

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

JNO. S. MANN, A. AVERY, Editors.

COUDERSPORT, PA.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 11, 1855.

## THE VICTORY.

Little Potter is erect! The vile slanders of the hunker sheet are hurled back by the people with scorn. We write early on Wednesday morning, but we have sufficient returns to show that the county has given the entire Republican ticket a handsome majority. Whipple and Graves will have about 200 majority, and Southier about 250. We are satisfied. The men who have been insulting our people for the past year and a half, are rebuked. Freedom has triumphed, and our citizens have hurled from them the pro-slavery leaders who sought to lead them astray.

The following is a record of last night's news: Tuesday evening, Oct. 9th, the returns begin to come in ten minutes past seven. Eulalia gives 9 majority for Souther. Well done, Eulalia! If the other towns come in as well we shall have a handsome majority in the county. Twenty minutes past seven, Coudersport 38 majority for Nicholson for Canal Commissioner. Hurra for Coudersport! Let a few more of our best men be thoroughly slandered, and hunkerism will be annihilated. Col Whipple has 36 majority in the Boro' and 4 in Eulalia township. That will do. Quarter to ten, Homer comes in with 14 majority for the entire ticket. That is noble. The Republicans of that township have done a good day's work. Quarter past ten. Here comes Julius with the returns from Hebron, 50 majority for Nicholson, and about the same for the rest of the ticket. Glorious Hebron, ever true to freedom! We honor thy hardy, intelligent, and ever reliable sons. Wednesday morning, Oct. 10th, half past six. Here comes a messenger from Ulysses; 86 majority for Whipple, the other part of the ticket about the same. Nobly done for Ulysses; her vote settles the county ticket. Harrison is about even, and Bingham gives a small majority for the Republican ticket.

Throw up your hats. The county of Potter resumes her proud position. The following are the figures on County Commissioner, so far as heard:

	Whipple.	Nelson.
Eulalia,	29	25
Homer,	18	4
Hebron,	53	4
Coudersport,	53	17
Ulysses,	112	26
Harrison,	52	58
Bingham,	47	39
Sweden,	14	26
	378	199
	199	

Whipple ahead, 179.

Souther has in the same Townships 226 majority.

Daniel Olmsted of Ulysses raised, the past season, fifty-seven and a half bushels of buckwheat from one acre and a quarter of land.

We publish on the outside an extract from one of Horace Greeley's agricultural addresses. It is an able document, and should be thoroughly read.

Society has been steadily improving in this village for many years, and were it not for a few industrious slanderers and tattlers, we know of no village of its size more attractive as a place of residence for the refined and virtuous.

Good fresh butter is selling for twenty cents per pound in this village. Will our farmers take a note of this, and increase their dairy business? There is no surer way to coin money than to make butter and cheese, and give good attention to the stock business.

We publish in another column an article from the *Progressive Farmer* of Philadelphia, in relation to educating farmers' sons. We endorse this article, every word of it. By the way, the *Progressive Farmer* is published for twenty-five cents a year, and is worth ten times that sum to every farmer who thoroughly reads it.

A good many thousand dollars have been lost to the farmers of Potter county the past season, for want of sheep enough to eat up the briars and grass that wasted in old cloppings not yet brought under cultivation.

The buckwheat crop of this county, is immense. We hope our friends in the different townships will furnish us with the amount raised in their respective neighborhoods, and of the best yields per acre.

This is a favorable time to increase the circulation of the *Journal*, and the continued sickness of Mr. Avery justifies us in making an earnest appeal to our friends for aid. We have no time to canvass for subscribers, and must rely entirely on the kindness of friends to increase our list.

A friend has furnished us with a copy of the *Telegraph* published at Newtown village, Tioga county, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1815. It is a four column sheet containing about a fifth as much reading matter as the *Journal*, and published at two dollars per annum, one-half in advance.

What was then Newtown village is now Elmira, large enough for a city. There is little of interest in the number of the *Telegraph* before us, but the following in relation to "Caucus Nominations," is worthy of repetition at this time:

Many of the Republican editors express opinions favorable to nominations by members of Congress. The measure is necessary, say they, to prevent division of Republican votes; and it is open to examination by the people, before and after it is made. Experience has removed doubts on this subject, by demonstrating that public opinion has less influence on caucus nominations than caucus nominations on public opinion. The former (that is caucus nominations) has directed the latter ever since Mr. Jefferson's retirement.

In 1815 the party of Jefferson called itself *Republican*, but even then caucus nominations controlled public opinion. We hope the Republicans of this day will take warning from the errors of the past—take care that public opinion controls not only the nominations, but the elections.

## Pleasures of Planting.

Where shall we find so pleasing an appreciation of the pleasures that attend the labor of a garden, as in the following extract of a letter from the venerable Dr. Fothergill: "Planting and gardening supply a fund of entertainment the most lasting and reasonable of any occupation in this life, pleasures not to be purchased. The trees which we ourselves have planted, the fruits we have raised, the plants we have cultivated, seem to be like our children, a kind of new creation. Their shade, their taste, their fragrance, and their beauties, affect us with a richer rest than any other. What a pleasing scene lies open to a young man of fortune devoted to such amusements. Each succeeding year produces new shades, other fruits, fresh beauties, and brings, besides, more profit. To behold the rising groves, the burriness made fertile, our country improved, ourselves made useful and happy, and posterity enriched! I have seldom known a man possessed of a taste for such pleasures, who was not at the same time temperate and virtuous."—*Horticulturalist*.

These are pleasures which the poorest and humblest may easily enjoy. In this country where land is so cheap, every body may own a small lot on which trees may be planted, fruit grown, and a home beautified; and whoever is the possessor of a few acres of land in this country, on which he has planted trees, we think, will stay where he is if wise.

## The Stone Hill Potato.

Last spring we mentioned having received a sample of the Stone Hill potato from Mr. D. A. Bulkley, a professional gardener of Wilmamtown, Massachusetts, who obtained this variety from the seed, and named it after his place, the Stone Hill Farm. We have been very successful in its cultivation. We planted it close beside the Mercer potato, and it much superior to that both in size, in productiveness, and the healthfulness of the plant. The yield, so far as we were able to estimate, was at the rate of about two hundred bushels to the acre, which is a large one for Long Island. The Mercers contiguous to it are slightly affected with the potato disease, but in the Stone Hill potatoes are no signs of the disease whatever. The tubers are of a roundish shape, white-skinned and white within, and mealy when boiled. They have this peculiarity, that if dug before they have attained their proper size, they are not, like most new potatoes, of a waxy consistency, but are farinaceous, and apt to break open in boiling as if quite mature. The Stone Hill potato we regard as a very important addition to the stock of good potatoes, superior in several respects to any commonly cultivated in this region.—*Eve. Post*.

We hope some of our enterprising farmers will act on the above information. The *Post* is entirely reliable in its statements, and the above is valuable information.

HENRY WARD BEECHERISM.—This clergyman recently preached a sermon against old school Calvinism, in which he said he wished it fully understood by his people, that he served them not as the minister of a sect, but of the truth. "I am not," he declared, "a Calvinist, an Armenian, a Universalist, a Unitarian, a Pelagian, nor a Swedenborgian; but I am simply Henry Ward Beecher, a preacher of the Gospel, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and trying to make other people believe in him—that is all!"

## IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE KANE.

Seldom has there been a judicial outrage equal to that perpetrated by Judge Kane. By wantonly thrusting an innocent man into prison, he has invaded the liberty of every citizen. No man is safe where such abuses are practiced. It may be a matter of doubt whether the wrong in this and other similar cases, which have given to his honor an unenviable notoriety, is the result of sheer ignorance, or of moral obliquity. Charity inclines to the former view, and thus leaves us in possession of whatever comfort can arise from the reflection that imbecility, rather than leaveny, has caused the evil. But, in either case, the mischief is the same—people may as well die by malignity as by folly. In either case, there is no remedy but removal from office. We, therefore, heartily agree with those journals which demand the impeachment of a judge; who has so repeatedly and shamelessly prostituted his high office to the slave power. The *Independent* of last week has the following: "An act of tyranny, unprecedented in the history of our country, has been perpetrated by a judge of the federal court, and remains unredressed. An unoffending citizen who stated the exact truth in his return to a writ of the court, is imprisoned for contempt, and must lie in jail at the will of the Jeffreys who has thrust him in. The attempt to deliver the prisoner by a writ of *habeas corpus* from the Supreme Court of the State, has failed, and there remains but one method of redress.

"Judge Kane has abused his prerogative, and usurped the functions of an absolute sovereign. He deserves, therefore, to be impeached by the supreme power from which he holds his office. Let petitions be poured in upon the House of Representatives for the impeachment of Judge Kane.—This, if carried, will lead to a trial by the Senate, and if that should not result in conviction, the exposure and disgrace will be more than any man can endure. Like his great ancestor, this destroyer of the innocent, outlawed from society, will wander up and down the earth, crying, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' Let every city, town, and village, move for the impeachment of the modern Jeffreys."

The following is a good form of petition:

To the House of Representatives of the United States of America.

The Petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of Pennsylvania, respectfully sheweth: That in the case of the UNITED STATES, EX PARTE WHEELER vs. PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, John K. Kane, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, usurped a jurisdiction properly belonging to the Courts of this State, and committed to prison the said Passmore Williamson, a citizen of this State, without authority, and in violation of his rights as a citizen of this State and the United States.

Your Petitioners therefore respectfully pray you to impeach the said John K. Kane for misconduct in office.

## Thoughts from Channing.

Government resembles the wall which surrounds a land, a needful protection, but rearing no harvest, ripening no fruits. It is the individual who must choose whether the enclosure shall be paradise or a waste. How little positive good can government confer! It does not till our fields, build our houses, weave the ties which bind us to our families, give disinterestedness to the heart, or energy to the intellect and will. All our great interests are left to ourselves, and governments, when they have obstructed them much more than advanced them. For example they have taken religion into their keeping only to disfigure it. So education in their hands, has become a propagator of servile maxims, and an upholder of antiquated errors. In like manner, they have paralyzed trade by their nursing care, and multiplied poverty by their expedients for its relief. Government has almost always been a barrier against which intellect has had to struggle, and society has made its chief progress by the minds of private individuals, who have outstripped their rulers, and gradually shamed them into truth and wisdom.

When I compare the clamorous preaching and passionate declamation common in the Christian world, with the composed dignity, the deliberate wisdom, the freedom from all extravagance, which characterized Jesus, I can imagine no greater contrast, and I am sure that the fiery zealot is no representative of Christianity.

The moment man parts with moral independence the moment he judges of duty, not from the interests and will of a party, the moment he commits himself to a leader of a body, and winks at evil, because divisions would hurt the cause, the moment he shakes off his particular responsibilities, because he is but one of a thousand or a million by whom the evil is done, that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the energy of single to the intellect and will. All our great interests are left to ourselves, and governments, when they have obstructed them much more than advanced them. For example they have taken religion into their keeping only to disfigure it. So education in their hands, has become a propagator of servile maxims, and an upholder of antiquated errors. In like manner, they have paralyzed trade by their nursing care, and multiplied poverty by their expedients for its relief. Government has almost always been a barrier against which intellect has had to struggle, and society has made its chief progress by the minds of private individuals, who have outstripped their rulers, and gradually shamed them into truth and wisdom.

He who rears up one child in Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's or St. Peter's more enduring than earth or heaven.

It has been proposed by several gentlemen who own slaves in Kentucky, that they (the slaveholders) hold a convention at Frankfort to adopt some plan for the abolition of slavery, and that Hon. W. H. Luke of Pendleton county, a slaveholder, be appointed by the friends of the convention to draw up a proposition for its gradual abolition.

From the Christian Inquirer, Sept. 22.

## KANE, WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

Passmore Williamson is still in Moyamensing prison. He has violated no law; he has been convicted of no crime; he is not even awaiting a trial. He simply performed an act of humanity, in letting a poor black woman, who had been held as a slave, know that, brought within the limits of a free State, she was thenceforth a free woman, owner of herself and her children. And she, desiring above all things to be a free woman, and reasonably distrusting her former master's word that he would give her her freedom if she would remain with him, preferred to make her liberty sure, by taking her rights and her children, and going her way.

Her former master, to get back his slaves, appeals to the Judge of the United States Court, who grants a *habeas corpus*, perverting that writ of liberty into an instrument of slavery, and requires Mr. Williamson to produce before him the bodies of Jane Johnson and her children. Mr. Williamson returns an answer that they are not and never have been in his possession, and that he knows not where they are. This was the simple truth. The United States Attorney chooses to declare it a falsehood, and moves the court that Mr. Williamson be committed for perjury and for contempt.

Judge Kane, after deliberation, construes the true statement to be a legal falsehood, and a defiance of the court, grants the motion, and commits Mr. Williamson to prison for contempt, "without bail or mainprize." Had he committed him for perjury, he might have had a trial; as it is he can have none; the judge is jury too, and despot—sentences and condemns to an imprisonment without limit and without relief. Without limit, save as he may choose to use his clemency; without relief, save by human submission and dishonest retraction, on the part of the prisoner.

He cannot "purge himself from contempt" so long as he keeps an honest man's contempt for perjury. And so, for the simple acts of humanity and truth-telling, Mr. Williamson is imprisoned during the will and at the mercy of one man, for simply pleading not guilty to a charge made by a slaveholder.

But surely there must be some remedy. Surely there must be some power in free, civilized Pennsylvania which can interfere to arrest such tyranny, and right such wrong. The State courts will protect the citizens of the State: yes, even against attorneys, and judges, and ministers of the United States. The appeal is made to them. From his prison Passmore Williamson reaches out his hand and asks for justice. It is refused.

The Supreme Bench (with a noble exception, that of Judge Knox,) declares that it will not interfere. The question of contempt is a delicate question; it is the duty of the court to discourage all such contests with the legal tribunals of the country; Mr. Williamson carries the key of his prison in his own pocket; he can come out when he will conform and make terms with the court that sent him there.

So the State courts will not interpose. There remains no remedy but impeachment. Meanwhile Williamson lies in Moyamensing prison, and Kane is his brother's keeper.

So, in this our day and land, is "judgment turned away backward." We "look for justice, and lo, oppression; for righteousness, but behold, a cry!" And this is our slavery. What a spectacle before God, and a world looking to us for the noble instance of liberty! In free and republican America, a minister of the government proceeds to represent us abroad with slaves in his train.

On the way, a countryman of Penn and Franklin accosts them, not to see them free, but simply to tell them that they are already legally so. For this, though a constructive charge, a government judge imprisons him. And there is no remedy except through impeachment of that judge before a republican senate, half of whose members are slaveholders!

How fast slavery is ultimating itself, and showing in unmistakable fruits what its genuine spirit of tyranny is!

We hope we shall hear no more of "slavery's being wrong in the abstract," so fast it embodies itself in ever new and more hideous shapes. The cancer cannot be hidden. We men begin to boast of its beauty? We hope we shall hear no more of slavery's being "a thing with which we here at the North have nothing to do." It has overleaped the borders.

It stands in northern Boston, and with its gaunt hands puts chains around the Court House, and on the limbs of the black man, and hurries him through a hedge of bayonets, each red with the blood of Liberty, subsidizing government ships and government gold to accomplish its victory.

In Northern Kansas, armed with revolver and bowie-knife, it invades the polls and tramples upon the franchise; shakes its insulting fist with oaths and threats, in the face of freemen; defies and ejects governors; and, seated in the legislative halls, issues laws punish-

ing free speech with imprisonment, and humanity with death.

And now in Northern Pennsylvania, it mounts the bench, and binds the judges' hands, and seals their lips, while it turns the key of Passmore Williamson's prison and stands guard at the door. And the North has nothing to do with it! Nothing, but to submit. "O God, how long!" How long shall we be paralyzed, acquiescent, timid and bound? How long shall we shield ourselves from our duty and the voice of God, by the evasive question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

## FARMERS EDUCATE YOUR SONS.

"Even I, the descendant of a poor line of cultivators, stretching back, very likely, to him who through his own blindness and fatuity lost the situation of head-gardener in Eden—even I feel the all-prevailing impulse towards improvement and reform. I can never be a scientific farmer—I am too old and too heavily laden with duties and cares for that—but my son, if he lives, shall be. The little I can teach him shall at least inspire him with a craving for more, and set him on the right track to learn it."

If any man in the community may be presumed to understand fully, and to be imbued thoroughly with the progressive spirit of the age, that man is Horace Greeley. With his peculiar political and social views and feelings, we have nothing to do; but with the noble, energetic spirit he has ever displayed, and with the immense influence he has for years wielded with such prodigious effect, every thing, the extract which we give above is strictly characteristic of the man, and embodies sentiments which we should like to believe pervade the breast of every farmer in the land. It is useless to attempt a concealment of the great fact, that the spirit of progress has laid her hand upon almost every tiller of the soil, and that slowly, but certainly, the slumbering spirit of the giant agriculturist is awakening to a consciousness of its own immense importance. One by one the old fashioned prejudices of by-gone days are thrown aside, and those who a few years since indignantly discarded the idea of making a single step in advance of "daddy's plan of farming," are either conforming in full to the onward movements of the age, or gradually adopting improved implements, seeds, and methods of tillage. But there are very many, who like Horace Greeley, "feel the all-prevailing impulse towards improvement," but who are too old and too heavily laden with cares and business duties to devote themselves to scientific farming. To such we say, educate your sons, and educate them with special reference to the profession which you intend they shall pursue in after life. Do not be afraid that in filling their minds with the great truths of science you unfit them for the physical duties of life. The man who tills the earth understandingly—who is acquainted with the character of the soil he cultivates—the manures he applies—the seed he sows, and the harvest he gathers—surely such a man's daily toil is materially lessened by the fact that every department of it is conducted intelligently. Every plant and leaf and blossom is to him a subject of the deepest interest, because a thorough knowledge of each, so far from unfitting him for his work, only enables him to prosecute it more easily and more economically. Where the farmer doggedly attributes his want of success to the weather, or to Providence, the educated man, knowing that nature is rarely in the wrong, investigates the cause of the failure, and generally succeeds in tracing it to its proper source. "Forewarned, forearmed," is a trite but a truthful adage. The educated man provides against a recurrence of the failure, while the ignorant one, without either the ability or inclination to search out the reasons why he failed in a particular direction; "trusts to luck," and succeeds no better than at first.

Ye that are skeptical in regard to progressive farming, look around you for a single moment, and if the snows of forty winters have fallen upon you, go back twenty years only, and compare the farming of that day with the farming of the present day. Look at the farms which in the period of twenty years have been improved most, and our word for it, they were those the cultivators of which were, if not highly educated men, at least those who did not condemn book farming as a humbug. They were men, who if they had not, as the farmers of the present day have, access to reliable agricultural information in the form of periodicals without number, and newspapers at mere nominal prices, were possessed of an indomitable spirit of inquiry and energy—the men, in fact, to whom we are most largely indebted for the facilities the present generation of farmers enjoy for cultivating the soil intelligently, pleasantly and profitably.

A good name is above rubies, but a good heart is worth infinitely more. Slander may blight the former, and yet may pass the latter unscathed, not even the smell of fire being left on its garments.

REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE.—The Hon. William Jessup, President of the Republican State Convention, at Pittsburgh, has issued the following circular announcing the appointment of the Republican State Committee:

By direction of the Republican State Convention, which assembled in Pittsburgh, I have appointed the following State Central Committee:—David Wilmot, of Bradford, Chairman; Eli K. Price, of Philadelphia; William B. Thomas, do.; Anson Road, do.; Benjamin Malone, do.; Robert Iredell, of Montgomery; A. R. McNevin, of Chester; John Banks, of Berks; Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster; Prof. McClintock, of Cumberland; James M. Sellers, of Juniata; A. O. Heister, of Dauphin; Daniel Bradegam, of Northumberland; Samuel F. Carmant, of Susquehanna; A. W. Benedict, of Huntingdon; John Covode, of Westmoreland; John W. Howe, of Crawford; George Darsie, of Allegheny; Thomas J. Bigham, of Allegheny; Thomas Nicholson, of Beaver; F. B. Peaniman, of Wayne; Wm. Pearson, Jr., of Clinton; Henry M. Fuller, of Luzerne; Holmes Macley, of Mifflin; Nathaniel Ewing, of Fayette.

The above Committee met at Herr's hotel, Harrisburg, on Thursday evening, the 27th, inst., at 7 o'clock.

## THE SUN HAS RED FLAME.

Professor Henry, before the American Association of Science, gave odd results touching the existence of red flames on the edge of the sun, as observed during solar eclipses. These projections of red flame were observed again in May. A blackboard representation of them was given—a circle with cloven tongues of fire. During eclipses, it appears, remarkable appearances of these flames have been observed since the year 1838, when Alexander and Henry were astronomers together at Princeton. One used a yellow glass, the other a red. It was found that these flames could only be observed through the red glass. To test this, last spring when the big eclipse happened, Mr. Henry experimented at Washington. He took a large burning-lens, such as are usually in the light-house service, and concentrated the rays of the sun upon a piece of shingle—the wood began to burn, when presto! the same sort of flames appeared, of a beautiful pink color. A range of different colored glasses was brought to bear—but through none of them, yellow, green, nor anything else but red, could the flame be seen. Mr. Henry called in the architect of the Smithsonian Institution, and had him look. He was obnoxious of the existence of the flames till the red glass came. A candle was taken up, and it was invisible through the red glass. The inference is, that this phenomenon is real. The pink, according to Mr. Henry, is a subjective color—a color in the eye. This opens, it is said, a field for investigation.

## Tatlar Proverbs.

It is dishonor to be bent, not to bend.

Violets do not grow so high as nettles.

For the first wish, a single camel sufficeth; for the second, not the whole herd were enough.

If the fish do not snap at a worm, Allah would not let him bite the draught.

It is not always a lovely female face that is covered with a veil.

Though the drone suck the jamme, it makes no honey.

From the lovely maiden, not even the hurricane removes the veil; from the ugly old crone, the gentlest breeze takes the turban off the head.

There is more fuss made about the shepa (bulrush mat) of the rich man, than about the kis (woolen carpet) of the poor.

The blind man once called the slave "Effendi"—a title of honor—to this day the slave carries his head the higher.

The greatest lumberman in America is William Price, of Quebec. He has created a wharf at River La Loup, 120 miles below Quebec, at a cost of \$120,000, to accommodate his lumber business. He is the most extensive dealer in North America; has 30 saws running near that place; 40 at St. John's Bay; 25 in constant operation at Halls Bay, and at the Saguenay Rapids 10 more. He also purchases some millions of feet from the Ottawa. It is said he has furnished, for several years employment for from 2000 to 3000 men, and freighted over a hundred ships annually, with lumber for European markets.

Eli Thayer, of Worcester, Massachusetts, is about to go to Maine, to organize a colony of lumbermen for Kansas. He says they are the strongest and bravest men on this continent—the Highlanders of America.

When one shows a general want of confidence in others, he deserves none in himself. This is obvious as an axiom.

At the instigation of the Russian Government, Persia has suppressed all her Protestant schools.