

# 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 24, 1864.

NUMBER 45.

## 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, of 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.

### TYRE.

BY BARBAR TAYLOR.

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;  
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre—  
Beats on the fallen columns, and round the headland towers,  
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,  
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire:  
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"  
Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,  
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land,  
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn's gales have blown,  
Her colonnades of granite lay shattered and overthrown;  
And from the reef of the pharos no longer flings its fire,  
To beacon home the Tarshish and lordly ships of Tyre.  
Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the waves—  
Thou that thyself exalted, till kings became thy slaves?  
Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed—  
Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid—  
Who laid thy deep foundations, and thought them strong and sure,  
And boasted amidst the waters: shall I not eye endure?  
Where is the wealth of ages, that heaped thy princely mart?  
The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian art;  
The silken goals of Kedar; Sabaa's spicy stores;  
The tributaries of the islands thy squadrons homeward bore,  
When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the sea,  
With sounds of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?  
Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! thy glory is laid waste:  
There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced;  
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;  
No workmen fell the forests that grow in Sheba's vale,  
And Bashan's oaks that bonated a thousand years of sun,  
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.  
Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and sing;  
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king;  
Bide to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,  
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and disowned!  
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,  
And sing thy song of sorrow, that thou remembered be!  
Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments  
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:  
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;  
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow;  
And evermore the surges chaunt forth their vain desire:  
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

### Theodore Parker on the Nebraska Question.

Theodore Parker made a powerful speech on the Nebraska Question. The Cincinnati Gazette makes the following extract:  
Now if the South carries the Nebraska bill, will that be the end of it? Not at all. A little while ago we were told that the Union was in danger, and men cried, "Save the Union." I thought that it would not be long, as that game turned out, before the Union would again be in danger, and we should have other volunteers to save it. I did not think it would come before 1855. I was, however, a little mistaken in this calculation, as it came in 1854. Now suppose the Nebraska bill is carried; the next step, I think, will be for Congress to pass a law providing that a slave owner can take his slave into any free State, and keep him there six months, or perhaps a year, or perhaps seven years. The next thing will be to provide that he can take his slave and keep him there as long as he likes. Will the North say No? I am not sure of that, gentlemen. The past does not warrant me in being sure that the North will say "No" any more than it did in 1788, 1792, 1803, 1815, 1847, 1848, and 1850. I am by no means sure of it. Now suppose that point is gained, the next thing will be to repeal the ordinance of '37. It will be declared inoperative. Then the South will insist upon California being a Slave State.  
They will then want new territory, and Mexico, Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, and the British West Indies, will be slave States. Do the North see it? I am not sure of that. The next point will be to restore the slave trade. I

know exactly that the argument which will be given, if the Democratic party is in power, and the Administration favors the measure, is that free trade will require the slave trade. Then I know the arguments which Reverend Clergymen will advance. They manufacture arguments; I do not mean to say ministers of Christ. God forbid, for they do no such thing. I mean to say ministers of commerce will do it; and we shall hear the cry raised from the pulpits—I will import my mother, father, or brother, to save the Union. The like has been already said from our pulpits and by professors in our colleges. Will the North say, "No, we will not abolish the slave trade?" If the Whig party are in power, it will be necessary to restore the slave trade in order to protect our manufactures and compete with foreign nations. I do not know of any depth of wickedness too low or too deep for Northern politicians to dive into and stay under—not one. [Laughter and applause.] I am very sorry to say these things, for I am a Massachusetts man myself. I am a Northern man, and I am proud of her past history before the Revolution. I take pride and pleasure in her glorious churches, which once rang with the glorious liberties of the children of God. I felt ashamed the first time that I ever spoke in Faneuil Hall, and said: "Who am I, O Lord, that I should have the privilege of standing in this hall, which has rung with the echo of the voices of great and noble men?" [Cheers.]

I say, Let us resist this Nebraska measure with all our might, not merely by passing resolutions, but by carrying out the proposition. I am not a political man, but I suggest that a town meeting shall be solemnly called in every town of the Commonwealth; then a district meeting shall be called in every Congressional district in the Commonwealth, and all men asked to come together, without distinction of party; and then that a great mass meeting be held here—no, not here in Boston, but held in the town of Worcester—in the heart of the Commonwealth—held in a city that has never kidnapped a man—[applause]—held in a town, the court-house of which has never been girded with chains, and the State Judges crawling under them. [Loud cheers.] Hold the meeting in the town of Worcester, and discuss the question, and if the bill pass, call a convention of all the free persons in the Free States, and pledge ourselves to repeal the Nebraska measure; next to abolish slavery in the district of Columbia; next to abolish it in Utah and New Mexico, and wherever it exists under the federal jurisdiction; next to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law and all the so-called Compromise of Slavery, and lastly, go to work and tear that hated leaf out of the Constitution of the United States. [Loud cheers.]

Gentlemen, I am no madman. I am a cool, calm man, who has studied the facts of our nation's history, and know them well. I have studied the ideas which were the programme of principles in the Revolution, and which were the programme of purpose in the formation of the Constitution, and it is to these great truths, there embodied and written by God in the hearts of men, that I call your attention, and I ask you to swear allegiance to your wives and your children, by the bones of your mothers that are under ground, and by the soul of the Almighty God whose higher law rules earth, and sea, and sky, and time and eternity. [Loud cheers.] Well, if we are beaten on the Nebraska question, and on the other measures, let us retreat with our face to the foe, never flinching, losing everything but our honor. Let us fight the battle from line to line, from State to State, until we are driven back to old Massachusetts. Then let us fight it from town to town until at last we are driven back to the old rock of Plymouth, and there with the soul of our fathers still in us, taught by the experience of a hundred years, and rich with the promise of all eternity in our bosoms, let us gather together the last shreds of the sacred Mayflower, build our ship, take on board what is left of Puritan integrity and republican virtue, launch our bark upon the waves,—go to Greenland, or to Africa, found institutions, and secure the glorious liberty of the children of God. [Loud cheers.]

**AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.**—An European correspondent of the *National Era* has communicated to us the following intelligent, and, we doubt not, truthful description of the aspect of affairs in China. The eyes of the world are turned toward that interesting country, and great and gratifying results are almost universally anticipated from the events now transpiring there:  
[Era.]  
Recent information from the Celestial Empire, derived from a quarter of great and peculiar interest, can hardly fail to be of interest to American readers; nor the less so, because it has not been communicated to the people elsewhere,

through any of the organs of general intelligence.

Our informant has resided many years in, and enjoyed the most favorable opportunities for making himself acquainted with the true state of the country. He writes, that he entertains no doubt of the speedy advance of the insurgents to Peking, and the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. It is pretty well known and understood at Canton, that the accomplishment of this event will be the signal for a revolution in the grand emporium of trade; and then there will be at least four separate rebellions in the field, viz.: at Peking, Amoy, Shanghai, and Canton. The new view of the case presented to us is, that all these are "separate" and distinct organizations, not only not connected with one another, but absolutely hostile. Thus, while there is a common Chinese object, everything tends to bring about the crisis; and when destruction has had its sweep, construction will produce another elemental war. Elsewhere, it would rightly be predicted of such a struggle, that anarchy and ruin must be the result; but China differs from all the rest of the world, and, though it is impossible to prevent confusion to a great extent, the non-belligerent and pre-eminently mercantile character of the people offer a different solution to the important question. The population of Tokien, the Province of which Amoy is the principal port, are the best soldiers in the country, and, as they have had the hardest fight, are likely to keep their own. The main body, masters of Peking and Nankin, are not likely to lose sight of their one object, and may therefore be presumed as likely to establish a permanent Government. The same may be expected from the numerous people and vast wealth and trade of Canton, more aquatic than Holland used to be represented in travels and talks. What is expected, therefore, is, that this immense territory, and millions upon millions of inhabitants, will, in the end, be resolved into several States or Kingdoms, or whatever the successful leaders of the various revolts choose to style them, and that the partition of the Empire will more resemble that which followed the death of the Macedonian conqueror than any other historical record. At all events, this strange division of the earth must be thrown open to the rest of mankind; and, whether the new powers fight or agree, the introduction of so immense a change will have an effect almost beyond imagination to conceive, on the universal bearings of the civilized world. At any rate, it is curious to learn, as part of the data on which the future is to hinge, that instead of one insurrection in China, as we have supposed, it is a hydra, and the heads are as bitter enemies to each other as if they were long exasperated foreign foes.

**The Cheat of Non-Intervention.**  
The pretense that the bill which has just passed the United States Senate, allows the inhabitants of the new territories to govern themselves, is utterly groundless. It is, in fact, simply a falsehood.  
A people which governs itself chooses and frames its own form of government. In the present case it is Congress which dictates the form of government under which the inhabitants of Nebraska are to live. It is Congress which imposes the constitution upon them, and whether they are pleased with it or not, they cannot change it; the federal government does not permit them to do so. If the state of New York were obliged to receive its constitution from the federal government without the power to alter it at pleasure, we should hardly admit that we enjoyed the privilege of governing ourselves.  
A community in the exercise of self-government elects its own Governor. In the case of Nebraska the Governor is to be appointed by the President of the United States. The people of the territory may make certain ordinances, but they cannot execute them. The president sends them a man to execute them—a man vested with the appointment of all the subordinate executive agents. If that man does not choose to carry into effect the ordinance made by the territorial legislature, the people of the territory cannot compel him, cannot punish him, cannot remove him; he is not responsible only to the federal government.  
A people which governs itself appoints, either directly or indirectly, the judges who sit in its courts and administer its laws. Its judges are not sent to it from without. But in the present case, Mr. Douglas's bill provides that the judges shall be appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the Senate. Whatever ordinances are passed by the territorial legislature will be expounded and applied by judges who are the creatures of the federal government. If the territorial legislature should pass any law prejudicial to slavery, the judges, who will represent the administration at Washington, may annul it as contrary to the constitution. Those who govern themselves, create

their own legislature. The Nebraska bill assigns a part of the legislative power to an agent of the President—to the Governor whom he shall appoint. It gives the Governor a right to send back to the territorial legislature, with his veto, any bill passed by the majority, which can then only become a law by a vote of two thirds of both houses. The course of legislation is thus obstructed by the agency of a power without the territory.

Again, no people can be said to govern itself which has not the power to prescribe who shall exercise the right of suffrage. In the territories the practice has hitherto been to allow all the inhabitants to vote as soon as they have fixed themselves in the country, without requiring the process of naturalization. In that way, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin were settled. Every man, whether from Ireland, England, Germany, Norway or France, was allowed a voice in the territorial elections. This was a reasonable arrangement in a country where the inhabitants were few, and where in many neighborhoods the sole inhabitants were recently from Europe. Douglas's bill disfranchises all this class of men, and puts them on a level, so far as their political rights are concerned, with the slaves exported from Arkansas and Missouri. There will, in all probability, be settlements in Nebraska, with two or three planters from those states, and a considerable population of recent emigrants from Europe, who have not been long enough in the country to become naturalized citizens of the United States. Two or three planters will elect members to the legislature, and this class will control the legislation of the state. In this respect, the bill before Congress allows the inhabitants a far less share in the government of the territories than was permitted by the former laws.

What did Mr. Cass mean when he said that the passage of this bill was the triumph of squatter sovereignty? It puts the squatter of foreign birth—the Celt, the Tuton—on a level with the African. Its effect will, of course, be to exclude the white emigrant, and to Africanize Nebraska. With what face can these men talk of non-intervention by the federal government, when the federal government appoints the Executive, appoints the Judiciary, and appoints an agent to interfere with the legislative power? Dishonest pretenses are frequent in these days among politicians, but the assertion that the Nebraska bill leaves the people of the territories at liberty to govern themselves and frame their own institutions, is a hoax of the grossest and most shameless character.

**A WONDERFUL CLOCK.**—There is now in the possession of, and manufactured by Mr. Collings, silversmith, of Gloucestershire, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism—an eight-day clock, with dead-beat escapement maintaining power—which chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three times in twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age, the time of rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water, half-ebb and half-flood; and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water, which rises, and lifting the ships at high-water tide as if it were in motion, and as it recedes leaves these little automaton ships dry on the sands. It shows the hour of the day, day of the week, day of the month, month of the year. In the day of the month there is a provision made for the long and short months. It shows the twelve signs of the zodiac; it strikes or not, chimes as you wish it; it has the equation table showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship, and performs most accurately the many different objects which are called into action by the ingenious proprietor, who is most willing to describe all its various achievements to any one who may feel a pleasure in paying him a visit.

**The New York Senators.**  
It gives us pleasure to perform a simple act of justice towards men to whose course, on many political questions, we are utterly opposed. Among the faithful few who resisted, at every step, and to the last, the Nebraska iniquity, were Senators Seward and Fish, of this State. The one by a powerful speech—evinced a moral courage which we should have been glad to see imitated by some of his democratic associates—as well as by his votes; the other by his votes, never wanting when called for—our Senators have faithfully and fearlessly performed their duty. On the field where so many faint and fled, no brave man who provere true shall fail to receive the praise he merits at our hands. Without regard to their party affinities, we feel proud of the course pursued, on this question, by the Senators from New York. We only wish that every free State had been as ably and faithfully represented.—*Even. Post.*

### Discoveries of Ruined Cities in the Great Basin.

The Great Basin in the middle of our territory, bounded on the north by the Wahatch mountains and the settlements of the Mormons in Utah, on the east by the Rocky mountains, skirting the right bank of the Rio Grande, on the south by the Gila; and the west by the Sierra Nevada, is a region still almost unknown. Trappers and mountaineers have passed all around the inner rim; but none have ever crossed it, with the exception of Mr. Beale, who traversed, on his recent trip, the northern slope, and Captain Joe Walker, the famous mountaineer, who passed nearly through its centre in the winter of 1850. But little, therefore, is known regarding it, but that little is exceedingly interesting, and fills the mind with eagerness to know more. From Captain Walker we have gained many particulars respecting this celebrated trip, and the character of this mysterious land, which have never before been brought to light. There is no lack of streams within it; the Rio Colorado, Chiquito, or little Red River runs entirely across it, about one hundred miles to the north of the Gila, and almost parallel to it, and empties into the Colorado. About 120 miles still further to the North, the San Juan follows, exactly the same course as the little Red, and empties into Grand River, the most important branch of the Colorado.—Grand River itself pursues a course a little south of west across the northern part of the Basin, while the Avonkarc, a large river discovered by Mr. Beale, Green River, and the Rio Virgin, are all large streams, which drain the northern mountain rim and run in a southerly direction into the Colorado.

The Great Basin between the Colorado and the Rio Grande, is an immense table of land, broken towards the Gila and the Rio Grande by detached Sierras. Almost all the streams run through canyons. The country is barren and desolate, and entirely uninhabited even by the lowest order of Indians. But, though now so bleak and forbidding, strewn all around may be seen the evidence that it was once peopled by a civilized and thickly settled population. They have long since disappeared, but their handiwork remains to attest their former greatness. Capt. Walker assures us that the country from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and the San Juan, is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on the table land. Although he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry, and numberless specimens of antique pottery, such as have been noticed in the immigrant trail south of the Gila, it was not until his last trip across, that he ever saw a structure standing. On that occasion he had penetrated about midway from the Colorado into the wilderness, and had encamped near the Little Red River, with the Sierra Blanca looming up to the south, when he noticed at a little distance an object that induced him to examine further.

As he approached, he found it to be a kind of citadel, around which lay the ruins of a city more than a mile in length. It was located on a gentle declivity that sloped towards Red River, and the lines of the streets could be distinctly traced running at right angles with each other. The houses had all been built with stone, but all had been reduced to ruins by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. It was no ordinary conflagration, but must have been some fierce, furnace-like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano, as the stones were all burnt, some of them almost cindered, others glazed as if melted. This appearance was visible in every ruin he met with. A storm of fire seemed to have swept over the whole country, and the inhabitants must have fallen before it. In the center of the city we refer to, rose abruptly a rock twenty or thirty feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outlines of the building were still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls fifteen or eighteen feet long, and ten feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well quarried and well built. All the south end of the building seemed to have melted to cinders and to have sunk to a mere heap of rubbish. Even the rock upon which it was built, seems to have been partially fused by the heat.

Capt. Walker spent some time in examining this interesting spot—he traced many of the streets and the outlines of the houses, but could find no other wall standing; as often as he had seen ruins of this character, he had never until this occasion, discovered any of the implements of the ancient people. Here he found a number of hand mills, similar to those still used by the Pueblos and the Mexicans for grinding their corn. They were made of light porous rock, and consisted of two peices about two feet long and ten inches wide, the one hollowed out, and the other made con-

vex like a roller, to fit the concavity. They were the only articles that had resisted the heat. No metals of any kind were found. Strewn all around, might be seen numerous fragments of crockery, sometimes beautifully carved, at others, painted. This, however, was not peculiar to the spot, as he had seen antique pottery in every part of the country, from San Juan to the Gila.

Capt. Walker continued his journey, and noticed several more ruins on a little of his route, next day; but he could not stop to examine them. On this side of the Colorado, he has never yet seen any remains, except the present races. The Indians have no traditions relative to the ancient people that once so thickly settled this region. They look with wonder upon these remains, but know nothing of their origin. Capt. Walker, who, we may remark, is a most intelligent and close observer, far superior to the generality of old trappers, and with a wonderfully retentive memory, is of opinion that this Basin, now so barren, was once a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation has been wrought by the action of volcanic fires. The mill discovered proves that the ancient race once farmed; the country as it now appears never could be tilled, hence it is inferred, that it must have been different in early days. They must have had sheep, too, for the representation of that useful animal was found carved upon a piece of pottery.

Lieut. Beale states that, on his first trip across the continent, he discovered in the midst of the wilderness north of the Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the wall of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty-two rooms. In the vicinity were met with numerous balls of the hard clay, from the size of a bullet, to that of a grape shot. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty of them were stuck together, like a number of bullets run out of a half-dozen connecting moulds, or like a whole baking of rolls. It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun. And now it remains for the antiquarian to explore this interesting region in the very heart of our country, and to say who were the people that inhabited it. They may have been the ancestors of the Aztecs, whom Cortez found in Mexico, for they were known to have come from the north.

Tradition relates that they sailed out from their northern homes, directed by their prophets not to cease their march till they came across an eagle sitting upon a cactus, with a serpent in its claws. This they found where the city of Mexico now stands, and here they established their dominion. This legend is still preserved in the device upon the Mexican dollar. Some remnants of the Aztecs still remained within a few years past at the ruin-d city of Gran Quivero or Pecos, in the wilderness of New Mexico. Here in deep caverns they kept alive, with reverential care, the Sacred Fire, which was always to burn till the return of Montezuma. It only went out about ten years ago, when the last Indian of the tribe expired. It might be that the Pimos south of the Gila, are an offshoot of the great Aztec nation, left behind in their march to the south. The Pimos, it is known, are far superior to the Indians of New Mexico. They raise fine cotton, and from it manufacture all their clothing.

Would that some Stephens or Layard would arise to explore the wonders that lie concealed within this Great Basin, and to bring to light the history of the strange people who inhabited it.

**A PROPER DISTINCTION.**—Our Indian incidents are fruitful. This is not the worst we have had: "Are you a Christian Indian?" said a person to an adherent of Red Jacket, at the settlement near Cattaugus. "No," said the sturdy savage, "I Whisky Indian." He could see that Whisky drinking and Christianity had little in common, and was honest enough to classify himself according to his habits. Not a few of our civilized "Whisky Indians" lack the honesty or discrimination of the savage.—*Buffalo Express.*

CICERO said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, "This is really cultivating one's father's memory."

**NOT BAD.**—In the *N. Y. Independent* we find the following from a mother:  
"But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"  
"No, what was it?"  
"Why, I was showing him a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma!' said he all at once, 'Oh ma! just look at that poor little lion way behind there, he won't get any.'"