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FIDELITY TO THE PEOPLE.

COUDERSPORT, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1854.

The Influence of Slavery

The peculiar institution not only "corrupts the manners and morals" of the master, but it depresses and destroys the prosperity of the State tolerating it. This is proved by the statistics of the slave and free States.

The *National Era* has prepared a table of statistics of the emigration from the several States of this union from which it gathers the following instructive facts. Says the *Era*:

The old Slave States in 1850 contained an aggregate white population, in round numbers, of 2,700,000, or 31.86 to the square mile; the old Free States, a population of 8,500,000, or 63 to the square mile, and yet this table shows that the emigration from the former is nearly as large absolutely as from the latter; in other words, that the emigration from the old Slave States was nearly three times greater, in proportion to its population, than from the old Free States; for while the latter were represented in the new States by 975,512 of their natives, the latter with a population not one third as large, was represented by 903,512 of their natives!

Now why is it that these Slave States, containing an aggregate area 30,000 square miles larger than the aggregate area of the Free States, surpassing them in climate, and at least equaling them in soil, water-power, mineral resources, and all natural capabilities, with a white population not one third as large, and not one fourth so dense, should send out nearly as many emigrants to new States and Territories? What other reason can be assigned but the exhausting nature of slave labor, its inherent incompatibility with other and productive modes of industry, and its oppressive bearing upon the masses of the people?

Slaveholders seek the rich bottoms of the new Slave States; their poor white neighbors crowd into the new Free States. In 1852, for example, Indiana furnished homes to thirty three thousand persons, who had been born in North Carolina, and sixty eight thousand, born in Kentucky—the great mass of whom had sought shelter in that Free State from the oppression of a system which, by excluding free labor to a great extent, must drive out a free laboring population.

Look again at the table, and see how Free Soil attracts the tide even of home emigration: 1,219,000 natives of the old States in the Free West, and only 659,000 in the Slave West—the old Free States sending nearly a million of their sons to the Free West, and only 53,000 to the Slaveholding West—while 300,000 natives of the old Slave States seek their homes on Free Soil. And yet the Slaveholding West has an area 200,000 square miles larger than that of the Free West, (even embracing within the latter the whole of California,) and is equal to it in all natural attributes.

Facts like these speak trumpet-tongued for Free Soil and Free Labor. They show that the instincts of the American People are in favor of them—that their necessities require them—that Slave Labor exhausts the soil, discourages industry, oppresses and drives into exile the poor freeman, checks population, impairs the power of the State, and is detested and shunned by four-fifths of the American People.

In full view of this, the present Congress is called upon by the slaveholders and urged by the President, to repeal the Missouri Compromise, which since 1820 has consecrated to Freedomland, Free labor the soil of our vast Western Territory, to which the poorer classes of the South, the working men of the North, and the hardy sons of toil, driven out of oppressed Europe, are looking for free and independent homes! No wonder that the People, wherever they are free to speak, are thundering their protests against this meditated outrage. The excitement is more manifest among our northern citizens and the naturalized population, but there are hundreds of thousands in the South who sympathize with them. The following memorial, signed by forty-one citizens of one or two counties in North Carolina, presented the other day in the Senate by Mr. Badger, utters the sentiments of a large class of Southern men, specially interested in the preservation of Free Soil:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled: We, the undersigned, citizens of Perquimans and Chowan counties, North Carolina, respectfully, but earnestly, entreat Congress to pass no bill interfering in any way with the application of the Missouri Compromise to the Territory of Nebraska.

We do so from the conviction that the passage of any bill rendering said Compromise inoperative will be an act of injustice and a breach of national faith."

The Liberty Men of 1844 Vindicated.

No paper in the United States was more industrious in trying to destroy the Liberty party of 1844 than the *New-York Tribune*. We believed then that the time would come when the *Tribune* would teach a different doctrine. We have been gratified of late to find in it the very arguments used by our friends of that day; and we think the following is an unanswerable vindication for our vote for JAMES G. BIRNEY in 1844. We copy from the *Tribune* of April 7. The italics are ours:

"The gambler, the drunkard, the adulterer, are not generally considered as disqualified for exercising political influence and power. Their vices, though offensive to our taste and reprehensible by our moral sense, are for the most part private and personal, and they may, and often do, have the clearest perceptions of justice and of the political rights of others. Government is the fountain of law. Law is the root of right. Politicians have to do only with questions of justice and equity. It is for the statesman to investigate and determine what are the rights of the subject and the duties of the State. Slaveholders are not so much morally as politically incapacitated for statesmanship. From the state of things, government in their hands becomes a tyranny and a terror. They cannot be capable of deciding questions of right, propositions involving the idea of justice, who hold toward their fellow men relations in the last degree cruel and unjust. Shall we trust him to legislate for us and our families, who has confiscated the liberties, property, and persons of all the poor families in his neighborhood? To have the destinies of a Republic controlled by an oligarchy of slaveholders, is as absurd as to have a robber convicted by a jury of highwaymen. Society need not trouble herself about her other criminals, if those who perpetrate the outrages involved in Slavery go quietly at large. It might be thought that in a Democracy a slaveholder could be no more safely trusted with power than a monarchist. Neither believes in the theory of popular rights: to either the Declaration of Independence is either a self-evident lie or a rhetorical flourish. Each should be carefully watched to prevent him from corrupting the minds and subverting the liberties of the people. It is not to be wondered at that the seed so diligently sown should in due time bring forth its fruit. If the General Government had as carefully cherished Monarchy as it has Slavery, we should expect to find monarchic principles generally prevalent. When the breeders and traders in human flesh have been driven from political supremacy in the National Government; as for very decency's sake they should be, one principal fountain of popular corruption, upon the swelling flood of which such men as Pierce, Cushing, and Douglas have swum into power, will be dried up."

Since reading the above, we regret to see in the *Tribune* of April 11 an article entitled "Politics in the Future," which is opposed in spirit and tendency to the above. This last article smacks very strongly of the *Tribune's* former weakness—devotion to party. We had supposed its experience of manly independence was such as to induce a continuance in the same course. And we shall continue to hope; but this article is sufficient evidence that the warning of the *Era* was needed, although we thought at the time that it was entirely unnecessary.

Great Temperance Demonstration in Crawford County.

Our friends in Crawford are entitled to the hearty thanks of their brethren throughout the State, for the enthusiasm and unanimity with which they press forward in the good cause. We learn from the *Conneautville Courier*—a paper which is already familiar to our readers, from the frequency with which we quote good things from it—that a meeting was held there on the 31st of March, exceeding in interest anything of the kind ever held in that county. Between three and four thousand people were present. It was a demonstration made in consequence of the abandonment of the liquor traffic by the only men in Western Crawford engaged in it. There was speaking of a high order, music that does the soul good to hear, and resolutions adopted that have the ring of

the true metal in them. Take, for instance, these, which we cut from the series. How long do you think the business of drunkard-making will go on in a community where all Temperance men live up to these resolutions? Not a day. And the immense meeting in Crawford county adopted these resolutions with acclamation:

Resolved, That the next Court of Quarter Sessions be urgently solicited to refuse all applications for tavern licenses in the County of Crawford; that experience has demonstrated that they are not required for the convenience of strangers and travellers, but detrimental to the public and private weal.

Resolved, That from this time forth we withdraw our entire patronage from every mercantile and business establishment where intoxicating liquors are sold or given away; and that we will use all our zeal and energies with our neighbors to induce them to do likewise; that we will not, on any consideration, buy goods, wares, or merchandise of those who traffic in the destroyer, but shun their doors as the road which leads to death.

Resolved, That the time has come when the friends of temperance must be active in the discharge of their obligations; that there is not a moment to lose; that a vigilant eye be ever on the lookout for danger, and that the public be cautioned when discerned, that they may guard against injury.

Resolved, That a committee of safety, consisting of thirteen persons, be appointed, whose duty it shall be to hold stated meetings, and devise together for the public good; that every infraction of the excise laws brought to the knowledge of any member of the committee, be immediately prosecuted to effect, and that the plighted faith of every temperance man in the community be pledged to sustain said committee, pecuniarily and otherwise, in the discharge of their duty.

The Rout. Hope in Pennsylvania.

Disaster after disaster is overwhelming the luckless administration of Franklin Pierce. New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island have gone against it. The sentiment of the north has thrown triplets for true Democracy and the extension of republican principles. We may now reasonably hope for the redemption of the country from the hands of a mad conservatism and its plausible tool, and the approach of the period when every statesman will not be proscribed who wishes to make the nation more free and more individual.

Shall the administration be routed in Pennsylvania also? Shall the immense majority it expects to "roll up" be turned into an avalanche to crush its ranks and turn the present dismay of the White House leaders into panic? We say in sober earnestness that all this can be done. The old Keystone State can be triumphantly carried against Pierce, Douglas, and the other leaders who have made our Republican Congress the wonder of the popular party of Europe, and stained the fair name of Democracy. All that is needed is boldness of initiative on the part of the Anti-Nebraska Democrats, faithfulness on the part of the Independent Press, and discretion on the part of the Whigs. The old issues between the leading parties have been tried in Pennsylvania again and again, and adjudged against the Whigs; the battle should not be fought on them. Let the issue be made in this State as it has been made at Washington—between the friends and enemies of free institutions, and free immigrants in the territory secured to them by the Missouri Compromise. For this issue, the Democrats of the Northern and Western counties are already ripe. Give them the MAX for the HOUR, and they will vote for him. He should be of unsuspected democracy, without reproach and have rendered some service to his country. Such a man is the Hon. JUDGE WILMOR. His name has already been mentioned in different parts of the State and received with enthusiasm. Placed in nomination by an independent Democratic convention, he would be elected by acclamation.—What say you, brethren of the press? If 'twere done, 'twere better done, if 'twere done quickly.—*Philadelphia Register*.

We see not how any man with a spark of independence about him, can fail to respond to the above article, a hearty amen. Several of the ablest and best papers in the State have already advised this course, and we shall yet expect to see its adoption. There is, no paper in the State, whose influence extends beyond the office where published, that has as yet spoken of this movement in other than respectful terms. The good work goes bravely on—men are every day cutting loose from the trammels of party, and are more and

more disposed to vote as their better judgment dictates, without regard to old prejudices.

Rum and Hunker Democracy.

The forces of these two powers have been uniting for some time. In this county the union was perfect years ago, but in other places the coalition was not so readily formed. In New York, the veto of Governor Seymour of the prohibitory liquor bill, will make a perfect union of these forces, and we think the honest friends of temperance will not much longer be fooled by these wily demagogues.

The following comments of the *Albany Register* show the kind of people who sustain, and of their opponents:

"The bill went to the Governor for his signature. On the one side of him stood the opponents of the bill. The cold, icy, but intellectual republican aristocracy, fresh from their costly and delicious wines, smiling as a summer morning, bland in their frigid courtesy, speaking softly and in set terms about a lofty conservatism and the disturbing progress of that fanaticism that would interfere with their comfort by censuring their indulgence. With them, dim and shadowy in the distance, but visible to the mind's eye, stood the bloated and bear-eyed devotees of a low debauchery, reeking from their bacchanalian orgies, ragged and filthy, blasphemous and profane in speech. And these two extremes of humanity, each actuated by a common motive—an iron selfishness, demanded of the Governor that he should interpose his veto and wipe out all the progress of a quarter of a century.

On the other side stood the religious sentiment of the state, the moral sentiment of the state, the genuine social virtue of the state, charity for human suffering, sympathy for human sorrow, parents who had followed the children of their love to the drunkard's grave, wives whose husbands had been brutalized by intemperance, daughters that it had given to shame, children that it had beggared, humanity itself appealed to him with a voice choked and tremulous with anguish, not to stand in the way of this great experiment of reform, not to falsify every promise of his past life, or throw away the great hope of his future, by linking himself to that heartless and selfish republican aristocracy, or becoming the champion and idol of the guttered and bloated demagogues behind them.

And yet these appeals were in vain. Governor Seymour has crushed the last hope of ten thousand fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, a sad and a solemn thought to take with him to his pillow of rest. And what has he gained? Who will call down upon his name to night, as they kneel at their evening devotions, a blessing for the good deed he has done? With what prayer will his name go up to the throne of the infinite God? Not one. And yet his name will be upon ten thousand tongues to night. It will go up with a great shout and a hurrah, but it will be coupled with blasphemies, and mingled with the obscenities of pious-house revellers. It will be shouted in the midst of debauchery and be the theme of bacchanalian song.

Learn Wisdom.

Less than one year ago, how stood the great Democratic party? It claimed New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Where are they now? They have broken their allegiance and declared themselves free from the power that would mislead and force them to aid in expelling freedom from our soil, and planting the black flag of Slavery over territory now free. May the Democracy learn wisdom from these examples.—*Erie Gazette*.

To which we most heartily respond, with the additional desire that the Whigs may also "learn wisdom." In New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, the Whigs pursued a liberal policy, abandoned old issues; secured the co-operation of independent democrats; and thus the Administration party was defeated. If the Whigs of Pennsylvania will learn wisdom from the action of their associates in New Hampshire and Connecticut, the Administration party can be defeated in Pennsylvania. But as yet, only one Whig paper—the Lancaster *Whig*—has counseled such wisdom as will defeat Wm. Bigler.

Most of the Whig papers have from the start determined to have a pure and simple *Whig ticket*. This policy was adopted by the Convention, and none but *Whigs* can be expected to vote for Judge Pollock. Now, there are a large num-

ber of Independent voters in the State, who would gladly have voted for an Independent candidate, acceptable to the Whigs, who will not vote for the Whig ticket, and it cannot be elected.

The Work to be Done.

The following account of the action of certain women in Indiana, is from the *New-York Tribune*:

On the morning of the 28th ult., Thornton Alexander was killed by Rum at the place of his residence. Winchester, Indiana, leaving a widow and five young children in abject poverty and heart-rending agony. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, of generous impulses and flattering prospects in life, until the web of the destroyer was woven about his heart. A little before he breathed his last, he said to the weeping circle around his bed side, "I am dying; whisky has done it. May those who have sold me the poison die as painful a death as mine." So he died, leaving his destitute family in arduous unutterable.

At 4 o'clock that same afternoon, a procession of forty or fifty of the nobler women of Winchester, with the agonized widow at their head, appeared in the streets of that town. They proceeded in marching order to the rum grocery of David Aker, handed him a pledge that he would sell no more liquor there, and demanded his signature. He demurred; but they were resolute, and at length he put down his name, opened his doors, and told them to take his remaining stock of liquor and destroy it. Four barrels of whisky and six or eight kegs of what are called brandy, gin, wine, &c., (all drugged, adulterated whisky, of course,) were then rolled out and emptied into the street. The estimated value of the liquor (\$110) was then made up to him by subscription, and the Temperance pioneers moved on.

The next halt was at Wm. Page's (another groggery) where they met with a stouter resistance. Page refused to sign, and shut his door in their faces. They chopped it down, knocked in his window, rolled the barrels into the street and poured out the liquor. They then marched to James Ennis's, who signed the pledge; thence to Edward Retter's, who did likewise; thence to Way & Kizer's, who also signed; thence to H. P. Kizer's drug-store, where they met with equal success; then to Binager's, who utterly refused to sign. His daughter, however, who was one of the most active of the pioneers, pushed into the house, brought out a keg of liquor, and stove in the head. The procession next visited Wilson's grocery; he took the pledge; thence to Craig's drug-store, with equal success; and then adjourned to meet at half past two next day, to destroy the brewery—the only place in the town where they had not established the principle of Prohibition. Binager gave in his adhesion during the evening, leaving Page alone in his glory as a would-be rum-seller if he had any to sell.

A post-mortem examination of Alexander's body was made by the doctors that evening. They reported him "murdered by whisky"—the coats of his stomach having been entirely eaten up by it. Mrs. Alexander thereupon instituted proceedings against Page and Binager, for causing the death of her husband. So the case stood at the date of our last advices.

If these Winchester rum-sellers are justly responsible for the death of Alexander, how many deaths by alcoholic poison will lie at the door of Horatio Seymour?

Will the Hon. Elik Price ponder on the above described scenes, and ask himself if the special pleading which he has been making use of in the Legislature for some time back, to prevent the passage of the Maine Law, does not look contemptible when compared with the self-sacrificing and determined conduct of Mrs. Alexander and her associates? The heart grows sad and sick to see how very tender some men are of the feelings of rum-sellers, but how indifferent to the misery and ruin of their victims. It will take a great many sixty-two-paged pamphlets, such as Mr. Price and his friends have issued, to satisfy plain men that a man can vote with the enemies of Temperance every time, and yet be a "thorough Temperance man."

From the N. Y. Tribune of April 20.

The War.

There has been no battle yet in the Baltic. The Russians are dismantling their fortresses on the island of Alon. Napier's fleet is still at Kioze Bay. April 5, the navigation is open from Revel to St. Petersburg. Sir Charles Napier has issued the following address to his fleet:

"Lads! War is declared! We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy! Should they offer us battle, you know

how to dispose of them! Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them!

"Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire! Lads! sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own!"

A private dispatch says that the allied fleets have entered the Black Sea to effect a movement in conjunction with Omer Pacha. The fleets have steered for Varna.

As soon as hostilities commence in the Baltic, the Empress and Russian Court are to be removed to Moscow.

The Russian crossing of the Danube into Dobradsha, is confirmed by details. They are razing all their forts, but their General considered his situation so critical that, after crossing, he immediately demanded reinforcements from Bessarabia, Odessa, and even Sebastopol. The Turks are falling back in good order upon Trajan's Wall.

The Paris *Patrie* confirms the report that the Turks have beaten Gen. Uschakoff in Bessabia, and forced him to fall back. The Turks have also crossed the Danube at a point between Nicopolis and Rostuchuck.

The Emperor of Austria's letter to Napoleon is not published, but it is supposed to contain anything decisive as to Austria's course. It is rumored, however, that Austria will make the Russian passage of Balkans a cause of war! The English and French Governments entirely reject the proposals of the Czar, founded upon his letter to the King of Prussia, brought by Prince George, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

From Berlin, evening of the 7th, was telegraphed that negotiations between Austria and Prussia were not yet closed, but Prussia had joined a protocol, signed on the 3d of April at Vienna, between Britain, France, and Austria.

In the House of Commons, on Friday night, 7th, Lord John Russell confirmed that Austria was concentrating troops on the Servian frontier, but as negotiations were still in progress, he could not state what course Austria would pursue. April 26 is appointed as a National Fast Day throughout Britain, to pray for success in the present war.

The Boy of Principle.

Previous to the late Presidential election, Mrs. H. took her little son, about four years old, upon her lap and tried to impress upon his mind the difference between liberty and slavery. She told him the story of some children sold from their parents, and asked him how he would feel if some wicked men should sell him away from his father and mother, and grandmother and sisters, and he were never permitted to see them any more. His little heart was too full for utterance. He went away to his play, and the circumstance was forgotten by his mother.

A few weeks after, the electioneering spirit began to run high. The little boys about the street were shouting, Hurrah for Scott—Hurrah for Pierce! Little Edwin came running to his mother with great anxiety in his countenance.

"Does Scott sell, mother? Does Scott sell?"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"Will Scott sell children?"

"I do not know that he would sell them," said the mother, "but he sustains those that do sell."

"Does Pierce sell?"

"His principles are the same with Scott," replied the mother.

"Well," said our little philosopher, "I will never hurrah for them. Who can I hurrah for, mother?"

"Hale," said the mother, "is opposed to slavery and the selling of children."

"Hurrah for Hale, then," and he made the ball's ring again.

"I want a flag, mother."

And his mother could find no rest till she had made him a little flag with the names of Hale and Julien upon it. And every day as the boys would pass shouting for Scott or Pierce, our little hero would rush into the street with his little flag waving in the breeze, and cry "hurrah for Hale and Julien!"

The father was a good deal annoyed by his son's politics, for he was a strong Scott man. He tried in vain for some time to induce his son to hurrah for Scott. One day his father came in and caught his son to him.

"I have a present for you," said he. His eyes sparkled for the present.

"Don't you want some candy, a ball, a little horse or a whip?" And enumerating the articles till the excitement grew to an ecstasy, the father then offered him a dollar, and said, "you may have that and go to the toy shop and lay it all out in toys and candy; get as much as you please, if you will go out in the street and hurrah for Scott."

Edwin looked at the dollar a moment, and then raised his form to its utmost capacity, and said,

"I cannot hurrah for Scott, father, but (thrusting his hand into his pocket) I will give you a cent, if you will hurrah for Hale!"—*Christian Press*.