

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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## Select Poetry.

### From the National Era.

#### A PATRIOTIC ODE.

BY M. H. COBB.

Our own fair land! so free in name,  
So boastful, while the mightiest shame  
That ever reigned on this green earth,  
Frowns down on every freeman's hearth!  
So proud of what his martyrs bought  
With blood, and treasure, and with life;  
Undreaming that the work they wrought  
In course, and in mighty strife,  
Should by their children be defied;  
Undreaming that their moldering bones  
Should be disturbed by sighs and groans,  
By sounds of scourge and clank of chains.  
Upon their sacred burial plains;  
Undreaming that their risid brands  
Should serve as gyves for freemen's hands,  
Or that Columbia's honored shield  
Should bear, upon a gory bed,  
Scourges for stripes, and bonds for stars!  
That freemen's backs should gow with scars  
Which crush the freeman's manhood out,  
And huan, him like the boys and bars  
Where terrors drag their chains about!

Our own fair land! land of the brave!  
Home of the free—home of the slave!  
Utopia, best of freedom's food,  
Where man is scourged, and bought, and sold,  
Where woman—as create and bee—  
Ear's crowning joy, by man confessed—  
As if Columbia's pride to mock,  
Sits throned upon the auction-block!  
Oh! let us boast, but not forage—  
Columbia's not Utopia yet!

### THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The old house by the lindens  
Stood open in the shade,  
And on the grave old pathway  
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows  
Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
They are no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog  
Was standing by the door;  
He looked for his late paymaster  
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
They walked not in the hall;  
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,  
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
With sweeter, familiar tones;  
But the voices of the children  
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why I cover my mine, and I cover,  
I pressed his warm soft hand!

### OUT OF WORK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

'It is no use, Maria, I've tried every-where.'  
'But you are not going to give up, Peter?'  
'Give up! How can I help it?— Within four days I have been to every bookbindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get!  
'But have you tried anything else?'  
'What else can I try?'  
'Why, anything that you can do.'  
'Yes; I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends and offered to help them if they would hire me.'  
'And what did you mean to do for them?'  
'I offered either to post their accounts, make out bills, or to attend at the counter.'  
'Mrs. Stauwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.  
'What makes you smile?' he asked.  
'To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such places. But how is Mark Leeds?'  
'He is worse off than I am.  
'How so?'  
'He has nothing in his house to eat. It was a shudder that crept over the wife's frame now.  
'Why do you tremble, wife?'  
'Because, when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing.'  
'What!' cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. 'Do you mean that?'  
'I do.'  
'But our flour?'  
'All gone. I baked the last this afternoon.'  
'But we have pork.'  
'You ate the last this noon.'  
'Then we must starve!' groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keet out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had been married eight years. He had three children to provide for, he sides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.

'Maria,' said he, stopping and gazing his wife in the face, 'we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world.'  
'But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest will be honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve.'  
'But our house rent?'

'Trust to me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find something to do, I will see that we have house-room.'  
'I'll make one more trial,' uttered Peter, despairingly.  
'But you must go prepared to do anything.'

'Anything reasonable, Maria.'  
'What do you call reason, ble?'  
'Why—anything decent.'

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure that he would find no work. She knew that he would look about for some kind of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to look out for itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, 'Something must be done.'

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stauwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest, four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stauwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She got home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.

'Well, Peter,' she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, 'what luck?'

'Nothing! nothing!' he groaned. 'I made out to squeeze a dinner out of an old chum, but I can't find work.'  
'And where have you looked to-day?'

'O—everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same in every place. It is nothing but one eternal 'no—no—no'! I'm sick and tired of it.'

'What have you offered to do?'

'Why, I even went so far as to offer to tend in a liquor store down town.'

The wife smiled.  
'Now what shall we do?' uttered Peter spasmodically.  
'Why, we'll eat supper first, and then talk the matter over.'

'Supper! Have you got any?'  
'Yes—plenty of it.'  
'But you told me you had none.'

'Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to-day, and found some.'

'You? You been after work? uttered the husband, in surprise.  
'Yes.'

'But how? where? what?'  
'Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home for the children, and paid me three shillings when I got through.'

'What? You been out washing for our butcher's wife?' said Peter, looking very much surprised.  
'Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow, at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner.'

'But how about the rent?'  
'O, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on all ar-

rears up to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away-hunting up work.'

'So he's got your gold watch?'  
'No—he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would let it rest.'  
'Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? O, what a curse these hard times are!'

'Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive.'

'Ah—eh! What is that?'  
'Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses.'

'What do you mean, Maria?'  
'Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind all that was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon some of the idlers who lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning.'

'Well, this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy? You won't do any such thing.'

'And why not?'  
'Why not? Because—because—'  
'Say, because it will lower me in the social scale.'

'Well and so it will.'  
'Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve, too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you can't find work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night had not I found work to-day—'  
'You know that all kinds of light agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends and relatives engaged in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. O, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right.'

'But, my wife, only think—*you* carrying out butcher's stuff! Why, I would sooner go and do it myself.'

'If you will go,' said the wife with a smile, 'I will stay at home and take care of the children.'

'It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.'

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to go to a Mrs. Smith's, and the other to a Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned just ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials to him, but no one had sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he had met had greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he carried over a dollar, and thus he continued to work for a week, and at the end of that time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

'How goes it?' asked Peter.  
'Don't ask me,' groaned Mark. 'My family are half starved.'

'But can't you find anything to do?'

'Nothing.'  
'Have you tried?'

'Everywhere; but it's no use. I've pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been to the binery to-day, and what do you suppose the old man offered me?'

'What was it?'

'Why he offered to let me do his hand-carting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! By the powers, I had a great mind to pitch him into the hand-cart and run him to the—'

Mark mentioned the name of an individual who is supposed to dwell somewhere in a region a little warmer than our tropics.

'Well,' said Peter, 'if I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer.'

Mark mentioned the name of that same individual again.

'Why,' resumed Peter, 'I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week.'

Mark was incredulous, but his com-

panion soon convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W——. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W—— coming out.  
'Ah, Stanwood, is this you?' asked his old employer, kindly.  
'Yes, sir.'

'What are you up to now?'

'I'm a butcher's boy, sir.'  
'A what?'

'You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir. I am a regular butcher's boy.'  
'And how long have you been at work thus?'

'This is the tenth day, sir.'  
'But don't it come hard?'

'Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread.'

'And how much can you make a day at this?'

'Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents.'

'Well, look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging around my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job to do my hand-carting. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench up. I honor you for your manly independence.'

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyful, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the binery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work.— He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things; first what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will need the squanderings of the past.

**HINTS TO DENTISTS.**—To dentists who may be in want of a little practice, just "to keep their hands in," the following anecdote may afford a useful hint. A good cat practice might be worth picking up—it certainly would be a *meow-sing!* "Mr. Tiedemann, the famous Saxon dentist, had a valuable tortoise-shell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into its mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door—the day after, twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull-dog to drive them away. But nothing would help them. A cat that had the tooth-ache would come any number of miles to him. It would come down the chimney even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew such a nuisance at last, that he was never free from one of these feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterwards.'

A singular sort of a man once sent for a magistrate to write out his will. After mentioning a number of bequests, he went on—  
'I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars.'

'Why, you are not worth half that sum in the world,' interrupted the magistrate.

'Well, no matter if I ain't,' replied the other, 'it is my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to.'

Mr. Greeley says that it will be a century yet before France is as well supplied with railroads as Massachusetts, or even Ohio now is. And in despite of the great disparity in the wages of labor, we make railroads cheaper than they can.

## THE COSSACKS IN THE FREE STATES.

Is it not time to deny to the party that supports the Administration the title "Democratic?" What is that party but an instrument of the Slave Power? What democratic principle has it illustrated, what democratic measure executed, since it gave us a President in 1852? Was it democratic to repeal an ancient compromise, for the purpose of nationalizing slavery in all United States territory? Was it democratic to plot a war against Spain, with a view to rob her of her richest colony—and failing in that, to offer two hundred millions of the people's money, without their consent, for a possession intended to inure to the benefit of a selfish, sectional interest? Was it democratic to lay out millions more of their money, without asking leave, for enough Mexican territory to open a slaveholding highway to the Pacific? Was it democratic to strike down, in obedience to the Slavery Propaganda, Thomas H. Benton, that veteran champion of Democracy, to eject from office the friends of the only slave State statesman favorable to free institutions in Kansas, and to fill their places with the creatures of his sworn enemy, the leader of the Vandal horde which has subjugated Kansas by fraud and violence!

When those Northern men, Pierce, Marcy, and Cushing, came into power, Thomas H. Benton and the Liberal party in Missouri, were dominant in that State, and had they remained so, the country would not have been dishonored by the infamous deeds of border ruffianism. But those Northern men, not satisfied with breaking down the barrier against Slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min., erected by our fathers, put down Mr. Benton and his friends, put up Atchison, Stringfellow, and their associates, and offered them every facility for carrying out their devilish scheme of Slavery Propagandism.

In a word, from the 14th of March, 1852, down to this hour, the one overshadowing characteristic of this Administration has been undeviating, unhesitating, ever-active obedience to the will of the slaveholding Oligarchy. And yet it vaunts its Democracy, and the party that sustains it styles itself Democratic!

It lies before God and man. Slavery is a flat contradiction of every principle of Democracy, and the party that upholds it, connives at or is controlled by it, has no more claim to the title *Democratic*, than the Cossacks whom the Czar lets loose upon Poland and Hungary. The Administration champions at the North are the Cossacks of the Slave Power, instruments of its will, dependents upon its bounty.

Already they are preparing for the campaign of 1856. They meet together in State Conventions in the guise of Democrats. They pass "Democratic" resolutions, nominate "Democratic" candidates, pledge support to the "Democratic" National Administration—and their opponents, with extraordinary amiability, recognize their impudent pretensions by conceding that they are indeed "the Democracy."

Let us put a stop to this miserable, mischievous mockery. Once there did exist a *Whig* and a *Democratic* party, and their names designated pretty fairly their characters; but the questions at issue between them have been settled, or are now overridden by another and more vital one—the question of *freedom for all or slavery for all*. The terms *Whig* and *Democratic*, as party names, have now no pertinence. There is no Whig, no Democratic party. There are but two parties—the party of Freedom, which finds its representatives in such men as Chase, Seward, Preston King, Sumner, Adams, Wilson, Hale, Fessenden, Giddings, Julian, Cassius M. Clay, and a host like them; and the party of Slavery, with its head in the South and tail in the North; its chiefs the slaveholding Oligarchy; its subordinates, Pierce, Cass, Douglas, and Marcy, with their associates, officeholders and office-expectants, who hold occasional conventions in the free States, which they affect to call *Democratic*. It is nonsense, or worse, to talk of any other. The question whether Slavery or Freedom shall rule this Republic and the continent it is embracing, has thrust aside all other issues, and men must range themselves on one side or the other, anti-slavery or pro-slavery, for freedom or against it. He who will not rally under the banner of Liberty, must take his place under the black flag of Slavery. He who will not openly enroll himself in the army of Freedom, must be held an ally of the slave Oligarchy, let him shout *Democracy* till he be hoarse.—*National Era*.

Buffalo contains 50,000 inhabitants.

## How to Plant Trees.

The number of Philadelphians who have "cottages out of town," or who reside permanently in the rural districts, has rendered the planting of shade and other ornamental trees, a subject of general interest. Every person who owns an acre desires to have trees on it. Yet so few individuals understand how to set them out properly, that usually it is only after frequent trials, and until years have passed, that the coveted object is attained.

This failure is the result of a popular notion that trees do not require cultivation. Four men out of five who set out trees around their houses, think that it is only necessary to put thriving young plants into the ground, and that Nature will do the rest. Yet if a farmer were to display similar ignorance in relation to his wheat or potatoes, these same persons would pronounce him a fool. A young tree demands cultivation as much as corn. What the method of that cultivation should be, is the subject we propose to consider. We can do it best by giving an actual experience.

A gentleman, some two years ago, purchased a small place out of town, which had on it quite a number of deciduous trees planted about four years before. None of the trees, however, were healthy, though some thrived better than others. Resolving to reset them, he had them all carefully dug up, and in this process noticed that the most flourishing had been accidentally put down in large holes, and where the soil was comparatively rich. He found also that the poorest of all had been set in a soil so hard that their roots had been unable to penetrate the nearly impervious earth. He concluded from this that the great difficulty in transplanting trees, lay in the omission to provide a proper soil for the suckers of the roots to extend themselves in, and that this omission could best be corrected by increasing the diameter of the hole, as well as by supplying a soil sufficiently nutritious. The air, he reasoned, was always the same, whether a tree was well or illly set out. A damaging exposure being avoided, the proper care of the root was all in all.

Accordingly he dug, for each tree, a hole five feet in diameter. The top soil he carefully reserved, but the sub-soil he rejected. Placing the young plant in its proper position in this hole, he had the roots carefully spread out, even the smallest sucker, patiently avoiding to bruise them. The hole was then filled up with the top soil, and with other similar soil brought from other parts of the field. The time chosen for setting out the trees was autumn, on the supposition that they would be in a better condition to receive the beneficial influences of spring, than if they were left till the latter season to be planted. A covering of well rotted manure, about four inches deep, was spread over the ground around the young tree, as far as the hole had extended, which the winter rains gradually dissolving, became disseminated through the earth below, where it was drank up by the roots. The results fully verified the expectations of the replanter. In eighteen months the trees have grown more than they did in the four preceding years, and surpass in luxuriance nearly all those which have been set out in the neighborhood. They now require no more care.

To those familiar with the scientific cultivation of shade trees, this narrative may seem unnecessary. It details a process substantially similar to that which has been pursued, they will say, both in England and the United States; for over fifty years. But it must be remembered that few men who purchase rural homesteads about Philadelphia, have studied the scientific cultivation of trees, and that they generally suppose nature will kill or nourish the tree as she pleases, and that all they can do is to stick it in the ground. Besides, the plan we have detailed is one which a man of the most moderate means can adopt; for it does not require the calling in of a professional assistant, with its attendant bill of costs.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A BROAD ROAD.—'Who will hesitate when the road is so broad?' says the *Washington Union*, in an appeal for volunteers to the Democratic party. It is the *width of the road* that keeps so many good men out of the Democratic party. They remember what a certain good book says about a broad road.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with the greatest earnestness, "Oh! no, I'll dye first."