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## MASSACRE AT BLOUNT'S FORT.

BY J. R. GIDDINGS.

On the west side of the Appalachian River, some forty miles below the line of Georgia, are yet the ruins of what was once called "Blount's Fort." Its ramparts are now covered with a dense growth of underbrush and small trees. You may yet trace out its bastions, curtain, and magazine. At this time the country, adjacent presents the appearance of an unbroken wilderness, and the whole scene is one of gloomy solitude, associated as it is with one of the most cruel massacres which ever disgraced the American arms.

The fort had originally been erected by civilized troops, and, when abandoned by its occupants at the close of the war, in 1815, it was taken possession of by the refugees from Georgia. But little is yet known of that persecuted people; their history can only be found in the national archives at Washington. They had been held as slaves in the State referred to; but during the Revolution they caught the spirit of liberty, at that time so prevalent throughout our land, and fled from their oppressors and found an asylum among the aborigines living in Florida.

During forty years they had effectually eluded, or resisted, all attempts to re-enslave them. They were true to themselves, to the instinctive love of liberty which is planted in every human heart. Most of them had been born amidst perils, reared in the forest, and taught from their childhood to hate the oppressors of their race. Most of those who had been personally held in degrading servitude, whose backs had been seared by the lash of the savage overseer, had passed to that spirit-land where the clanking of chains is not heard,—where slavery is not known. Some few of that class yet remained. Their gray hairs and feeble limbs, however, indicated that they, too, must soon pass away. Of the three hundred and eleven persons residing in "Blount's Fort," not more than twenty had been actually held in servitude. The others were descended from slave parents, who fled from Georgia, and, according to the laws of slave States, were liable to suffer the same outrages to which their ancestors had been subjected.

It is a most singular feature in slaveholding morals, that if the parents be robbed of their liberty, deprived of the rights with which their Creator has endowed them, the proprietor of these wrongs becomes entitled to repeat them upon the children of their former victims. There were also some few parents and grandchildren, as well as middle-aged persons, who sought protection within the walls of the Fort against the vigilant slave-catchers who occasionally were seen prowling around the ramifications, but who dare not venture within the power of those whom they sought to enslave.

These fugitives had planted their gardens, and some of them had flocks roaming in the wilderness; all were enjoying the fruits of their labor, and congratulating themselves upon being safe from the attacks of those who enslave mankind. But the spirit of oppression is inexorable. The slaveholders finding they could not themselves obtain possession of their victims, called on the President of the United States for assistance to perpetrate the crime of enslaving their fellow men. The functionary had been reared amid southern institutions. He entertained no doubt of the right of one man to enslave another. He did not doubt that if a man held in servitude attempted to escape, he would be worthy of death. In short, he fully sympathized with those who sought his official aid. He immediately directed the Sec-

retary of War to issue orders to the Commander of the Southern Military District of the United States "to send a detachment of troops to destroy Blount's Fort, and to seize those who occupied it and return them to their masters." General Jackson, at that time Commander of the Southern Military District, directed Lt. Col. Clinch to perform the barbarous task. I was at one time personally acquainted with that officer, and know the impulses of his generous nature, and can readily account for the failure of his expedition. He marched to the Fort, made the necessary reconnaissance, and returned, making report that the fortification was not accessible by land.

Orders were then issued to Commodore Patterson, directing him to carry out the directions of the Secretary of War. He at that time commanded the American flotilla lying in "Mobile Bay," and instantly issued an order to Lieut. Loomis to ascend the Appalachian River with two gun-boats, "to seize the people in Blount's Fort, deliver them to their owners, and destroy the Fort."

On the morning of the 17th of September, A. D. 1816, a spectator might have seen several individuals standing upon the walls of that fortress, watching with intense interest the approach of two small vessels that were slowly ascending the river, under full spread canvass, by the aid of a light southern breeze. They were in sight at early dawn, but it was ten o'clock when they furled their sails and cast anchor opposite the Fort, some four or five hundred yards distant from it.

A boat was lowered, and soon a midshipman and twelve men were observed making for the shore. They were met at the water's edge by some half dozen of the principal men in the Fort, and their errand demanded. The young officer told them he was sent to make demand of the Fort, and that its inmates were to be given up to the "slaveholders, then on board the gun-boat, who claimed them as fugitive slaves!" The demand was instantly rejected, and the midshipman and his men returned to the gun-boat and informed Lieut. Loomis of the answer he had received.

As the colored men entered the Fort and related to their companions the demand that had been made, great was the consternation manifested by the females, and even a portion of the sterner sex appeared to be distressed at their situation. This was observed by an old patriarch, who had drunk the bitter cup of servitude,—one who bore on his person the visible marks of the thong as well as the brand of his master, upon his shoulder. He saw his friends faltered, and he spoke cheerfully to them. He assured them that they were safe from the cannon shot of the enemy,—that there were not men enough on board the vessels to storm their Fort, and finally closed with the emphatic declaration: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" This saying was repeated by many agonized fathers and mothers during that bloody day.

A cannonade was soon commenced upon the Fort, but without much apparent effect. The shots were harmless; they penetrated the earth of which the walls were composed, and were then buried, without further injury. Some two hours were thus spent without injuring any person in the Fort. They then commenced throwing bombs. The bursting of these shells had more effect. There was no shelter from these fatal messages. Mothers gathered their little ones around them, and pressed their babes more closely to their bosoms, as one explosion after another warned them of their imminent danger. By these explosions some were occasionally injured and a few killed, until, at length, the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying were heard in various parts of the fortress.

Do you ask why these mothers and children were thus butchered in cold blood? I answer, they were slain for adhering to the doctrine that "all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life and liberty." Holding to this doctrine of Hancock and

Jefferson, the power of the nation was arrayed against them, and our army employed to deprive them of life.

The bombardment was continued some hours with but little effect, so far as the assailants could discover. They manifested no disposition to surrender. The day was passing away. Lieut. Loomis called a council of officers and put to them the question, "What further shall be done?" An under officer suggested the propriety of firing "hot shot at the magazine." The proposition was agreed to. The furnaces were heated, balls were prepared, and the cannonade was resumed. The occupants of the Fort felt relieved by the change. They could hear the deep humming sound of the cannon balls, to which they had become accustomed in the early part of the day, and some made themselves merry at the supposed folly of their assailants. They knew not that the shot was heated, and were therefore unconscious of the danger which threatened them.

The sun was rapidly descending in the west. The tall pines and spruce threw their shadows over the fortification. The roaring of the cannon, the sighing of the islets, the groans of the wounded, the dark shades of approaching evening, all conspired to render the scene one of intense gloom. They longed for the approaching light to close around them in order that they might bury the dead, and flee to the wilderness for safety.

Suddenly a startling phenomenon presented itself to their astonished view. The heavy embankment and sinbers protecting the magazine appeared to rise from the earth—the next instant the dreadful explosion overwhelmed them, and the next found two hundred and seventy parents and children in the immediate presence of a holy God, making their appeal for retributive justice upon the government who had murdered them, and the freemen of the north who sustained such unutterable crimes.

Many were crushed by the falling earth and the timbers; many were entirely buried in the ruins. Some were horribly mangled by the fragments of timber and the explosion of charged shells that were in the magazine. Limbs were torn from the bodies to which they had been attached. Mothers and babes lay beside each other, wrapped in that sleep which knows no waking.

The sun had set, and the twilight of evening was closing around them, when some sixty sailors, under the officer second in command, landed, and, without opposition, entered the Fort. The veteran sailors, accustomed to blood and carnage, were horror-stricken as they viewed the scene before them. They were accompanied, however, by some twelve slaveholders, all anxious for their prey. These paid little attention to the dead and dying, but anxiously seized upon the living, and, fastening the fetters upon their limbs, hurried them from the Fort, and instantly commenced their return toward the frontier of Georgia. Some fifteen persons in the Fort survived the terrible explosion, and they now sleep in servile graves, or moan and weep in bondage.

The officer in command of the party, with his men, returned to the boats as soon as the slaveholders were fairly in possession of their victims. The sailors appeared gloomy and thoughtful as they returned to their vessels. The anchors were weighed, the sails unfurled, and both vessels hurried from the scene of butchery as rapidly as they were able. After the officers had retired to their cabins, the rough-featured sailors gathered before the mast, and loud and bitter were the curses they uttered against slavery and against those officers of government who had then constrained them to murder women and helpless children, merely for the love of life.

Twenty-two years elapsed, and a representative in Congress, from one of the free States, reported a bill giving to the perpetrators of these murders a gratuity of five thousand dollars from the public treasury, as a token of gratitude which the people of this nation felt for the soldierly and gallant manner in which the crime was committed toward them. The bill passed both houses of Congress, was approved by the President, and now stands upon our statute book among the laws enacted at the 3d session of the 25th Congress.

The facts are all found scattered among the various public documents which repose in the alcoves of our National Library. But no historian has been willing to collect and publish them; in consequence of the deep disgrace which they reflect upon the American arms, and upon those who controlled the government.

A Vide Executive documents of the 2d session of the thirteenth Congress. I have believed that this report was suggested by the humanity of Col. Clinch. He was reputed one of the bravest and most energetic officers in the service. He possessed undiminished perseverance, and could probably have captured the Fort in one hour, had he desired so to do.

That is the number officially reported by the officer in command. Vide Executive documents of the thirteenth Congress.

No Sabbath.—In a "Prize Essay, on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following passage:

"Yoke-fellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming.

"Think of the beauty it would extinguish; of the giant strength that it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspiration it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extort; of the lives it would immolate; and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and heaving, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, razing and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

PERPETUAL MOTION.—We have just been given to understand that an artisan in very humble circumstances, residing in Ipswich, has after three years labor, succeeded in constructing a model of a machine, 15 inches by 13 and 11 and a half deep, which is self-acting; after being put in motion by a screw. It is powerful enough to turn a grindstone against the power of one person who holds an iron bar on the stone. It has kept in motion upwards of thirty-six hours, at the end of which time the speed was not diminished, and the constructor, whose name is Thomas Standard contends that the machine will keep in motion as long as the materials will last. This invention was offered to several firms in Ipswich, who declined taking it up, since which three persons belonging to one of the first firms of London have visited Ipswich, and examined the machine, and have been induced to pay the inventor liberally, and have taken the machine to London.

The heat of the earth, below, where the frost usually penetrates, averages a temperature of 48 degrees, or 10 degrees above freezing; this is the reason why springs do not freeze, and not because of any quality in spring water.—Scientific American.

ADVISE YOUR OWN.—As saith Solomon, with althy gettings get wisdom; but if you can't get wisdom, by all means buy a druggist.

## The New Crusade.

Eight centuries ago, all Europe was roused to a Crusade for the rescue of Jerusalem's Temple from infidel pollution. The thought that roused, and spirit that impelled those steel-clad hosts were noble and heroic. But in their darkness, they marched beneath a blood-red banner bearing the inscription—"death to the unbeliever!"

Another crusade has been proclaimed and other hosts been embattled. It is the crusade against Alcohol by hosts of the abstinent. These are marshalled onward by a noble thought, thrilled by a more heroic spirit, bound for the rescue of a still holier Temple from far worse than Moslem pollution; and the banner streaming over them a snow white banner, bearing for inscription—"Love mankind!" These, in short, are striving for the redeeming and purifying of that human body which is pronounced by the apostle, the "temple of the Holy Ghost."

Cast what defilements you may upon temples of wood and stone, the work of man's hands, and what is this compared with the sacrilege committed upon the divine temple of flesh,—planned by the intelligence and built by the right hand of God—by the intemperance of all kinds, wherein our world is weltering? No wonder at that ancient exclamation, "O, wretched man, who shall deliver me from this body of death.—Saturday Evening Mail.

FILIBUSTERING.—The last rumors relative to the "March! March! March!" party, are—first that an expedition is to be fitted out, to proceed to the Peruvian coast, and taking advantage of the state of war between Bolivia and Peru, are to hoist the Bolivian flag, and conquer the Peruvian fleet. The filibusters are to be followed by an immense fleet of merchantmen, who are to make an attack on the deposits of guano on the Lapos Islands, and remove them to the cotton lands of the southern States. It is supposed that the guano will pay a large profit above the cost of the expedition.

The second "march" is to be executed upon the Mosquito coast. This country is to be "possessed for the purpose of transporting slaves to it from the Southern States."

Truly, filibuster rumors are getting to be a bore.—Boston Commonwealth.

## Jeffersonian Democracy.

All very well know how loudly in words a certain party profess to be disciples to Jefferson. President Pierce does the same while practicing directly the opposite principles. The present democratic administration has become notorious for its interference with elections, as in New York and Massachusetts. See now the circular issued by Jefferson's administration on this very subject, then recollect that issued by the present administration, signed "C. Cushing," and you will have exactly the difference between Jeffersonian and Pierceian democracy.—Free Dem.

The President of the United States has been with dissatisfaction officers of the general government, taking on various occasions, active parts in elections of the public functionaries, whether of the general or of the State governments.—Freedom of election being essential to the mutual independence of governments, and of the different branches of the same governments, so vitally cherished by most of our constituents, it is deemed improper for officers depending on the Executive of the Union to attempt to control or influence the free exercise of the elective right. This I am instructed to notify all officers within any department, holding their appointments under the authority of the President directly, and to desire them to notify all to them. The right of any officer within any department, holding their appointment under the authority of the President directly, and to desire them to notify all to them. The right of any officer to give his vote at elections as a qualified citizen, is not meant to be restrained, nor however given, shall have any effect to his prejudice; but it is expected that he will not attempt to influence the vote of others, nor take any part in the business of electing officers, that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, and his duty to—Portland Inquirer.

## Hospitality of the Turkish Passabury.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, who has recently been traveling in Asiatic Turkey, gives the following fascinating description of Turkish hospitality:

"Our Zayasses, with part of our company, left the road, and were separated from us, so that we arrived at our night quarters few in number, and low in authority, since our guards were absent. The whole village was almost in a riot on our account; every man repeating the same thing: 'We have nothing to give you, nor any lodgings for you.' We spoke of money and the sound softened them a little; but then they asked such prices for the articles that we needed that we felt quite bewildered. Despairing of getting anything from these barbarians, one of our party bet thought himself of procuring supper by means of his gun, and at the expense of a prodigious flock of larks which were crowding around some heaps of corn that had just been taken out from their without store-places; that is, holes in the ground. No sooner did the villagers understand our friend's intent, than they showed themselves very eager to help him. Silence was ordered and obtained; and when the hunter fired, the birds fell in numbers upon the ground, killed or wounded, the villagers ran to catch them and put them in their pockets. I had witnessed the whole process, and could not refrain from a burst of laughter, but the shooting gentleman did not take the affair so very leniently. He shouted after the robbers, devoted them to all sorts of plagues, invoked upon them the heaviest chastisements, but all in vain. The rascals became angry in their turn, and threatened to do with the hunter what he had done with the birds. At this critical moment the rest of our party, guns included, joined us, and put the mob to flight. They had been to another village, found good lodgings, kind greetings, and good fare, and assured us that with no more than twenty minutes riding we should reach that Turkish paradise. Glad enough we were to take leave of the inhospitable villagers, and abandoning the contested larks, we saddled our horses anew and moved away. The twenty minutes ride expanded to an hour and more; and after all we found poor quarters, and still poorer fare. Our kind host robbed one of our party of his purse; still we did not repent our choice. Anything was better than the people we had escaped from."

KING CAUCUS rules this nation with his rod of iron. Carlyle calls it "the second chamber in the legislature." But the despotism of the caucus is as hateful as the despotism of an hereditary sovereign. We are glad that a proposition is now before Congress to amend the Constitution so as to choose the President by the direct vote of the people, without the intervention of the Electoral College; and we trust it will pass into the organic law—the Constitution. Nothing could be more salutary than a thorough reform to annihilate the power of that caucus despotism which is now so supreme all over the land—which makes and unmakes Presidents. A set of corrupt and intriguing politicians meet at Baltimore or Philadelphia, and instead of consulting the wishes of the people, they contrive to make a nomination such as will secure to themselves the offices and plunder. The New York Evening Post, in speaking of this proposed amendment of the Constitution, says:—"Conventions for the nomination of President, as now managed, are merely devices to prevent the nomination of those candidates whom the majority would prefer, and nothing afterwards is left to the people in voting for electors, but simply to register the decrees of the conventions. Those who are vain of their skill in getting up and managing conventions, will, of course, oppose any change in the present method. They would prefer a President made by themselves to a President made by the people."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out: "My dear, are you not afraid?" "How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" "He rose from his chair, rushed from the cabin to the deck, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you not afraid?" "She instantly answered "No." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of a man whose band and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in His fist and the water in the hollows of His hands is my Father."