

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 17, 1856.

NO. 9.

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,
Wellsboro', Tioga Co., Pa., will attend the Courts in Potter and McKean Counties.

A. P. CONE,
Attorney at Law,
Wellsborough, 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 McKean counties. All business entrusted in his care, will receive prompt attention.
Office on Main-street, opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
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Will attend to business for non-resident landholders, upon reasonable terms. References given if required.
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Dealer in Books & Stationery, Music, and Magazines. Main-st., opposite N. W. corner of the public square, Coudersport, Pa.

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A. B. GOODSELL,
GUNSMITH, Coudersport, Pa. Fire Arms manufactured and repaired at his shop, on short notice.
March 3, 1848.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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Select Poetry.

For the Journal.
ONE APRIL EVE.

I've been out in the "grand old woods" to-day,
Where the earlier plant-stems the damp earth part,
As their long chilled pulses begin to play,
And their leaves toward the genial sunlight start.
Spring's first birds chirped on each budding tree,
And merrily swung on each wind-stirred bough,
And I never was younger, it seems to me,
Or more of a child than I am just now.

The frogs that were piping so shrill in the flood,
Told the stories so oft in my hearing erst told,
And strangers were with me, the kind ones and good,
Who sang me the songs I had loved of old.

These spells have been breaking the chain
links of years,
And sweeping me back to life's gone-by day,
Till my soul has welled with its old-time fears,
Its loves and its joys that have passed away.

The fountains of love in my heart have gushed
o'er,
In tears of warm tenderness, spite of my will,
And I long for some dear one, familiar of yore,
To catch its outpourings—its throbbing to still.
The kindness of strangers is touching and sweet,
And gentle new friends for my gratitude greet;
But I'd give all the world, this bright eve, but
to meet.

Some old friend I love—'twould be worth
more than all.

From The Evening Post.
SOUTH CAROLINA TO HER SONS.

To arms my children, up and do!
By northern speakers shamed
Your orators are weak and few,
Your courage is untamed.
Too long the brave Palmetto state
Has had its feelings wrong;
Too long unanswered in debate
Has Sumner "switched his tongue."

The hand that bring forth one Calhoun,
Exhausts its drop of brains;
But you have bowie-knives instead,
And gutta-percha canes.
If I have made your skulls too thick,
I've given you ready hands,
And there is virtue in a stick—
Your country understands.

The planter, ignorant as a lord,
The field hand, dull and low,
All comprehend, with one accord,
The logic—of a blow.
Then grasp your gutta-percha clubs,
Approach with quiet tread,
Dont argue with the cañill wretch,
But—knock him on the head!

JAMES BUCHANAN ON THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE IN 1847.

When the freedom of the North were nearly unanimous in demanding that the Jeffersonian plan of excluding Slavery from the Northern Territory, should be applied to California and New Mexico; Mr. Buchanan threw the weight of his influence on the side of the South, and to make his influence the more effectual, advocated the extension of the Missouri compromise line to the Pacific ocean in a letter which we herewith publish.—Ed. JOURNAL:

WASHINGTON, August 25, 1847.

GENTLEMEN: I have been honored by the receipt of your kind invitation to unite with the democracy of old Berks in their Harvest Home celebration, to be held at Reading, on Saturday, the 28th instant. I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to be present on that interesting occasion; but it is, therefore, with regret I have to inform you that my public duties during the present week will render it impossible.

[We omit a portion of the letter re-

ferring exclusively to local politics.]

The question of slavery, in one of its ancient aspects, has been recently revived, and threatens to convulse the country. The democratic party of the Union ought to prepare themselves in time for the approaching storm. *Their best security, in the hour of danger, is to cling fast to their time-honored principles.* A sacred regard for the federal constitution, and for the reserved rights of the States, is the immovable basis on which the party can alone safely rest. This has saved us from the inroads of abolition. *Northern Democrats are not expected to approve of slavery in the abstract; but they owe it to themselves, as they value the Union, and all political blessings which bountifully flow from it, to abide by the compromises of the Constitution, and leave the question where that instrument has left it—TO THE STATES WHEREIN SLAVERY EXISTS.* Our fathers have made this agreement with their brethren of the south; and it is not for the descendants of either party, in the present generation, to cancel this solemn compact. The abolitionists, by their efforts to annul it, have arrested the natural progress of emancipation, and done great injury to the slaves themselves.

After Louisiana was acquired from France by Mr. Jefferson, and when the State of Missouri, which constituted a part of it, was about to be admitted into the Union, the Missouri question arose, and its progress threatened the dissolution of the Union. This was settled by the men of the last generation, as other important and dangerous questions have been settled, in a spirit of mutual concession. Under the Missouri Compromise, Slavery was "forever prohibited" north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min.; and south of this parallel the question was left to be decided by the people. Congress, in the admission of Texas, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, adopted the same rule; and, in my opinion, the harmony of the States, and even the security of the Union itself, require that the line of the Missouri Compromise should be extended to any new Territory which we may acquire from Mexico.

I should entertain the same opinion, even if it were certain that this would become a serious practical question; but that it never can be thus considered, must be evident to all who have attentively examined the subject.

Neither the soil, the climate, nor the productions of that portion of California south of 36 deg. 30—nor, indeed, of any portion of it, north or south—is adapted to slave labor; besides every facility would be there afforded to the slave to escape from his master. Such property would be utterly insecure in any part of California. It is morally impossible, therefore, that a majority of the emigrants to that portion of the territory south of 36 deg. 30 min.—which will be chiefly composed of our fellow citizens from the eastern, middle and western States—will ever re-establish slavery within its limits. In regard to New Mexico, east of the Rio Grande, the question has been already settled by the admission of Texas into the Union.

Should we acquire territory beyond the Rio Grande, and east of the Rocky mountains, it is still more improbable that a majority of the people of that region would consent to re-establish slavery. They are themselves in a large proportion, a colored population; and among them, *the negro does not, socially, belong to a degraded race.*

The question is, therefore, not one of practical importance. Its agitation whoever honestly intended, can produce no effect but to alienate the people of different portions of the Union from each other; to excite sectional divisions and jealousies; and to distract and possibly destroy the democratic party, on the ascendancy of whose principles and measures depends, as I firmly believe, the success of our grand experiment of self government.

Such have been my individual op-

inions, openly and freely expressed, ever since the commencement of the present unfortunate agitation; and of all places in the world, I prefer to put them on record before the incorruptible democracy of old Berks. I therefore beg leave to offer you the following sentiment:

The Missouri Compromise—Its adoption in 1820 saved the Union from threatened convulsion. Its extension in 1848 to any new territory which we may acquire, will secure the like happy results.

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Chas. Kessler, Esq., Pres't, and others.

ARE THE BOWELS MORAL AGENTS?

The Springfield Republican, one of the ablest papers in New England, comments upon an idea advanced by a physiological writer, in the following graphic style:

But he advanced one doctrine which, with certain illustrations and rather essential qualifications, we feel disposed to adopt. As nearly as we could get at his idea, it was that nothing stands in the way of a man being good but indigestion—that the hope of mankind lies in the stomach and bowels—that salvation exists only in assimilation—that man's highest relations are those which he sustains toward his dinner table, and that the road to Heaven passes through the alimentary canal. Now we will go so far with the gentleman as to admit that the bowels really deserve a place among the great moral agents. We have no doubt that many of the gloomiest passages of religious experience originate in the liver; that conscience is harassed by the passage of calculi through the biliary duct; that coolness between friends is frequently not only coincident with, but dependent upon, constipation, that love wanes with a relaxed habit of the mucous membrane, that anger and irritability are the direct result of miscepio and lobster salad, and that conjugal infidelity may be produced by over-feeding, perhaps more readily than by spiritualism. We believe that the care-worn and haggard condition of the American people result from dyspepsia, rather than from any other cause, and that the natural bowels need only to be kept well and regularly open to lighten the general load of care fifty per cent.

We have seen cases in this poor world that would sufficiently illustrate the basis of our belief. We could lay our hand upon the arm of many a friend who would not only be startled, but offended, by the insinuation it would convey. We know a calm and patient woman whose religious exercises are one continued trial. Her heart is hard, her sensitive conscience is her persistent accuser, the heavens are brass above her, a cloud rests upon her worldly circumstances, she looks out upon the future with fearful forebodings, friends are fickle or cold, death stands always knocking at her door, and everything goes against her. She thinks that all is meant to wear her from a world of sorrow, and yet she cannot perceive that she is becoming better fitted for that land

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Now, a little judicious hydropathic treatment would do this woman a world of good. It would lift a load from her conscience, open the way for her heart's highest communion, fill her future with rosy light, and make her mercurial, in a sense that would not call for the corrective agency of the electro-chemical bath. This woman is the type of a large class; and, if any of them read this article, we hope that their next period of self-examination may be devoted to a careful consideration of their digestive organs. We know a man who has the reputation of being high-tempered and irritable, crabbed and cross. The man's mother will take her oath that he was the best-baby and the pleasantest child she ever had. But he eats too much. His stomach is sour, the tides of life

flow laboriously, his alimentary passages are irritated by pepper and mustard, and the consequence is that he acts as if he were possessed with the devil. This man cannot be peaceable and amiable with his stomach in a perpetual growl. Let him, by accident, get into a good physical condition, and he will greet you as pleasantly as a summer morning. He wants exercise on a hard-trotting horse, a farinaceous diet, coarse bread, and a limited number of Carter potatoes, with nothing stronger for drink than cocoa and cold water. No essential amelioration of his moral condition can be achieved until these things are attended to. The preacher will preach, the friend harrow, and the wife caress in vain. We remember once seeing a very thick-headed little urchin struggling to keep his eyes open before the school mistress, and tell the name of the letter a. At last in the very abandon of despair, he exclaimed: "I can't read with this darn great apple in my pocket." Comment is unnecessary. It is utterly impossible, it seems to us, for the real millennium to come until a healthy digestive apparatus becomes a universal possession. We say this in no spirit of levity or irreverence. It is impossible to feel good when one cannot help feeling cross, to be happy when one is miserable, to be amiable with a cannon ball in one's stomach. Therefore let us all do what we can to advance the great cause of human progress and sound and healthy morality, by frequent bathing, daily out-of-door exercise, simple and wholesome diet, and regularity of habits. Under this regimen, crime will become unfashionable, pauperism go out of date, and the great religious agencies of the world have a fair chance and a clear field.

Water Cure Journal.

From the Angelica Reporter.
THE RADICAL DEMOCRACY.

In obedience to the dictates of honest convictions, after due deliberation and calm reflection, we no longer disguise the fact, if indeed it has at all been disguised to our readers, that our preferences and feelings for Presidential candidates are decidedly in favor of Fremont and Dayton. We do not desire to occupy the unenviable position of sustaining a candidate and repudiating his principles, although we might quote high authority for pursuing such a course.

In 1845 we enlisted under the Free Soil banner of that campaign; we then honestly entertained the principles inscribed on that banner, and supported them to the best of our ability. Since that time, our opinions have undergone no change—we have not seen, heard or read any thing that has tended in the least to shake our then convictions. We then believed that those principles were democratic—that they were the principles taught by the great apostle of democracy, and handed down from him, through the democratic party, to the degenerate sons of the present day—and as such we have loved and cherished them as the apple of our eye. If they were good and right in the days of the father of democracy, and reiterated and enunciated in, and made the corner stone of the democratic creed at various times since, and made the issue in the canvass of 1848 when they were needed, how much more is it necessary to sustain them now, when a more important crisis has arrived, for their application. Duty bids us, as well as every other man who loves freedom, rather than slavery and its extension, to reassert them, and sustain those only who will endeavor to carry them out. There is no man who honestly voted for Martin Van Buren in 1848 and advocated the principles then put forth, who can now do otherwise than support Fremont and Dayton, and be consistent. There is no sacrificing party in pursuing such a course. If party organizations turn their backs upon avowed principles, and yield them up on the score of expediency—for the sake of securing a sectional vote—it loses its identity; and

means signify nothing. Democracy consists in sustaining democratic principles; when it ceases to do this it is no longer entitled to the appellation, it sails under false colors, and becomes a piratical craft. Such now is the fate of the once glorious democratic party. It has dissolved itself by refusing to place at its mast head the principles of its founder, and become a sort of "Buchanian" craft, in the slave trade; and as such will be repudiated by the honest, intelligent portion of those who have always been proud of the name of democrat. We propose therefore to know it only hereafter as the "Buchanian party." However much politicians may seek to throw fog and mist around the true issue in the present election, it cannot be concealed or disguised, that that issue is the slavery question, reopened by the south—the south acting in a body in forcing the issue of slavery extension, by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, into the present canvass. There is no democracy in sustaining slavery extension. In supporting Fremont and Dayton, we do not relinquish any democratic doctrine, nor fidelity to any democratic party. Mr. Fremont has never been considered anything but a democrat, and full one-half of the delegates which placed him in nomination, wore Jeffersonian democratic. The platform upon which he is placed, is the platform of Jefferson. We therefore yield to our convictions of right and justice, and frankly avow our hearty support to the candidates of the people—believing that in doing so we only render that service to our country which its menaced liberty and freedom demanded at the hands of our revolutionary fathers on a similar occasion. We cannot do otherwise and be consistent. This frank avowal is due as well to our readers, as in justice to ourself. And now, in conclusion, if there be any among our readers who take exceptions to the course we have marked out for ourself, we can only say, that we have not taken the step without due consideration and reflection, and that the act is prompted from a high sense of honor and true patriotism. We claim only the privilege that belongs to every American citizen, to act in accordance with the honest dictates of his own conscience in regard to such matters; and that who do not like our views and the course we have adopted, are not obliged to continue their support to our paper, or even read it; it can be discontinued by complying with our terms.

ANECDOTE.—Old Parson B.—who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State—was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate.

Among his church members, was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long, that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified brother P., that such a thing must be felt assured, be needless; but P. said that at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving the church he always took a round-about course, which by some mysterious means always brought him to close proximity to the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B., ascertained from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing were possible.

The next Sabbath, brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed:

"Brother P!"
P. on being thus addressed, stopped short, and gazed toward the pulpit.
"Brother P." continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time, as I passed the Tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep you toddy hot till church was out."
The surprise and mortification of the brother, can hardly be imagined.