

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. IX.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JULY 10, 1856.

NO. 78.

Business Cards.

F. W. KNOX,
Attorney at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter county.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.
Office—in the Temperance Block, up stairs, Main street.

ISAAC BENSON
Attorney at Law,
Coudersport, Pa.,
Office corner of West and Third streets.

L. P. WILLISTON,
Attorney at Law,
Wellborn, Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties.

A. P. CONE,
Attorney at Law,
Wellborn, Tioga county, Pa., will regularly attend the courts of Potter county.
June 3, 1848.

JOHN S. MANN,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean counties. All business entrusted to his care, will receive prompt attention.
Office on Main street, opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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Proprietor.
Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.

W. K. KING,
Surveyor, Draftsman, and
Conjoiner,
Smithport, M'Kean Co., Pa.,
Will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required.
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At the office of J. S. Mann, Coudersport, Pa.

ABRAM YOUNG,
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BENJAMIN RENNELS,
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J. W. SMITH,
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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, and Ready-made Clothing. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

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March 3, 1848.

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Select Poetry.

UNCLE JAMES.
Tune—"Uncle Ned."

There was an old gentleman whose name was James,
He was born long ago, long ago. [Name—] He may, to be sure, have had some other Which I don't happen to know, cousins.
Then lay down the fiddle and the bow,
Take up the shovel and the hoe,
And we'll dig a big hole for old Uncle James,
And bury him deep and low.

In federal ranks long time he stood,
And once he was heard to shout,
That "if he had a drop of Democratic blood,
He'd be glad to let it out!"
Then lay down, &c.

To Oatend once went this old man,
And this honest scheme did reveal—
We'll buy Spain's daughter Cuba if we can,
And what we can't buy we'll steal!"
Then lay down, &c.

When he'd grown old, his party thought
They'd take Uncle James by the nose,
And put him up in a fight they fought,
With Slavery's host of foes.
Then lay down, &c.

But poor Uncle James was too old to fight,
And too old to run away,
So Uncle James woke one morning bright,
And found he had lost the day.
Then lay down, &c.

From the Evening Post.

RALLYING SONG.
Tune—THE MARSEILLES HYMN.
Behold! the furious storm is rolling,
Which Border-Friends, confederate raise,
The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our infant cities blaze.
And shall we calmly view the ruin,
While lawless force with giant stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
In guileless blood his hands imbruing?
Arise, arise, ye brave!
And let our war-cry be
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Free-soil and Victory!

Oh, Liberty! can he resign thee
Who once has felt thy generous flame?
Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee—
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
No! by the heavens bright bending o'er us!
We've called our Captain to the van—
Behold the hour—Behold the man!
Oh, wise and valiant, go before us!
Then let the shout again
Ring out from sea to sea,
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Free-soil and Victory!

Hurrah! Hurrah! from hill and valley,
Hurrah! from prairie wide and free!
Around our glorious Chiefain rally,
For Kansas and for Liberty!
Let him who first her wilds exploring,
New virgin beauty gave to fame,
Now save her from the curse and shame
Which slavery o'er her soul is pouring.
Our standard-bearer, then,
The brave Pathfinder be!
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Free-soil and Victory!

"Pop goes the Weasel" has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard its origin. But its parentage is as easily traced as that of an English baronet. A famous Methodist preacher by the name of Crayen, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "There are a great many professors of religion here to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen wheat which was plump, round and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it, you found that it only came to forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should

have been sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—pop goes the weevil. Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the man. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law, and the finger of the gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the 'whisky bottle.' From 'pop goes the weevil' to 'pop goes the weasel' the transition is easy.—*Lewisport Gazette.*

DOUGLAS SPEAKING FOR BUCHANAN.

At Washington, on Saturday evening at a meeting in which Cass, Douglas, and Pierce, made addresses, the nomination of Mr. Buchanan was approved on the ground that he was the man to execute and enforce upon the people of Kansas, by the military arm, the ordinances of the mock legislature elected by the invaders from Missouri. Mr. Douglas said in his speech at the meeting, as reported in the Washington Union—probably revised by himself:

"There were no longer any dissensions in the democratic ranks; for all who agreed in principle were now invited to act together without regard to past differences. One of the great principles of their faith was the equality of the states, and the right of self-government in the territories, subject to the limitations of the constitution; or, in other words, the great principle of the Nebraska bill. [Loud applause.] There were no more any anti-Nebraska democrats now then there were white blackbirds to be found. The platform endorsed the Nebraska bill; and what more, said Mr. D. could I desire? If there was anything more to be desired, it was to be found in the residue of the platform, and he cordially responded to every clause therein embraced. The democratic party was united with a common creed and common objects; and they were marching certainly and surely to a common victory.

"The platform was equally explicit in reference to the disturbances in relation to the territory of Kansas. It declared that treason was to be punished and resistance to the laws to be put down. That was the whole question involved—whether the supremacy of the laws should be maintained, or whether mob violence should overcome the officer of the law. On this question, between law and violence, the democracy had expressed their sentiments; they say that the laws shall be executed so long as they stand upon the statute-book.

"He rejoiced that the convention, by a unanimous vote, had approved of the creed that law must and shall prevail. [Applause.] He rejoiced that we had a standard-bearer with so much wisdom and nerve as to enforce a firm and undivided execution of those laws."

"The fate of Mr. Buchanan is clearly foreshadowed in this passage. His political creed is made up for him; a profession of political faith is put into his mouth by the party that supports him; and if he be elected, they 'rejoice that he has the wisdom and the nerve' to conform his practice to it. 'The self-government of the territories, with limitations,' is to be Mr. Buchanan's doctrine, and the great limitation is to be that the people of the territories are not to be allowed the right of excluding slavery until they form their constitution, and are admitted into our confederacy of states. The equality of the states is another doctrine which he is to have the wisdom and the nerve to adopt and enforce, and the meaning of this doctrine is that the slave-driver has the same right to hold men as property in the territories, that the emigrant from the northern states has to own sheep and horses, and that neither Congress nor the territorial legislature can interfere to prevent it. Above all they are assured by Mr. Douglas of one important fact, that Mr. Buchanan is prepared to carry out without remorse or mitigation, the policy of which Pierce has hitherto been made the instrument—the policy of subduing the people west of Missouri to a code imposed upon them by strangers, and fastening on them, if it be obeyed, the

curse of slavery. The insolent menace of Douglas—"we will subdue you"—uttered by him on the Senate floor, is here repeated in a popular assembly. The revolutionary government established by the invaders and disowned by the people, is to be adopted by Mr. Buchanan's administration, as it has been by that of Mr. Pierce, and to that the people of the territory are to be subjugated—and Mr. Buchanan "has the nerve" to undertake the work.

It is very likely. There is a class of men who have the nerve to do anything to which they are prompted by those whose counsels they are in the habit of following. He had the nerve to sign the Ostend manifesto, proposing to seize upon Cuba for the advantage of the slaveholding interest. It will require no more nerve to co-operate in the seizure of a territory—a measure which involves no danger of a foreign war—than to erect the seizure of an island by which we might draw upon ourselves the hostilities of half Europe.—*Free Post.*

FROM EL NIENEGUENO. A RUINED CITY IN CHONTALES.

The age is fruitful of important discoveries. Beneath the grassy plains of Mesopotamia, a curious traveler from the West laid bare to our wondering gaze fragments of the hidden glory of ancient Nineveh. Sculpture, in strange forms, revealed to us some of its unwritten history, and with it a sublime lesson of earthly mutability. Even then, at the other extremity of the globe, a handful of hardy pioneers in their daily labor in the sandy soil, were turning up glittering particles of the richest of earth's metals in such profusion that they were fain to pause and gaze in awe-struck wonder.

For centuries the adventurous mariner had navigated upon that coast, and the solitary Indian scoured the streams and mountain passes; still the land slept on in its primeval wilderness; but, at length gold was found—and lo! in a few short years an empire has arisen, bidding fair to rival Nineveh itself, though "her merchants were many, even as the stars in heaven." From the tombs of long buried greatness let us gather wisdom and warning. The heart is to-day as rich as it was in the days of Ashur and Belus, yet the fate of the cities they built admonishes us not to spend all our days in strife of its honors and prizes. As in the depths of the ocean we know there lie the wrecks of many gallant argosies, in whose now slimy and decaying timbers are hid much gold and silver and precious stones, in search of which the diver perils life and limb that he may add to his store of worldly goods; so, from the contemplation of ruined cities, from an investigation of their lost arts, and departed greatness, and a study of the hieroglyphics yet visible on their walls, we may be able to add something to the chart by which we hope to steer safely over the perilous seas by which they were wrecked.

We have been led into this train of remark by the description of a ruined city, just given us by an old explorer in the Chontales district. The picture which he drew for us, of this forgotten place, buried in the wilderness, brought to our mind Stephens' eloquent descriptions of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal, the latter of which our friend had himself visited—cities, built by a people the name of whom, even, has died out of the memory of man. It is said to lie in a N. E. direction from Libertad, at a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

Some of the ruins bore evidence of having once been palaces, from the solidity of the remaining walls, and the elaborate sculpture upon the doorways; others may have been temples—their thresholds were guarded by immense stone figures richly decorated, having wings and bearing warlike implements, which may have represented warrior saints or angels. In one spot was a flight of steps leading to a broad and stately terrace, and here and there, amid the thick undergrowth,

were to be seen broken pyramids and square towers, at whose base the fallen stone lay scattered in irregular piles. All these were richly sculptured in a composite style, having some affinity to the Asiatic and Egyptian.

In other places on the ground were fragments of stone figures larger than life, in which the human and brute forms were strangely interwoven. Our informant could make no estimate of the ground covered by these ruins. The immense trees which had grown up around them; among which was the mahogany, cedar, lignum vitae, combined with the condition of the ruins themselves, and the primitive wildness of the country thereabout, left no doubt in his mind, that many centuries had elapsed since the last inhabitant of that once great and populous city had taken thence his solitary way.

What sensations crowd naturally upon the mind at the announcement of this discovery. At the present time it presents itself to us in a singularly impressive aspect. The district of country wherein are found these vestiges of a departed race, is known to us chiefly as a great mining district, abounding also in pasture and tillage land. Ere long a host of bold, hardy spirits will people it. It will grow to be a great country. The "Star of Empire" having rested for a while with its western limb over golden California, is taking its way southward. In their journeyings to fro, these bands, full of youth and health and bold adventure, will sometimes come upon the remains of this dead city. In the dim and storied east we expect to encounter such sights; but not here. It is as if a party of rosy children, heated with their sports, should suddenly come upon the corpse of one who had passed through all the vicissitudes which yet await them, and gone to rest burdened with the weight of many years—nothing left to it of all its life and strength and beauty, except "unchangeable beauty of death."

And there will arise many questions and conjectures as to the origin, the history and the fate of this forgotten place; but there are none, as yet, who can answer them. In many other hidden spots are doubtless other ruins as gigantic and imposing; will the strange devices on their walls ever be read? At present they sleep the dull, cold sleep of perfect oblivion. There is no solitary tradition lingering around those almost impenetrable forests to tell us who founded the Ninevehs and Babels of the Western World, or how they grew to greatness and at length decayed and gave their domain back to wild nature again. Must we conclude that:

"They had no bard—no orator,
No statesman, and they died!"

Not only is Mr. Buchanan the first old Federalist who has been seriously put forward for Pres. in 40 years—a fact that compels many gray-headed Democrats to vote against him—but he is the first old Bachelor ever urged for the office. He talk about loving the Union, when he's never formed the most natural, proper, and important of all earthly unions! He prate about saving the Union of twenty-five millions of people, when he has never made one of his own! 'Twas not do. The fact of Mr. Van Buren's being a smirking widower weighed heavily against him among the ladies,

"who to a man
Will do all they can
Against Old Buck—Buck—Buck—
And Breckenridge too."

"Miserable poetry," you say! Aye—and miserable names, too—neither rhyme, music, nor poetry in 'em—a dull old bachelor and a duelist!

"Have you read my last speech?" said a proxy orator the other day to a friend. "I hope so," was the satisfactory reply.

THE AVAILABILITY OF THE CINCINNATI CANDIDATE.

Buchanan's nomination does not take as was expected. His friends supposed that his name would combine every shade of opinion, from the most decided free-soilists to the most ultra slave propagandism, in his support. The most intractable bolt of bygone days would, it was anticipated, return to the fold, and a general era of good feeling would follow the announcement that the veteran politician had been placed at the head of the democratic ticket.

But the plan, after all, does not work. Buchanan's antecedents are against him. The peculiar friends who have been most instrumental in engineering his nomination will damage him. His associate on the ticket, Mr. Breckenridge, will damage him. And last, not least, the platform upon which he runs ought to finish him.

We need not refer to the notorious fact that Gen. Jackson and Mr. Polk, while Presidents, expressed in unimpeachable terms their utter want of confidence in him, and their conviction of his infidelity to democratic principles. The opinion which the former had of Buchanan may be obtained from his surviving and most intimate associates; and those who desire Polk's may consult the manuscript diary which he has left, and which records the impressions of every day of his Administration. Indeed we have heard that the only reason it is not published, is the severe reflections it contains upon Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State under President Polk.

If again we look at that portion of Buchanan's platform which relates to domestic affairs, we find it equally objectionable. We find it, in effect, an assertion of the ultra southern doctrine of "popular sovereignty," which forbids either the National Congress or the settlers of a territory to exclude slavery from it, and which places to local and anti-republican institutions under federal protection, in whatever territory it may be carried, and in spite of the prohibitory enactments of its legislature. Is it likely that northern freemen who sympathize with their suffering kinsmen and friends who have emigrated to Kansas, and are now struggling at the peril of life itself to establish the interests of free institutions and free labor there, will sanction this?

In regard to Breckenridge, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, his counter with Mr. Cutting is fresh in the minds of every one. What Dr. has did for the Nebraska bill in Senate, he did in the House. He fled it through; and in performing that task, began that series of personal and violence which has so disgracefully culminated in the recent ruffian achievement of Brooks. He may be a democrat, but if so, he is a democracy of a pattern which cannot deserve the sanction of men imbued with northern civilization or genuine democracy.—*Evening Post.*

Canine Sagacity.

This most wonderful case of canine sagacity is related by the Hartford Times:

"Mr. —, a venerable and worthy man, had a New Foundland dog, which used to go for a short distance to get the Daily Courant, bringing it home in his mouth, evincing great anxiety until he procured the paper. The paper changed owners, and at the same time became more readily procured than before. It advertised 'Sam.' As soon as this change took place the dog was noticed to appear 'ashamed' when the paper was given to him to carry home: he would sometimes drop it in the street, let it lie, and put for home. At last he refused to go for the paper at all; he was of no use to the owner except to get his paper, and as the dog positively refused to have anything to do with it any longer, he procured a new one, and the dog was given to him. He was the sum of twenty-five cents for the day."