

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOLUME 6.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1854.

NUMBER 41.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY HASKELL & AVERY.

TERMS.

One copy per annum, in advance, \$1.00
Rates of Advertising.—One square, or
twelve lines or less, will be inserted three
times for one dollar; for every subsequent
insertion, twenty-five cents will be charged.
Rule, and figure work will invariably be
charged double these rates.

These terms will be strictly adhered to.

UNCLE TOM.

Written for, and spoken by WILLIE BROWN,
at the Prospect School Exhibition.

The fire burned dimly on the grate,
Dark shadows danced upon the floor,
The midnight hour had passed away,
Whose chimneys I never heard before,
Yet still I stood with sleepless eye,
When one and two o'clock had come,
Beside the chair of one who read
The touching tale of "Uncle Tom."

Old Uncle Tom has gone to God,
Now rests in peace that good old soul,
A stranger now to his lonely grave,
And he sleeps in the sandy bed,
Poor Aunt Chloe's old board,
And ask her skill for him no more,
Nor Miss, nor Peter, nor babe, again
Will gambol on his cabin floor.

Hark! hear you not a plaintive wail?
How weeping and sad, how full of woe!
'Tis borne upon the gale that sweeps
Across the Gulf of Mexico.
They say that mourning millions die
Beneath a dark and hopeless doom;
Poor souls of toil, who feel the wrong
That broke the heart of "Uncle Tom."

I've heard it sung in songs of joy,
I've heard it read in tones of pride,
That equal rights and Christian laws
O'er all my native land preside.
Then tell me why, ye elders three,
Why break the bands that God ordains,
Why buy and sell immortal souls,
While boundless law the wrong sustains?

Did equal rights and Christian laws
Bid Tom from wife and children part,
And heedless roll off cotton's tide
Back, back, upon the bursting heart?
Did Christian laws withhold the light
From Tom's dark, untutored mind?
Was ever wrong, who told the slave
That God, alike to all, is kind?

On life's bright threshold now I stand,
And on creation feebly gaze,
Yet wish to know, and Oh! I long
To solve this dark, bewildering maze.
I can but hope, when life is o'er,
To find in heaven an equal home,
And in that land where slaves are free,
I know I'll meet "Old Uncle Tom."

WHOM DOES IT CONCERN?

BY FANNY FERRIS.

"Stitch—stitch—stitch! will this
never end?" said a young girl, leaning
her head wearily against the casement,
and dropping her small hands hopelessly
in her lap. "Stitch—stitch—stitch!"
from dawn till dark, and yet I scarce
keep soul and body together," and she
drew her thin shawl more closely over
her shivering shoulders.

Her eye fell upon the great house
opposite. There was comfort there, and
luxury, too; for the rich satin curtains
were looped gracefully away from the
large windows; a black servant opens
the hall door; see, there are statues, and
vases, and pictures there; now, two
young girls trip lightly out upon the
pavement, with their lustrous silks, and
nodding plumes, and jeweled bracelets
glistening, and quivering, and sparkling
in the bright sunlight. Now posing
their silver-nosed purses upon their
daintily gloved fingers, they leap lightly
into the carriage in waiting, and are
whirled rapidly away.

That little seamstress is as fair as they;
her eyes are as soft and blue; her limbs
are as lithe and graceful; her rich, brown
hair folds as softly away over as fair a
brow; her heart leaps, like theirs, to all
that is bright and joyous; it craves love,
and sympathy, and companionship as
much, and yet she must stitch—stitch—
and droop under summer's heat, and
shiver under winter's cold, and walk the
earth with the skeleton starvation ever
at her side, that costly pictures, and
velvet carpets, and massive chandeliers,
and gay tapestry, and gold and silver
vessels, may fill the house of her em-
ployer—that his flaunting equipage may
roll admired along the highway, and
India's fairest fabrics deck his purse-
proud wife and daughters.

It was a busy scene, the ware-room of
Simon Skinfint & Co. Garments of
every hue, size, and pattern were there
exposed for sale. Piles of coarse clothing
lay upon the counter, ready to be given
out to the destitute, brow-beaten appli-
cants, who would make them for the
smallest possible remuneration; piles of
garments lay there which such victims
had already toiled in the long night
to bring enormous profits

into the pocket of their employer;
groups of dapper clerks stood behind
the counter, discussing, in a whisper,
the pedestals of the last new *dansette*—
ogling the half-starved young girls who
were crowding in for employment, and
raising a blush on the cheek of humbled
innocence by the coarse jokers and free
libidinous gaze; while their master, Mr.
Simon Skinfint, sat, very rosy and
rotund, before a bright Lehigh fire,
rubbing his fat hands, building imagin-
ary houses, and felicitating himself gen-
erally on his far-reaching financial
fore-sight.

"If you could but allow me a trifle
more for my labor," murmured a low
voice at his side; "I have toiled hard
all the week, and yet—"
"Young woman," said Mr. Skinfint,
pushing his chair several feet back,
elevating his spectacles to his forehead,
and drawing his satin vest down over
his aldermanic proportions,—"young
woman, do you observe that crowd of
persons besieging my door for employ-
ment? Perhaps you are not aware that
we turn away scores of them every day;
perhaps you do not know that the farm-
ers' daughters, who are at a loss what to
do long winter evenings, and want to
earn a little dowry, will do our work for
less than we pay you. But you femi-
nine operatives do not seem to have the
least idea of trade. Competition is the
soul of business, you see," said Mr.
Skinfint, rubbing his hands in a con-
gratulatory manner. "Tut, tut, young
woman! do not quarrel with your bread
and butter; however, it is a thing that
don't concern me at all; if you won't
work, there are plenty who will," and
Mr. Skinfint drew out his gold repeater
and glanced at the door.

A look of hopeless misery settled over
the young girl's face, and she turned
slowly away in the direction of home.
Home, did I say? The word was a
bitter mockery to our poor Mary. She
had a home once, where she and the
little birds sang the live-long day; where
the flowers bloomed, and the tall trees
waved, and merry voices floated out
upon the fragrant air, and the golden
sun went gorgeously down behind the
far-off hills; where a mother's loving
breast was her pillow, and a father's
good-night blessing wooed her to rosy
slumbers. It was past now. They are
all gone—father, mother, sister, brother.
Some with the blue sea for a shifting
monument; some sleeping dreamlessly
in the little church-yard, where her in-
fant footsteps strayed. Rank grass had
overgrown the cottage gravel-walks;
weeds choked the flowers which dust-
covered hands had planted; the brown
moss had thatched over the cottage eaves,
and still the little birds sang on as
blithely as if Mary's household gods had
not been shivered.

Poor Mary! The world was dark
and weary to her; the very stars, with
their serene beauty, seemed to mock
her misery. She reached her little room.
Its narrow walls seemed to close about
her like a tomb. She leaned her head
wearily against the little window, and
looked again at the great house opposite.
How brightly, how cheerfully the lights
glanced from the windows! How like
fairies glided the young girls over the
softly-carpeted floors! How awfully the
carriages whirled to the door, with their
gay visitors! Life was such a rosy
dream to them—such a brooding night-
mare to her! Despair laid its icy hand
on her heart. Must she weep and sigh
her youth away, while gripping avarice
trampled on her heart-strings? Must
she always drink, unmixed, the cup of
sorrow? She could not weep—no,
worse—she could not pray. Dark shad-
ows came between her soul and heaven.

The little room is empty now. Mary
toils no longer. You will find her
in the great house opposite; her dainty
limbs clad in flowing silk; her slender
fingers and dimpled arms glittering with
gems; and among all that merry group,
Mary's laugh rings out the merriest.
Surely—surely this is better than to
weep through long, weary days in
the little, darkened room.

Is it Mary?
There is a ring at the door of the
great house. A woman glides modestly

in; by her dress, she is a widow. She
has opened a small school in the neigh-
borhood, and in the search for scholars
has wandered in here. She looks about
her. Her quick, womanly instinct sounds
the alarm. She is not among the good
and pure of her sex. But she does not
scorn them. No; she looks upon their
blighted beauty with a Christ-like pity;
she says to herself, Some word of mine
may touch their hearts. So she says,
genially, "Pardon me, ladies, but I had
hoped to find scholars here; you will
forgive the intrusion, I know; for though
you are not mothers, you have all had
mothers."

Why is Mary's lip so ashen white?
Why does she tremble from head to foot,
as if smitten by the hand of God? Why
do the hot tears stream through her
jeweled fingers? Ah! Mary. That
little dark room, with its toil in gloom,
its innocence, were Heaven's own bright-
ness now to your tortured spirit.

Pitiless, the sleet rain rattled against
the window panes; sappings creaked
and flapped, and the street lamps flick-
ered in the strong blast; full-freighted
omnibuses rolled over the muddy pave-
ments; stay pedestrians turned up
their coat collars, grasped their umbrellas
more tightly, and made for the nearest
port. A woman half blinded by the
long hair which the fury of the wind
had driven across her face, drenched to
the skin with the pouring rain—shoe-
less, bonnetless, homeless, leans un-
steadily against a lamp-post, and in the
maudlin accents of intoxication, curses
the passers-by. A policeman's strong
hand is laid upon her arm, and she is
hurried, struggling, through the dripping
streets and pushed into the nearest
"station house." Morning dawns upon
the wretched, forsaken outcast. She
sees it not; upon those weary eyes
the resurrection moon only shall dawn.

No more shall the stony-hearted shut
in her imploring face the door of hope;
no more shall gilded sin, with Judas
smile, say, "Eat, drink, and be merry;"
no more shall the professed followers of
Him who said, "Neither do I condemn
thee," say to the guilt-stricken one,
"Stand aside, for I am holier than thou."
No, none may tempt, none may scorn,
none may taunt her more. A pauper's
grays shall hide poor Mary and her
shame.

God speed the day when the Juggen-
naut wheels of Avarice shall no longer
roll over woman's dearest hopes; when
thousands of doors, now closed, shall be
opened for starving virtue to earn her
honest bread; when he who would coin
her tears and groans to rear his palaces,
shall become a hissing byword wherever
the sacred name of "mother" shall be
honored.

The Free Soilers have been busi-
ly engaged for the last few years in
stealing men, in the freest country upon
earth, and running them into "Garny"
and legal oppression, where no ray of
hope shines for the king and priest rid-
den slave.—*Racine (Wis.) Democrat.*

To help the slaves to freedom, in the
judgment of the *Racine Hunker*, is
stealing. To keep them in bondage,
that is, to practice perpetual man-steal-
ing, is Democracy and patriotism.—
What a terrible reproach to Democratic
institutions is the fact, that nearly one
sixth of our population is kept in an
"oppression, one hour of which," ac-
cording to Jefferson, "is fraught with
more misery than ages of that which our
fathers rose up in rebellion to oppose,"
and their only hope of relief is in fleeing
from a Republic which enslaves them,
to a monarchy which restores to them
their inalienable rights!—*N. Y. Tri-
bune.*

WHERE ARE ALL MR. BUCHANAN'S
FRIENDS?—We shall await, with some
anxiety, the action of Mr. BUCHANAN'S
friends in Pennsylvania, upon the propo-
sition to repeal the Missouri Compromise.
Is Pennsylvania's "Favorite Son"
to be over-ruled by the "Little Gi-
ant?" Is the Berks County Harriet
Home letter so soon forgotten? We
have not room for it this week, but we
cannot refrain from publishing the sen-
timent appended to it, viz:—
"The Missouri Compromise—its
adoption in 1820, saved the Union from
threatened convulsion. Its extension in
1849, to any new territory which we
may acquire, will secure the like happy
results."

That letter is one of the strongest
arguments against Mr. DOUGLAS'S scheme,
and in the course of the controversy we
shall publish it. In the mean time, will
his *quandam* friends desert him, or will
they stand up with us in defence of Mr.
Buchanan's favorite line!—*Bradford
Reporter.*

Hector Regulator Lodge of Good Templars.

This Institution was organized on
the 2nd day of last November under
quite unfavorable circumstances; there
being many who were to some appear-
ance, conscientiously opposed to a move
of that kind. But a fire had already
been kindled in the breasts of many of
the friends of Temperance in this ex-
cluded and peaceful valley, which could
not be extinguished by the storms and
chilling blasts of the votaries of rum.
Neither could they be persuaded by
those temperance men who have more
than their share of conscience, that the
result of their assembling themselves
together in private consultation to talk
of Temperance and reform would be
dangerous. Therefore, seventeen of the
sons and daughters of Freedom had
their names enrolled as soldiers enlisted
during the war that is now being fought
by the friends of Freedom and Human-
ity on the one side, and the friends of
rum, misery and crime on the other.

For a month or more after the organ-
ization, opposition was exhibited in al-
most every form which human sagacity
could invent. But by an unflinching
perseverance and a determination that
could not be shaken, manifested on the
part of the members of the Lodge, they
have succeeded in nearly if not quite
satisfying their opponents that they did
not enlist to surrender, but to gain a
victory. Accordingly one after another
have deserted the ranks of our opponents,
sued for peace and enlisted under our
banner, until our numbers count up to
forty, who are all without an exception
in good standing in our ranks. Last
Saturday night D. G. W. C. T. H. Rice
was present, together with several mem-
bers of Neal Dow Lodge, to install our
Officers for the current year, at which
time our worthy friend and neighbor
C. P. Kilborn, who has served us as
W. C. T. for the past quarter with hon-
or to himself and credit to the Lodge,
left the chair, which was filled by the
installation of Cyrus Sunderland, Esq.

After our Officers were duly installed,
Brothers Rice, Slade, Bowman, Dickin-
son and others made some very appro-
priate remarks. A more interesting
meeting was never held in this
place.

Yours truly,
M. H. ANDER.

Hector, Feb. 6th, 1854.

The President against the People.

The Washington correspondent of the
Baltimore Sun says of the Nebraska
bill:—
"There is no doubt that the Senate
will sustain the bill. The House would
also pass the bill could the question be
taken at once, but the agitation of the
question at the North will not improve
its prospects. The Southern members
will of course support the bill, and the
power of the Administration ought to be
good, under any circumstances, for fifty
Northern Democratic votes, thus form-
ing a majority. Adhesion to the meas-
ure is made a test of democratic ortho-
doxy," and few members wish, thus
early in the Administration, to be thrown
outside of the party."

Here is the honest confession that the
people are against this infamous project,
and that the only chance for the bill to
pass is in hurrying it through before the
Representatives can be reached by an
aroused public sentiment. The power
of the Administration, which this cor-
respondent says ought to be good for
fifty Northern Democratic votes, can be
immediately applied to corrupt the peo-
ple's representatives; but it takes time
for the people to rouse and apply their
power upon their servants in Congress
who are contemplating treachery to
freedom. Hence it is that Douglas is so
anxious to push his bill through in hot
haste, before the people have time to
speak.

When will the people rouse them-
selves to correct this monstrous central-
ized power of the general government?
There is not a single Congressional dis-
trict in any Northern State, which is not
decidedly opposed to the Nebraska bill;
yet this correspondent of a Southern pa-
per boasts that the power of the Admin-
istration ought to be sufficient to corrupt
fifty Representatives to vote in opposi-
tion to the known wishes of their con-
stituents. As things go now, Northern
Representatives go to Congress, not to
carry out the views of their constituents,
but to execute the commands of the Pres-
ident. The President is fast becoming
an autocrat, and the stonkey members of
Congress merely register his edicts.
This will not always be so. The time
will soon come when the people will
see that they have representatives in
Congress.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

A Word on the Nebraska Bill from Virginia.

The following communication comes
to us from Western Virginia. The first
sentence states the true nature of the
controversy now agitating the country,
in very apt and proper terms:
Va., February 10, 1854.
To the Editors of the Evening Post:—
My patience is exhausted by seeing
and hearing the repeal of the Missouri
Compromise, and other questions con-
nected with negro slavery, spoken of as
a contest between the North and South
—meaning the slave and non-slavehold-
ing states—when in truth and fact, the
contest is between the men who are sup-
ported by the labor of slaves and those
who maintain themselves and families
by their own labor, regardless of their
location. In my own opinion, the negro
slaves themselves are not as deeply in-
jured by the system as the poor laboring
whites in the states, or parts of states,
where slaves are numerous enough to
render the rich land and slave owners
independent of the labor of their poor
white neighbors; and the white popula-
tion too sparse to support common
schools, the children of the rich being
taught by private tutors in their own
houses; or sent to seminaries abroad.
Here, deep down in the wilderness of
slavery, a large proportion of the labor-
ing whites live in abject poverty and
hopeless ignorance, many of them not
knowing even the letters of the alphabet.
These unfortunate men have not suffi-
cient intelligence to understand their
own interests, or ambition to improve
their own condition. But the border
counties of Delaware, Maryland, Vir-
ginia, Kentucky and Missouri, contain
a very different class of non-slaveholders.
Strong in numbers, prosperous in cir-
cumstances, well if not highly educated,
they appreciate the dignity of honest
labor, and are as much interested in the
protection of Nebraska from the blight
of slavery as their brethren on the lat-
tude. Reared where they see at a
glance the benefits of liberty and the
evils of slavery, they desire that
when they remove westward in search
of broader and more fertile possessions,
that the slaves of no neighboring prop-
rietor may degrade that labor by which
they hope that themselves and their
children may live and thrive.

It is the most ridiculous nonsense,
to pretend that General Pierce was elected
in consequence of his devotion to slave-
ry. I voted for him, as I voted for Mr.
Van Buren in 1840, for Mr. Polk in
1844, and for General Cass in 1848, be-
cause in so voting I was voting against
the Bank of the United States, against
a protective tariff, and other measures of
the whig party, being all the time, as
now, a radical JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

Sale of the Public Works.
Hon. Henry S. Evans, Chairman of
the Committee to which was referred
that part of the Governor's Message re-
lative to the Sale of the Public Works,
read the report of the Committee in the
Senate on Friday. It is a very lengthy
document, and manifests great ability,
thorough acquaintance with the subject,
and the most delicate research of every
point involved in this most important
question to the tax payers of Pennsylvania.
The report will soon be printed,
and if we can find the room we will in-
sert it in our columns, as we wish it to
be read by every voter in Pennsylvania.
It completely and satisfactorily proves,
from actual calculation, that to sell the
Public Works at \$2,000,000 the State
debt will be paid in ten years and leave
a balance in the Treasury, while if they
are retained, the hope of being relieved
from our present fast increasing debt is
forever cut off. Mr. Evans has furnished
a document which reflects great credit
upon his abilities and will furnish the
tax payers with a statement sufficient to
convince them at once that their only
hope is in a sale of the Public Works.
We will refer to it soon again, and prom-
ise our readers the report in full as
early as practicable.—*Pa. Telegraph.*

From the Syracuse Evening Chronicle.
THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—The blind
pet into which senator Douglas flew in
the Senate when assailing Senator
Chase's Independent Democratic address
and its author (see our miscellaneous
columns to-day) indicates the directness
and force with which that shaft had
been driven home, it is a fine illustration
of the strength of weakness when in the
right. "We are but two," said Mr.
Chase "out of sixty-two." Yes, but his
is a cause in which "one shall Chase a
thousand, and two put ten thousand to
flight." The coolness with which the
"little giant" was laid out, is but a pre-
cursor of the masterly and merciless dis-
section from the same hand, which we
do not see yet in store for him. The
Tribune correspondent tells the following
story:—
Some one asked Col. Benton to day why

he had never pitched into the Little Giant?
"Mr. Douglas, sir," said the Colonel:
"Ah, he reminds me of a story. A man
having a fractious bull, and desiring to
kill him, was unable to reach him in his
prancing and leaping. An old negro
standing by asked his master why he
was so anxious to kill the bull. "Let
him alone, Massa," and by-and-by he
jump so high he break his own neck in
de fall."

So Say We All.

The *Elk County Advocate* of Feb. 4
gives an account of a Temperance meet-
ing at that place; and in the course of
the article condemns the rum seller in
the following pointed and truthful man-
ner:—"We adopt this language most
heartily, and are rejoiced at the unflin-
ing will with which temperance men con-
demn the traffic in intoxicating drinks."
Says the *Advocate*:

After the Professor had concluded
his address, our townsman, H. Souther,
Esq., was called upon, who responded in
one of his happiest efforts. Mr. S. hit
the nail on the head every time. He
eloquently pictured the devastating ef-
fects of intoxicating drinks upon all who
indulge in them; and those effects are
not only confined to those who drink, but
also to innocent families, who are de-
pendent upon them, are brought to deg-
radation, suffering and shame. He con-
demned in unambiguous terms, the traf-
ficker in the unclean thing—those who
for paltry gain, will barter the peace and
happiness of their neighbors. In this,
we fully agree with him. We look upon
the trafficker as the one who is morally
responsible, for all the miseries entailed
upon the race by drunkenness. The
seller is sane, and fully conscious of
what he is doing, and aware of the evil
consequences that must ensue. The
drinker is the poor, miserable victim of
a vitiated appetite, the indulgence of
which has deprived him of his reason;
who has become debased, and lost to all
sense of duty to himself and his family;
who has no aim in life, but to drink and
get beastly-drunk, when he will commit
crimes from which he would shrink
with horror in his sober moments. But
public Justice takes a different view of
the matter. It allows the real criminal
to escape, while the helpless instrument
of the crime, must expiate his guilt upon
the scaffold, if the crime be of a nature
requiring such punishment. Thanks to
the efforts of the people, and the intel-
ligence of the courts, our town is now
free from the unholy traffic, and it may
ever remain free from the curse.

The School of Poverty.

You may talk ever so eloquently
about your colleges, your universities,
your institutions of science and the arts,
but after all, what would become of
nations without that more useful, though
less inviting school of poverty?

To that the world is indebted for its
masters. Statesmen upon whose very
breath the fate of millions hangs, were
hard students in that same old-school.
General Jackson's father was a hod
carrier, but the son of his father mount-
ed the ladder of fame, bearing upon his
shoulders, instead of the hod, millions of
free people. The old iron general gradu-
ated from the school of poverty, and
learned to be thankful for hard knocks,
since in playing at football with him,
poverty gave him a few telling blows
that sent him flying into Washington,
and sat him plump down into the Presi-
dential Chair.

Many an old veteran can show on his
bronzed temples, and underneath the
crown of laurels, and their deeds have
won unmitigable marks of the old
poverty schoolmaster's knuckles.
They are proud to show them now.
They look back and tell you how their
old teacher used as if in mere sport, to
heap coils of difficulty upon their curly
pines, and then hinder them with might
and main from getting up under them—
but how they did, in spite of the "strong
man armed."—*Olive Branch.*

THE BRITISH BRIG CHATHAM was
lately wrecked on an island on the Pa-
cific Ocean, which had never before been
discovered. The natives took the cap-
tain and crew, and distributed among
themselves, where they passed the night
in constant dread of being killed; but
the next morning spears were put into
their hands, and they were marched to an-
other part of the island, where a mummy
was performed over them. This was
repeated each day for three days; and
then the Englishmen discovered that
the natives regarded them as superior
beings and were worshipping them.

The little darlings, he didn't strike
Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he?
It was a mere accident, was it?
"Yes, ma, be sure it was; and if he
don't behave himself, I'll crack his
skull."