovereignty in Territories.—The appointment of Governor and Judges by President Pierce; not the election of them by the people.

Squatter Sovereignty in Territories.—The exclusion of half the settlers from any voice in the government.

A Republican Government in the new States guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.—A form of government for extending and perpetuating slavery, and for disqualifying many cultivators of the soil for ownership in the soil or its productions.

The Equality of Political Rights.—The opposite of whatever was intended by the Declaration of Independence.

A miserly old fellow somewhere down East has hit upon an expedient to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."