

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOLUME 6.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., MARCH 3, 1864.

NUMBER 42.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
BY HASKELL & AVERY.

Terms:
One copy per annum, in advance, \$1.00
Village subscribers per annum, in advance, 1.25
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. Rate, and figure work will invariably be charged double these rates.
These terms will be strictly adhered to.

POETRY.

The Drunkard's Child.

BY C. D. STUART.

In the crowded street I met her,
Just as twilight veiled the sky,
Never, never to forget her,
And the tear-drops in her eye.

Fair as summer's fairest blossom,
Played the curls upon her brow,
While beneath them heaved a bosom
Whose deep anguish thrills me now.

"Father, father!" spoke she mildly,
"Mother prayed you would not stay!"
"Father, father!" cried she wildly,
"Come, oh, come with me away."

"Hush thy tongue!" the father uttered—
For the droning door was high—
And her heart with terror fluttered,
As he bade her homeward fly.

Sad, and faint, and broken-hearted,
Turned that little child away
To the home from whence she started—
Where her staving mother lay.

All that night with grief and sorrow,
Watched they, prayed they—hoped in vain!
Till the daylight of the morrow
Brought the drunkard home again.

So, and cross, the wretch beheld them,
Wanting 'e'en a crust to eat;
Like two beasts the fiend expelled them
From the haven to the street!

Bitter, bitter days they bore it—
Grief the world may never know—
Till the bier with sable o'er it,
Eased their burden here below.

Side by side the two are sleeping,
Faded stalk and withered rose;
'Neath the silent willow, weeping
O'er the grave of many woes.

Oh, my God! is this a story—
Or a sight for every day?
This a part of human glory—
Let the tongue of ages say!

What of Courts, and what of battles,
What of deeds beyond the wave—
When around our hearth-side rattles
All this pageant of the grave!

Dim the eyes, and cold the embryo,
Pale the cheek and dark the sky,
And what joy the soul remembers,
Gives to grief a darker dye.

Here's the spot to pause and listen;
Here's the woe to meet and heed;
Whatever watch-steps glisten,
Here, O Warrior, lift thy steel.

From the Templar and Watchman. The Overthrow of Nations.

Virtue affords the only safe foundation for a peaceful, happy, and prosperous government. It is as true now as it was three thousand years ago, that "When the wicked bear rule, the nation mourns." And the causes which have resulted in the destruction of Nations and Empires, are just as potent at the present day as at any former period in the world's history. And these are not so much the nation receives from without, as the moral impurities she feels within. Disease and corruption affect the body politic, and produce pain and dissolution, with the same certainty that they prostrate the physical powers of man. If the head is disordered, the whole heart is sick. If the political fountain becomes polluted, its dark and turbid waters will eventually impregnate every branch with the contagious miasma. The history of the past fully proves the truth of these assertions.

Rome was once the mistress of the world. In her greatness and pride of power she became corrupt. Her statesmen and lawmakers were the first examples, illustrative of the debasing influences at work in the empire; her common people, as a matter of course, soon felt the power of these debasing influences, and cheerfully patterned after the example of the great, until the entire nation became a moral putridity. The historian has drawn a truthful, though a fearful picture of the condition of the Roman Empire at its overthrow, and the causes which produced it, in the following vivid language:—"When the Empire of Rome crumbled from her own tremendous might; when the corruptness, and enervating, and intemperance of her people completed the destruction commenced by her powerful rival in Africa, and the mistress of the world, after a reign of nearly fifteen centuries, should see the fate of Assyria and Macedonia, the last glimmer of science and of moral influences was extinguished, and all mankind immersed in Tartarian gloom!"

Never since the antediluvian age had ignorance, superstition, and cruelty so completely degraded man as during the period to which we now refer. It seemed as if the over-riding power had withdrawn the last check to the baser pas-

sions, and left the Empire to the government of the prince of darkness, aided by his able coadjutors in human form.

Every restraint of law and reason was entirely disregarded, and anarchy and confusion usurped the place of liberty and order.

"The sun, then, as now, lit the East and the West,
Gilding treetop and billow, and hillock and glen;
But slowly and sadly he sank to his rest,
As he wept o'er the crimes and the follies of men."

And what was true of Rome, has been true of other ancient, and of modern nations. And if she will not learn wisdom from the past, she will also learn to prove true of our own nation.

Our nation is powerful, and her great men are corrupt; and in the pride of her power she is fast verging to that point, or period in her history, when she will fully adopt the principle of her future action, that "might is right." Indeed, as a nation, we are not far from that point at the present time; and the evidence of this is seen not only in the immoralities and vice of our statesmen and lawmakers, but also in the disregard of treaties and solemn compacts, and in the spirit so universally manifested to oppress the weak and defraud the defenseless. The infamous Nebraska bill now before the national legislature is an illustration to the point, and shows the ease with which corrupt politicians can dispose of compacts and treaties made in good faith by purer and better men.

That bill, while it introduces slavery into a territory which should by compact forever be free, at the same time proposes to violate and utterly disregard the treaties made with all those Indian tribes who have been removed by government to that territory. These treaties were intended to be perpetual, and were solemn pledges on the part of the government that these tribes should find here, unmolested, their homes and hunting grounds for generations to come. But the white man's arm is strong, and the African's and the Indian's arm is weak, and, therefore, they must be oppressed. Such an outrageous and shameless disregard of national faith and obligations only shows how corrupt and depraved is the nation's heart. The consequences of such a course of action must rest upon the nation. Ex-Senator Clemens, in reply to John Van Buren's letter on the Nebraska bill, has perhaps given a bird's eye view of what these consequences are to be, in the following extract:

"I am too much engaged with professional duties to pay much attention to politics, but I have seen enough to be certain that the Nebraska bill, as reported by Mr. Douglas, will pass, and I think I can foresee the consequences. That they will be anything but agreeable seems too clear to admit of a doubt. A floodgate will be opened, and a torrent turned loose upon the country, which will sweep away in its devastating course every vestige of the compromise of 1850. I do not speak of its immediate effects; I look beyond. For the present it may be looked upon at the South as a boon, and by a portion of the North as a triumph over fanaticism. The word peace will be upon the lips of its advocates everywhere. Like the angel of the Lord, who stood among the myrtle trees and said—'We have passed to and fro through the earth, and behold! all the earth sit still and is at rest,' even so shall we have it proclaimed that the country is at rest—that all is peace; but I greatly fear they will soon find they have raised a spirit which will wing its way through storm and tempest to the funeral pyre of the republic."

The hope of safety, in our case, is, that virtue, wisdom, prudence, patriotism, and moral integrity yet remain with the people, though our rulers may have bartered all these virtues for office and for gold.

The towering waves of political intrigue and demagogue influence must be rolled back by the people, and the purity of motive and love of country that impelled the sages and heroes of '76 to noble and Godlike action, must pervade the hearts of our rulers, as well as the people of the nation, or what has been written of Assyria, of Macedonia, of Rome, will also be written of our nation.

SALE OF THE PUBLIC WORKS.—Two or three bills are before the Legislature for the sale of the public works of the Commonwealth, but such is the tenacity with which Locofocoism holds on to the offices they afford, that it is not at all likely either will pass unless the people unite in a general movement in favor of the measure. It appears by the report of the Auditor General, that the whole receipts from these works during the last fiscal year, were \$1,893,261 14, while the expenses reached \$2,780,850 79—showing a loss to the State in a single year of \$887,589, 64! It appears from the same report, according to the *Pottstown Ledger*, that if the State were to sell her improvements for \$15,000,000, thus reducing the debt to \$27,000,000, the current revenues of the

State from other sources than the Public Works would, during the past year, have paid all the current expenses of government, 6 per cent interest upon \$27,000,000, and have left in round numbers \$1,000,000 in the Treasury as a Sinking Fund. What do the Tax Payers think of that? Is it not high time that the State Robbers who are now eating out the substance of the people should receive a "notice to quit," which a sale of the public works would instantly effect.—*Reading Journal*.

Social Treachery—Its Baseness and Fruits.

We can conceive of no vice more infernally and miserably base than Social Treachery, or the disposition to become acquainted with family secrets with the object of betraying them, and thus working injury to the parties. In olden time, anything that was told in household confidence, or within the limits of the family circle, was considered as inviolable, and not to be communicated under any circumstances. And so, too, with private information, heard even by accident. And this we regard as a doctrine and a policy entitled to the highest commendation. There is scarcely a family in the land that is not marked by some sensitive point of disposition or history. But to the honorable and the high-minded this should be considered as forbidden ground, to be avoided on all occasions, whether in public or private, just as we would have others avoid our own peculiar idiosyncracies, peculiarities, foibles, or infirmities.

A social traitor, one who is so, deliberately, wantonly, and wickedly, is one of the basest of his species, and should be avoided and execrated by all who can appreciate generous and noble qualities, or who can adequately scorn their opposites. Alas for the misery which the indulgence of this vice has produced! How many hearts has it lacerated—how many gentle bonds of friendship, affection, and good will has it broken—how many families has it disturbed and embittered, and with what fiend-like spirit has it gloated over all this wreck and ruin! And yet, strange as it may appear, there are individuals who seem to take delight in the indulgence of this infirmity. They are stealthy, watchful, and serpent-like, steal into the confidence of the generous, the unsuspecting and confiding, and then coolly and vilely make use of the information thus obtained for base and unworthy purposes.

We some time since heard of an instance in which a villain of this class wound himself into the friendship of another, and then for a selfish motive sought to avail himself of an opportunity to do the other an injury, the effect of which will linger with him to a certain extent through life. It amounted to an act of social treachery of the vilest and blackest character—an act, too, that was perpetrated at the moment the parties were, as they supposed, in the enjoyment of mutual confidence and reliable friendship. Nay, there is scarcely an individual who has not his unguarded moments—moments in which a remark or an expression may be taken advantage of to his injury, by one who is so disposed. Indeed, we could point out several most estimable persons, who are, nevertheless, thoughtless and impulsive; and who are constantly making strange speeches, which, if tortured by the malignant, or misrepresented by the base, would constitute a source of difficulty, dispute, and serious personal misunderstanding. They talk freely, frankly, and sometimes rashly, but those who know them know that no harm is meant or intended. Nevertheless, on more than one occasion, they have been caught, so to express it, by some social traitor of the hour, who has repeated and exaggerated their remarks, and thus made a serious offense of what was intended as a mere jest. Fortunately, these vile betrayers soon become known, and they are, therefore, watched and guarded against. Their very presence indicates the necessity of restraint and caution, and they are and should be avoided as a moral pestilence.

The wretch who steals into the confidence of another, becomes possessed of the secrets of his business or of his heart, and then betrays the one or the other, either in a spirit of wanton mischief, or with the deliberate purpose of inflicting injury, is one of the meanest of human reptiles that crawls the earth. He would not, perhaps, take the life of a fellow being for a consideration, being apprehensive of the consequences—but would rob that being of life's greatest charm, peace of mind and contentment of spirit. There are, moreover, a few who have attained the midway path on the journey of human existence, who have not at some time or other been deceived and betrayed—taken to their bosoms and their confidence some cherished friend or associate, and found at last that they had been nourishing a viper. The bitterness and agony of such a discovery cannot be described. It is calculated to darken life in all after time, to excite suspicion and distrust,

and to induce hesitation with regard to the whole human race. Hence the fearful iniquity of social treachery. It not only impairs confidence in the guilty party, but provokes distrust with reference to mankind at large.

There is nothing in this world that is more delicious or capable of affording more genuine enjoyment, than the thought and belief that we possess the confidence, the friendship and affections of some fellow creature, towards whom we entertain like sentiments and feelings. Such an association and faith are calculated to solace and sweeten life, to reconcile us to many disappointments and reverses, and to afford us a constant source of reliance and of pleasure. When, therefore, we find in some unexpected moment that we have been deceived and deluded, and that we have been cherishing a social traitor in our heart of hearts, the disappointment, the mortification, and the anguish are keen and poignant. And what must we think of the baseness of the individual who would for months or years deliberately pursue this policy? What must we think of the vile and criminal being who, under any circumstances, would win the confidence of another, only to misuse, expose, or betray it? What must we think—what should all good men think, of the plausible villain who calmly, quietly, and stealthily enters the family circle of a friend or a neighbor, or becomes acquainted with the private business of an associate or a companion, and then basely betrays the secret, social or pecuniary, thus obtained, to inflict pain, destroy credit, and perhaps produce disgrace and ruin? We can reply that, in our humble judgment, the retribution that will sooner or later be visited on such, will be just, severe, condign, and inevitable.—*Pa. Inquirer*.

From the Pittsburg Visitor.

Pennsylvania Slave-Hunting.

We were in Indiana County last summer, and out in the forest sitting on a log. Our companion, a gentleman, pointed to a house not far distant and said, "A year ago last winter, Dr. lived there. He had a large family of children, and one night about nine o'clock a rap came to the door. One of his daughters opened it, and in walked a large negro man,—another and another, until eight were standing in the room. The children began to scream with terror and try to fly from the house. It was some time before the father could get them pacified; during all which time the men stood silent and immovable. When order was restored, they inquired if lived there. He did not, but a representative was soon found, and the fugitives, for such they were, taken into a warm room, where bread and coffee were furnished them. They satisfied their hunger, and in a few moments all but the leader were sound asleep on the floor.

He recounted the adventures of the party, who were a band of "Charley's men." They had come from Virginia, and had traveled every night for two weeks. The night before, they had waded a creek floating with ice, and swollen almost to a river. The leader said some of the party had been sold to the south, he amongst the rest, and that upon the eve of his marriage, while his intended was to remain in Virginia. Upon being asked how he had left her for Canada, a strange expression passed his face, and he said he expected she would be there as soon as he would. After they had taken some rest, they were awakened to go on their journey, for a party were in pursuit. A wagon was prepared, and they traveled until noon the next day to the next stopping place. Soon after they left, the pursuing party came up, eight men on horseback, armed to the teeth with knives and weapons, and one blood hound which had traced the fugitives thus far.

It was not yet daylight when this party came up, and immediately they took the trail to follow on. One who knew the country better than they, took another trail to overtake and warn the fugitives. That was a day of anxiety and earnest prayers to those who knew the positions of the two parties. The fugitives must be overtaken. They, not knowing their pursuers were so near, took dinner and pushed on, and had left before the messenger arrived to warn them. Their late horse hitched up his best team and started after them, while the hunters got within a short distance of his residence—stopped at the suspected house, searched the premises, refreshed their horses, rested themselves, and asked questions.

Those who answered them knew nothing of the circumstances, but suspecting how it was, and knowing that time might be of advantage to those who were before, made no special haste getting ready refreshments, while haylofts, cowsheds, corncribs, and garrets were thoroughly ransacked. Nay, they continued to make the searchers think they were very unwilling to submit to the

scrutiny, while in reality they would gladly have kept them hunting there for a week.

The fugitives had passed them in the night, and thus far the hound had his two-legged companions, straight to their prey.

They rested, and rode on, the four-legged hound scenting out the track, and arrived at the house, where the slaves had dined. The master of it had returned. The horses were in the stable, the wagon in the shed, and no sign of anybody having been away. He had overtaken the fugitives at the next stage, and brought them back five miles along the road they had traveled—made them walk it, then took them in a wagon off into a pine forest. The dog coming upon this foot trail, bayed out, and the party galloped forward to the house which the slaves had last left. While searching the premises the hound was shot, and for ten days his disconsolate companions traveled that country all over, while the slaves lay quietly in the heart of the pine forest, sheltered by a little hut of boughs and blankets, and by the ravines.

One of the fugitives attracted attention by his acuteness, and delicacy of form, by the tenderness with which he was cared for by his companions, and the superior quality of his clothes.—Finally it was discovered that this was the leader's affianced, going with him to Canada to have the ceremony performed, braving the terrors of a slave hunt and February frosts in our northern forests for a free home with the husband of her choice. When the men hunters left, they were conveyed to a point from whence they reached the other side of the St. Lawrence.

Our readers may rely upon this as a strictly true narrative, and we give it because very few people know that men and women are hunted with four-footed blood hounds in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless such is the fact, and our free farmers are liable to have their houses searched for stolen goods if they be suspected of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, or giving shelter to the houseless.

The Power of Habit.

JOHN B. GOUGH, the eloquent temperance advocate, addressed an immense audience in Exeter Hall, London, and produced a deep impression. We clip the following from a London paper of Dec. 2nd:

The orator went on to combat the notion that a habit can be broken off at any time; and he did so by means of a series of vivid illustrations—one of which produced intense excitement:—"I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, 'What river is that, Sir?' 'That,' he said, 'is Niagara river.' 'Well, it is a beautiful stream,' said I; 'bright, and fair, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?' 'Only a mile or two,' was the reply. 'Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?' 'You will find it so, Sir,' and so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer for the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on boys; don't be alarmed—there's no danger.' 'Young men, ahoy there!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swifly with the current.' 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'Beware! beware! The rapids are below you.' Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick quick!—pull for your lives!—pull till the water starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail! Ah! ah!—it is too late. 'Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming—over they go. Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of evil habit, crying all the while, 'When I had out it is injuring me, I will give it up.'"

In concluding, the speaker warned young men, in very impressive language, that they could not even by penitence, amendment, and a long life of religion and usefulness, wash out the stains of

early dissipation, nor always banish the accusing specter that would rise even in their holiest moments. He sat down, after thanking the audience for the kind reception of his address, amidst reiterated applause.

The Greatness of a Nation.

The greatness of a nation consists not so much in its population, wealth, or general intelligence; as in its virtue. Thus, while we are rapidly increasing in everything else, it is fearful to reflect that there is not a proportional advance in the morals of the people, especially in our large towns and cities. In them there is too much reason to fear that the general prosperity is producing increased intemperance, and a general decline in morals. Without virtue, on which the real prosperity of society depends, our rapid progress in arts, sciences, and population may be maturing, against some future day, the elements of national commotion, perhaps national overthrow. Whence is it, that the advancement of morals has not kept pace with wealth and mechanic improvements? The prevailing use of intoxicating drink is sufficient to account for it. This necessarily results in intemperance, and intemperance produces every species of vice. The pecuniary cost of intoxicating liquor, to the consumer, is but a small item in comparison to the whole evil. We have no doubt that for every dollar which finds its way into the pockets of the dealer, the public suffers an indirect loss of double that sum, in the diminished productiveness of labor, losses by sea and land, costs of lawsuits, doctors' bills, etc., the amount expended upon asylums, workhouses, and prisons; and the county poor rates consequent on drinking habits. In fact, we have not a doubt, that the cost to this nation directly, or indirectly, of the traffic and use of intoxicating drinks, may be safely estimated at two hundred millions of dollars yearly. A Prohibitory Law would not cure the evil all at once, but it would interpose a strong barrier to its progress, and in time, would render the traffic and use so disreputable and criminal, that it would be confined to the lowest dregs of society; and when they reach that point, then, even stronger laws than now asked for, would be demanded if necessary; by the people, to remove the evil entirely.—*Prohibitionist*.

Who Ruined Him.

In passing along one of our streets the other day, we were started by coming suddenly upon the form of a man lying upon the sidewalk. Our first thought was that some one had been murdered; but we found he was alive and beasily drunk. It was intensely hot, and the sun was shining down into his bloated face. He was in the prime of life, and it can be but a few years since he was the joy and pride of a fond mother, and the inspiration of a father's future hopes. His fellows may have looked to him as a young man of the brightest prospects and most enviable powers; but all such hopes are dead, and all such prospects blasted. He lay before us a poor, drivelling drunkard, cursing us for asking him what ailed him.

We could not but ask the question—'Who wrought this ruin?' With a single glance we saw the smoke-blackened and hideous walls of an old distillery, where the liquor was fitted up on which he got drunk. The groggeries in which it was set before him with all the Hummer's art, were on the next street. The members of the Board of Excise, who licensed these groggeries, were his fellow townsmen; rising over our village, were to be seen the spires of the churches in which the professors who helped to give these men their office, met to worship; and in which some of the ministers, who dare not reprove such putting, preach.

Putting these things together, we came to the conclusion, that this poor wretch, with many others, was ruined because the distiller wanted the "lion's share" of the money which the rum-sellers are daily plucking from their victims; the rum-sellers want to live on the picking of such men's pockets; the members of the board which grants the license, want to continue in office; the professors who vote for them want to support their party, and to keep the barleymarket open; and the preacher, who dare not rebuke such voting, wants his bread and butter; and so they all combine to fleece such wretches as the one before us.—*Exchange Paper*.

The velvet moss grows on a sterile rock—the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches—the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the passing year, and heaven be praised, something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.