THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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Correspondence of the Journal.

HONESDALE, APRIL 26, 1854.

FRIEND MANN: You will credit this letter to a severe fit of indignation, brought on by reading in our red-mouthd hunker paper, the *Herald*, an extract from the Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate* (a leading organ of the Methodist persuasion) upon the interference of clergymen in political matters. I cannot forbear expressing myself somewhat strongly when such hypocritical poltroonery is suffered to pass current for sanctity, or as in any way to be ascribed to a laudable and sincere desire to comply with and further the sublime ends of the Gospel of the Master. O, it is a wondrous pity that the Church of Christ, here in the midst of the nineteenth century, is deemed in such strait as to need such servants or apologists. When we look around upon a world, thought by many to be striding at a fearful pace towards skepticism and infidelity, shall we longer marvel that sects tremble for the sustenance of their dearly cherished dogmas? Shall we censure men for turning away from the hollow mockeries of ecclesiastical mechanism, and striking boldly out into those paths where a wise and benificent God manifests his presence in good deeds at the hands of his creatures, rather than in words from the lips of apostates and shame-faced sycophants? Shall we censure them? God forbid!

I will distil from the crude mass the bitterness and shame of the article in question. To do more, would be to impose upon the generosity of your readers. I know that good Christians will hang their heads in mingled shame and sorrow when they glance over these extracts; not that Christianity can suffer in the minds of good men thereby, but that the seamless coat of the Master should be degraded by his professed worshippers into a curtain to hide the rottenness of their faith. God of Humanity! if this is the doing of Christianity's friends, how terrible must be the opposition of those who are really its foes. If these are the sentiments of good Christians, what must be the sentiments of infide's!

The Rev. Editor is speaking of those clergymen who *presumed* to exercise the privilege so dear to freemen—the right of petition—in reference to Arnold Douglas's Nebraska bill. Alluding particularly to the remonstrance of the Boston and Chicago clergy, he says:

"When in their place, engaged in their appropriate work, no class of men in the country is more highly esteemed than ministers of the Gospel. But when they turn aside from their holy employments, and descend into the arena of party political strife, they defile their mission, and lay their honor in the dust. Instead of "washing their hands in innocency," they soil them with worldly filth, and stain them with crime against their country's peace."

And now that this Southern lion of the tribe of Judas has brought his spiritual weapon to a guard, he can surely parry a thrust aimed at a mortal part by an inexperienced hand. A clergyman's "place," and his "appropriate work," methinks, are both clearly defined by Him whom they profess to serve. To heal the sick, to comfort the afflicted, and to seek the means to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-creatures, *bond and free*—all these are undeniably compatible, nay, mere,—they are positive duties, which every man, clergyman or layman, is bound to discharge. It may be vastly pleasant to sit in one's easy chair, or roll in one's cushioned carriage, while one's overseer is perhaps mangling the back of a defenseless woman, somewhere on one's broad acres. And all this may occur to, and with, a gentleman who sports a white neckcloth, and tacks a "Rev." to his name. But I am not impressed that such clergymen are in their place, or engaged in their appropriate work. I think the Master once said—"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses." The latter article does not always carry all the brass current now-a-days. The last sentence of that paragraph is thoroughly sophistical. It may be no question with many people why ministers of the Gospel should not only defend Slavery, but help to perpetuate it. Indeed, I can see no reason for supposing that they do it without reference to that same "earthly filth," any more than others. As to "crimes against their country's peace," —it is doubtful whether this same editor would not have denounced Christ himself as a fanatic, when he said—"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace, but a sword." There is a time when peace is not compatible with the performance of duty. Thus thought the Master, and he acted accordingly. Who asks for peace, when the purchase is made with everlasting dishonor? *No true man.*

Again:—

"They richly merit the rebukes administered by gentlemen of the Senate, and must blame themselves if, hereafter, they find themselves shunned as disturbers of the public peace, and the religion they profess to teach suspected of having too much to do with the world that now is, and too little with that which is to come. 'My kingdom is not of this world,' said Christ; 'if it were, then my servants would fight.'"

Ay, doubtless, most sapient and sanctimonious Editor. Tell us, Reverend father, did not our Revolutionary sires richly merit the doom of traitors for petitioning their royal persecutor for a redress of grievances? Truly, these are perilous times; for do not men presume to approach the awful presence of a Douglas, with petitions in their hands? Ay, do they. Citizens of the model Republic, forbear. You must not tread on the corns of blossoming royalty. Bless your simple souls! you will force "*gentlemen* of the Senate" to send out proclamations after the fashion of good King James, commanding that every plebian gutter blood be transported back whence they came, and never presume to enter the presence of their Royal Highnesses henceforward. Grand incarnation of religious and political freedom—Reverend Editor! It is no wonder that you think that such religion is more than *suspected* of having more to do with the world that now is, than that which is to come. It is exceedingly doubtful whether there will be found in the Kingdom of the Master righteous men to denounce their followers for pleading the cause of groaning Humanity. O, there is too little of that religion which works for the good of suffering Humanity here, and too much of that garbled hypocrisy, which would fain teach men that they can best prepare for the future by ignoring the present. "Disturbers of the peace?" The Master whose servant thou art, most Reverend Editor, was proscribed as a seditious person; and the course of such men as thou, goes far to prove that there is no lack of Pharisees, and jealous high-priests, even to day.

"We utter this opinion with profound humiliation, but with as profound a conviction of its truth and justice. It is painful to witness such a desecration of ministerial character, to watch the movements of men of whom better things might be expected, engaged in a crusade against the rights of the South, and trailing their priestly garments in the dust to accomplish objects not mentioned in their commission, and never dreamed of in the acts and writings of the Apostles. These are the evil works that endanger our glorious federal Union."

It is difficult to decide which predominates in the above extract—insolence, or hypocrisy. "Engaged in a crusade against the rights of the South!" "Trailing their priestly garments in the dust!" And does this Reverend apostate claim that South, or North, or East, or West, God has given any man, or any body of men, the right to desecrate His free soil with slave markets? To dedicate any portion of His beautiful earth to the service and behoof of red-handed mammon? Away, teacher of falsehood. It may be that you find it in *your* "commission" to teach men submission beneath the lash, and the lesson of forgiveness, while innocent children are wrested from the mother's breast, and wives and husbands rudely parted forever! Has this man a wife—has he children—does he love the one, and does he cherish the other? Would he kiss the hand that rudely wrested that wife from his arms, and consigned her to a fate worse than death—chains and prostitution? Would he acknowledge any man's right to tear *his* family from him and consign their souls and bodies to the tender care and counsel of imbruted slave-drivers? Would he tarry to ask if the Apostles countenanced such outrages before he set out to seek justice in retribution? No! if one drop of manhood's blood ran in his veins, he would cry for instant justice.

But the Reverend Editor forgets that "priestly garments" may become stained with moral filth beyond cleansing, as well as with political dust. His sect may feel proud of him—probably they do, since he ministers to their inclinations; in other words, he professes to some God—but it must be evident to every candid mind, that he aims to serve the south and its incubus.

Forgive me if I have spoken too plainly—justice is clamorous, and truth will out.

SILEX FLINT.

The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has given it up on account of the high price of soap and the scarcity of sand.

The Car of Temperance.

During the mass meeting on the 27th of April, at this place, Rev. R. L. STILWELL, of Doygethville, Tioga county, Pa., was called on for a speech, when he read the following, which is part of an address prepared for a Temperance demonstration. We have seldom listeded to any better, and therefore solicited it for publication. We hope every subscriber to the *Journal* will read and digest.—[EDS. JOURNAL.

I thank God, while I congratulate you, that we live in an age and in a country, when and where the transmission of thought is facilitated by the education of the masses, the freedom of speech and of the press—the multiplication of mail routes and post offices, of canals and steamships, of railroads and telegraphs; an age when ingenuity is added to mercy to prepare eyes for the blind, ears for the deaf, feet for the lame, and speech for the dumb; a country where we may ask for good for those who will not ask it for themselves—where we may do for others what health and happiness, reason and religion, the present and the future, nature and GOD, demands should be done. Hence nothing is more apparent than that we live in an age of vast *responsibilities*, and in a country where we *must know* the claims that are upon us.

No effort to shun the light, no attempt to cast off obligation, can avail for any individual. Light is shining, facts are speaking; and, while we meet here, and others meet at other places to solicit light, to court instruction, and embrace responsibility in regard to Temperance and its demands on the sympathies of the affectionate and the strong, those who hate the light, refuse instruction, and shun responsibility, have it *forced* upon them. They live, and living where the character-wasting, property-destroying, death-producing work is going on, they *must know*; for where is the family in which intemperance has not left its black mark? Where the cheek of the female, one of the first and best gifts of God to man, that has not been bleached with bitter, scalding tears, on account of its work in some cherished object of her affections? Where, even, the sacred enclosure which it has not entered and disgraced? Indeed, so numerous are the sources of information respecting the doings of intemperance, that he who sees, or hears, or feels, *must know*, and *must act* against it, or be condemned by Humanity and Humanity's GOD.

Intemperance in the [illegible] has reigned long—reigned terribly; and in the bitterness of anguish we have previously asked, Shall he reign forever? Shall he continue to lay waste the fair works of God? Shall he live on, and live forever, in the abodes of man—his curse while living, his ruin in death? *No, he shall not do it;* for, I thank God, and congratulate you, in view of the fact that we live cotemporary with the birth, and stern, positive, and undenied existence of a Maine Liquor Law,—a law that outlaws the vending, selling, or using the pernicious stuff—and a law, too, having its birth, and entering upon its existence when the spirit of the age, the signs of the times, the love that man is taught to bear to his fellow man and the wants of the world;—each and all proclaim, Let it become universal, and let it never die.

Already the god of intemperance trembles on his throne of skulls which he has been gathering for ages from the ranks of the young, of the fair and the lovely, the middle aged and the old, the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, the savage and the civilized, the heathen and the Christian; for he knows that the explosive element is beneath him. The safety-fuze cord, running off into each State, will be lighted, and surely will the creeping streams of fire reach the focal point, when his death, his destruction will be certain; cotemporary with which, there shall not be left a drunkard to mourn the event, or to sigh for the return of his fiery spirit. But this event, so desirable because of the rich burden of blessing which shall succeed it, is not yet. We see it in the distance, but still see it as the tempest-tossed sailor sees the home of his childhood, his own little dwelling, the loved forms that inhabit it. We see it, but it is seen as yet, as heaven is seen by the Christian—by faith, in hope, by patience.

The god of intemperance is an obtruder on this earth, and he ought to be banished—he has destroyed a sufficient number of victims to construct and to keep in repair for himself, a throne of skulls, and he ought to die; therefore to kill him would be a virtue. To do that thing, and nothing short, is and has been the object of every temperance man, of every temperance society, and of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. To do this they called into existence the sun of hope to drunkards in Maine, whose beams have lengthened to Minesota, and in whose light two or three other States have walked into temperance salvation, while New-York and Pennsylvania are getting ready to take up their pleasing journey into the same delightful region. And others will go and do likewise, until this great family of States shall rejoice in the light, and smile in his beams. Glorious event! Blessed day! I verily believe there are those here who shall live to see it. God is in favor of it; the wives, widows, and children of drunkards are asking for it; and the really good of every name are laboring for it, and it must come. There are some that doubt it:—some that fear it, and others who hate it; but their doubts, their fears, and their dislikes will not, cannot prevent it; come it must, and come it will. Avarice, and moderate drinkers, that is, gentlemen drunkards, are the principal foes to its approach. But the cow catcher is invented that will throw these off the track, and the train shall be permitted to roll into national sobriety with LOVE for her president, PURITY for her conductor, and FIDELITY for her brakeman. May the speakers and the hearers on this occasion be there, ready to greet them with a glass of cold water.

From the N. Y. Independent.

"Abolitionism."

In some quarters, all who oppose the movement to legalize slavery in the territories are denounced as abolitionists, and that is thought to be the end of all argument. There may be honest men—though we are sure they are not very courageous—who are afraid to be called by so terrible a name. Such persons may, perhaps, find a taste of consolation in a passage from the introduction of a sermon which was preached at New Haven, on the question of the day, and which has heretofore been mentioned in our columns.

"Some persons have thought to discredit whatever may proceed from me on the great question of the day, by denouncing me as an 'abolitionist.' An abolitonist, forsooth! What is an abolitionist? If the word is to be understood (as it is understood in some portions of our country) to mean an incendiary who would stir up slaves to murder and insurrection, and would light the fires of devastation for the sake of abolishing slavery; or if, in a mitigated sense, it is to be understood as meaning one who holds the peculiar doctrine of the *immediate* abolition of slavery, with the various corrollaries which that doctrine involves—the name is applied to me in the merest wantonness of false[illegible] But if the [illegible] is to be understood in no other than its legitimate import, it is not a name to be ashamed of. If to approve and honor the act by which slavery was abolished in Connecticut, and the successive acts and judicial decisions by which it has been abolished in so many of the States in which it once existed—if to hold that the institution and system of slavery, which makes one human being the property or chattel of another, is always and everywhere essentially unjust, and ought to be everywhere abolished by law—if to abhor the buying and selling of men, women, and children, as merchandise—then the pastors of these churches, one and all, are abolitionists; for on these points we are not conscious of one shade of difference among us. Nor do we stand alone in our position. We have not, indeed, looked about to see who will stand by us; for we could not but despise ourselves, if we thought we needed support against those who think to terrify us by the cry of 'abolitionism.' It is enough for us to know that truth and justice are with us; that all the sympathies of humanity, and all Christian impulses and aspirations, are with us; that the conscience of the world is with us; and, most of all, that God is with us. Yet we may say, and we are bound to say in this connection, that we have no consciousness of isolation, and no suspicion of any difference of opinion between ourselves and those who minister in churches of other denominations.

"We say, then, to those who desire to reproach us, Call us abolitionists if you will; but do you know what that name means, and to whom it rightfully belongs? Tell us, if you can, what man there is, respected in this community for his intelligence and moral worth, who will hold up his head and say he is not an abolitionist in the only sense in which we are abolitionists. Every president of Yale College for the last seventy-five years,—Stiles, Dwight, the venerable man who still lingers among us, in his retirement from the office which he so long adorned, and not least illustrious in the honored line, the profound, exact, and gifted scholar who now presides in those ancient halls,—may be stigmatized with that name (if it is a stigma) as reasonably as we can be. Call us abolitionists if you will. The name which did not dishonor the sagacious statesmanship of Franklin, nor the judicial learning and Christian patriotism of Jay, will not dishonor us. The name which was like a crown of glory to the saintly Wilberforce, and which gives immortal bloom and fragrance to the memory of Clarkson and of Granville Sharp, is not a name for any of us to be ashamed of. It is time to have done with that bugbear."

Old Bullion on Executive Interference.

The following extract from Col. Benton's great speech on the Nebraska question, is the best rebuke of the President's attempt to push that odious bill through in defiance of the will of the people, that we have seen:

COL. BENTON proceeded:—I have said that this bill comes into Congress under the Administration of a Free State President; but I do not mean to say, or insinuate, by that remark, that the President favors the bill. I know nothing of his disposition towards it; and if I did, I should not disclose it here. It would be unparliamentary, and a breach of the privileges of this House to do so. The President's opinions can only be made known to us by himself, in a message in writing. In that way it is his right, and often his duty, to communicate with us. And in that way there is no room for mistake in citing his opinions; no room for the imputation of contradictory opinions to him; and in that way he becomes responsible to the American people for the opinions he may deliver. All other modes are forbid to him, as tending to an undue and unconstitutional interference with the freedom of legislation. It is not bribery alone attempted upon a member which constitutes a breach of the privileges of this House. It is any attempt to operate upon a member's vote by any consideration of hope or fear, favor or affection, prospect of reward or dread of punishment. This is parliamentary law, as old as English Parliaments, constantly maintained by the British House of Commons, and lately declared in a most signal manner. It was during the reign of our old master, George the Third, and in the famous case of Mr. Fox's East India bill. A report was spread in Parliament by one of the lords of the bed chamber, that the King was opposed to the bill; that he wished it defeated; and had said that he would consider any member his enemy who should vote for it. The House of Commons took fire at this report, and immediately resolved:

"That to report any opinion, or pretended opinion, of his Majesty, upon any bill depending in either House of Parliament, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the Constitution of the country."

This resolve was adopted in a full House, by a majority of seventy-three votes, and was only declaratory of existing Parliamentary law—such as it had existed from the time that English counties and boroughs first sent knights of the shire and burgesses to represent them in the Parliament House. It is old English Parliamentary law, and is so recorded by Hatsell, and all the writers on that law. It is also American law, as old as our Congress; and as such recorded in Jefferson's Manual. It is honest law; and as such existent in every honest heart. Sir, the President of the United States can send us no opinions, except in written messages, and no one can report his opinions, to influence the conduct of members upon a bill, without becoming obnoxious to the censure which the British House of Commons pronounced upon the lord of the bed chamber, in the case of the King and the Fox East India bill.

Nor can the President's Secretaries—his head clerks as Mr. Randolph used to call them—send us their opinions on any subject of legislation depending before us. They can only report and that in writing, on the subjects referred to them by law or by a vote of the Houses. Non-intervention is their duty in relation to our legislation; and if they attempt to intervene in any of our business, I must be allowed, for one, to repulse the attempt, and to express for it no higher degree of respect than that Mr. Burke expressed for the opinions of a British Lord Chancellor, delivered to the House of Commons, in a case in which he had no concern. Sir, I suppose I can be allowed to repeat on this floor any degree of comparison or figure of speech which Mr. Burke could use on the floor of the British House of Commons. He was a classic speaker, and, besides that, author of a treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful; though I do not consider the particular figure which I have to repeat, although just and picturesque in itself, to be a perfect illustration of either branch of his admired treatise. It was in reference to Lord Thurlow, who had intervened in some legislative business, contrary to the orator's sense of right and decency. Mr. Burke repulsed the intrusive opinion, and declared that he did not care three jumps of a louse for it. Sir, I say the same of any opinion which may be reported here from our Secretaries, on any bill depending before us, and that in any form in which it may come from them—whether as a unit or as integers.

Still less do I admit the right of intervention in our legislative duties in another class of intermeddlers, and who might not be able to meddle at all with our business, were it not for the ministration of our bounty. I speak of the public printers, who get their daily bread (and that buttered on both sides) by our daily printing, and who require the Democratic members of this House, under the instant penalty of political damnation, to give in their adhesion to every bill which they may call Administration; and that in every change it may undergo, although more changeable than the moon. For that class of intermeddlers, I have no Parliamentary law to administer, nor any quotation from Burke to apply—nothing but a little fable to read; the value of which, as in all good fables, lies in its moral. It is in French, and entitled, "*Ane et son maitre;*" which, being done into English, signifies "*The ass and his master,*" and runs thus:

"An ass took it into his head to scare his master, and put on a lion's skin, and stood in the path. And when he saw his master coming, he commenced roaring, as he thought; but he only brayed, and the master knew it was his ass; so he went up to him with a cudgel, and beat him nearly to death."

That is the end of the fable, and the moral of it is, "a caution to all asses to take care how they undertake to scare their masters."

Progress in Virginia.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, speaking of the recent anti-slavery demonstration at Wheeling, says:

"The sentiment of the State is thoroughly and entirely sound in respect to slavery. In these latter times the foundation of slavery, as a moral and social institution, has been more carefully examined and discussed than at any previous period, and the result is an almost universal conviction, that the system of southern slavery *is as wise and just in its nature as it is benificent in its operation.*"

We agree to that fully, and we are delighted that for once, the *Enquirer* and the *Evening Post* can agree upon a subject about which they have hitherto so uniformly differed. We sincerely believe, that "the system of southern slavery is as wise and just in its nature as it is benificent in its operation."

Whether the *Enquirer* will agree with us farther in the conviction, that it is no more wise and just than it is benificent in its operation, is a question upon which we will not venture to express an opinion, till we hear further from our Virginian contemporary.

We admire the hopeful spirit of the *Enquirer*, which finds so much encouragement in the progress of the public mind in Virginia since her leading statesmen pronounced the traffic in human flesh infamous, since they emancipated their slaves by will because they could no longer hold them conscientiously in bondage, and publicly declared that God had no attribute which can take sides with them in defence of the system which the *Enquirer* characterizes as just as it is benificent.

No one can doubt, that "the sentiment of Virginia" must have undergone no ordinary change since such opinions were entertained by her prominent men; if not, John Y. Mason would not now occupy the post once filled by Thomas Jefferson; Judge Bayly would not be the successor of Madison as the leader of the Virginia delegation in Congress; nor would John Tyler have ever received the same liberal reward for his public services which was bestowed upon the "Father of his country." The magnitude of this change in the public sentiment of Virginia, and in the quality of her leading men, no one can appreciate more fully than ourselves.

Herodotus gives an account of a gramnivorous animal which he fell in with in Egypt, having a pair of long horns projecting in front of it towards the ground, like the cowcatcher of a modern locomotive, and which stuck into the ground when the animal advanced. The consequence was that when it grazed it was obliged to walk backwards. Slavery in Virginia appears to have operated like the horns of this strange phenomenon, and all the progress she has made in arriving at new conclusions upon the subject of slavery, we fear has been made in the same direction as her Egyptian prototype.

The *Enquirer* would give us to understand, that the more careful examination of "the foundation of slavery as a moral and social institution," "in these latter times" has led to the change of which it speaks. We have no doubt that slavery has had a controlling influence in bringing it about, but whether because the subject has or has not been more fully discussed "in these latter times" than when the foundations of our political edifice were laid, is a question