FRS IO DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY KITERATURE, AND NEWS.

VOL. VII.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 2, 1854.

NO. 3.

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THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. -PCELISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY HASKELL & AVERY.

Terms-Invariably in Advance: One copy per annum, Village subscribers, \$1.00 1.25

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. 1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50 """" insertions, 1.00 "every subsequent insertion, .25 Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 2.00 Every subsequent insertion, .50 25.00 l column, one year, column, six months, column, three months, 13.00 8.00 column, one year, column, six months, 13.00 7.00 4.00 7.00 column, three months, column one year, 4.00 column, six months. Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$5.00 per annumi. IT All letters on business, to secure atshould be addressed (post paid) to the Publishers.

Select Poetry.

From the Indiana Free Democrat. MR. VAILE: The following verses, composed by a fugitive slave, by the name of DAVIS, who escaped from the State of Tennessee some years ago, are worthy of a place in your paper, and of the press of the country. Although they will not bear close criticism, yet they have more real merit than one-half the Magazine verses of the day; for while they contain as much poetry at least, they have the advantage of being based upon truth. I have heard them sung with good effect:

"AWAY TO CANADA."

TUNE-" OH SUSANNAH."

I'm on my way to Canada, That free and happy land; The dire effects of slavery I can to longer stand— My soul is vexed within me so, To think I am a slave; I've now resolved to strike the blow For freedom or the grave. Oh righteous Father, Wilt thon not pity me, And aid me on to Canada, Where colored men are free 1

I heard that Queen Victoria said, If we would all forsake Our native land of slavery, And come heross the lake, That she was standing on the shore, With arms extended wide, To give us all a peaceful home Beyond the rolling tide. Farewell, old master; That is enough for me-I'm going straight to Canada, Where colored men are free.

I 've served my master all my days Without a dime's reward, And now I'm forced to run away, And now't in forced to run away, To fice the lash abhorred; The hounds are baying on my track, The master just behind, Resolved that he will bring me back

Before I cross the line. Oh old master,

Do n't come after me, I'm going up to Canada, Where colored men are free.

Grieve not, my wife, grieve not for me; Oh do not break my heart, For nonght but crue! slavery Would cause me to depart;

From the Little Pilgrim. MITTIE, THE BLIND CHILD. BY MARY IRVING.

Dip you ever thank God for your eyes, dear children ? Those two bright, clear, happy eyes, that He has given to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile! Listen, now, to the story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these

beautiful things. It was on a sunshiny morningsomewhore in the middle of the Atlantic ocean-that a gentleman, whom sea-sickness had 'imprisoned in his state room since the first roll of the ship, took courage; from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps,

he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five. years old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor, trying to "jump rope" with a knotted end of ship rigging, which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled-

"Come to me, my dear !" he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the

child. She stopped her play, looked up as though half frightened, half astonished; and then began carefully to creep toward the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips.

"Whose little girl are you ?" he enquircd. "I'm nobody's little girl," she re-

plied, in a touching tone. ""Only God takes care of me-and sometimes Captain I----.

"How, where is your mamma ?" "Mamma is in Burrampooter, I'm not her little girl any more," here a tear rolled down her cheek. "I'm going to New York" she said, "to be uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir ?" "Not a very long way my childyou will soon see your uncle !" I can't see, sir," she said softly.

Mr. L. started, and looked down into those bright, dark, intelligent eyes. Alas! it was too true! they were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mittie! hey, Mittie!" called a bluff voice, as the captain's varnished hat appeared from behind the mast. "Eh, birdie, what new nest have you found !"

With a start and a bound, Mittie nto his roug her check upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve. "So-ho, shipmate," continued the captain, addressing Mr. L., you are aloft at last. Nothing like a stiff nor'wester for taking the starch out of you landsfolk ;" and he laughed. " But this little girl, Captain Ihow happens she to be alone on the wide world of waters ?" "Can't say," returned the captain, with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belongings; she was labelled for New York, it seems. Her name -what's the balance of it, sea-bird ?" he asked. "Mittie Wythe Hamilton," lisped the child, who had already found her way back to her bit of rope, and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up, her hands at every new dash of spray. "I was named for Uncle Wythe, and he told mamma to send me." Her her small fingers over the curiously face clouded for an instant, then brightened again in the sunshine. "Poor blind pet! so: far as I can make out her story from one thing and another, she is the child of missionaries in India. Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land; so it seems they put her into charge of an English lady, name I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque Sally reached England, and the poor thing was left friendless and helpless. What the captain and mate of the Sally were thinking of, I don't know; but they closely. put the child on dry land, with the "Mot balance of the passengers, and set would cry, and awake-to find no sail without so much as looking up a mother. New York packet. Alone in Liverpool, and its no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of one that's got eyes—I found her, amusing herself sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with ret uncle for the fast) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy fomily. What a loving welcome the inflicted on ten thousand innocent pretty much as you see her now, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her

children; if He don't over grown up "Mamma, does it look as it did when sinners! It seems she had never you went away?" wanted for a berth nor a mess. 4]

want to go to New York,' she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't have left the little thing-but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the Down; hey, sea-bird !"

"What could you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night !"

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back, and the rest of us were hurrying, hauling and pulling the tomb of her kindred. One hope and He will let me see them all in hither and thither, working for dear only, made her heart bound, and her Heaven!" life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands as though she were in an apple-tree swing, and found it capital fun! When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her on her knees, in her little night-wrap, saying, Our Father,' and I felt sure no storm

would sink the ship with HER on it." Poor mother of Mittie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written, telling her that he would provide for Mittie-poor sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk, and placed her in the care of a friend-the English lady before mentioned-to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the hard to feel that my little helpless helpless darling in her lonely wander-

ings ! On arriving at New York, Captain I---- and Mr. L---- made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Direc-

tories were searched. streets ransacked and questions repeated hundreds of times, to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mittie could be found.

"Leave her with me, captain," said London, but before sailing. I will place her in an Asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for.'

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose | States ?" eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little never heard, nor hoped to hear. For | the catalogue had borne. the first time since she sobbed goodby on her mother's lap, her hope and by that name," replied the bland faith faltered. She felt that she was alone in the world, and she sought out question of trembling eagerness. "But a corner to cry. Had the superinten- she is an orphan, madam."

Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses ?"

"Ma, ma! plenty Pagodas here !" chimed in the youngest boy, whose spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart shore, a happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her cheek grow paler, as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God! could I see all my children before I die !" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India born children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression. "The child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England. and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me, or I her.'

The widow sighed. "God's will be done !" she murmured. "But it is innocent-my eldest born-was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be-as if she wereyet alive, and I should find her at some day.

Providentially, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circular from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprung to her hps as she saw the name "Meta W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, extening the paper to him. He looked and shook his head. "I

am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Matilda was your and left her in one of those beautiful darling's name, and then, how should she stray to that corner of the United

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she stranger, but they were voices she had | reached the southern city whose name

"Hamilton ? yes, we have one pupil superintendent, in answer to her first

sorrow that she had a blind child, in | that slaves in Virginia are liable to so her joy at feeling that she had another living darling! The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish eye had taken in the numerous church | a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning was too full. She had gone from that | until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more-happy spirit that she was -mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me children with her relatives, and then, back my mother," she once said, "and as she believed, to lay her bones in these precious brothers and sister,

From the (N. Y.) Independent. TRANSPORTATION.

THE Richmond Inquirer tells us about the trial of "ten negroes charged with conspiring and assisting to poison Captain Haney," in one of the coun-ties of Virginia. The end of the story is, "They were found guilty, and three sentenced to be hung on the first Friday of June next, and the other seven to be transported."

Transportation, then, is a punishment as estimated by the laws of Virginia. It is punishment next in degree to capital punishment. It is a punishment provided by law in such cases, not for white men, but for negroes-for slaves. The highest punishment that can be inflicted on a slave is death. The next

highest which the wisdom of the law can discover, is transportation.

Punishment is always the evil-the privation, or the positive suffering-which justice inflicts on guilt. The essence of the punishment is that it cannot be inflicted on those who have not forfeited their rights by crime. When the law makes death the penalty of certain crimes, it assumes and implies that every man has a right to live, and that the criminal in that dogree has forfeited his life to justice. When the law prescribes that certain other crimes shall be punished with implies that every man has a right to his personal liberty, and that those who commit such crimes have forfeited that right. So when the law of Virginia prescribes-that for a slave the penálty of the highest-guilt, not capital, shall be transportation, it implies that even a slave not convicted of that degree of guilt has a right not to be transported.

What is transportation? What is the dreadful punishment which is in- ness for the defence, the prosecution flicted on slaves convicted of murder opposed it, and offered to show that it in the second degree, and which, in the estimation of the Virginia law, is principles, as decided by the English only less than punishment by death? and American courts. Mr. Crittenden The slave sentenced to transportation is reported to have rejoined that they cared nothing about these decisions; body can see that transportation is no light nonstructure. The slave they intended to try this case according to Kannaka and the state according to the state light penalty. The slave has strong natural attachments to his native soil, to his cabin, to his wife and children, to his old mother perhaps, and to his himself, by swearing so as to acpuit companions in labor-perhaps to an his principal. And on this plea the indulgent master and a kind mistress, and to "young mass'r," whom he has carried in his arms; and from all these natural attachments he is torn by the stern justice that punishes his crime. The slave, too, in Virginia where he FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD AND NEW ENGwas born, has hopes ;- perhaps there will be liberty upon that soil for him their work, and buried in a sort of or for his children after him ;-perhaps his master will remove him to a free State ;-perhaps he may find some opportunity of escaping to a land where the fugitive-slave law can not seize him; all these hopes die when he is sold to Alabama or to Texas. Slavery, too, has its alleviations on the old plantations of Virginia, as compared with the new plantations of the far South-west. Evidently the law does not err in its estimate of the intrinsic dreadfulness of transportation and in consequence of the want, their as a punishment to be inflicted on slaves who have been found guilty of crimes pale instead of fair, and sallow when only a little short of murder in atro-

dreadful punishment, without being convicted of any crime,-still more, if there are actually ten thousand slaves annually transported from that State, without any judicial sentence convicting them of crime, and assigning the just penalty, will the Enquirer, or its religious neighbor, the Observer and Watchman, tell us whether this is all right ?

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Go. out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce the drcad blasphemy and ca h star above you will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellectevery voice that floats upon the night, will bewail your utter hopelessners and despair. Is there no God !-Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleaming of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters and its expanse of islands and the main 1 Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger and lurk, and flash in their gloom ?--Who gave to the eagle a state cyric where the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echoes to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made light pleasant to thee, and the darkness covering and a herald to the first flashes of morning ? Who gave thee matchless symmetry of sinews and limbs? The regular flowing of blood! The irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love! And yet the thunders of Heaven and the waters of earth are calmed! They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled togetherit were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one soul should be lost while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the Altar of Intercession.

THE WARD CASE .- When it was proposed by Ward's counsel to bring forward Robert J. Ward, brother of the prisoner, and under indictment as an accessory to the murder, as a witwas contrary to the plainest legal to Kentucky w, and he could cite precedents in Kentucky practice, for permitting an accomplice to clear Judge admitted Ward's brother as a competent witness ;---and he alone out of the whole number of witnesses swore that Butler struck Ward.

If I should stay to quell your grief, Your grief I would lament : For no one knows the day that we Asunder may be rent. Oh dear wife. Do not grieve for me, I'm going up to Canada, Where colored men are free.

I heard old master pray last night-I heard him pray for me; That God would come in all his might, From Satan set me free ; As I from Satan would escape, And flee the wrath to come, If there's a fiend in human shape Old master must be one. Oh old master, While you pray for me, I'm on my way to Canada, The land of liberty.

Ohio's not the place for me, For I was much surprised So many of her sons to see In garments of disguise. Her name has gone throughout the world, Free labor, soil, and men; But slaves had better far be hurled Into the lion's den. Farewell Oh.o, I'm not safe in thee; I'll travel on to Canada. Where colored men are free.

I've now embarked for yonder shore, Where man's a man by law; The vessel soon shall bring me o'er To shake the lion's paw; I no more dread the auctioneer, Nor fear the master's frowns; I no more tremble when I hear The baying of the hounds. Oh old master, Don't think hard of me, I'm just in sight of Canada, Where colored men are free.

I'm landed safe upon the shore, Both soul and body free; My blood, and brains, and tears no more Will drench old Tennessee; But I behold the scalding tear Now staling from my eye, To think my wife, my only dear, A slave must live and die. Oh dear wife, While you grieve for me, Forever at the throne of grace. I will remember thee.

The following good one is from a Western exchange:

When Satan couldn't climb the wall Of Paradise, to peep in, He got a snake with forked tongue Beneath the gate to creep in.

So when Nebraska's virgin soil His scaly tract he'd leave in. " "Who'll be my reptile now !" he cries: "Lo! here I am, "says Stephen.

dent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her at once !" her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents. | large room, where fifty girls sat; But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not | work. The buzz of conversation died, an orphan.

And Mr. L-? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world and immersed in its busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any emergency, he returned to his English home-and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when | ture, by which you would recognize his own laughing Carrie climbed into your daughter, my dear madam?' his lap.

One among a hundred children, Mittie was well educated in all that | the group, as though she dreaded the the blind can learn. She was taught to read the Bible, from which her last hope. mother had read to her, by passing raised letters. She learned to sew, crooked wanderings over the paper. | turned wildly from side to side. She learned to sing the sweet hymns herself the keys of the piano, whose again !" melodies had almost made her fancy herself in Heaven, only she had been other children! Sometimes, in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch, with strange perfumes and | in infancy. sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping one by one, on her gotten. forehead, while a dear arm pressed her

"Mother! dear mother!" Mittie

Years had passed-when again a

"Are you sure, sir ? Oh, I must see

She followed him to the door of a busied with their books and needleas they heard the sound of strange footsteps-and a hundred sightless eyes were turned towards the door. Near a table on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mittie-Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger. "Was there any distinguishing fea-

asked the gentleman. The mother's eye wandered over

confirmation of her fears to lose her "Show me the child of whom you

spoke," she faltered. "Meta Hamilton"-but he stopped,

to braid, and to write, strange thoughts for, at the lady's first word, Mittie that young head used to frame, for had sprung from her position, and that unsteady hand to jot down in its throwing back the curls from her face,

"Who is that ?" she cried with outof her schoolmates and to touch for stretched arms. "That voice-speak "Mittie, my cnild !" cried Mrs.

Hamilton, springing to her side, and told in Heaven she should see like sinking, overpowered, upon her knees. "Mother, oh mother !"-and Mittie fell into the arms that had cradled her

That was a moment never to be for-

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years was that of Mittie in substituting-

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confesses that no slave, inhabiting the soil of Virginia, ought to be transported, except in punishment of crime. Will the Richmond Inquirer, or any other respectable authority in that State, inform us how many slaves are transported from Virginia every year ? Are there not more than ten thousand such exiles annually ! Of all these, how many are transported after conviction and sentence? Are there more than twenty instances in a year ! Transportation is, by the law of Virof the lifetime of mother and child, ginia, a punishment commensurate with a very high degree of guilt. Does child that she was-the first name of Virginia inflict this dreadful punish-her uncle for the last) found a pleasant ment on i mocent slavos, on ten thou-Virginia inflict this dreadful punishinflicted on ten thousand innocent

LAND.

It is generally allowed that there is nore of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europe-that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West; their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a cerain attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay. And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution; finely cut faces, taken generally, are they should be rosy. In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attraccity. The law of Virginia, then, virtually tions at thirty-five, and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into lovely evening. In America, twenty-five the farewell line of beauty in women, becomes decay; at thirty-five, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolizing the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age. The cause of their difference the Journal finds in the uso of stoves in America, the females keeping themselves within doors in the vitiated atmosphere which the stoves produce .- Chambers' Edinburgh Journál.

CURIOUS .- In Minesota, there grows a small plant which bears a living inpretty much as you see her now, with bits of chips, at the corner of a ship yard! How the creature had lived, I can't say. I'll believe after this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over

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