

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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[Original Poetry.]

[For the Journal.]
LINES ADDRESSED TO COUDERSPORT ACADEMY.

I would not paint thy time dark scenes of yore,
Or brilliant hopes that center'd round thee then
But I would on the eve of thy awaking
From a long and restless slumber, wish for
Thee, and sue the muses gentle power
In thy behalf, and look in nature's face
For Omen.

Aye yes for Omen, and I find it bright
Portentous of a brilliant fate.
The lowering clouds that spread o'er the
Wide horizon, hid far off worlds in dark
Of drearest night, have moved a pace and the
Ethereal blue comes smiling in the east,
The howling winds have ceased their ominous
moan.

Or sink away in shams or natural death,
And smiling stars are come, fit emblems
Of thy yet triumphant course.
And the gloom dark clouds,
Have fled away, proving but a vaporous fog,
And their threatening force but a shadow phan-
tom.

Thus may it be with threatening storms around
Thee, thou beauteous temple on the green hill
side,
Hill of our own loved Potter; and smiles of
brilliant faith
Be thine from the true hearts love,
And faith which knoweth not depart, watch
round

Thee, to ward the blow of evil plot, or
Envious frowning of thy secret fove,
Aye, yet, thy fate is bright, and fame bright as
The star lit Heavens when myriad stars shine
There, is thine; and mind as brilliant as the
Brightest star, shall shine in thy embrace.
VIOLET SNOW.

Coudersport, Dec. 2nd.

From the St. Louis Intelligencer.
OUTBREAK IN KANSAS.

It appears from our dispatches that we are having a hot political stew in Kansas at last. The story, as it comes to us, is this: That three Free Soilers went to a settler's house named Coleman, who is a Pro-Slavery man, and ordered him off. They were armed, and gave the man only ten minutes to leave. He left for a short time, but returned well armed. He met one of the three men, who renewed his threats and attempted to shoot Coleman, but his gun missed fire. Coleman then shot his assailant, who died immediately. Coleman gave himself up for trial. A mob of Abolitionists, armed with Sharpe's rifles, repaired to Coleman's house, driving his wife and children off, burned his house, and ordered other Pro-Slavery men to leave and burned their houses. Deputy Marshal Jones arrested the leader of the mob, and obtained the names of 20 others. Jones is now at Leocompton with two prisoners and fifteen or twenty assistants. The Abolitionists are gathering at Leocompton, and demanding the release of their comrades and the surrender of Coleman. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling the militia to the assistance of the officers.

Now, we have a few remarks to offer on one feature of this case only.—We shall attempt no surmise as to the full truth of the story as it comes to us. There are, however, it is well to remember, always two sides to a story; and one will do very well till the other comes.

But we will take it for granted, for the present, that we have received the full and veracious account of the origin of the violence and bloodshed that have just disgraced the soil of Kansas, and that will, from the peculiar state of the public feeling at this time, send a thrill of apprehension and horror throughout the country. The feature of the case that we wish to comment on, is this: The first news of the affair that reached Jefferson City, where the Missouri Legislature is in session,

was by a dispatch from Mr. Boone, a citizen of Jackson County, Missouri Legislature. That dispatch contained this sentence:

"We want help. Communicate this to the friends."

Now, in the devil's name, who is it that "wants help?" And what do they want that "help" for? Do the citizens of Missouri want "help?"—Who or what is putting the citizens of Missouri in peril so great that the Legislators and "the friends" at Jefferson trust "help?"

Is it not the Government of Kansas that wants help? If so, let them call President Pierce for assistance. Kansas is under the care of the Federal Government. Missouri has no duty to perform in the premises. If the National Government cannot take care of its own pets and appointees, its Reeder and Wilson Shannons, why let Pierce resign, and a new Government come in. The people of Missouri are not the ones to be called on to back up the miserable political puppets that Frank Pierce shall send out from the Eastern States to play the fool and introduce bloodshed and anarchy in Kansas. If the poor imbecile of the White House had possessed the good sense or the justice to put over Kansas, at the beginning, a Western man of high character, courage and experience, there never would have been a particle of trouble in forming the community there into a quiet and thrifty State. But instead of that, we had Reeder and his Free Soilers, then Shannon and his Pro-Slaveryism—all wretched, time serving, place-seeking demagogues, who have played out their reckless games for political aggrandizement, and drawn upon poor Kansas the curse of lawlessness and blood!

Now, let Pierce reap the fruits of his imbecility. Let not the people of Missouri, by any urgent appeal or cunning device, be drawn into the internal feuds of Kansas. It looks very much as if there were a pre-concerted effort to do this very thing. Our dispatches from the West say that parties have already proceeded from Independence into Kansas, and that "meetings" have been held at Weston and St. Joseph, and companies formed to go to Kansas.

There it is! Now, is not this conduct most fatal to Missouri interests and honor? In heaven's name, let Pierce and his political pets—his Kansas officials—take care of themselves. Have we not been told, time and again, the Pro-Slavery party were the people of Kansas—that four-fifths of the actual settlers of Kansas were supporters of the Territorial officers, and that the Free Soilers were an insignificant squad out about Lawrence, who were as devoid of courage, and fit only to be laughed at?

And now, forsooth, the United States officials in Kansas, and the all prevailing Pro-Slavery people of Kansas, are in deadly peril, and "dispatches" from Weston and St. Joseph, state that large meetings of the citizens have been held and companies formed to go to Kansas. All to protect that country from the "paupers and hirelings" lately shipped to Kansas, like so many cattle, we were informed, at the expense of Emigrant Aid Societies.

It does seem to us that one of the devil's own choicest humbugs is exploding in this call on Missouri for "help."

HOW TO TREAT FRIENDS.

True, reliable friends, are not so common in this selfish world, that we can afford to estrange and to alienate them from us for slight and insufficient causes. And yet how often is this done? Some people have a happy faculty of making friends, and a most unhappy manner of cooling their attachment, and not unfrequently of driving them into open and avowed hostility. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver; but an unguarded, unkind word, drives the iron into the soul, and often sepa-

rates chief friends. Few appreciate the full import of the divine injunction, "be courteous." Courtesy implies more than external affability; it includes kind words, kind actions, prompted by a kind heart, as well as a becoming deportment. Half the jars in the domestic circle, and half the coolness and estrangement between friends, arise from those ebullitions of passion, which may and ought to be checked and suppressed. Uniform courtesy and kindness in our intercourse with friends cement the bond of attachment, and give to life lasting claims. A fretful, irritable temper is the bane of friendship, and the poisoner of domestic bliss. A harsh word spoken cannot be recalled. It may be apologized for; it may be repeated; but still it remains upon the tablet of the memory, and gives pain in the remembrance. A person possessing a hasty, ungovernable temper, cannot too anxiously and earnestly set about a reform. It will not do for him to say that is my infirmity, and my friends must overlook it.

They will not overlook it, nor will they endure it unless the evidence is plain and palpable that you are striving to correct it. You may have other good qualities in no stinted measure, but if you exhibit a petulant irascible temper, your redeeming traits will not render you a pleasant or agreeable friend. Some erroneously suppose, that they have position, or talents, or wealth enough to bear them up and to carry them through, in spite of those unamiable moods in which they are wont to indulge. But it is a grievous mistake. No man has standing or capital enough to warrant him in the assumption that he can violate, with impunity, those duties of friendship which are universally binding.—Philadelphia Sun.

The Pursuit of Wealth.

One of the most crying evils in this country, is the inordinate greed of gain of its inhabitants. Like other evils, it is productive of great material good—it fells forests, it constructs railroads, it builds up gigantic cities, it links together ocean with ocean, it annihilates space, it outstrips the wings of the wind. But how much individual happiness is wrecked in this worship of mammon! It is estimated that out of every hundred men engaged in the lottery of mercantile life, ninety fail. Of the successful few, how many have the taste to enjoy their accumulation—or, having the taste, find the health of mind and body at the end of their successful career requisite to employ and enjoy their acquisitions? To strive for competence, is a praiseworthy effort; to strive for more, is unphilosophical and unwise. The end which Pyrrhus proposed after conquering Italy, Asia, and Africa, which comprised the then known world, was to sit down and enjoy himself. "But why," was the reply of his philosophic prime minister, not "now sit down and enjoy yourself?"

Wealth, after all, has but a fictitious value—its existence is only in comparison. Stephen Girard is reported to have said, "A man is as well off with half a million, as if he were a rich man." Rothschild, on reading that Louis Philippe's income, at the zenith of his prosperity, was fifty dollars a minute, burst into tears, and declared that he was never before aware of the existence of such destitution. True wealth exists in the mind and heart—the rest is but dross—strips of paper, and bits of white or yellow metal. These are consolatory reflections to men who are compelled to refrain from California—and some of those who have gone, are aware, by this time, that heaps of yellow dust are a poor compensation for health, comfort, and domestic endearments. Money is dirt; but as it is a dirt we have washed our hands of, we shall pursue the subject no further.

WASTE.

What a little word this is; but what a big meaning it has! It seems

to be in some way inseparably connected with every transaction, and every act of our lives. Even life itself is one continual waste—animals and plants, from maturity to death; but that is natural waste—nature obeying nature's laws. The waste that we commit is unnatural and contrary to the laws of propriety and common-sense.

Look into every kitchen; not only at the fat in the fire, but at the wasteful manner in which all of our cooking is done; beside the waste of food at the table. See how that delicate appetite—made delicate by waste—picks out a few choice morsels and carelessly casts the rest aside, to go to waste.

It is safe to say that more food is wasted every day in this city than is eaten; not alone in the kitchen, or at the table, but in our markets and store-houses, where whole cargoes of grain, meal, flour, meat, fish, fruits, and vegetables, are continually being wasted through bad packing or bad management.

What a waste, too, are all of our retail purchases; and because it is fashionable, buying food that wastes the most.

Is it any wonder that the poor suffer for food after committing such extravagant waste? Look at that man paying a dollar and a half—the price of a whole day's work—for a rib-roast of beef, to be cooked in the most wasteful way, when one half the money expended in a cheaper piece of meat, cooked in a different manner, with vegetables, bread, and gravy, would serve his family twice as long. But not so fashionable, and genteel. No, and not so wasteful. Almost the whole system of American cookery is based upon a state of things that existed when we had such a surplus of food that the idea of waste was not taken into account.

There was a time, within but a few years past, at the West, when wheat could be purchased for twenty-five or forty cents a bushel—corn for ten or fifteen cents—pork for one to two cents a pound—and other things in proportion. It would be idle to talk to people about saving every iota of such cheap food.

To some extent the same cheapness has prevailed all over America, until the people have fallen into wasteful habits, both in keeping, cooking, and eating their food, that need reform.

It is probable that one half of the cooking in the kitchens of private families, in this city, is done by Irish servants, who possessed no higher art when they landed upon our shores than is required to boil and roast potatoes, or make an oatmeal cake or mess of porridge. The only art of saving they have a knowledge of, is not to have anything to save. All that should be saved is hurried out of sight in the basket of some of their own countrymen at the basement door, thereby encouraging another great waste—the waste of time of these lazy beggars.

We should like to know the percentage of waste of coal, upon all that is burnt in private houses in this city, where grates seem to have been constructed with apparently little or no object in view except waste, both of heat sent up the chimney, and unburnt coal sent to the ash barrel.

The latter is so great as to afford constant employment to some thousand persons who are constantly going about gathering the fragments of coal from the ashes; and still thousands of tons every year are carried off in the ash carts to fill up and build out some wharf whereupon to land more coal. The waste of heat in our consumption of fuel is, to say the least, full one-half. In fact if all the wasted heat of all our coal burning fires in the city, was saved and properly distributed, it is likely that the consumption would be reduced to one fourth the present quantity; because it has been demonstrated in the heating of large buildings, that heat could be carried any required distance in pipes, as well as

gas or water, and by surrounding the pipes in the ground with suitable non-conducting substances, very little heat would be lost.

Food and fuel are the two most important items of waste in our economy of life, and of these we have only hinted, without touching a host of others.

We will only notice one other waste now, and only do that to save a waste of time in another place.

Some men waste their lives in finding out cunning inventions, which they hide under a bushel, or in some other wasteful place, where their light never can shine out upon the world.

We have a case in point: A short time since we gave notice to the world that some man had invented a window-balance, to supersede weights and pulleys, and that the invention was a useful one. Now, a correspondent writes that he is very anxious to know more about it, and says:

"Can you send me a picture, or drawing, or description, or the cost; or where I can write the inventor, agent, or manufacturer, or anybody, concerning it?"

No, Sir; we can't do any thing for you. We are not disposed, in noticing new inventions, to make the notice an advertisement—we cannot afford to waste our time and money for that purpose. The inventor wastes both time and money in not letting the world know where he keeps his wares for sale. Neglecting to advertise is a waste of common-sense, and of that there is a greater waste than of all other commodities in this great community.—City Items of the Tribune.

From Correspondence of the Tribune.
SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY—HOW IT WORKS.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Nov. 26, 1855.
Monday, before daylight.

Late last night I arrived at this place, and learned that there really was cause to apprehend serious trouble here.

The scene of the late tragic occurrence, was Hickory Point, a settlement some twelve miles south from Lawrence, near the Waukarusa river. In that settlement there are several families of Missourians, pro-slavery men. One of these, a Mr. Coleman, "jumped the claim" he now holds, and built the house he has been occupying, from materials for the house of another man. Lately there has been some difficulty between this Coleman and a young man named Chas. W. Dow, who had a claim near the same place. It seems that Coleman and one or two of his neighbors and friends have burned a limekiln on Dow's land, cutting the timber therefrom. This, of course gave offense, and Dow prohibited them repeating the trespass. It appears, however, that they had made up their minds to do so.

On last Thursday Mr. Dow had gone to the blacksmith's shop which is near Coleman's residence, and while there met with Coleman. It appears that they left the blacksmith's shop together, and came along the road in company, wrangling about the subject in dispute. While close to his house Coleman left Dow, and the latter, after going a few steps, heard a cap burst on a gun. Instantly turning around, he saw Coleman with a piece presenting at him. He raised his hand and said "Don't shoot;" but at that instant Coleman, who had put another cap on his gun, fired—the contents, a heavy charge of buck-shot, lodging in the breast of the unfortunate Dow, and killing him. Two of the balls had pierced his heart. Several other persons were present, friends of Coleman, and settlers from Missouri. The names of these men are Hargus, Kirkley, Moody, and Wagoner. Two of them had participated in the lime-burning, and were doubtless accessories to this most atrocious murder which had evidently been coolly pre-meditated.

Coleman fled, and the body of his unfortunate victim lay where it had fallen in the wheel-track of the Santa Fe road. The friends of Coleman al-

lowed him thus to lie, and never interfered nor apprised any one.

Yesterday a meeting was held at Hickory Point, and nearly a hundred persons assembled. The body was examined, together with all the testimony that could be elicited. All the evidence obtained was from the friends of Coleman, as given to the neighbors who had first found the body. The meeting passed resolutions, and adjourned about dark last night, having determined on means to secure the murderer and bring him to justice.

Now came the second act in the drama. It appears that Coleman had fled to Gov. Shannon at the Shawnee Mission. What there transpired I know not, further than that the murderer returned to Leocompton, where Court is to be held next week. Fearing the testimony of a Mr. Branson, the person with whom the murdered man had boarded, a warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Jones, an officer elected by the Legislature of the Shawnee Mission, for the arrest of Branson, under the pretense that he had used threats. The real object was to ruin his testimony with a Jury, as he was one of the most important witnesses in the case, next to the pro-slavery men. The Sheriff summoned a posse of fourteen men, who armed themselves, and proceeded to the house of Branson, where they arrived about 9 o'clock last night. Jones neither read nor produced his warrant, but in a profane and domineering way told Branson he must come with them, or they would "blow him to hell." There being no other alternative, that gentleman complied.

Scarcely had they gone when, with a speed most necessary, a Free State man near, who was apprised by Branson's family, galloped for neighbors, and soon a company of fifteen men, eleven of whom were armed with Sharpe's rifles and one with a double-barreled gun, were in pursuit. By a rapid detour they contrived to head Jones's party, and planted themselves in the road near Blanton's Bridge on the Waukarusa. As Jones's party approached the spot they were boasting of what they would do, saying they wished they had got there when the meeting assembled and they would have done so and so to the hundred men congregated there that day. When they approached the rescuers the latter, drawn across the road, ordered them to stop. The numbers were exactly equal, only Jones's fifteen men were all armed to the teeth and the Free State men in the hurry had not procured arms; but the Sheriff's posse seemed to have no inclination to fight. One of the rescuing party requested Mr. Branson to step out; a voice from the other crowd told him they would shoot him if he did, but Branson joined his friends and there was no shooting. Jones here swore and threatened terribly; said the Governor had promised they should have 10,000 men to enforce the laws of the Legislature of the Mission, and that they should immediately hear of it. The two parties then separated.

Early this morning, long before day, the drum beat in Lawrence, and rallying out we encountered a party well armed, the long, dangling sword of their leader gleaming in the cold moonbeams. The war spirit was up. The people here are most peaceable, but as they look for Gov. Shannon and some 2,000 or 3,000 Missourians tomorrow or next day, you may estimate the sentiment that prevails. A meeting will be held at daylight.

LAWRENCE, Nov. 27, 1855.—MON.

I wrote by the mail this morning at daylight and gave you an account of the murder committed at Hickory Point last week, and the rescue made last night, of Mr. Branson who had been taken in a very irregular manner by one Jones, Sheriff elect of the Shawnee Legislature for this county, but who at present is Postmaster at Westport Mo.

A meeting was called here th