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

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The Professions

In every community there are a few young men who can deliberately choose their profession. There are only a few; for accident, not choice, determines the career of most of us. But, here and there, there is a youth who, owing to the circumstances of his parents or the strength of his own determination, is able to make up his mind what he will do in life; and he does it.

In former times, young men of this fortunate class embraced, as a matter of course, the profession of arms; and in some of the less progressive countries of Continental Europe, the majority of "well-born" youth do so to this day. The girls of Copenhagen still prefer that the arms of a soldier should embrace them, when they waltz, and the highest honors of the court and cabinet are still worn with the epaulette. In those countries, not to be a soldier is not to belong to the *élite* of society. Happily, our own army is so small, that arms, as a profession for educated gentlemen, can scarcely be said to exist among us. Millions of our citizens live and die without even seeing a man entitled to paint on his trunk the letters U. S. A.

In this republic, the Law has been, till within a few years, the favorite profession of the fortunate few. The Law was the beaten path to the highest honors. Every President but two has been chosen from the legal profession. Every Vice-President whose name we can now call to mind, was a lawyer. Every man in our time who has been a prominent but unsuccessful candidate for those offices, was a lawyer. Almost every Governor of a State has been a lawyer. The leading persons in counties, towns, and villages, have generally been lawyers; and down even to the present time, the profession retains some of its former prestige. It is only in the last few years that great merchants, great manufacturers, great writers, great engineers, great railroad men, great agriculturists, great architects, have begun to overshadow the wealth and consequence of great lawyers. Lawyers know the legal profession are over, and over forever. Simplified codes, reduce fees. Improved manners and increasing enlightenment diminish litigation. The more men know the better friends they are; and the better friends men are, the more likely they are to be able to settle their disputes without the assistance of a court. Moreover, the great honors of a State, once so much coveted—once so august and overwhelming—are now of far less account, because the whole country understands that these high honors cannot, except by accident, fall upon the deserving; but are merely stock in trade of a small, disreputable class of men, who have made a business of politics, and whose jargon in the newspapers is even unintelligible to the public. Emphatically, the palmy days of the law are over.

We believe there is no diminution in the number of candidates for such legal honors as are left; but in the quality of these candidates there is a palpable depreciation. We cannot speak for other places, but in New-York the *élite* of the young men do not, as a general thing, become students of the law. When they do, it is because an uncle, or a father, or an intimate friend, is the possessor of a business in which there is an opening and a prospect. In fact, to create a legal business in New-York, is understood to be just one degree within an impossibility. In the country, it is less difficult; but to an honorable man, sometimes quite impossible. For example, there is a town, about an hundred miles from New-York, in which reside four young lawyers, whose united prac-

tice (a year ago) would have kept a cow in tolerable pasture. They were not men to sit at their desks and patiently starve. On the contrary, they had no sooner got a license to practice, and their plates painted, than they set about making a stir in the county; "to get," as one of them happily termed it, "their names up." A. embraced the "temperance cause," and spoke at meetings. B. plunged into Odd Fellowship, and passed his leisure moments in visiting Lodges and advocating the interests of the Odd Fellows generally. C. went into the extremes of politics, and got his name into the papers. D. devoted himself to the church, and advanced so far on the road to preferment as to be allowed to hand round the plate. These expedients, we are informed, have not been employed in vain; and this fact alone—the fact that such expedients could be successful—is almost enough to put the stamp of infamy on the profession. We do not think it is going too far to say, that the law is among the last professions one should recommend to a young man of honor, spirit, and talents. Among the elder members of the legal profession, there are men of the first respectability, of eminent talent and great worth; but it is not the profession for a young man to choose in the year of our Lord 1854.

It is a talking profession; and what is wanted in these days is action, and the power of directing action. We want architects who, to use the language of Mr. Greenough, can apply Greek principles without imitating Greek forms. This nation, in the course of the next fifty years, is to be torn down and built up better. Of the two, hundred and fifty churches standing this day in New-York, not twenty will exist in the year 1900, but will have been replaced by better ones, if architects can be found to build them. When we consider, on the one hand, the rapidity with which property is accumulated here, and on the other hand, the taste universally diffused for magnificence, we cannot resist the conclusion, that the United States is about to furnish the largest and best field for the practice of the architectural profession that has ever been afforded at any period, in any country. But those who practice that profession must have ideas. Copyists we have already, and copies we have already. We want men who will thoroughly master their art, not to be enslaved by it; men who will seize the great idea that beauty is utility perfected, and make it live in structures that shall answer their purpose to admiring eyes of those who behold them. There is a great deal of glory in reserve for the men who shall adapt the art of architecture to the wants, the climate, the genius of America—and not glory alone.

We want engineers, too. Within the next fifty years, a thousand tunnels will have to be excavated, ten thousand bridges will be built, a million miles of railroad must be laid out, the whole Rocky Mountain region is to be made accessible; and things are to be done which we can no more anticipate now, than the people of the year 1800 could have anticipated railroads, telegraphs, and steamships. What a field for men of science and talent! The American mind is singularly adapted to enterprises of this kind; and it is with the utmost confidence that we urge young men who can choose what they will do, and who have no fancy for an ordinary, hum-drum career, to give the profession of engineering a serious consideration. It is a profession for a MAN! It takes him out-of-doors, up mountains, along torrents, across prairies, through forests. He becomes intimate with nature, while he uses the forces of nature to subdue nature; and there is something so honestly, palpably, and greatly beneficial in what he does, that the narrowest of utilitarians cannot refuse him his respect. Look at Col. Serrel, who bridged the Niagara before he was 20 years of age, and did the same service for the St. John's, on his wedding trip. There is something better in that than stupefying the mind over "moral philosophy," and other antiquated trash, in the "senior years."

And there is the great difficulty. We

want men of action; but the main effort of our schools is to produce men of talk. An engineer who had occasion some time ago, for two assistants in surveying a railroad, addressed the following question to three professors of mathematics attached to three colleges of high repute: "In the class about to graduate from your institution, are there any young men competent to go upon the road immediately and make surveys without any assistance from me?" There were none, and the professors frankly said so. What a fact is this? As a preparation for the studies of modern life, our college course is scarcely any use at all; and we care not who hears us when we say, if a young man is resolved to run a great career in an active, manly profession, let him keep out of college. That young man has no four years to waste. His knowledge must be real, positive, modern. He needs a trained eye, a trained hand, a broad chest, and a long wind; nor a stimulated brain merely. He must be a man of the world, educated in the world, by the world, for the world.

We cannot pursue the subject further at present. The sum of the whole matter is this: the talking professions have had their day; the means of education have not yet become adjusted to the new want; and he who pronounces such adjustment, even so far as to point out its necessity, does a good thing.—*Home Journal.*

Immortality.

"It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We were born to a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on wings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."—PRENTICE.

Spunky Yankee Lieutenant.

Lieut. Sheldon, of the U. S. artillery, a strange, iron-hearted man, stood at his gun at the battle of Lacolle Mill (Canada) until every other man had left it. The enemy, seeing his condition, sent a detachment to take him and his gun; but he maintained his position till the column came within pistol shot, when he touched it off. The order of fire had been given the same instant to the infantry, arranged somewhat in the form of a semicircle in the woods; and when the smoke cleared away, only one of the detachment was standing on his feet, and he making rather excitable tricks for the mill. Sheldon once refused to take off his hat in a Canadian theater while the orchestra played "God Save the King," when an English officer reminded him of his neglect. He made some reply which he regretted. Sheldon, however, was obstinate about it, when his friend told him that his antagonist never missed his aim, and that he was a "dead man" if he fought. "Then," said Sheldon, "there will be two dead men." They fought, and the English officer fell dead at the first fire. Sheldon was shot through and through. He, however, lingered on for some six months, and finally died in Boston. He retained his almost unnatural fearlessness and hardness to the last, and would accost his friends, as they stole softly into his sick chamber, with, "Walk in, pall-bearers, walk in." He was a Pittsfield man, and was such stuff as heroes are made of.

Worship of the Bottle.

Idolatry neither is, nor ever has been a partial, or local evil. It passed not away with the superb empires of antiquity, nor is it now confined to the regions of the East. In vain has Christendom enacted the Iconoclast and shivered into atoms the bronze and marble symbols of false deities, so long as the passion or idea, thus embodied, still holds unbroken sway.

And, tell us, when and where now exists or ever did exist, a worship so false and monstrous, or exacting sacrifice so terrible, as that of the Demon of the Bottle! We read with shuddering commiseration, of the devotee of Jugger-naut offering his body to be crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of the idol-car. But what is this corporeal death, through a single pang of infinitesimal duration, compared with the lingering, sore-struggling dissolution of the bottle-victim? His is a death, wherein innocence, kindness and conscience, domestic and kindred affection, love of reputation, and even all love and fear of God, expire one by one, with agonizing throes, and the writhing creature may traverse the earth for long years, not so much a veritable living man, as an automaton moved by demoniac influences.

If the antique idolatry of Bacchus involved much of debasing, there was also associated with it somewhat of redeeming influence. The magnificent temple, the shapely statue, the speaking picture, the thrilling music and tastefully superb pageantry,—these, at least, appealed to something higher than the lowest animal propensities and served to cultivate a love of harmony and beauty.

But the devotion to the bottle is, in all its principal stages, coarse, hardening, degrading, without qualifications. The miserable Gramshop, the kennel, tatters and blasphemy: the frenzied, ferocious brawl, and not seldom crimes of even the darkest dye,—such are the natural accompaniments of this service, and amid such scenes even the highest organized become low, while the low-minded and coarse, grow ever coarser and lower still. And yet this is a widespread idolatry of christian lands! And stranger still, we despatch shiploads of missionaries and rum barrels to redeem heathen nations from the worship of idols!

What spectacle so unaccountable in this unaccountable world, as that which so many have been called perverse, to witness,—the progress from beginning to close of an inebriate's career?

What spectacle so unaccountable in this unaccountable world, as that which so many have been called perverse, to witness,—the progress from beginning to close of an inebriate's career?

Charon paid his physician five gallons of ardent spirits, causing him another fit of delirium tremens. Woman has plead with all the eloquence of woe for her relatives; but tears nor groans availed her nothing. Charon furnished company with bottles of brandy to distract a religious meeting—which they did. Last summer he got a company intoxicated, when they met a friend of temperance, who, with his sister, was returning from church. They commenced an unprovoked attack upon him, and were shockingly mangling him, when assistance arrived. This unfriendly gentleman complained of Charon for selling liquor without license. His plea was entered before the Grand Jury, testimony brought,—his career was one of crime—unparalleled crime. What was the verdict of the Jury?—I did not say the bribed Jury. Charon is not guilty—the complainant stands committed until costs are paid.

Reader, this is no fiction; it is truth—

stranger than fiction. Does the present liquor law protect us? We can't vote; but red-skins have souls, and hearts, too. We see the rising generation going to ruin, and we cannot help them. We have tried entreaty and argument in vain. Can we have the Maine Law? If not, we are undone.

they had no responsibility, and with which they had nothing to do. Its advocates have sought to keep the position of the suffering and persecuted party, and have thus enlisted a sort of a sense of justice in the Free States, which, more potent than discriminating, has borne Slavery on its shoulders, through every contest.

Though it has often been urged that slavery was aggressive in its nature, the proof of the fact to the common understanding has not been entirely conclusive.

To many Northern men it has always seemed to be waging on the defensive side. But present appearance indicates that this erroneous view of slavery will soon be removed throughout the North. We see already the encroaching spirit taking in Congress, as well as on the Pacific. It dares attempt the appropriation to its use of territory already dedicated to freedom by a solemn compact between the North and the South. It is manifesting a determined purpose to cross the boundary behind which its prevalent influence has hitherto been confined, and thus to disregard all considerations of justice, and trample upon its own sacred obligations, it is showing itself to be a power which refuses to adhere to its engagements, and breaks its faith at the first temptation. Not content within its own proper limits, defined after a bitter contest, in which more than its due was yielded to its impious exactions, it now proposes to invade, and overrun the soil of freedom, and to roll the pall of its darkness over virgin territory, whereon a slave has never stood. Freedom is to be elbowed out of its own home, to make room for the leprosy intruder. The free laborer is to be expelled, that the slave may be brought in.

A view of society will show how very imperfectly this lesson of nature has been practised. Go into our hotels, and you will see a small army of large, strapping male waiters, and not a female in sight, to mingle in duties and labors peculiarly fitted to her, and peculiarly her own. Go into the multitude of dry-goods and fancy establishments, in the cities, and even the smaller towns, and you will find them all filled with well-grown men, engaged in measuring off silks, and tapes, and laces and such similar light employments in the United States, may be counted in tens, if not hundreds of thousands. At the same time there is a corresponding number of females, who being thus unjustly thrown out of a good, well-paying employment, are left to the mercy of the manufacturing sharks of the cities, or the pitiless wiles of the seducer and the libertine.

In a country like this, where such a magnificent field of labor and enterprise lies open to every man, there is no apology for crowding the stores and hotels of the country with men, at the expense of the suffering and the prostitution of the female sex. Nay, there is no manliness in it. It is time the public opinion which attaches superior respectability to those employments which man steals from woman, was corrected. We do not blame young men for entering employments which they have been bred from boys to consider the most respectable, but find more *admirable*—*manly*. And to manly muscles are those pursuits which call out their physical and mental energies, and make them independent and self-reliant. There never was in the history of our country, so splendid a field for youthful enterprise as this country now presents. Railroads are building, forests are being cleared, mines are being developed, agriculture is advancing with giant strides, all the productive arts are active and flourishing, and in this grand race for competence and wealth, for fame and influence, do you, my friend, clerk and writer, feel content behind the counter? If you do, you are spoiled for a man, and you should stay there and do girl's work!"

Correspondence of the Journal.

Letter from a Squaw.—No. 2.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As you were kind enough to print those lines penned by me, I will beg the favor once more. My people can't vote; yet we want the Maine Law. Your people tell us the existing law is sufficient if enforced. We can't believe it; for in the adjoining county resides a rum-seller whom we call Charon. The worm is in his house, and in his every child that calls for a letter or a slate-pencil. He is a popular man. The Artist rooms there. On the Sabbath all likenesses are taken at half price; and on that sacred day groups may be seen convening—all grades of society, from the gentleman in broadcloth to the gray-haired inebriate that staggers there for his morning cups. At sunset the majority leave. Those who can walk drag those who cannot. It is on the verge of the burial ground; the cries of the orphan reverberate over the dust of its sainted parents.

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QUEEN'S OUTSKIRTS,

Warren, Jan. 11, 1854.

McKean News please copy.